

GORDON BROWNE.

Illustration by Gordon Browne

11

"SHE MADE HIM GO
AND SPURNED HIM FOR A WICKED PRIDE."

Vol. II, page 406.

THE CASQUET OF LITERATURE

BEING

A SELECTION OF PROSE AND POETRY
FROM THE WORKS OF THE MOST ADMIREDF AUTHORS

EDITED

WITH BIOGRAPHICAL AND LITERARY NOTES

BY

CHARLES GIBBON

AUTHOR OF "ROBIN GRAY", "FOR LACK OF GOLD", ETC.

AND

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ILLUSTRATED FROM ORIGINAL DRAWINGS BY EMINENT ARTISTS

IN SIX VOLUMES.—VOL. II.

LONDON

THE GRESHAM PUBLISHING COMPANY

34 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND



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OF
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THE CASQUET.

AT BRUSSELS DURING WATERLOO.

(FROM *VANITY FAIR*.)

[William Makepeace Thackeray, born 18th July, 1811; died 26th December, 1863. His father and grandfather were both Indian Civil Servants, and he himself was born in Calcutta, though sent to England in early childhood, and educated at the Charterhouse School. In the life of Thackeray, contributed by Mr. Anthony Trollope to the "English Men of Letters Series," is given a letter from Mr. George Venables describing the boy as he struck his school-fellows. "He came to school young—a pretty, gentle and rather timid boy. I think his experience was not generally pleasant. With the boys who knew him Thackeray was popular; but he had no skill in games, and, I think, no taste for them. He was already known by his faculty of making verses, chiefly parodies." From Charterhouse Thackeray went to Cambridge and came away in 1830 without taking his degree. It was his ambition to be a painter; and he spent some desultory years between Weimar and Paris studying art. In 1832 he inherited a moderate fortune which he invested in newspaper speculations, and quickly lost. After this he devoted himself to literature, contributing first to *Fraser's Magazine*, and afterwards for many years to *Vanity Fair*, after being declined by one publisher, began to appear in numbers in 1846, and was soon the principal topic of London; *Pendleton* followed in 1850; *Esmond* in 1852; *The Newcomes*, 1854; *The Virginians* in 1857. He edited the *Overhill Magazine* from its first appearance in January, 1855, up to April, 1858, and continued to write in it until his death. The judgment of Thackeray that found him obliquely cynic has died out, as the particular follies he satirized have passed out of fashion, and his rank is now assured as first in the school of novelists that succeeded the school of romantics, of which Sir Walter Scott was chief. Equally distinct from the later philosophical school of George Eliot, and the still later ascetic school of the modern realists, it was yet the field of character rather than that of adventure that Thackeray's imagination explored; but he dealt with character as a dramatist, not as an analyst, and always with that feeling which the greatest artists have never wanted, of an immutable background of divine law, against which to measure the right and wrong of his creatures. His satire is his sense of the contrast between the eternal and the conventional judgment; his humour, of the alternate pitifulness and laughableness of man's futile rebellion against facts—

"Fielding—without the manners' dress,
Scott—with a spirit's larger room".]

[The episode we give from *Vanity Fair* needs little explanation. The 4th regiment is with
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the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo. Of its officers we have only to introduce Major O'Dowd and his excellent wife; Captain George Osborne, who has lately married, contrary to his father's wishes, Amelia Sedley, daughter of a wealthy London merchant; Captain William Dobbin, the faithful friend of George and Amelia; and Ensign Stubble. Joseph Sedley, Amelia's brother, stout, rich, and twelve years her senior, is a retired servant of the East India Company. George Osborne is wild and selfish, and has neglected Amelia a good deal during the few weeks they have been married. Dobbin, who would have liked to marry her himself, watches over her anxiously and loyally.]

There never was, since the days of Darius, such a brilliant train of camp-followers as hung round the Duke of Wellington's army in the Low Countries, in 1815; and led it dancing and feasting, as it were, up to the very brink of battle. A certain ball which a noble Duchess gave at Brussels on the 15th of June in the above-named year is historical. All Brussels had been in a state of excitement about it, and I have heard from ladies who were in that town at the period, that the talk and interest of persons of their own sex regarding the ball was much greater even than in respect of the enemy in their front. The struggles, intrigues, and prayers to get tickets were such as only English ladies will employ, in order to gain admission to the society of the great of their own nation.

[*Captain Osborne, much to his satisfaction, gets an invitation to the ball. He takes his wife to it; but Amelia is shy, and nobody takes any notice of her. Her husband neglects her—she feels sad and tired, and comes home early.*]

George had been angry twice or thrice at finding his wife up on his return from the parties which he frequented: so she went straight to bed now; but although she did not sleep, and although the din and clatter and the galloping of horsemen was incessant,

she never heard any of these noises, having quite other disturbances to keep her awake.

Osborne meanwhile, wild with elation, went off to a play-table, and began to bet frantically. "He won repeatedly. "Everything succeeds with me to-night," he said. But his luck at play even did not cure him of his restlessness, and he started up after a while, pocketing his winnings, and went to a buffet, where he drank off many hummers of wine.

Here, as he was rattling away to the people around, laughing loudly, and wild with spirits, Dobbin found him. He had been to the card-tables to look there for his friend. Dobbin looked as pale and grave as his comrade was flushed and jovial. . . .

Dobbin went up and whispered something to him, at which George, giving a start and wild hurray, tossed off his glass, clapped it on the table, and walked away speedily on his friend's arm. "The enemy has passed the Sambre," William said, "and our left is already engaged. Come away; we are to march in three hours."

Away went George, his nerves quivering with excitement at the news so long looked for, so sudden when it came. . . . He thought about a thousand things in his rapid walk to his quarters—his past life and future chances—the fate which might be before him—the wife, the child perhaps, from whom unseen he might be about to part.

He thought over his brief married life. In these few weeks he had frightfully dissipated his little capital. How wild and wretched he had been! Should any mischance befall him, what was then left for her? How unworthy he was of her! Why had he married her? He was not fit for marriage. Why had he disobeyed his father, who had been always so generous to him? Hope, remorse, ambition, tenderness, and selfish regret filled his heart. He sat down and wrote to his father, remembering what he had said once before when he was engaged to fight a duel. Dawn faintly streaked the sky as he closed this farewell letter. He sealed it, and kissed the superscription. He thought how he had deserted that generous father, and of the thousand kindnesses which the stern old man had done him.

He had looked into Amella's bedroom when he entered; she lay quiet, and her eyes seemed closed, and he was glad that she was asleep. On arriving at his quarters from the ball, he had found his regimental servant already making preparations for his departure: the man had understood his signal to be still, and these

arrangements were very quickly and silently made. Should he go in and wake Amella, he thought, or leave a note for her brother to break the news of departure to her? He went in to look at her once again.

She had been awake when he first entered her room, but had kept her eyes closed, so that even her wakefulness should not seem to reproach him. But when he had returned, so soon after herself, too, this timid little heart had felt more at ease, and turning towards him as he slept softly out of the room, she had fallen into a light sleep. George came in and looked at her again, entering still more softly. By the pale night-lamp he could see her sweet, pale face—the purple eyelids were fringed and closed, and one round arm, smooth and white, lay outside of the coverlet. Good God! how pure she was; how gentle, how tender, and how friendless! and he, how selfish, brutal, and black with crime! Heart-stained and shame-stricken, he stood at the bed's foot, and looked at the sleeping girl. How dared he—who was he, to pray for one so spotless! God bless her! God bless her! He came to the bed-side, and looked at the hand, the little soft hand, lying asleep; and he bent over the pillow noiselessly towards the gentle pale face.

Two fair arms closed tenderly round his neck as he stooped down. "I am awake, George," the poor child said, with a sob fit to break the little heart that nestled so closely by his own. She was awake, poor soul, and to what? At that moment a bugle from the Place of Arms began sounding clearly, and was taken up through the town; and amidst the drums of the infantry, and the shrill pipes of the Scotch, the whole city awoke.

We do not claim to rank among the military novelists. Our place is with the non-combatants. When the decks are cleared for action we go below and wait meekly. We should only be in the way of the manoeuvres that the gallant fellows are performing over head. We shall go no farther with the—th than to the city gate: and leaving Major O'Dowd to his duty, come back to the Major's wife, and the ladies and the baggage.

Now, the Major and his lady, who had not been invited to the ball, had much more time to take their natural rest in bed than was accorded to people who wished to enjoy pleasure as well as to do duty. "It's my belief, Peggy, my dear," said he, as he placidly pulled his nightcap over his ears, "that there will be such a ball danced in a day or two as some of 'em has never heard the clunce of;" and he

was more happy to retire to rest, after partaking of a quiet tumbler, than to figure at any other sort of amusement. Peggy, for her part, would have liked to have shown her turban and bird of paradise at the ball, but for the information which her husband had given her, and which made her very grave.

"I'd like ye to wake me about half an hour before the assembly beats," the Major said to his lady. "Call me at half-past one, Peggy, dear, and see me things is ready. May be I'll not come back to breakfast, Mrs. O'D." With which words, which signified his opinion that the regiment would march the next morning, the Major ceased talking, and fell asleep.

Mrs. O'Dowd, the good housewife, arrayed in curl-papers and a camisole, felt that her duty was to act, and not to sleep, at this juncture. "Time enough for that," she said, "when Mick's gone;" and so she packed his travelling-valise ready for the march, brushed his cloak, his cap, and other warlike habiliments, set them out in order for him; and stowed away in the cloak pockets a light package of portable refreshments, and a wicker-covered flask or pocket-pistol, containing near a pint of a remarkably sound Cognac brandy, of which she and the Major approved very much, and as soon as the hands of the "repayther" pointed to half-past one, and its interior arrangements (it had a tone quite equal to a cathedral, its fair owner considered) knelled forth that fatal hour, Mrs. O'Dowd woke up her Major, and had as comfortable a cup of coffee prepared for him as any made that morning in Brussels. And who is there will deny that this worthy lady's preparations betokened affection as much as the fits of tears and hysterics by which more sensitive females exhibited their love, and that their partaking of this coffee, which they drank together while the bugles were sounding the turn-out and the drums beating in the various quarters of the town, was not more useful and to the purpose than the outpouring of any mere sentiment could be? The consequence was, that the Major appeared on parade quite trim, fresh, and alert, his well-shaved rosy countenance, as he sate on horseback, giving cheerfulness and confidence to the whole corps. All the officers saluted her when the regiment marched by the balcony on which this brave woman stood, and waved them a cheer as they passed; and I daresay it was not from want of courage, but from a sense of female delicacy and propriety, that she refrained from leading the gallant —th personally into action.

And there was another of our acquaintances who was also to be left behind, a non-combattant, and whose emotions and behaviour we have therefore a right to know. This was our friend the ex-Collector of Boggley Wellah, whose rest was broken, like other people's, by the sounding of the bugles in the early morning. Being a great sleeper, and fond of his bed, it is possible he would have snoozed on until his usual hour of rising in the forenoon, in spite of all the drums, bugles, and bagpipes in the British army, but for an interruption, which did not come from George Osborne, who shared Jos's quarters with him, and was as usual occupied too much with his own affairs, or with grief at parting with his wife, to think of taking leave of his slumbering brother-in-law—it was not George, we say, who interposed between Jos Sedley and sleep, but Captain Dobbin, who came and roused him up, insisting on shaking hands with him before his departure.

"Very kind of you," said Jos, yawning, and wishing the Captain at the dence.

"I—I didn't like to go off without saying good-bye, you know," Dobbin said in a very incoherent manner; "because you know some of us mayn't come back again, and I like to see you all well and—and that sort of thing, you know."

Jos had always had rather a mean opinion of the Captain, and now began to think his courage was somewhat equivocal. "What is it I can do for you, Dobbin?" he said in a sarcastic tone.

"I tell you what you can do," the Captain replied, coming up to the bed; "we march in a quarter of an hour, Sedley, and neither George nor I may ever come back. Mind you, you are not to stir from this town until you ascertain how things go. You are to stay here and watch over your sister, and comfort her, and see that no harm comes to her. If anything happens to George, remember she has no one but you in the world to look to. If it goes wrong with the army, you'll see her safe back to England; and you will promise me on your word that you will never desert her. I know you won't: as far as money goes you were always free enough with that. Do you want any? I mean, have you enough gold to take you back to England in case of a misfortune?"

"Sir," said Jos, majestically, "when I want money, I know where to ask for it. And as for my sister, you needn't tell me how I ought to behave to her."

"You speak like a man of spirit, Jos," the

other answered good-naturedly, "and I am glad that George can leave her in such good hands. So I may give him your word of honour, may I, that in case of extremity you will stand by her?"

"Of course, of course," answered Mr. Jos, whose generosity in money matters Dobbin estimated quite correctly.

"And you'll see her safe out of Brussels in the event of a defeat?"

"A defeat! Sir, it's impossible. Don't try and frighten me," the hero cried from his bed; and Dobbin's mind was thus perfectly set at ease now that Jos had spoken out so resolutely respecting his conduct to his sister. "At least," thought the Captain, "there will be a retreat secured for her in case the worst should ensue."

If Captain Dobbin expected to get any personal comfort and satisfaction from having one more view of Amelia before the regiment marched away, his selfishness was punished just as such odious egotism deserved to be. The door of Jos's bedroom opened into the sitting-room which was common to the family party, and opposite this door was that of Amelia's chamber. The bugles had wakened everybody: there was no use in concealment now. George's servant was packing in this room: Osborne coming in and out of the contiguous bedroom, flinging to the man such articles as he thought fit to carry on the campaign. And presently Dobbin had the opportunity which his heart coveted, and he got sight of Amelia's face once more. But what a face it was! So white, so wild, and despatch-stricken, that the remembrance of it haunted him afterwards like a crime, and the sight smote him with inexpressible pangs of longing and pity.

She was wrapped in a white morning dress, her hair falling on her shoulders, and her large eyes fixed and without light. By way of helping on the preparations for the departure, and showing that she too could be useful at a moment so critical, this poor soul had taken up a sash of George's from the drawers wherein it lay, and followed him to and fro with the sash in her hand, looking on mutely as his packing proceeded. She came out and stood, leaning at the wall, holding this sash against her bosom, from which the heavy net of crimson dropped like a large stain of blood. Our gentle-hearted Captain felt a guilty shock as he looked at her. "Good God," thought he, "and is it grief like this I dared to pry into?" And there was no help? no means to soothe and comfort this helpless, speechless misery. He stood for a moment and looked at her,

powerless and torn with pity, as a parent regards an infant in pain.

At last, George took Emmy's hand, and led her back into the bedroom, from whence he came out alone. The parting had taken place in that moment, and he was gone.

"Thank Heaven that is over," George thought, bounding down the stair, his sword under his arm; and as he ran swiftly to the alarm-ground, where the regiment was mustered, and whither trooped men and officers hurrying from their billets, his pulse was throbbing and his cheeks flushed: the great game of war was going to be played, and he one of the players.

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"Crushed, psha!" said Jos, whose heart was pretty stout at breakfast-time. "The Duke has gone to beat the Emperor as he has beaten all his generals before."

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Jos was, if not seriously alarmed as yet, at least considerably disturbed in mind. "Give me my coat and cap, sir," said he, "and follow me. I will go myself and learn the truth of these reports." Isidor was furious as Jos put on the brimmed frock. "Milar had better not wear that military coat," said he; "the Frenchmen have sworn not to give quarter to a single British soldier."

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At half-past two an event occurred of daily importance to Mr. Joseph: the dinner hour arrived. Warriors may fight and perish, but he must dine. He came into Amelia's room to see if he could coax her to share that meal. "Try," said he; "the soup is very good. Do try, Emmy," and he kissed her hand. Except when she was married, he had not done so much for years before. "You are very good and kind, Joseph," she said. "Everybody is, but, if you please, I will stay in my room to-day."

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other answered good-naturedly, "and I am glad that George can leave her in such good hands. So I may give him your word of honour, may I, that in case of extremity you will stand by her?"

"Of course, of course," answered Mr. Jos, whose generosity in money matters Dobbin estimated quite correctly.

"And you'll see her safe out of Brussels in the event of a defeat!"

"A defeat! Sir, it's impossible. Don't try and frighten me," the hero cried from his bed; and Dobbin's mind was thus perfectly set at ease now that Jos had spoken out so resolutely respecting his conduct to his sister. "At least," thought the Captain, "there will be a retreat secured for her in case the worst should ensue."

If Captain Dobbin expected to get any personal comfort and satisfaction from having one more view of Amelia before the regiment marched away, his selfishness was punished just as such odious egotism deserved to be. The door of Jos's bedroom opened into the sitting-room which was common to the family party, and opposite this door was that of Amelia's chamber. The bugles had wakened everybody: there was no use in concealment now. George's servant was packing in this room: Osborne coming in and out of the contiguous bedroom, flinging to the man such articles as he thought fit to carry on the campaign. And presently Dobbin had the opportunity which his heart coveted, and he got sight of Amelia's face once more. But what a face it was! So white, so wild, and despair-stricken, that the remembrance of it haunted him afterwards like a crime, and the sight smote him with inexpressible pangs of longing and pity.

She was wrapped in a white morning dress, her hair falling on her shoulders, and her large eyes fixed and without light. By way of helping on the preparations for the departure, and showing that she too could be useful at a moment so critical, this poor soul had taken up a sash of George's from the drawers wherein it lay, and followed him to and fro with the sash in her hand, looking on mutely as his packing proceeded. She came out and stood, leaning at the wall, holding this sash against her bosom, from which the heavy net of crimson dropped like a large stain of blood. Our gentle-hearted Captain felt a guilty shock as he looked at her. "Good God," thought he, "and is it grief like this I dared to pry into?" And there was no help: no means to soothe and comfort this helpless, speechless misery. He stood for a moment and looked at her,

powerless and torn with pity, as a parent regards an infant in pain.

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she would bear Mr. Jos company. So the two sat down to their meal. "God bless the meat," said the major's wife, solemnly: she was thinking of her honest Mick, riding at the head of his regiment: "Tis but a bad dinner those poor boys will get to-day," she said, with a sigh, and then, like a philosopher, fell to.

Jos's spirits rose with his meal. He would drink the regiment's health; or, indeed, take any other excuse to indulge in a glass of champagne. "We'll drink to O'Dowd and the brave —th," said he, bowing gallantly to his guest. "Hey, Mrs. O'Dowd. Fill Mrs. O'Dowd's glass, Isidor."

But all of sudden, Isidor started, and the major's wife laid down her knife and fork. The windows of the room were open, and looked southward, and a dull distant sound came over the sun-lighted roofs from that direction. "What is it?" said Jos. "Why don't you pour, you rascal?"

"C'est le feu," said Isidor, running to the balcony.

"God defend us; it's cannon!" Mrs. O'Dowd cried, starting up, and followed to the window. A thousand pale and anxious faces might have been seen looking from other casements. And presently it seemed as if the whole population of the city rushed into the streets.

We of peaceful London City, have never held—and please God never shall witness—such a scene of hurry and alarm, as that which Brussels presented. Crowds rushed to the Namur gate, from which direction the noise proceeded, and many rode along the level *chaussée*, to be in advance of any intelligence from the army. Each man asked his neighbour for news; and even great English lords and ladies condescended to speak to persons whom they did not know. The friends of the French went abroad, wild with excitement, and prophesying the triumph of their Emperor. The merchants closed their shops, and came out to swell the general chorus of alarm and clamour. Women rushed to the churches, and crowded the chapels, and knelt and prayed on the flags and steps. The dull sound of the cannon went on rolling, rolling. Presently carriages with travellers began to leave the town, galloping away by the Ghent barrier. The prophecies of the French partisans began to pass for facts. "He has cut the armies in two," it was said. "He is marching straight on Brussels. He will overpower the English, and be here to-night." "He will overpower

the English," shrieked Isidor to his master, "and will be here to-night." The man bounded in and out from the lodgings to the street, always returning with some fresh particulars of disaster. Jos's face grew paler and paler. Alarm began to take entire possession of the stout civilian. All the champagne he drank brought no courage to him. Before sunset he was worked up to such a pitch of nervousness as gratified his friend Isidor to behold, who now counted surely upon the spoils of the owner of the laced coat.

The women were away all this time. After hearing the firing for a moment, the stout major's wife bethought her of her friend in the next chamber, and ran in to watch, and if possible to console, Amelia. The idea that she had that helpless and gentle creature to protect, gave additional strength to the natural courage of the honest Irishwoman. She passed five hours by her friend's side, sometimes in remonstrance, sometimes talking cheerfully, oftener in silence, and terrified mental supplication. "I never let go her hand once," said the stout lady afterwards, "until after sunset, when the firing was over." Pauline, the *bonne*, was on her knees at church hard by, praying for *son homme à elle*.

When the noise of the cannonading was over, Mrs. O'Dowd issued out of Amelia's room into the parlour adjoining, where Jos sat with two emptied flasks, and courage entirely gone. Once or twice he had ventured into his sister's bedroom, looking very much alarmed, and as if he would say something. But the major's wife kept her place, and he went away without disburthening himself of his speech. He was ashamed to tell her that he wanted to fly.

But when she made her appearance in the dining-room, where he sat in the twilight in the cheerless company of his empty champagne-bottles, he began to open his mind to her.

"Mrs. O'Dowd," he said, "hadn't you better get Amelia ready?"

"Are you going to take her out for a walk?" said the major's lady; "sure she's too weak to stir."

"I—I've ordered the carriage," he said, "and—and post-horses; Isidor is gone for them," Jos continued.

"What do you want with driving to-night?" answered the lady. "Isn't she better on her bed? I've just got her to lie down."

"Get her up," said Jos; "she must get up, I say;" and he stamped his foot energetically. "I say the horses are ordered—yes, the horses are ordered. It's all over, and—"

"And what?" asked Mrs. O'Dowd.

"I'm off for Ghent," Jos answered. "Everybody is going; there's a place for you! We shall start in half-an-hour."

The major's wife looked at him with infinite scorn. "I don't move till O'Dowd gives me the route," said she. "You may go if you like, Mr. Sedley; but, faith, Amelia and I stop here."

"She *shall* go," said Jos, with another stamp of his foot. Mrs. O'Dowd put herself with arms akimbo before the bedroom door.

"Is it her mother you're going to take her to?" she said; "or do you want to go to mamma yourself, Mr. Sedley? Good morning—a pleasant journey to ye, sir. *Bon voyage*, as they say, and take my counsel, and shave off them mustachios, or they'll bring you into mischief."

Jos bade his man saddle the horses at once. He would ride away that very night, that very hour. And he left the valet busy in getting the horses ready, and went homewards himself to prepare for his departure. It must be secret. He would go to his chamber by the back entrance. He did not care to face Mrs. O'Dowd and Amelia, and own to them that he was about to run.

Though midnight was long passed, there was no rest for the city; the people were up, lights in the houses flamed, crowds were still about the doors, and the streets were busy. Rumours of various natures went still from mouth to mouth: one report averred that the Prussians had been utterly defeated; another that it was the English who had been attacked and conquered; a third that the latter had held their ground. This last rumour gradually got strength. No Frenchmen had made their appearance. Stragglers had come in from the army bringing reports more and more favourable: at last an aide-de-camp actually reached Brussels with despatches for the Commandant of the place, who placarded presently through the town an official announcement of the success of the allies at Quatre Bras, and the entire repulse of the French under Ney after a six hours' battle. When he reached his own hotel, he found a score of its numerous inhabitants on the threshold discoursing of the news; there was no doubt as to its truth. And he went up to communicate it to the ladies under his charge.

But success or defeat was a minor matter to them, who had only thought for the safety of

those they loved. Amelia, at the news of the victory, became still more agitated even than before. She was for going that moment to the army. She besought her brother with tears to conduct her thither. Her doubts and terrors reached their paroxysm; and the poor girl, who for many hours had been plunged into stupor, raved and ran hither and thither in hysterical insanity—a piteous sight. No man writhing in pain on the hard-fought field fifteen miles off, where lay, after their struggles, so many of the brave—no man suffered more keenly, than this poor harmless victim of the war. Jos could not bear the sight of her pain. He left his sister in the charge of her stouter female companion, and descended once more to the threshold of the hotel, where everybody still lingered, and talked, and waited for more news.

It grew to be broad daylight as they stood here, and fresh news began to arrive from the war, brought by men who had been actors in the scene. Waggonns and long country carts laden with wounded came rolling into the town; ghastly groans came from within them, and haggard faces looked up sadly from out of the straw. Jos Sedley was looking at one of those carriages with a painful curiosity—the moans of the people within were frightful—the wearied horses could hardly pull the cart. "Stop! stop!" a feeble voice cried from the straw, and the carriage stopped opposite Mr. Sedley's hotel.

"It is George, I know it is!" cried Amelia, rushing in a moment to the balcony, with a pallid face and loose-flowing hair. It was not George, however, but it was the next best thing; it was news of him. It was poor Tom Stubble, who had marched out of Brussels so gallantly twenty-four hours before bearing the colours of the regiment, which he had defended very gallantly upon the field. A French lancer had speared the young ensign in the leg, who fell, still bravely holding to his flag. At the conclusion of the engagement, a place had been found for the poor boy in a cart, and he had been brought back to Brussels.

"Mr. Sedley, Mr. Sedley!" cried the boy faintly, and Jos came up almost frightened at the appeal. He had not at first distinguished who it was that called him.

Little Tom Stubble held out his hot and feeble hand.

"I'm to be taken in here," he said. "Osborne—and—and Dobbin said I was; and you are to give the man two Napoleons: my mother will pay you." This young fellow's thoughts, during the long feverish hours passed

in the cart, had been wandering to his father's parsonage which he had quitted only a few months before, and he had sometimes forgotten his pain in that delirium.

The hotel was large and the people kind, and all the inmates of the cart were taken in and placed on various couches. The young ensign was conveyed upstairs to Osborne's quarters. Amelia and the Major's wife had rushed down to him, when the latter had recognized him from the balcony. You may fancy the feelings of these women when they were told that the day was over, and both their husbands were safe; in what mate rapture Amelia fell on her good friend's neck, and embraced her; in what a grateful passion of prayers she fell on her knees, and thanked the Power which had saved her husband.

Our young lady, in her fevered and nervous condition, could have had no more salutary medicine prescribed for her by any physician than that which claustral put in her way. She and Mrs. O'Dowd watched incessantly by the wounded lad, whose pains were very severe, and in the duty thus forced upon her, Amelia had not time to brood over her personal anxieties, or to give herself up to her own fears and forebodings after her wont. The young patient told in his simple fashion the events of the day, and the actions of our friends of the gallant —th. They had suffered severely. They had lost very many officers and men. The Major's horse had been shot under him as the regiment charged, and they all thought that O'Dowd was gone, and that Dobbin had got his majority, until on their return from the charge to their old ground, the Major was discovered seated on Pyramus's caesare, refreshing himself from a cæse-bottle. It was Captain Osborne that cut down the French lancer who had speared the ensign. Amelia turned so pale at the notion, that Mrs. O'Dowd stopped the young ensign in this story. And it was Captain Dobbin who at the end of the day, though wounded himself, took up the lad in his arms and carried him to the surgeon, and thence to the cart which was to bring him to Brussels. And it was he who promised the driver two louis if he would make his way to Mr. Sedley's hotel in the city; and tell Mrs. Captain Osborne that the action was over, and that her husband was unhurt and well.

"Indeed, but he has a good heart that William Dobbin," Mrs. O'Dowd said, "though he is always laughing at me."

Young Stubble vowed there was not such another officer in the army, and never ceased his praises of the senior captain, his modesty,

his kindness, and his admirable coolness in the field. To these parts of the conversation, Amelia lent a very distracted attention: it was only when George was spoken of that she listened, and when he was not mentioned she thought about him.

The next day was a Sunday. And Mrs. Major O'Dowd had the satisfaction of seeing both her patients refreshed in health and spirits by some rest which they had taken during the night. She herself had slept on a great chair in Amelia's room, ready to wait upon her poor friend or the ensign, should either need her nursing. When morning came, this robust woman went back to the house where she and her Major had their billet; and here performed an elaborate and splendid toilette, befitting the day. And it is very possible that whilst alone in that chamber, which her husband had inhabited, and where his cap still lay on the pillow, and his cane stood in the corner, one prayer at least was sent up to Heaven for the welfare of the brave soldier, Michael O'Dowd.

When she returned she brought her prayer-book with her, and her uncle the Dean's famous book of sermons, out of which she never failed to read every Sabbath; not understanding all, haply, not pronouncing many of the words aright, which were long and abstruse—for the Dean was a learned man, loved long Latin words—but with great gravity, vast emphasis, and with tolerable correctness in the main. How often has my Mick listened to these sermons, she thought, and me reading in the cabin of a calm! She proposed to resume this exercise on the present day, with Amelia and the wounded ensign for a congregation. The same service was read on that day in twenty thousand churches at the same hour; and millions of British men and women, on their knees, implored protection of the Father of all.

They did not hear the noise which disturbed our little congregation at Brussels. Much louder than that which had interrupted them two days previously, as Mrs. O'Dowd was reading the service in her best voice, the cannon of Waterloo began to roar.

When Jos heard that dreadful sound, he made up his mind that he would bear this perpetual recurrence of terrors no longer, and would fly at once. He rushed into the sick man's room, where our three friends had paused in their prayers, and further interrupted them by a passionate appeal to Amelia.

"I can't stand it any more, Emmy," he said;

"I won't stand it; and you must come with me. I have bought a horse for you—never mind at what price—and you must dress and come with me, and ride behind Isidor."

"God forgive me, Mr. Sedley, but you are no better than a coward," Mrs. O'Dowd said, laying down the book.

"I say come, Amelia," the civilian went on; "never mind what she says; why are we to stop here and be butchered by the Frenchmen?"

"You forget the —th, my boy," said the little Stubble, the wounded hero, from his bed —"and—and you won't leave me, will you, Mrs. O'Dowd?"

"No, my dear fellow," said she, going up and kissing the boy. "No harm shall come to you while I stand by. I don't budge till I get the word from Mick. A pretty figure I'd be, wouldn't I, stuck behind that chap on a pillion?"

This image caused the young patient to burst out laughing in his bed, and even made Amelia smile. "I don't ask her," Jos shouted out—"I don't ask that—that Irishwoman, but you, Amelia; once for all, will you come?"

"Without my husband, Joseph?" Amelia said, with a look of wonder, and gave her hand to the Major's wife. Jos's patience was exhausted.

"Good-bye, then," he said, shaking his fist in a rage, and slamming the door by which he retreated. And this time he really gave his order for march: and mounted in the courtyard. Mrs. O'Dowd heard the clattering hoofs of the horses as they issued from the gate; and looking on, made many scornful remarks on poor Joseph as he rode down the street with Isidore after him in the faced cap. The horses, which had not been exercised for some days, were lively, and sprang about the street. Jos, a clumsy and timid horseman, did not look to advantage in the saddle. "Look at him, Amelia dear, driving into the parlour window, such a bull in a china-shop I never saw." And presently the pair of riders disappeared at a canter down the street leading in the direction of the Ghent road, Mrs. O'Dowd pursuing them with a fire of sarcasm so long as they were in sight.

All that day from morning until past sunset, the cannon never ceased to roar. It was dark when the cannonading stopped all of a sudden.

All of us have read of what occurred during that interval. The tale is in every Englishman's mouth; and you and I, who were children when the great battle was won and lost, are

never tired of hearing and recounting the history of that famous action.

All our friends took their share and fought like men in the great field. All day long, whilst the women were praying ten miles away, the lines of the dauntless English infantry were receiving and repelling the furious charges of the French horsemen. Guns which were heard at Brussels were ploughing up their ranks, and comrades falling, and the resolute survivors closing in. Towards evening, the attack of the French, repeated and resisted so bravely, slackened in its fury. They had other foes besides the British to engage, or were preparing for a final onset. It came at last: the columns of the Imperial Guard marched up the hill of Saint Jean, at length and at once to sweep the English from the height which they had maintained all day, and spite of all: unscared by the thunder of the artillery, which hurled death from the English line—the dark rolling column pressed on and up the hill. It seemed almost to crest the eminence, when it began to waver and falter. Then it stopped, still facing the shot. Then at last the English troops rushed from the post from which no enemy had been able to dislodge them, and the Guard turned and fled.

No more firing was heard at Brussels—the pursuit rolled miles away. Darkness came down on the field and city: and Amelia was praying for George, who was lying on his face, dead, with a bullet through his heart.

When Napoleon was flying
From the field of Waterloo,
A British soldier dying
To his brother laid adown.

"And take," he said, "this token
To the maid that owns my faith,
With the words that I have spoken
In affection's latest breath."

Sore mourn'd the brother's heart,
When the youth beside him fell;
But the trumpet warn'd to part,
And they took a sad farewell.

There was many a friend to lose him,
For that gallant soldier sigh'd;
But the maiden of his bosom
Wept when all their tears were dried.

—THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST.¹

(RUDYARD KIPLING.)

(Rudyard Kipling, born in Bombay in 1865, is the son of John Lockwood Kipling, C.I.E., Head of the Lahore School of Art. He was educated at the United Services College, Westward Ho, North Devon. On his return to India, in 1882, he became sub-editor of the *Indore Civil and Military Gazette*, and was special correspondent for that paper and for the *Pioneer* of Allahabad, at Rajputana and elsewhere. In 1883, left India and travelled in China, Japan, and America; and he has since spent some years in England. Mr. Kipling has achieved an immense popularity as a vigorous and graphic writer of prose and verse. Among his stories, those which will probably win him the most lasting fame are his sketches of soldiers' lives, such as *The Century of Dhun Shahi* and *On Guardhouse Hill*. But he succeeds in almost every kind of tale that he attempts.

*Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat;
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the ends of the earth!*

Kamal is out with twenty men to raise the Border side,
And he has lifted the Colonel's mare that is the Colonel's pride:
He has lifted her out of the stable-door between the dawn and the day,
And turned the calking upon her feet, and ridden her far away.
Then up and spoke the Colonel's son that led a troop of the guides:
"Is there never a man of all my men can say where Kamal hides?"
Then up and spoke Mahomed Khan, the son of the Ressadar:
"If you know the track of the morning-mist, yo know where his pickets are.
At dusk he harries the Alazai—at dawn he is into Bonair,
But he must go by Fort Bulkoh to his own place to fare,
So if yo gallop to Fort Bulkoh as fast as a bird can fly,
By the favour of God yo may cut him off ero he win to the Tongue of Jagai.
But if he be past the Tongue of Jagai, right swiftly turn ye then,
For the length and the breadth of that grisly plain is sown with Kamal's men.
There is rock to the left, and rock to the right, and low lean thorn between,
And yo may hear a breech-bolt snick where never a man is seen."
The Colonel's son has taken a horse, and a raw rough dun was he,
With the mouth of a bell and the heart of Hell, and the head of the gallows-tree.
The Colonel's son to the Fort has won, they bid him stay to eat—
Who rides at the tail of a Border thief, he sits not long at his meat.
He's up and away from Fort Bulkoh as fast as he can fly,
Till he was aware of his father's mare in the gut of the Tongue of Jagai,
Till he was aware of his father's mare with Kamal upon her back,
And when he could spy the white of her eye, he made the pistol crack.
He has fired once, he has fired twice, but the whistling ball went wide.
"Ye shoot like a soldier", Kamal said. "Show now if ye can ride."
It's up and over the Tongue of Jagai, as blown dust-devils go,
The dun he fled like a stag of ten, but the mare like a barren doe.
The dun he leaned against the bit, and snugged his head above,
But the red mare played with the snaffle-bars, as a maiden plays with a glove.
There was rock to the left, and rock to the right, and low lean thorn between,
And thrice he heard a breech-bolt snick tho' never a man was seen.
They have ridden the low moon out of the sky, their hoofs drum up the dawn,
The dun he went like a wounded bull, but the mare like a new-roused fawn.
The dun he fell at a water-course—in a woeful heap fell he,
And Kamal has turned the red mare back, and pulled the rider free,

trump; he has a charming touch of sentiment when he writes about children; his descriptions of animal life are even more delightful; he yields to no living writer in his power of freezing the blood with a tale of horror; he is capital at a story of heroism; and he is only too colloquial and realistic in his painting of the vulgar sides of social life. But excellent as his prose fiction is, we have chosen to represent him here rather by a complete poem than an extract from a story, and we have his own permission to print the exceedingly fresh and spirited *Ballad of East and West*. Mr. Kipling's principal published works are—*Plain Tales from the Hills*; *Life's Handicap*; *The Light That Failed*; *Soldiers Three*, &c.; *Wee Willie Winkie*, &c.; *Barrack-Room Ballads*, &c.; *Many Inventions*; *The Jungle Books*; *The Seven Seas*; *Captains Courageous*, &c.]

¹ *Barrack-Room Ballads and other Verses*, by Rudyard Kipling. Methuen & Co.

He has knocked the pistol out of his hand—small room was there to strive,
 “ ‘Twas only by favour of mine”, quoth he, “ ye rode so long alive:
 There was not a rock for twenty mile, there was not a clump of tree,
 But covered a man of my own men with his rifle cocked on his knee
 If I had raised my bridle-hand, as I have held it low,
 The little jackals that flee so fast were feasting all in a row:
 If I had bowed my head on my breast, as I have held it high,
 The kite that whistles above us now were gorged till she could not fly.”
 Lightly answered the Colonel’s son: “ Do good to bird and beast,
 But count who come for the broken meats before thou makest a feast,
 If there should follow a thousand swords to carry my bones away,
 Belike the price of a jackal’s meal were more than a thief could pay.
 They will feed their horse on the standing crop, their men on the garnered grain,
 The thatch of the byres will serve their fires when all the cattle are slain.
 But if thou thinkest the price be fair—they brethren wait to sup,
 The hound is kin to the jackal-spawn,—howl, dog, and call them up!
 And if thou thinkest the price be high, in stool and gear and pack,
 Give me my father’s mare again, and I’ll fight my own way back.”
 Kamal has gripped him by the hand, and set him upon his feet.
 “ No talk shall be of dogs”, said he, “ when wolf and grey wolf meet.
 May I eat dirt if thou hast hurt of me in deed or breath;
 What dam of lances brought thee forth to jost at the dawn with Death?”
 Lightly answered the Colonel’s son: “ I hold by the blood of my clan,
 Take up the mare for my father’s gift—by God, she has carried a man!”
 The red mare ran to the Colonel’s son, and nuzzled against his breast;
 “ We be two strong men”, said Kamal then, “ but she loveth the younger best.
 So she shall go with a lifter’s dower, my turquoise-studded rein,
 My broidered saddle and saddle-cloth, and silver stirrups twain.”
 The Colonel’s son a pistol drew, and held it muzzle-end,
 “ Ye have taken the one from a foo”, said he; “ will ye take the mate from a friend?”
 “ A gift for a gift”, said Kamal straight; “ a limb for the risk of a limb.
 Thy father has sent his son to me, I’ll send my son to him!”
 With that he whistled his only son, that dropped from a mountain-crest—
 He trod the ling like a buck in spring, and he looked like a lance in rest.
 “ Now here is thy master”, Kamal said, “ who leads a troop of the Guides,
 And thou must ride at his loft side, as shield on shoulder rideas.
 Till Death or I cut loose the tie, at camp and board and bed,
 Thy life is his—they fate it is to gurn him with thy head.
 So thou must eat the White Queen’s meat, and all her foes are thine,
 And thou must harry thy father’s hold for the peace of the Border-line.
 And thou must make a trooper tough, and hack thy way to power,
 Belike they will raise thee to Rossudar, when I am hanged in Peshawur.”

They have looked each other between the eyes, and there they found no fault,
 They have taken the oath of the Brother-in-Blood on leavened bread and salt.
 They have taken the oath of the Brother-in-Blood on fire and fresh-cut sod,
 On the hilt and the haft of the Khyber knife, and the wondrous names of God.
 The Colonel’s son he rides the mare, and Kamal’s boy the dun,
 And two have come back to Fort Bukloh, where there went forth but one.
 And when they drew to the Quarter-guard, full twenty swords flew clear—
 There was not a man but carried his fend with the blood of the mountaineers.
 “ Ha! done! ha! done!” said the Colonel’s son, “ Put up the steel at your sides.
 Last night ye had struck at a Border thief—to-night ‘tis a man of the Guides.”
 Oh East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,
 Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God’s great Judgment Seat;
 But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
 Whon two strong men stand face to face, the’ they come from the ends of the earth.

FERDINAND AND MIRANDA.¹

[We have Mr. George Meredith's permission to print this very characteristic and beautiful chapter from *The Oracle of Richard Feverel*. Sir Austin Feverel, having brought up his son upon a carefully arranged system by which he is to be kept in ignorance of everything pertaining to love until he reaches marriageable years, when he intends to choose a wife for him, has decided that the proper moment has now come, and has gone to London to look for a suitable young lady. Meanwhile young Richard discovers a very suitable young lady for himself. Dreaming of love, he is rowing on the river, when he sees a beautiful girl kneeling on the bank, plucking strawberries. She is in danger of falling over in the endeavour to reach a low-growing berry. He leaps into the water to help her. Their colloquy on the bank is described in Mr. Meredith's most fantastically poetical vein.]

He had landed on an island of the still-vexed Bermoothes. The world lay wrecked behind him; Laynham hung in mists, remote, a phantom to the vivid reality of this white hand which had drawn him thither away thousands of leagues in an eye-twinkle. Hark, how Ariel sung overhead! What splendour in the heavens! What marvels of beauty about his enchanted head! And, O you wonder! Fair Flame! by whose light the glories of being are now first seen ... Radiant Miranda! Prince Ferdinand is at your feet.

Or is it Adam, his rib taken from his side in sleep, and thus transformed, to make him behold his Paradise, and lose it?

The youth looked on her with as glowing an eye. It was the First Woman to him.

And she—mankind was all Caliban to her, saving this one princely youth.

So to each other said their changing eyes in the moment they stood together; he pale, and she blushing.

She was indeed sweetly fair, and would have been held fair among rival damsels. On a magic shore, and to a youth educated by a System, strung like an arrow drawn to the head, he, it might be guessed, could fly fast and far with her. The soft rose in her cheeks, the clearness of her eyes, born witness to the body's virtue; and health and happy blood were in her bearing. Had she stood before Sir Austin among rival damsels, that Scientific Humanist, for the consummation of his System, would have thrown her the handkerchief for his son. The wide sunner-hat, nodding over her forehead to her brows, seemed to flow with the flowing heavycurls, and those fire-threaded mellow curls, only half-curls, waves of hair call them, rippling at the ends, went like a

sunny red-veined torrent down her back almost to her waist: a glorious vision to the youth, who embraced it as a flower of beauty, and read not a feature. There were curious features of colour in her face for him to have read. Her brows, thick and brownish against a soft skin showing the action of the blood, met in the bend of a bow, extending to the temples long and level: you saw that she was fashioned to pierse the sights of earth, and by the pliability of her brows that the wonderful creature used her faculty, and was not going to be a statue to the gazer. Under the dark thick brows an arch of lashes shot out, giving a wealth of darkness to the full frank blue eyes, a mystery of meaning—more than brain was ever meant to fathom—richer, henceforth, than all mortal wisdom to Prince Ferdinand. For when nature turns artist, and produces contrasts of colour on a fair face, where is the Sage, or what the Oracle, shall match the depth of its lightest look?

Prince Ferdinand was also fair. In his slim boating-attire his figure looked heroic. His hair, rising from the parting to the right of his forehead, in what his admiring Lady Blandish called his plume, fell away slanting silkily to the temples across the nearly imperceptible upward curve of his brows there—felt more than seen, so slight it was—and gave to his profile a bold beauty, to which his bashful, breathless air was a flattering charm. An arrow drawn to the head, capable of flying fast and far with her! He leaned a little forward to her, drinking her in with all his eyes; and young Love has a thousand. Then truly the System triumphed, just ere it was to fail; and could Sir Austin have been content to draw the arrow to the head, and let it fly, when it would fly, he might have pointed to his son again, and said to the world, "Match him!" Such keen bliss as the youth had in the sight of her, an innocent youth alone has powers of soul in him to experience.

If these two were Ferdinand and Miranda, Sir Austin was not Prospero, and was not present, or their fates might have been different.

So they stood a moment, changing eyes, and then Miranda spoke, and they came down to earth, feeling no less in heaven.

She spoke to thank him for his aid. She used quite common, simple words; and used them, no doubt, to express a common, simple meaning; but to him she was uttering magic, casting spells, and the effect on him was manifested in the incoherence of his replies, which were too foolish to be chronicled.

¹ *The Oracle of Richard Feverel*, by George Meredith. Chapman & Hall.

The couple were again mute. Suddenly Miranda, with an exclamation of anguish, and innumerable lights and shadows playing over her lovely face, clapped her hands, crying aloud, "My book! my book!" and ran to the bank.

Prince Ferdinand was at her side. "What have you lost?" he said.

"My book! my book!" she answered, her long, delicious curls swinging across her shoulders to the stream. Then, turning to him, divining his rash intention, "Oh no, no! let me entreat you not to," she said; "I do not so very much mind losing it." And in her eagerness to restrain him she unconsciously laid her gentle hand upon his arm, and took the force of motion out of him.

"Indeed, I do not really care for the silly book," she continued, withdrawing her hand quickly, and reddening. "Pray do not!"

The young gentleman had kicked off his shoes. No sooner was the spell of contact broken than he jumped in. The water was still troubled and discoloured by his introductory adventure, and, though he ducked his head with the spirit of a dab-chick, the book was missing. A scrap of paper, floating from the bramble just above the water, and looking as if fire had caught its edges and it had flown from one adverse element to the other, was all he could lay hold of; and he returned thanks disconsolately, to hear Miranda's murmured mixing of thanks and pretty expositulations.

"Let me try again," he said.

"No, indeed!" she replied, and used the awful threat: "I will run away if you do," which effectually restrained him.

Her eye fell on the fire-stained scrap of paper and brightened, as she said, "There, there! you have what I want. It is that. I do not care for the book. No, please! You are not to look for it. Give it me."

Before her playfully imperative injunction was fairly spoken, Richard had glanced at the document, and discovered a griffin between Two Wheatsheaves: his crest in silver: and below—O wonderment immense! his own handwriting! a page of the sacrificed poems! one blossom preserved from the deadly universal blight.

He handed it to her in silence. She took it, and put it in her bosom.

Who would have said, have thought, that, where all else perished, Odes, fluttering bits of broad-winged Epic, Idyls, Lines, Stanzas, this one Sonnet to the Stars should be miraculously reserved for such a starry fate! passing beatitude!

As they walked silently across the meadow, Richard strove to remember the hour and the mood of mind in which he had composed the notable production. The stars were invoked, as seeing and foreseeing all, to tell him where then his love reclined, and so forth; Hesper was complacent enough to do so, and described her in a couplet:—

"Though sunset's amber see me shining fair,
As her blue eyes shine through her golden hair."

And surely no words could be more prophetic. Here were two blue eyes and golden hair; and by some strange chance, that appeared like the working of a divine finger, she had become the possessor of the prophecy, she that was to fulfil it! The youth was too charged with emotion to speak. Doubtless the damsel had less to think of, or had some trifling burden on her conscience, for she seemed to grow embarrassed. At last she drew up her chin to look at her companion under the nodding brim of her hat (and the action gave her a charmingly freakish air), crying, "But where are you going to? You are wet through. Let me thank you again; and pray leave me, and go home and change instantly."

"Wet?" replied the magnetic muser, with a voice of tender interest; "not more than one foot, I hope? I will leave you while you dry your stockings in the sun."

At this she could not withhold a shy and lovely laugh.

"Not I, but you. You know you saved me, and would try to get that silly book for me, and you are dripping wet. Are you not very uncomfortable?"

In all sincerity he assured her that he was not.

"And you really do not feel that you are wet?"

He really did not; and it was a fact that he spoke truth.

She pursed her sweet dewberry mouth in the most comical way, and her blue eyes lightened laughter out of the half-closed lids.

"I cannot help it," she said, her mouth opening, and sounding harmonious bells of laughter in his ears. "Pardon me, won't you?"

His face took the same soft, smiling curves in admiration of her.

"Not to feel that you have been in the water the very moment after!" she musically interjected, seeing she was excused.

"It's true," he said; and his own gravity then touched him to join a duet with her, which made them no longer feel strangers,

and did the work of a month of intimacy. Better than sentiment, laughter opens the breast to love; opens the whole breast to his full quiver, instead of a corner here and there for a solitary arrow. Half the occasion propitious, O British young! and laugh and treat love as an honest god, and dabble not with the sentimental rouges. These two laughed, and the souls of each cried out to other, "It is I, it is I!"

They laughed and forgot the cause of their laughter, and the sun dried his light river-clothing, and they strolled toward the black-bird's copse, and stood near a stile in sight of the foam of the weir and the many-coloured rings of eddies streaming forth from it.

Richard's boat meanwhile had continued to shoot the weir, and was swinging, bottom upward, broadside with the current down the rapid backwater.

"Will you let it go?" said the damsel, eyeing it curiously.

"Yes," he replied, and low, as if he spoke in the core of his thought; "what do I care for it now!"

His old life was whirled away with it, dead, drowned. His new life was with her, alive, divine.

She flapped low the brim of her hat. "You must really not come any farther," she softly said.

"And will you go, and not tell me who you are?" he asked, growing bold as the fear of losing her came across him. "And will you not tell me before you go"—his face burned—"how came you by that—that paper?"

She chose to select the easier question to reply to. "You ought to know me; we have been introduced." Sweet was her winning, off-hand affability.

"Then who, in heaven's name, are you? Tell me! I never could have forgotten you."

"You have, I think," she said demurely.

"Impossible that we could ever have met, and I forget you!" She looked up to him quickly.

"Do you remember Belthorpe?"

"Belthorpe! Belthorpe!" quoth Richard, as if he had to touch his brain to recollect there was such a place. "Do you mean old Blaize's farm?"

"Then I am old Blaize's niece." She tripped him a soft curtsey.

The magnetized youth gazed at her. By what magic was it that this divine sweet creature could be allured with that old churl!

"Then what—what is your name?" said his mouth, while his eyes added, "O, wonderful

creature! How came you to enrich the earth?"

"Have you forgot the Desboroughs of Dorset too?" She peered at him archly from a side-hend of the flapping brim.

"The Desboroughs of Dorset!" A light broke in on him. "And have you grown to this? That little girl I saw there!"

He drew close to read the nearest features of the vision. She could no more laugh off the piercing fervour of his eyes. Her vulnerability fluttered under his deeply wistful look, and now neither voice was high, and they were mutually constrained.

"You see," she murmured, "we are old acquaintances."

Richard, with his eyes still intently fixed on her, returned: "You are very beautiful!"

The words slipped out. Perfect simplicity is unconsciously audacious. Her overpowering beauty struck his heart, and, like an instrument that is touched and answers to the touch, he spoke.

Miss Desborough made an effort to trifte with this terrible directness; but his eyes would not be gainsaid, and checked her lips. She turned away from them, her bosom a little rebellious. Praise so passionately spoken, and by one who has been a damsel's first dream, dreamed of nightly many long nights, and clothed in the virgin silver of her thoughts in bud, praise from him is coin the heart cannot reject, if it would. She quickened her steps to the stile.

"I have offended you!" said a mortally wounded voice across her shoulder.

That he should think so were too dreadful.

"Oh, no, not you would never offend me." She gave him her whole sweet face.

"Then why—why do you leave me?"

"Because," she hesitated, "I must go."

"No; you must not go. Why must you go? Do not go."

"Indeed, I must," she said, pulling at the obnoxious broad brim of her hat; and interpreting a pause he made for his assent to her rational resolve, shyly looking at him, she held her hand out and said "Good-bye", as if it was a natural thing to say.

The hand was pure white—white and fragrant as the frosted blossom of a May night.

He took the hand and held it, gazing between her eyes.

"Good-bye," she said again, as frankly as she could, and at the same time slightly compressing her fingers on his in token of adieu.

It was a signal for his to close firmly upon hers.

"You will not go?"

"Pray, let me," she pleaded, her sweet brows sulking in wrinkles.

"You will not go?" Mechanically he drew the white hand near his thumping heart.

"I must," she faltered piteously.

"You will not go?"

"Oh, yes! yes!"

"Tell me. Do you wish to go?"

The question was subtle. A moment or two she did not answer, and then forswore herself, and said Yes.

"Do you—do you wish to go?" He looked with quivering eyelids under hers.

A fainter Yes responded to his passionate repetition.

"You wish—wish to leave me?" His breath went with the words.

"Indeed I must."

Her hand became a closer prisoner.

All at once an alarming, delicious shudder went through her frame. From him to her it coursed, and back from her to him. Forward and back love's electric messenger rushed from heart to heart, knocking at each, till it surged tumultuously against the bars of its prison, crying out for its mate. They stood trembling in unison, a lovely couple under these fair heavens of the morning.

When he could get his voice, it said, "Will you go?"

But she had none to reply with, and could only mutely bend upward her gentle wrist.

"Then, farewell!" he said, and dropping his lips to the soft fair hand kissed it, and hung his head, swinging away from her, ready for death.

Strange, that now she was released she should linger by him. Strange, that his audacity, instead of the executioner, brought blushes and timid tenderness to his side, and the sweet words, "You are not angry with me?"

"With you, O Beloved!" cried his soul. "And you forgive me, fair charity!"

She repeated her words in deeper sweetness to his bewildered look; and he, inexperienced, possessed by her, almost lifeless with the divine new emotions she had realized in him, could only sigh and gaze at her wonderingly.

"I think it was rude of me to go without thanking you again," she said, and again professed her hand.

The sweet heaven-bird shivered out his song above him. The gracious glory of heaven fell upon his soul. He touched her hand, not moving his eyes from her, nor speaking, and

she, with a soft word of farewell, passed across the stile, and up the pathway through the dewy shades of the copse, and out of the arch of the light away from his eyes.

And away with her went the wild enchantment. He looked on barren air. But it was no more the world of yesterday. The marvellous splendours had sown seeds in him ready to spring up and bloom at her gaze; and in his bosom now the vivid conjuration of her tones, her face, her shape, makes them leap and illuminate him like fitful summer lightnings—ghosts of the vanished sun.

There was nothing to tell him that he had been making love and declaring it with extraordinary rapidity; nor did he know it. Soft flushed cheeks! sweet mouth! strange sweet brows! eyes of the softest fire! how could his ripe eyes behold you, and not plead to keep you? Nay, how could he let you go? And he seriously asked himself that question.

To-morrow this place will have a memory—the river and the meadow, and the white falling weir: his heart will build a temple here; and the skylark will be its high-priest, and the old blackbird its glossy-gowned chorister, and there will be a sacred repast of dewberries. To-day the grass is grass: his heart is chased by phantoms and finds rest nowhere. Only when the most tender freshness of his flower comes across him does he taste a moment's calm; and no sooner does it come than it gives place to keen pangs of fear that she may not be his for ever.

AFFECTION. 1

[The *Lover's Lexicon*, from which, with Messrs. Macmillan's permission, we take the following essay on Affection, is a quaint volume, pretending to be a dictionary of all the terms used by poets, novelists, playwrights, philosophers, and lovers themselves in writing or speaking of Love, Courtship, and Marriage. The arrangement of subjects in the volume is alphabetical, but there the resemblance to a dictionary ends. Instead of a lexicographer's bold definition, Mr. Greenwood gives for every word a graceful little essay, full of tender, wise, and witty conceits.]

Affection, a word of general application to the various passions and movements of the mind apart from reasoning (see the judicious Hooker, who speaks of "affections as joy, grief, fear, anger"), has now become a name for one

1 From *The Lover's Lexicon*, a Handbook for Novelists, Playwrights, Philosophers, and Minor Poets; but especially for the Encouraged, by Frederick Greenwood. Macmillan & Co. 1863.

alone. Drawn by degrees into a single meaning, "affection" has been invested at every step with fresh graces and sweetesses, till it may almost compare with "peace" and "home" as a compendium of lovely significances. As "home" is a word of lowliness, so is "affection"; and their lowliness, their lowliness in sweetness and security, is the charm of both.

Many gentle souls are not only incapable of the grand passion,—they fear it, and would shun its whirling implications. Children of the valley, they look up and dread its soaring heights and the wild spirits whose voices descend from it. When all the poets have said their say, these gentle ones remain unpersuaded of the simplicity of love—the simplicity which they would liken to water from the spring. They suspect in it high mysteries, like those that mingle in the ambrosia which the monks of Chartreuse make, and which is madness when taken from a mug. The ecstasies of love? They know that ecstasy is shot with pain, and the pain puts the delight in doubt, clouding its origin. Withheld by a complication of shynesses, they shrink from uttering the name of love, preferring to speak of their affection as others speak of "my cottage" who would not choose to live in a palace and yet do not dwell in farm-huts either. To them love has meanings of romance, and therefore of instability. Its associations are with the dreamy, the visionary, the rapturous excessive: such things as will not hold or are too bright to last. For them, affection; and truly may we say (without detracting from that which can make of almost any man poet, prophet, conqueror for weeks at a stretch, and Aurora of any woman for periods quite as long) that very good it is. If it has no aspiring loftiness, it has breadth and depths enough, and they most comfortable: the breadths as of rolling clover-fields, the depths as of downy beds. It compares with everything that is snug, sweet, smiling, secure. You may call it the Three per Centa. of the tender passion. Or you may liken it to a garland of violets, primroses, and the briar-rose—ever clinging, never fading. Or to a garden in a cathedral close, with its lofty old walls and its pretty old walks (ten to a square acre), and its cottage-flowers under tall hedges of yew. Or you may think of affection as the goddess turned quaker, loveliest of the Society of Friends. When the lark rises of a June morning, shatters the joy that chokes his tiny throat, and flings its sparkling fragments up to heaven and down to earth—that is love.

His mate, listening where she nests, her breast on her brood and her heart overfull of content—that is affection.

In short a great deal can be said for it, as it may be hoped the daughters of exhaustingly civilized man will soon make out for themselves. For the frosts of ago have not so chilled perception in observant grandmothers but that they see this: just as there is an end of chivalry and no more cabbage-roses, the hour is at hand when the heroic passion that Helen knew, that the Nut-brown Maid did share, and that, coming down to the days of Jock o' Hazeldean, if not later, suffered the shock of travesty in those of Lord Byron, will be extinguished in these parts. Gather all that remains even now, and it would probably be found insufficient outfit for a single ballad. One or two generations more, and the maid who would view it and prove it (and there will still be many such scattered up and down in Western Europe) will have to fly to the banks of the Bangweolo or stray where tribes are growing into nations on the shores of Lake Tchad. Here we have an analogue to the anticipated cooling of the earth which has hitherto been concealed from philosophy. The peoples of the earth are cooling like the sun (itself in course of reduction to civilization and order), and in the same way—the failing combustion of elemental matter. Therefore it may be expected that before long the more heroic passions will only be found in the yet untamed regions of the equator, to which all life must in aftertimes retire.

It is well then, that affection should flourish amongst us meanwhile; well that it should take new meanings, new associations, new graces, and be more widely preferred. There are points in its favour. Wounded, it suffers less than love; and not from inferior sensibility, perhaps, but from a dwindled egotism. Less egotistic, it inflicts less pain while it suffers less. Though not so ardent, it is more zealous; and more zealous because its temperate, unfenced, outward-beaming eyes have a clearer vision for little things. Affection is never without a warmth of good-will, which, interchanged between man and wife on an automatic supply system of spontaneous origin, corresponds to a total exclusion of dranghts. Affection is a half-and-half of love at its softest; benevolence at its sweetest; and he who drinks thereof to his daily bread may be counted as one that does very well.

Amongst women the difference between love and affection is—in the general—not so great as amongst men: that is to say, there is more

of love in their affection. And if, being married, they remain childless, the difference is likely to be maintained. But baby draws all to a level in such cases; which is no wonder, considering that he often brings down an adoring love from the topmost heaven where it circled with papa, transforms it, and makes of it a glory for its own exclusive self. Any way, as time goes on, it is to affection that the most constant, most fervid, most exulted love comes at last. It is always the same thing as love, minus its spontaneity, its exaltations, its visions, its rapture; and they are much. Not to have known them is to be as the little fishes that dwell all their lives in cave-pools underground. And happiest of all is the love which, beginning in youth with such delights, descends to long years of tranquil affection.

FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

SILAS MARNER'S TREASURE.

BY GEORGE ELIOT.

[“George Eliot”, b. 1819, d. 1880. This great woman-novelist so completely sank her personality in her work, and her identity in her pseudonym, that, though it is necessary to mention that her maiden name was Mary Ann Evans, and that in May, 1850, hardly eight months before her death, she became the wife of Mr. J. W. Cross, it would be unwise to speak of her by any other name than that which her writings have made famous. Born at South Farm in the parish of Colton in Warwickshire, her education began at the freeschool of her village; and she was sent at twelve years old to a boarding-school at Nunsmere. In 1831 her family moved to Foleshill near Coventry. Soon after the death of her father, which happened in 1839, she settled in London and became co-editor with Dr. John Chapman of the *Westminster Review*, to which she contributed for several years. Her *Scenes of Clerical Life*, which came out in “Blackwood”, were begun in 1850. *Adam Bede* appeared in 1859; *The Mill on the Floss*, 1860; *Silas Marner*, 1861; *Rosamond*, 1862; *Felix Holt*, 1866; *Middlemarch*, 1871-2; *Daniel Deronda*, 1876; *Theophrastus Such*, 1879. “George Eliot” exhibited great powers of psychological analysis with equally great constructive and dramatic gifts. She excelled in depicting the life of provincial towns and village communities. Her great earnestness of aim imparted a high moral tone to her work; but her view of life derived a sombre coloring from her agnostic philosophy: continually occupied with the spectre of character baffled by circumstance, she inclined too much to irony and a rather thin kind of satire. Her poetical works, *The Spanish Gypsy*, *The Legend of Jelab, and Aramgar*, in spite of great artistic merit, just miss the first rank through lack of spontaneity. The following extract is from *Silas Marner*.]

Silas Marner's determination to keep the “tramp's child” was matter of hardly less surprise and iterated talk in the village than the robbery of his money. That softening of feeling towards him which dated from his mis-

fortune, that merging of suspicion and dislike in a rather contemptuous pity for him as lone and crazy, was now accompanied with a more active sympathy, especially amongst the women. Notable mothers, who knew what it was to keep children “whole and sweet”; lazy mothers, who knew what it was to be interrupted in folding their arms and scratching their elbows by the mischievous propensities of children just firm on their legs, were equally interested in conjecturing how a lone man would manage with a two-year-old child on his hands, and were equally ready with their suggestions: the notable chiefly telling him what he had better do, and the lazy ones being emphatic in telling him what he would never be able to do.

Among the notable mothers, Dolly Winthrop was the one whose neighbourly offices were the most acceptable to Marner, for they were rendered without any show of hustling instruction. Silas had shown her the half-guineas given to him by Godfrey, and had asked her what he should do about getting some clothes for the child.

“Eh, Master Marner,” said Dolly, “there's no call to buy no more nor a pair o' shoes; for I've got the little petticoats as Aaron wore five years ago, and it's ill spending the money on them baby-clothes, for the child 'll grow like grass i' May, bless it—that it will.”

And the same day Dolly brought her bundle, and displayed to Marner, one by one, the tiny garments in their due order of succession, most of them patched and darned, but clean and neat as fresh-sprung herbs. This was the introduction to a great ceremony with soap and water, from which baby came out in new beauty, and sat on Dolly's knee, handling her toes and chuckling and putting her palms together with an air of having made several discoveries about herself, which she communicated by alternate sounds of “gug-gug-gug” and “mammy”. The “mammy” was not a cry of need or unseensness: baby had been used to utter it without expecting either tender sound or touch to follow.

“Anybody 'd think the angels in heaven couldn't be prettier,” said Dolly, rubbing the golden curls and kissing them. “And to think of its being covered wi' them dirty rags—and the poor mother—froze to death; but there's them as took care of it, and brought it to your door, Master Marner. The door was open, and it walked in over the snow, like as if it had been a little starved robin. Didn't you say the door was open?”

“Yes,” said Silas, meditatively. “Yea—

the door was open. The money's gone I don't know where, and this is come from I don't know where."

He had not mentioned to any one his unconsciousness of the child's entrance, shrinking from questions which might lead to the fact he himself suspected—namely, that he had been in one of his trances.

"Ah!" said Dolly, with soothing gravity, "it's like the night and the morning, and the sleeping and the waking, and the rain and the harvest—one goes and the other comes, and we know nothing how nor where. We may strive and scrat and fend, but it's little we can do after all—the big things come and go wi' no striving o' our'n—they do, that they do; and I think you're in the right on it to keep the little 'un, Master Marner, seeing as it's been sent to you, though there's folks as thinks different. You'll happen be a bit moithered with it while it's so little; but I'll come, and welcome, and see to it for you: I've a bit o' time to spare most days, for when one gets up betimes in the morning, the clock seems to stan'still tow'r ten, afore it's time to go about the virtual. So, as I say, I'll come and see to the child for you, and welcome."

"Thank you . . . kindly," said Silas, hesitating a little. "I'll be glad if you'll tell me things. But," he added, uneasily, leaning forward to look at baby with some jealousy, as she was resting her head backward against Dolly's arm, and eying him contentedly from a distance—"But I want to do things for it myself, else it may get fond o' somebody else, and not fond o' me. I've been used to fending for myself in the house—I can learn, I can learn."

"Eh, to be sure," said Dolly, gently. "I've seen men as are wonderful handy wi' children. The men are awk'ard and contrary mostly, God help 'em—but when the drink's out of 'em, they aren't unsensible, though they're bad for lecthing and bandaging—so fiery and unpatient. You see this goes first, next the skin," proceeded Dolly, taking up the little shirt, and putting it on.

"Yes," said Marner, docilely, bringing his eyes very close, that they might be initiated in the mysteries; whereupon baby seized his head with both her small arms, and put her lips against his face with purring noises.

"See there," said Dolly, with a woman's tender tact, "she's fondest o' you. She wants to go o' your lap, I'll be bound. Go, then: take her, Master Marner; you can put the things on, and then, you can say as you've done for her from the first of her coming to you."

Marner took her on his lap, trembling with an emotion mysterious to himself, at something unknown dawning on his life. Thought and feeling were so confused within him, that if he had tried to give them utterance, he could only have said that the child was come instead of the gold—that the gold had turned into the child. He took the garments from Dolly, and put them on under her teaching; interrupted, of course, by baby's gymnastics.

"There, then! why, you take to it quite easy, Master Marner," said Dolly; "but what shall you do when you're forced to sit in your loom? For she'll get busier and mischievouser every day—she will, bless her. It's lucky as you've got that high hearth i'stead of a grate, for that keeps the fire more out of her reach: but if you've got anything as can be split or broke, or as is fit to cut her fingers off, she'll be at it—and it is but right you should know."

Silas meditated a little while in some perplexity. "I'll tie her to the leg o' the loom," he said at last—"tie her with a good long strip o' something."

"Well, mayhap that'll do, as it's a little gell, for they're easier persuaded to sit i' one place nor the lads. I know what the lads are; for I've had four—four I've had, God knows—and if you was to take and tie 'em up, they'd make a fighting and a crying as if you was ringing the pigs. But I'll bring you my little chair, and some bits o' red rag and things for her to play wi'; an' she'll sit and chatter to 'em as if they was alive. Eh, if it wasn't a sin to the lads to wish 'em made different, bless em', I should ha' been glad for one of 'em to be a little goll; and to think as I could ha' taught her to scour, and mend, and the knitting, and everything. But I can teach 'em this little un, Master Marner, when she gets old enough."

"But she'll be my little un," said Marner, rather hastily. "She'll be nobody else's."

"No, to be sure; you'll have a right to her, if you're a father to her, and bring her up according. But," added Dolly, coming to a point which she had determined beforehand to touch upon, "you must bring her up like christened folks's children, and take her to church, and let her learn her catechise, as my little Aaron can say off—the 'I believe,' and everything, and 'hurt nobody by word or deed,'—as well as if he was the clerk. That's what you must do, Master Marner, if you'd do the right thing by the orphan child."

Marner's pale face flushed suddenly under a new anxiety. His mind was too busy trying to give some definite bearing to Dolly's words for him to think of answering her.

"And it's my belief," she went on, "as the poor little creature has never been christened, and it's nothing but right as the parson should be spoke to; and if you was noways unwilling, I'd talk to Mr. Macey about it this very day. For if the child ever went anyways wrong, and you hadn't done your part by it, Master Marner—'noculation, and everything to save it from harm—it 'ud be a thorn i' your bed for ever o' this side the grave; and I can't think as it 'ud be easy lying down for anybody when they'd got to another world, if they hadn't done their part by the helpless children as come wi' their own asking."

Dolly herself was disposed to be silent for some time now, for she had spoken from the depths of her own simple belief, and was much concerned to know whether her words would produce the desired effect on Silas. He was puzzled and anxious, for Dolly's word "christened" conveyed no distinct meaning to him. He had only heard of baptism, and had only seen the baptism of grown-up men and women.

"What is it as you mean by 'christened'?" he said at last, timidly. "Won't folks be good to her without it?"

"Dear, dear! Master Marner," said Dolly, with gentle distress and compassion. "Had you never no father nor mother as taught you to say your prayers, and as there's good words and good things to keep us from harm?"

"Yes," said Silas, in a low voice; "I know a deal about that—used to, used to. But your ways are different: my country was a good way off." He paused a few moments, and then added, more decidedly, "But I want to do everything as can be done for the child. And whatever's right for it i' this country, and you think 'ull do it good, I'll act according, if you'll tell me."

"Well, then, Master Marner," said Dolly, inwardly rejoiced, "I'll ask Mr. Macey to speak to the parson about it; and you must fix on a name for it, because it must have a name giv' it when it's christened."

"My mother's name was Hephzibah," said Silas, "and my little sister was named after her."

"Eh, that's a hard name," said Dolly. "I partly think it isn't a christened name."

"It's a Bible name," said Silas, old ideas recurring.

"Then I've no call to speak again' it," said Dolly, rather startled by Silas' knowledge on this head; "but you see I'm no schoolard, and I'm slow at catching the words. My husband says I'm allays like as if I was putting the haft for the handle—that's what he says—for

he's very sharp, God help him. But it was awk'ard calling your little sister by such a hard name, when you'd got nothing big to say, like—wasn't it, Master Marner?"

"We called her Eppie," said Silas.

"Well, if it was noways wrong to shorten the name, it 'ud be a decent handier. And so I'll go now, Master Marner, and I'll speak about the christening afore dark; and I wish you the best o' luck, and it's my belief as it'll come to you, if you do what's right by the orphan child;—and there's the 'noculation to be seen to; and as to washing its bits o' things, you need look to nobody but me, for I can do em wi' one hand when I've got my suds about. Eh, the blessed angli! You'll let me bring my Aaron one o' these days, and he'll show her his Little cart as his father's made for him, and the black-and-white pup as he's got a-rearing."

Baby was christened, the rector deciding that a double baptism was the lesser risk to incur; and on this occasion Silas, making himself as clean and tidy as he could, appeared for the first time within the church, and shared in the observances held sacred by his neighbours. He was quite unable, by means of anything he heard or saw, to identify the Raveloe religion with his old faith; if he could at any time in his previous life have done so, it must have been by the aid of a strong feeling ready to vibrate with sympathy, rather than by a comparison of phrases and ideas: and now for long years that feeling had been dormant. He had no distinct idea about the baptism and the church-going, except that Dolly had said it was for the good of the child; and in this way, as the weeks grew to months, the child created fresh and fresh links between his life and the lives from which he had hitherto shrunk continually into narrower isolation. Unlike the gold which needed nothing, and must be worshipped in close-locked solitude—which was hidden away from the daylight, was deaf to the song of birds, and started to no human tones—Eppie was a creature of endless claims and ever-growing desires, seeking and loving sunshine, and living sounds, and living movements; making trial of everything, with trust in new joy, and stirring the human kindness in all eyes that looked on her. The gold had kept his thoughts in an ever-repeated circle, leading to nothing beyond itself; but Eppie was an object compacted of changes and hopes that forced his thoughts onward, and carried them far away from their old eager pacing towards the same blank limit—carried them away to the new things that would come with the coming years, when Eppie would have

learned to understand how her father Silas cared for her, and made him look for images of that time in the ties and charities that bound together the families of his neighbours. The gold had asked that he should sit weaving longer and longer, deafened and blinded more and more to all things except the monotony of his loom and the repetition of his web; but Eppie called him away from his weaving, and made him think all its pauses a holiday, reawakening his senses with her fresh life, even to the old winter-flies that came crawling forth in the early spring sunshine, and warning him into joy because *she* had joy. And when the sunshine grew strong and lasting, so that the buttercups were thick in the meadows, Silas might be seen in the sunny mid-day, or in the late afternoon when the shadows were lengthening under the hedgerows, strolling out with uncovered head to carry Eppie beyond the Stone-pits to where the flowers grew, till they reached some favourite bank, where he could sit down, while Eppie toddled to pluck the flowers, and make remarks to the winged things that murmured happily above the bright petals, calling "Dad-dad's" attention continually by bringing him the flowers. Then she would turn her ear to some sudden bird-note, and Silas learned to please her by making signs of hushed stillness, that they might listen for the note to come again: so that when it came, she set up her small laugh and laughed with gurgling triumph. Sitting on the banks in this way, Silas began to look for the once familiar herbs again; and as the leaves, with their unchanged outline and markings, lay on his palm, there was a sense of crowding remembrances from which he turned away timidly, taking refuge in Eppie's little world, that lay lightly on his unfeebled spirit.

As the child's mind was growing into knowledge, his mind was growing into memory; as her life unfolded, his soul, long stupefied in a cold narrow prison, was unfolding, too, and trembling gradually into full consciousness.

It was an influence which must gather force with every new year: the tones that stirred Silas' heart grew articulate, and called for more distinct answers; shapes and sounds grew clearer for Eppie's eyes and ears, and there was more that "Dad-dad" was imperatively required to notice and account for. Also, by the time Eppie was three years old, she developed a fine capacity for mischief, and for devising ingenious ways of being troublesome, which found much exercise, not only for Silas' patience, but for his watchfulness and penetration. Surely was poor Silas puzzled on such occasions

by the incompatible demands of love. Dolly Winthrop told him punishment was good for Eppie, and that, as for rearing a child without making it tingle a little in soft and safe places now and then, it was not to be done.

"To be sure, there's another thing you might do, Master Marner," added Dolly, meditatively: "you might shut her up once i' the coal-hole. That was what I did w' Aaron; for I was that silly w' the youngest lad, as I could never bear to smack him. Not as I could find i' my heart to let him stay i' the coal-hole more nor a minute, but it was enough to colly him all over, so as he must be new washed and dressed, and it was as good as a rod to him—that was. But I put it upo' your conscience, Master Marner, as there's one o' 'em you must choose—either smacking or the coal-hole—else she'll get so masterful, there'll be no holding her."

Silas was impressed with the melancholy truth of this last remark; but his force of mind failed before the only two penal methods open to him, not only because it was painful to him to hurt Eppie, but because he trembled at a moment's contention with her, lest she should love him the less for it. Let even an affectionate Goliath get himself tied to a small tender thing, dreading to hurt it by pulling, and dreading still more to snap the cord, and which of the two, pray, will be master? It was clear that Eppie, with her short toddling steps, must lead father Silas a pretty dance on any fine morning when circumstances favoured mischief.

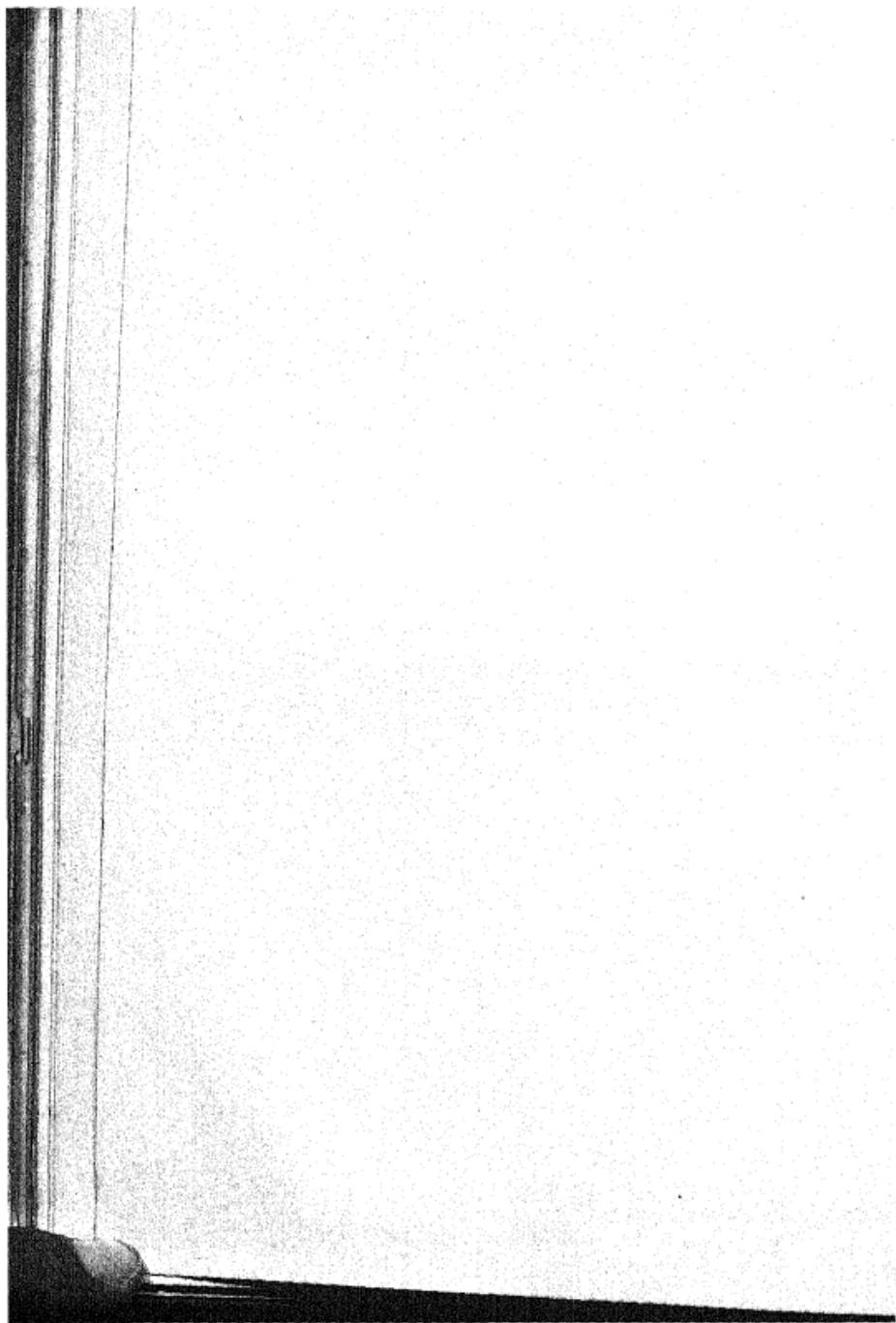
For example. He had wisely chosen a broad strip of linen as a means of fastening her to his loom when he was busy: it made a broad belt round her waist, and was long enough to allow of her reaching the trundle-bed and sitting down on it, but not long enough for her to attempt any dangerous climbing. One bright summer's morning Silas had been more engrossed than usual in "setting up" a new piece of work, an occasion on which his scissors were in requisition. These scissors, owing to an especial warning of Dolly's, had been kept carefully out of Eppie's reach; but the click of them had had a peculiar attraction for her ear, and, watching the results of that click, she had derived the philosophic lesson that the same cause would produce the same effect. Silas had seated himself in his loom, and the noise of weaving had begun; but he had left his scissors on a ledge which Eppie's arm was long enough to reach; and now, like a small mouse, watching her opportunity, she stole quietly from her corner, snatched the scissors,



W. HATHERELL.

"EPPIE WAS CHEERFULLY USING HER BOOT AS A BUCKET."

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and toddled to the bed again, setting up her back as a mode of concealing the fact. She had a distinct intention as to the use of the scissors; and having cut the linen strip in jagged but effectual manner, in two moments she had run out at the open door where the sunshine was inviting her, while poor Silas believed her to be a better child than usual. It was not until he happened to need his scissors that the terrible fact burst upon him: Eppie had run out by herself—had perhaps fallen into the Stone-pit. Silas, shaken by the worst fear that could have befallen him, rushed out, calling “Eppie!” and ran eagerly about the uninclosed space, exploring the dry cavities into which she might have fallen, and then gazing with questioning dread at the smooth red surface of the water. The cold drops stood on his brow. How long had she been out? There was one hope—that she had crept through the stile and got into the fields, where he habitually took her to stroll. But the grass was high in the meadow, and there was no deservings her, if she were there, except by a close search that would be a trespass on Mr. Osgood's crop. Still, that misdeavour must be committed; and poor Silas, after peering all round the hedgerows, traversed the grass, beginning with perturbed vision to see Eppie behind every group of red sorrel, and to see her moving always farther off as he approached. The meadow was searched in vain; and he got over the stile into the next field, looking with dying hope towards a small pond which was now reduced to its summer shallowness, so as to leave a wide margin of good adhesive mud. Here, however, sat Eppie, discharging cheerfully to her own small boat, which she was using as a bucket to convey the water into a deep hoof-mark, while her little naked foot was planted comfortably on a cushion of olive-green mud. A red-headed calf was observing her with alarmed doubt through the opposite hedge.

Here was clearly a case of aberration in a christened child which demanded severe treatment; but Silas, overcome with convulsive joy at finding his treasure again, could do nothing but snatch her up, and cover her with half-sobbing kisses. It was not until he had carried her home, and had begun to think of the necessary washing, that he recollects the need that he should punish Eppie, and “make her remember.” The idea that she might run away again and come to harm gave him unusual resolution, and for the first time he determined to try the coal-hole—a small closet near the hearth.

“Naughty, naughty Eppie,” he suddenly began, holding her on his knee, and pointing to her muddy feet and clothes—“naughty to cut with the scissors and run away. Eppie must go into the coal-hole for being naughty. Daddy must put her in the coal-hole.”

He half expected that this would be shock enough, and that Eppie would begin to cry. But instead of that, she began to shake herself on his knee, as if the proposition opened a pleasing novelty. Seeing that he must proceed to extremities, he put her into the coal-hole, and held the door closed, with a trembling sense that he was using a strong measure. For a moment there was silence, but then came a little cry, “Opy, opy!” and Silas let her out again, saying, “Now Eppie 'll never be naughty again, else she must go in the coal-hole—a black naughty place.”

The weeping must stand still a long while this morning, for now Eppie must be washed, and have clean clothes on; but it was to be hoped that this punishment would have a lasting effect, and save time in future—though, perhaps, it would have been better if Eppie had cried more.

In half an hour she was clean again, and Silas having turned his back to see what he could do with the linen band, threw it down again, with the reflection that Eppie would be good without fastening for the rest of the morning. He turned round again, and was going to place her in her little cradle near the loom, when she peeped out at him with black face and hands again, and said, “Eppie in de coal-hole!”

This total failure of the coal-hole discipline shook Silas' belief in the efficacy of punishment. “She'd take it all for fun,” he observed to Dolly, “if I didn't hurt her, and that I can't do, Mrs. Wintrop. If she makes me a bit o' trouble I can bear it. And she's gone no tricks but what she'll grow out of.”

“Well, that's partly true, Master Marner,” said Dolly, sympathetically; “and if you can't bring your mind to frighten her off touching things, you must do what you can to keep 'em out of her way. That's what I do w' the pups as the fads are allays a-rearing. They *will* worry and guaw—worry and guaw they will, if it was one's Sunday cap as hung anywhere so as they could drag it. They know no difference, God help 'em: it's the pushing o' the teeth as sets 'em on, that's what it is.”

So Eppie was reared without punishment, the burden of her misdeeds being borne vicariously by father Silas. The stone hut was made a soft nest for her, lined with downy patience;

and also in the world that lay beyond the stone hut she knew nothing of frowns and denials.

Notwithstanding the difficulty of carrying her and his yarn or linen at the same time, Silas took her with him in most of his journeys to the farm-houses, unwilling to leave her behind at Dolly Winthrop's, who was always ready to take care of her; and little curly-headed Eppie, the weaver's child, became an object of interest at several outlying homesteads, as well as in the village. Hitherto he had been treated very much as if he had been a useful gnome or brownie—a queer and unaccountable creature, who must necessarily be looked at with wondering curiosity and repulsion, and with whom one would be glad to make all greetings and bargains as brief as possible, but who must be dealt with in a propitiatory way, and occasionally have a present of pork or garden-stuff to carry home with him, seeing that without him there was no getting the yarn woven. But now Silas met with open smiling faces and cheerful questioning, as a person whose satisfactions and difficulties could be understood. Everywhere he must sit a little and talk about the child, and words of interest were always ready for him: "Ah, Master Mariner, you'll be lucky if she takes the measles soon and easy!"—or, "Why, there isn't many lone men 'ad ha' been wishing to take up with a little un like that: but I reckon the weaving makes you handier than men as do out-door work—you're partly as handy as a woman, for weaving comes next to spinning." Elderly masters and mistresses, seated observantly in large kitchen arm-chairs, shook their heads over the difficulties attendant on rearing children, felt Eppie's round arms and legs, and pronounced them remarkably firm, and told Silas that, if she turned out well (which, however, there was no telling), it would be a fine thing for him to have a steady lass to do for him when he got helpless. Servant-maids were fond of carrying her out to look at the hens and chickens, or to see if any cherries could be shaken down in the orchard; and the small boys and girls approached her slowly, with cautious movement and steady gaze, like little dogs face to face with one of their own kind, till attraction had reached the point at which the soft lips were put out for a kiss. No child was afraid of approaching Silas when Eppie was near him: there was no repulsion around him now, either for young or old; for the little child had come to link him once more with the whole world. There was love between him and the child that blest them into one, and there was love be-

tween the child and the world—from men and women with parental looks and tones, to the red lady-birds and the round pebbles.

Silas began now to think of Raveloe life entirely in relation to Eppie: she must have everything that was a good in Raveloe; and he listened docilely, that he might come to understand better what this life was, from which, for fifteen years, he had stood aloof as from a strange thing, wherewith he could have no communion: as some man who has a precious plant to which he would give a nurturing home in a new soil, thinks of the rain, and the sunshine, and all influences, in relation to his nursing, and asks industriously for all knowledge that will help him to satisfy the wants of the searching roots, or to guard leaf and bud from invading harm. The disposition to hoard had been utterly crushed at the very first by the loss of his long-stored gold: the coins he earned afterwards seemed as irrelevant as stones brought to complete a house suddenly buried by an earthquake; the sense of bereavement was too heavy upon him for the old thrill of satisfaction to arise again at the touch of the newly-earned coin. And now something had come to replace his hoard which gave a growing purpose to the earnings, drawing his hope and joy continually onward beyond the money.

In old days there were angels who came and took men by the hand and led them away from the city of destruction. We see no white-winged angels now. But yet men are led away from threatening destruction: a hand is put into theirs, which leads them forth gently towards a calm and bright land, so that they look no more backward; and the hand may be a little child's.

Unthinking, idle, wild and young,
I laugh'd, and talk'd, and danced, and sung:
And proud of health, of freedom vain,
Dream'd not of sorrow, care, or pain;
Concluding, in those hours of glee,
That all the world was made for me.

But when the days of trial came,
When sickness shook this trembling frame,
When folly's gay pursuits were o'er,
And I could dance and sing no more,
It then occurred how sad 'twould be,
Were this world only made for me.

¹ These sweet and simple lines are said to have been written by the Princess Amelia, daughter of George III.

PARADISE AND THE PERI.

[Thomas Moore, born in Dublin, 28th May, 1779, died 25th February, 1852, a *lyric*-writer, Christopher North esteemed him as the best "that ever warbled, or chanted, or sang." But he also distinguished himself as a *miscellaneous* writer and as a *biographer*. He was a great favourite in private and public life, yet he was as severely condemned by many critics as any author who ever wrote. *Lalla Rookh* is his most important work,¹ and it is regarded as one of the most perfect series of pictures of eastern life, manners, and scenery, although the poet obtained all his knowledge of the East from the study of books of travel. One critic declared that reading *Lalla Rookh* was "as good as riding on the back of a camel." D. M. Moir in his *Sketches of Poetical Literature* says of it: "Its great charm consists in the romance of its situations and characters, the splendour of its diction and style, and the prodigal copiousness of its imagery." The following is one of the four poems of which *Lalla Rookh* is composed.]

One morn a PERI at the gate
Of Eden stood disconsolate;
And as she listend to the springs
Of life within, like music flowing,
And caught the light upon her wings,
Through the half-open portal glowing,
She wept to think her recreant race
Should ere have lost that glorious place.

"How happy," exclaim'd this child of air,
"Are the holy spirits that wander there,
Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall;
Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea,
And the stars themselves have flowers for me,
One blossom of heaven outblows them all!

"Though sunny the lake of cool CASHMERE,
With its plane-tree isle reflected clear,²
And sweetly the founts of that valley fall;
Though bright are the waters of SING-SU-HAY,
And the golden floods that thitherward stay,³
Yet—oh 'tis only the bless'd can say
How the waters of Heaven outshine them all!

¹ Mr. Murray paid three thousand guineas for *Lalla Rookh*, and it is to the credit of the poet that he sent two-thirds of that sum to his parents. As another instance of the high prices Moore received for his work, it is mentioned that he received altogether for his Irish melodies £15,000—which is computed to be at the rate of six pounds per line!

² Numerous small islands emerge from the Lake of Cashmere. One is called Char Chenaar, from the plane-trees upon it.—*Forster*.

³ "The Altan Kol or Golden River of Tibet, which runs into the Lakes of Sing-su-Hay, has abundance of gold in its sands, which employs the inhabitants all the summer in gathering it."—*Description of Tibet* is *Piskerlex*.

"Go wing thy flight from star to star,
From world to luminous world, as far
As the universe spreads its flaming wall;
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply each through endless years—
One minute of Heaven is worth them all!"

The glorious angel, who was keeping
The gates of light, beheld her weeping;
And as he nearer drew, and listened
To her sad song, a tear-drop glistened
Within his eyelids, like the spray
From Eden's fountain when it lies
On the blue flower which—Brahmins say—
Blooms nowhere but in Paradise!⁴

"Nymph of a fair, but erring line!"
Gently he said—"One hope is thine,
'Tis written in the book of fate,
The Peri yet may be forgiven
Who brings to this Eternal Gate
The gift that is most dear to Heaven!
Go, seek it, and redeem thy sin;—
"Tis sweet to let the pardon'd in!"

Rapidly as comets run
To the embraces of the sun;—
Fleeter than the starry bands,
Flung at night from angel hands;
At those dark and daring spirits
Who would climb the empyrean heights,
Down the blue vault the PERI flies,
And lighted earthward by a glance
That just then broke from morning's eyes,
Hung hovering o'er our world's expanse.

But whither shall the spirit go
To find this gift for heaven?—"I know
The wealth," she cries, "of every urn,
In which unnumber'd rubies burn,
Beneath the pillars of CHILMIYAR;⁵
I know where the isles of perfume are,
Many a fathom down in the sea,
To the south of sun-bright ARABY;⁶
I know too where the Genii hid
The jewell'd cup of their king JAMSHID;⁷

⁴ "The Brahmins of this province insist that the blue Campe flowers only in Paradise."—*Sir W. Jones*.

⁵ "The Mahomedans suppose that falling-stars are the firebrands wherewith the good angels drive away the bad, when they approach too near the empyrean or verge of the heaven."—*Fryer*.

⁶ The Forty Pillars; so the Persians call the ruins of Persepolis. It is imagined by them that this palace and the edifices at Belbec were built by Gondi, for the purpose of hiding in their subterraneous cavern immense treasures which still remain there.—*D'Herbelot*, *Volney*.

⁷ The Isle of Panchala.

⁸ "The cup of Jamshid, discovered, they say, when digging for the foundations of Persepolis."—*Richardson*.

With life's elixir sparkling high—
But gifts like these are not for the sky.
Where was there ever a gem that shone
Like the steps of ALLA's wonderful throne!
And the drops of life—oh! what would they be
In the boundless deep of Eternity?"

While thus she mused, her pinions fann'd
The air of that sweet Indian land,
Whose air is balm; whose ocean spreads
O'er coral rocks and amber beds;
Whose mountains, pregnant by the beam
Of the warm sun, with diamonds teem;
Whose rivulets are like rich brides,
Lovely, with gold beneath their tides;
Whose sandal groves and bowers of spice
Might be Peri's Paradise!
But crimson now her rivers ran

With human blood—the smell of death
Came reeking from those spicy bowers,
And man, the sacrifice of man,
Mingled his taint with every breath
Upwafted from the innocent flowers!
Land of the sun! what foot invades
Thy pagods and thy pillar'd shades,
Thy cavern shrines and idol stones,
Thy monarchs and their thousand thrones?
'Tis he of GAZNA,¹—fierce in wrath

He comes, and India's diadems
Lie scatter'd in his ruinous path.
His blood-hounds he adores with gems,
Torn from the violated necks
Of many a young and loved Sultana;²—
Maidens within their pure Zemana,
Priests in the very fane he slaughters,
And shokes up with the glittering wrecks
Of golden shrines the sacred waters!

Downward the PERI turns her gaze;
And, through the war-field's bloody haze,
Beholds a youthful warrior stand,
Alone, beside his native river.—
The red blade broke in his hand,
And the last arrow in his quiver.
"Live," said the conqueror, "live to share
The trophies and the crowns I bear!"
Silent that youthful warrior stood—
Silent he pointed to the flood,
All crimson with his country's blood,
Then sent his last remaining dart
For answer to th' invader's heart.

False flew the shaft, though pointed well;
The tyrant lived, the hero fell!—

¹ Malmood of Gaxna or Ghizni, who conquered India in the beginning of the 11th century.—*Makrizi.*
² "It is reported that the hunting equipage of the Sultan Malmood was so magnificent, that he kept 400 gray-hounds and blood-hounds, each of which wore a collar set with jewels, and a covering lined with gold and pearls."—*Universal History*, vol. III.

Yet mark'd the PERI where he lay;
And when the rush of war was past,
Swiftly descending on a ray

Of morning light, she caught the last—
Last glorious drop his heart had shed,
Before its free-born spirit fled!

"Be this," she cried, as she winged her flight,
"My welcome gift at the gates of light;
Though foul are the drops that oft distil
On the field of warfare, blood like this,
For liberty shed, so holy is,
It would not stain the purest rill
That sparkles among the bowers of bliss!
Oh! if there be, on this earthly sphere,
A boon, an offering Heaven holds dear,
'Tis the last libation liberty draws
From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her
cause!"

"Sweet," said the angel, as she gave
The gift into his radiant hand,
"Sweet is our welcome of the brave,
Who die thus for their native land.
But see—alas!—the crystal bar
Of Eden moves not—holier far
Than even this drop the boon must be,
That opes the Gates of Heaven for thee!"

Her first fond hope of Eden blighted,
Now among APRIC's lunar mountains,³
Far to the south, the PERI lighted;
And sleek'd her plumage at the fountains
Of that Egyptian tide,—whose birth
Is hidden from the sons of earth,
Deep in those solitary woods
Whereof the Genii of the Floods
Dance round the cradle of their Nile,
And hail the new-born giant's asile!
Thence over EGYPT's palmy groves,
Her grots and sepulchres of kings,
The exiled Spirit sighing roves;
And now hangs listening to the doves
In warm ROSETTA's vale⁴—new loves
To watch the moonlight on the wings
Of the white pelicans that break
The azure calm of MAMIS⁵ lake.
'Twas a fair scene—a land more bright

Never did mortal eye behold!
Who could have thought that saw this night,
Those valleys and their fruits of gold
Basking in heaven's serenest light;—
Those groups of lovely date-trees bending
Langidly their leaf-crown'd heads,
Like youthful maid's, when sleep descending,
Warms them to their silken beds;

³ "The Mountains of the Moon, or the Montes Lunae of antiquity, at the foot of which the Nile is supposed to arise."—*Byrce.*

⁴ "The orchards of Rosetta are filled with turtle-doves."—*Soudan.*

⁵ Savary mentions the pelicans upon lake Muiris.

Those virgin lilies all the night
 Bathing their beauties in the lake
 That they may rise more fresh and bright,
 When their beloved sun's awake,—
 Those ruin'd shrines and towers that seem
 The relics of a splendid dream;
 Amid whose fairy loneliness
 Nought but the lapwing's cry is heard,
 Nought seen but (when the shadows flitting,
 Fast from the moon, unsheathe its gleam)
 Some purple-wing'd Sultan¹ sitting
 Upon a column motionless,
 And glittering like an idol bird!—
 Who could have thought that there, even there,
 Amid those scenes so still and fair,
 The demon of the plague hath cast
 From his hot wing a deadlier blast,
 More mortal far than ever came
 From the red desert's sands of flame!
 So quick, that every living thing
 Of human shape touch'd by his wing,
 Like plants, where the Simonian hath pass'd,
 At once falls black and withering!

The sun went down on many a brow,
 Which, full of bloom and freshness then,
 Is rankling in the pest-house now,
 And ne'er will feel that sun again!
 And oh! to see the unburied heaps
 On which the louly moonlight sleeps—
 The very vultures turn away,
 And sicken at so foul a prey!
 Only the fierce hyena stalks²
 Throughout the city's desolate walks
 At midnight, and his carnage plies—
 Woe to the half-dead wretch, who meets
 The glaring of those large blue eyes
 Amid the darkness of the streets!

"Poor race of men!" said the pitying spirit,
 "Dearly ye pay for your primal fall;
 Some flow'rs of Eden ye still inherit,
 But the trial of the serpent is over them all!"
 She wept—the air grew pure and clear
 Around her, as the bright drops ran,
 For there's a magic in each tear
 Such kindly spirits weep for man!
 Just then beneath some orange trees,
 Whose fruit and blossoms in the breeze
 Were wantoning together, free,
 Like age at play with infancy—
 Beneath that fresh and springing bower,
 Close by the lake she heard the moan
 Of one who at this silent hour,
 Had thither stolen to die alone—

One who in life where'er he moved,
 Drew after him the hearts of many;
 Yet, now, as though he ne'er were loved,
 Dies here unseen, unwept by any!
 None to watch near him—none to slake
 The fire that in his bosom lies,
 With even a sprinkle from that lake
 Which shines so cool before his eyes.
 No voice, well known through many a day,
 To speak the last, the parting word,
 Which, when all other sounds decay,
 Is still like distant music heard.
 That tender farewell on the shore
 Of this rude world when all is o'er,
 Which cheers the spirit, ere its bark
 Puts off into the unknown dark.

Deserted youth! one thought alone
 Shed joy around his soul in death—
 That she, whom he for years had known,
 And loved, and might have call'd his own,
 Was safe from this foul midnight's breath;—
 Safe in her father's princely halls,
 Where the cool airs from fountain-falls,
 Freshly perfumed by many a balm
 Of the sweet wood from India's land,
 Were pure as she whose brow they fann'd.

But see,—who yonder comes by stealth,
 This melancholy bower to seek,
 Like a young envoy sent by Health,
 With rosy gifts upon her cheek?
 'Tis she—far off through moonlight dim
 He knew his own betrothed bride,
 She, who would rather die with him,
 Than live to gain the world beside!—
 Her arms are round her lover now,
 His livid cheek to hers she presses,
 And dips, to bind his burning brow,
 In the cool lake her loosen'd tresses.
 Ah! once how little did he think
 An hour would come, when he should shrink
 With horror from that dear embrace,
 Those gentle arms that were to him
 Holy as is the cradling place
 Of Eden's infant cherubim!
 And now he yields—now turns away,
 Shuddering as if the venom lay
 All in those proffer'd lips alone—
 Those lips that, then so fearless grown,
 Never until that instant came
 Near his unmask'd or without shame.
 "O let me only breathe the air,
 The blessed air that's breathed by thee,
 And whether on its wings it bear
 Healing or death, 'tis sweet to me!
 There,—drink my tears, while yet they fall,—
 Would that my bosom's blood were balm,
 And well thou know'st, I'd shed it all,
 To give thy brou one minute's calm:

¹ Sonnini describes this beautiful bird.

² This circumstance has been introduced into poetry;—by Vincentius Fabricius, by Darwin, and lately, with very powerful effect, by Mr. Wilson.

Nay, turn not from me that dear face—
Am I not thine—thy own loved bride—
The one, the chosen one, whose place
In life or death is by thy side?
Think'st thou that she, whose only light
In this dim world from thee hath shone,
Could bear the long, the cheerless night,
That must be hers, when thou art gone?
That I can live, and let thee go,
Who art my life itself?—No, no—
When the stem dies, the leaf that grew
Out of its heart must perish too.
Then turn to me, my own love, turn,
Before like thee I fade and burn;
Cling to these yet cool lips, and share
The last pure life that lingers there.”
She falls—she sinks—as dies the lamp
In charnel airs or cavern-damp,
So quickly doth his baleful sighs
Quench all the sweet light of her eyes:
One struggle,—and his pain is past.—
Her lover is no longer living!
One kiss the maiden gives, one last,
Long kiss, which she expires in giving.

“Sleep!” said the PERI, as softly she stole
The farewell sigh of that vanishing soul,
As true as e'er warm'd a woman's breast—
“Sleep on, in visions of colour rest,
In balmy airs than ever yet stir'd
Th' enchanted pile of that lonely bird,
Who sings at the last his own death lay,¹
And in music and perfume dies away!”

Thus saying, from her lips she spread
Unearthly breathings through the place,
And shook her sparkling wreath, and shed
Such lustre o'er each pale face,
That like two lovely saints they seem'd
Upon the eve of doomsday taken
From their dim graves, in colour sleeping;—
While that benevolent PERI boun'd
Like their good angel only keeping
Watch o'er them, till their souls would waken!

But morn is blushing in the sky;
Again the PERI soars above,
Bearing to Heaven that precious sight
Of pure, self-sacrificing love.
High throb'd her heart, with hope elate,
The Elysian palm she soon shall win,
For the bright Spirit at the gate
Smiled as she gave that offering in,

¹ “In the East, they suppose the Phoenix to have fifty ovidens in his bill, which are continued to his tail; and that, after living one thousand years, he builds himself a funeral pile, sings a melodious air of different harmonies through his fifty organ-pipes, flaps his wings with a velocity which sets fire to the wood, and consumes himself.”—Richardson.

And she already hears the trees
Of Eden with their crystal bells,
Ringing in that ambrosial breeze
That from the throne of ALLA swells;
And she can see the starry bowls
That lie around that lucid lake
Upon whose banks admitted souls
Their first sweet draught of glory take!

But ah! even Peri's hopes are vain—
Again the fates forbade, again
The immortal barrier closed—“Not yet,”
The Angel said, as, with regret,
He shut from her that glimpse of glory—
“True was the maiden, and her story,
Written in light o'er ALLA's head,
By seraph eyes shall long be read.
But, PERI, see—the crystal bar
Of Eden moves not—holier far
Than even this sigh the soon must be
That opes the gates of Heaven for thee.”

Now, upon SYRIA's land of roses
Softly the light of eve reposes,
And, like a glory, the broad sun
Hangs over sainted LEBANON;
Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,
And whitens with eternal sleet,
While summer, in a vale of flowers,
Is sleeping rosy at his feet.

To one who look'd from upper air
O'er all the enchanted regions there,
How beauteous must have been the glow,
The life, the sparkling from below!
Fair gardens, shining streams, with ranks
Of golden melons on their banks,
More golden where the sunlight falls;—
Gay lizards glittering on the walls;
Of ruin'd shrines, busy and bright
As they were all alive with light;
And, yet more splendid, numerous flocks
Of pigeons, settling on the rocks,
With their rich restless wings, that gleam
Variously in the crimson beam
Of the warm west,—as if inlaid
With brilliants from the mine, or made
Of tearless rainbows, such as span
The unclouded skies of PERESTINE!
And then the mingling sounds that come,
Of shepherd's ancient reed, with hum
Of the wild bees of PALESTINE,
Banqueting through the flowery vales,—
And, JORDAN, those sweet banks of thine,
And woods, so full of nightingales!

But nought can charm the luckless PERI;
Her soul is sad—her wings are weary—
Joyless she sees the sun look down
On that great temple once his own,³

² Vide Bruce's *Travels*.

³ The Temple of the Sun at Balbec.

Whose lonely columns stand sublime,
Flinging their shadows from on high
Like dials, which the wizard, Time,
Had raised to count his ages by!

Yet haply there may lie conceal'd
Beneath those chambers of the sun,
Some amulet of gems, ameal'd
In upper fires, some tablet seal'd
With the great name of SOLOMON,
Which, spell'd by her illuminated eyes,
May teach her where, beneath the moon,
In earth or ocean lies the boon,
The charm that can restore so soon,
An erring Spirit to the skies!

Cheer'd by this hope she bends her thither;

Still laughs the radiant eye of Heaven,
Nor have the golden bowers of Even
In the rich West begun to wither;—
When o'er the vale of BALNEC winging
Slowly, she sees a child at play,
Among the rosy wild-flowers singing,

As rosy and as wild as they;
Chasing, with eager hands and eyes,
The beautiful blue damsel-flies¹
That flutter'd round the jasmine stems,
Like winged flowers or flying gems:—
And, near the boy, who, tired with play,
Now nestling 'mid the roses lay.

She saw a wearied man dismount

From his hot steed, and on the brink
Of a small inarket's rustic fount

Impatient fling him down to drink.
Then swift his haggard brow he turn'd

To the fair child, who fearless sat,
Though never yet hath day-beam burn'd

Upon a brow more fierce than that,—
Sullenly fierce—a mixture dire,
Like thunder-clouds, of gloom and fire!
In which the PERL could read
Dark tales of many a ruthless deed;
The ruin'd maid—the shrine profaned—
Oath brocken—and the threshold stain'd
With blood of guests!—there written, all
Black as the damning drops that fall
From the denouncing angel's pen.
Ere mercy weeps them out again!

Yet tranquil now that man of crime
(As if the balmy evening time
Soften'd his spirit), look'd and lay,
Watching the rosy infant's play:—
Though still, whene'er his eye by chance
Fell on the boy's, its lurid glance
Met that unclouded, joyous gaze,
As torches that have burn'd all night
Through some impure and godless rite,

Encounter morning's glorious rays.

¹ Vide Scamini.

But hark! the vesper-call to prayer,
As slow the orb of daylight sets,
Is rising sweetly on the air,
From SYRIA's thousand minarets!
The boy has started from the bed
Of flowers, where he had laid his head,
And down upon the fragrant sod.
Kneels, with his forehead to the south,
Lisp'g th' eternal name of God
From purity's own cherub mouth,
And looking, while his hands and eyes
Are lifted to the glowing skies,
Like a stray babe of paradise,
Just lighted on that flowery plain,
And seeking for its home again!
Oh 'twas a sight—that Heaven—that Child—
A scene, which might have well beguile'd
Even haughty EBEN of a sigh,
For glories lost and peace gone by!

And how felt he, the wretched man
Reclining there—while memory ran
O'er many a year of guilt and strife,
Flew o'er the dark flood of his life,
Nor found one sunny resting-place,
Nor brought him back one branch of grace!
"There was a time," he said in mild
Heart-lumbled tones—"thou blessed child!
When young and haply pure as thou,
I look'd and pray'd like thee—but now"—
He hung his head—each nobler aim
And hope and feeling, which had slept
From boyhood hour, that instant came
Fresh o'er him, and he wept—he wept!

Bless'd tears of soul-felt penitence,
In whose benign, redeeming flow
Is felt the first, the only sense
Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.

"There is a drop," said the PERL, "that down
From the moon
Falls through the withering airs of June
Upon EGYPT's land,² of so healing a power,
So balmy a virtue, that even in the hour
That drop descends, contagion dies,
And health reanimates earth and skies!—
Oh! is it not thus, thou man of sin,

The precious tears of repentance fall!
Though foul thy fiery plagues within,
One heavenly drop hath dispell'd them all!"
And now—behold him kneeling there
By the child's side in humble prayer,
While the same sunbeam shines upon
The guilty and the guiltless one,
And hymns of joy proclaim through Heaven
The triumph of a soul forgiven!

² The Necta or Miraculous Drop, which falls in Egypt precisely on St. John's day, in June, and is supposed to have the effect of stopping the plague.

'Twas when the golden orb had set,
While on their knees they linger'd yet,
There fell a light, more lovely far
Than ever came from sun or star,
Upon the tear that, warm and meek,
Dew'd that repentant sinner's cheek:
To mortal eye this light might seem
A northern flash or meteor beam—
But well the enraptured Peat knew
'Twas a bright smile the Angel threw
From Heaven's gate, to hail that tear
Her harbinger of glory near!

"Joy, joy for ever! my task is done—
The gates are pass'd, and heaven is won!
Oh! am I not happy? I am, I am—
To thee, sweet Eden! how dark and sad
Are the diamond turrets of SHADUKIAN¹
And the fragrant bower's of AMBEERABAD!

"Farewell, ye odours of earth, that die,
Passing away like a lover's sigh;—
My feast is now of the Toulu tree,²
Whose scent is the breath of eternity!

"Farewell, ye vanishing flowers, that shone
In my fairy wreath, so bright and brief,—
Oh! what are the brightest that e'er have blown
To the lotus-tree, springing by ALLA's throne,³
Whose flowers have soul in every leaf!
Joy, joy for ever! my task is done—
The gates are pass'd, and heaven is won!"

GRAPES OR THORNS.

We must not hope to be mowers,
And to gather the ripe gold ears,
Until we have first been sowers,
And watered the furrows with tears;

It is not just as we take it—
This mystical world of ours;
Life's field will yield, as we make it,
A harvest of thorns or flowers.

Alice Cary.

¹ The Country of Delight—the name of a province in the kingdom of Jinnistan, or Fairy Land, the capital of which is called the City of Jewels. Amberabad is another of the cities of Jinnistan.

² The tree Toulu, that stands in Paradise, in the palace of Mahomet. See *Sale's Prelie. Diet.*—Toulu, says *D'Herbelot*, signifies beatitude, or eternal happiness.

³ Mahomet is described, in the 53d Chapter of the Koran, as having seen the angel Gabriel "by the lotus, beyond which there is no passing: near it is the Garden of Eternal Abode." This tree, near the connoissements, stands in the seventh Heaven, on the right hand of the Throne of God.

GORDON THE GIPSY.

It has been tritely, because truly said, that the boldest efforts of human imagination cannot exceed the romance of real life. The best-written tale is not that which most resembles the ordinary chain of events and characters, but that which, by selecting and combining them, conceals those inconsistencies and deficiencies that leave, in real life, our sense of sight unsatisfied. An author delights his reader when he exhibits incidents distinctly and naturally according with moral justice; his portraits delight us when they resemble our fellow-creatures without too accurately tracing their moles and blemishes. This elegant delight is the breathing of a purer spirit within us, that asserts its claim to a nobler and more perfect state; yet another, though an austere kind of pleasure arises, when we consider how much of the divinity appears even in man's most erring state, and how much of "goodness in evil."

In one of those drear midnights that were so awful to travellers in the Highlands soon after 1745, a man wrapped in a large coarse plaid strode from a stone ridge on the border of Loch Lomond into a boat which he had drawn from its covert. He rowed resolutely, and alone, looking carefully to the right and left, till he suffered the tide to bear his little bark into a gorge or gulf, so narrow, deep, and dark, that no escape but death seemed to await him. Precipices, rugged with dwarf shrubs and broken granite, rose more than a hundred feet on each side, spanned only by the stream, which a thirsty season had reduced to a sluggish and shallow pool. Then poising himself erect on his staff, the boatman drew three times the end of a strong chain which hung among the underwood. In a few minutes a basket descended from the pinnacle of the cliff, and having moored his boat, he placed himself in the wicker carriage, and was safely drawn into a crevice high in the wall of rock, where he disappeared.

The boat was moored, but the adventurer had not observed that it contained another passenger. Underneath a plank laid artfully along its bottom, and shrouded in a plaid of the darkest grain, another man had been lurking more than an hour before the owner of the boat entered it, and remained hidden by the darkness of the night. His purpose was answered. He had now discovered what he had sacrificed many perilous nights to obtain, a knowledge of the mode by which the owner

of Drummond's Keep gained access to his impregnable fortress unsuspected. He instantly unmoored the boat, and rowed slowly back across the loch to an island near the centre. He rested on his oars, and looked down on its transparent water.—"It is there still," he said to himself; and drawing close among the rocks, leaped on dry land. A dog of the true shepherd's breed sat waiting under the bushes, and ran before him till they descended together under an archway of stones and withered branches. "Watch the boat!" said the Highlander to his faithful guide, who sprang immediately away to obey him. Meanwhile his master lifted up one of the gray stones, took a bundle from underneath it, and equipped himself in such a suit as a trooper of Cameron's regiment usually wore, looked at the edge of his dirk, and returned to his boat.

That island had once belonged to the heritage of the Gordons, whose ancient family, urged by old prejudices and hereditary courage, had been foremost in the ill-managed rebellion of 1715. One of the clan of Argyle then watched a favourable opportunity to betray the laird's secret movements, and was commissioned to arrest him. Under pretence of friendship he gained entrance to his stronghold in the isle, and concealed a posse of the king's soldiers at Gordon's door. The unfortunate laird leaped from his window into the lake, and his false friend seeing his desperate efforts threw him a rope, as if in kindness, to support him, while a boat came near. "That rope was meant for my neck," said Gordon, "and I leave it for a traitor's." With these bitter words he sank. Cameron saw him, and the pangs of remorse came into his heart. He leaped himself into a boat, put an oar towards his drowning friend with real oaths of fidelity, but Gordon pushed it from him, and abandoned himself to death. The waters of the lake are singularly transparent near that isle, and Cameron beheld his victim gradually sinking, till he seemed to lie among the broad weeds under the waters. Once, only once, he saw, or thought he saw him lift his hand as if to reach his, and that dying hand never left his remembrance. Cameron received the lands of the Gordon as a recompence for his political services, and with them the tower called Drummond's Keep, then standing on the edge of a hideous defile, formed by two walls of rock beside the lake. But from that day he had never been seen to cross the loch, except in darkness, or to go abroad without armed men. He had been informed that Gordon's only son, made desperate by the ruin of his father and the Stuart cause, had

become the leader of a gipsy gang,¹ the most numerous and savage of the many that haunted Scotland. He was not deceived. Andrew Gordon, with a body of most athletic composition, a spirit sharpened by injuries, and the vigorous genius created by necessity, had assumed dominion over two hundred ruffians, whose exploits in driving off cattle, cutting drovers' purses, and removing the goods brought to fairs or markets, were performed with all the audacious regularity of privileged and disciplined thieves. Cameron was the chosen and constant object of their vengeance. His keep or tower was of the true Scottish fabric, divided into three chambers; the highest of which was the dormitory, the second or middle served as a general refectory, and the lowest contained his cattle, which required this lodgment at night, or very few would have been found next morning. His enemy frequented the fairs on the north side of Forth, well mounted, paying at inns and ferries like a gentleman, and attended by bands of gillies or young pupils, whose green coats, cudgels, and knives were sufficiently feared by the visitors of Queensferry and Dumfermline. The gipsy chieftain had also a grim ear of the true black-faced breed, famous for collecting and driving off sheep, and therefore distinguished by his own name. In the darkest cleughs or ravines, or in the deepest snow, this faithful animal had never been known to abandon the stolen flock intrusted to his care, or to fail in tracing a fugitive. But as sight and strength failed him, the four-footed chieftain was deposed, imprisoned in a byre loft, and finally sentenced to be drowned. From this trifling incident arose the most material crisis of his patron's fate.

Between the years of 1715 and 1745 many changes occurred in Captain Gordon and his enemy. The Laird of Drummond Keep had lost his only son in the battle of Preston Pans, and was now lingering in a desolate old age, mistrusted by the government, and abhorred

¹ The Lochgolls and Linlithgow gipseyes were very distinguished towards the middle of the last century, and had desperate fights at Raploch, near Stirling, and in the shire of Marne. Lizzy Brown and Anna McDonald were the leading Amazonians of these tribes, and their authority and skill in training boys to thievry were analaciously systematic. As the poor of Scotland derive their maintenance from usage rather than law, and chiefly from funds collected at the church-door, or small assessments on locators (never exceeding two-pence in the pound), a set of vagrants still depend on voluntary aid, and are suffered to obtain it by going from house to house in families or groups, with a little of the costume, and a great deal of the cant and thievry of ancient gipseyes.

by the subdued Jacobites. Gordon's banded marauders had provoked the laws too far, and some sanguinary battles among themselves threatened the downfall of his own power. It was only a few nights after a desperate affray with the Linlithgow gypsies that the event occurred which begins my narrative. He had been long lying in ambush to find access to his enemy's stronghold, intending to terminate his vagrant career by an exploit which should satisfy his avarice and his revenge. Equipped, as I have said, in a Cameronian trooper's garb, he returned to the foot of the cliff from whence he had seen the basket descending to convey Gavin Cameron; and climbing up its rough face with the activity required by mountain warfare, he hung among furze and broken rocks like a wild-cat, till he found the crevice through which the basket had seemed to issue. It was artfully concealed by tufts of heather; but creeping on his hands and knees, he forced his way into the interior. There the deepest darkness confounded him, till he laid his hand on a chain, which he rightly guessed to be the same he had seen hanging on the side of the lake when Cameron landed. One end was coiled up, but he readily concluded that the end must have some communication with the keep, and he followed its course till he found it inserted in what seemed a subterraneous wall. A crevice behind the pulley admitted a gleam of light, and striving to raise himself sufficiently to gain a view through it, he leaned too forcibly on the chain, which sounded a bell. Its unexpected sound would have startled an adventurer less daring, but Gordon had prepared his stratagem, and had seen, through the loophole in the wall, that no powerful enemy was to be dreaded. Gavin Cameron was sitting alone in the chamber within, with his eyes fixed on the wood-ashes in his immense hearth. At the hollow sound of the bell he cast them fearfully round, but made no attempt to rise, though he stretched his hand towards a staff which lay near him. Gordon saw the tremor of palsy and dismay in his limbs, and putting his lips to the crevice, repeated, "Father!" in a low and supplicating tone. That word made Gavin shudder; but when Gordon added, "Father! father! save me!" he sprang to the wall, drew back the iron bolts of a narrow door invisible to any eye but his own, and gave admission to the muffled man, who leaped eagerly in. Thirty years had passed since Gavin Cameron had seen his son, and Gordon well knew how many rumours had been spread, that the younger Cameron had not really perished, though the ruin of the Chevalier's cause

rendered his concealment necessary. Gavin's hopes and love had been all revived by these rumours, and the sudden apparition, the voice, the appeal for mercy, had full effect on the bereaved father's imagination. The voice, eyes, and figure of Gordon resembled his son; all else might and must be changed by thirty years. He wept like an infant on his shoulder, grasped his hand a hundred times, and forgot to blame him for the rash disloyalty he had shown to his father's cause. His pretended son told him a few strange events which had befallen him during his long banishment since 1715, and was spared the toil of inventing many by the fond delight of the old man, weeping and rejoicing over his prodigal restored. He only asked by what happy chance he had discovered his secret entrance, and whether any present danger threatened him. Gordon answered the first question with the mere truth, and added, almost truly, that he feared nothing but the emissaries of the government, from whom he could not be better concealed than in Drummond Keep. Old Cameron agreed with joyful eagerness, but presently said, "Allan, my boy, we must trust Annet; she's too near kin to betray ye, and ye were to have been her spouse." Then he explained that his niece was the only person in his household acquainted with the basket and the bell; that by her help he could provide a mattress and provisions for his son, but without it, would be forced to hazard the most dangerous inconveniences. Gordon had not foreseen this proposal, and it darkened his countenance; but in another instant his imagination seized on a rich surfeit of revenge. He was commanded to return into the cavern passage, while his nominal father prepared hiskinswoman for her new guest: and he listened greedily to catch the answers Annet gave to her deceived uncle's tale. He heard the hurry of her steps, preparing, as he supposed, a larger supper for the old laird's table, with the simplicity and hospitality of a Highland maiden. He was not mistaken. When the bannocks, and grouse, and claret were arranged, Cameron presented his restored son to the mistress of the feast. Gordon was pale and dumb as he looked upon her. Accustomed to the wild haggard forms that accompanied his banditti in half-female attire, ruling their miserable offspring with iron hands and the voices of giants, his diseased fancy had fed itself on an idea of something beautiful, but only in bloom and youth. He expected and hoped to see a child full of playful folly, fit for him to steal away and hide in his den as a sport for his secret leisure: but a

creature so fair, calm, and saintly, he had long since forgotten how to imagine. She came before him like a dream of some lovely picture remembered in his youth, and with her came some remembrance of his former self. The good old laird, forgetting that his niece had been but a child, and his son a stripling, when they parted, indulged the joy of his heart by asking Annet a thousand times whether she could have remembered her betrothed husband, and urging his son, since he was still unmarried, to pledge his promised bride. Gordon was silent from a feeling so new that he could not comprehend his own purposes; and Annet from fear, when she observed the darkness and the fire that came by turns into her kinsman's face. But there was yet another peril to encounter. Cameron's large hearth was attended by a dog, which roused itself when supper appeared, and Gordon instantly recognized his banished favourite. Black Chieftain fixed his eyes on his former master, and with a growl that delighted him more than any caresses would have done, remained sulkily by the fire. On the other side of the ingle, under the shelter of the huge chimney-arch, sat a thing hardly human, but entitled, from extreme old age, to the protection of the owner. This was a woman bent entirely double, with no apparent sense of sight or hearing, though her eyes were fixed on the spindle she was twirling; and sometimes when the laird raised his voice, she put her lean hand on the eurch or hood that covered her ears. "Do you not remember poor old Marian Moome?"¹ said Annet; and the laird led his supposed son towards the superannuated crone, though without expecting any mark of recognition. Whether she had noticed anything that had passed could not be judged from her laugh; and she had almost ceased to speak. Therefore, as if only dumb domestic animals had been sitting by his hearth, Cameron pursued his arrangements for his son's safety, advising him to sleep compositely in the wooden panelled bed that formed the closet of this chamber, without regarding the half living skeleton, who never left the corner of the ingle. He gave him his blessing, and departed, taking with him his niece and the key of this dreary room, promising to return and watch by his side. He came back in a few moments, and while the impostor couched himself on his mattress, took his station again by the fire, and fell asleep, overcome with joy and fatigue.

The embers went out by degrees, while the Highland Jachimo lay meditating how he should prosper by his stratagem's success. Plunder

and bloodshed had formed no part of a scheme which included far deeper craft and finer revenge. He knew his life was forfeit, and his person traced by officers of justice; and he hoped, by representing himself as the son of Cameron, to secure all the benefits of his influence, and the sanctuary of his roof; and if both should fail to save him from justice, the disgrace of his infamous life and death would fall on the family of his father's murderer. So from his earliest youth he had considered Cameron: and the hand of that drowned father, uplifted in vain for help, was always present to his imagination. Once, during this night, he had thought of robbing Cameron of his money and jewels by force, and carrying off his niece as a hostage for his safety. But this part of his purpose had been deadened by a new and strange sense of holiness in beauty, which had made his nature human again. Yet he thought of himself with bitterness and ire, when he compared her sweet society, her uncle's kindness, and the comforts of a domestic hearth, with the herd which he now resembled; and this self-hatred stung him to rise and depart without molesting them. He was prevented by the motion of a shadow on the opposite wall, and in an instant the dog who had so sullenly shunned his notice, leaped from beneath his bed, and seized the throat of the hag as she crept near it. She had taken her sleeping master's dirk, and would have used it like a faithful Highland servant, if Black Chieftain's fangs had not interposed to rescue Gordon. The broad copper broach which fastened her plaid saved her from suffocation, and clapping her hands, she yelled, "A Gordon! a Gordon!" till the roof rang.

Gavin Cameron awoke, and ran to his supposed son's aid, but the mischief was done. The doors of the huge chamber were broken open, and a troop of men in the king's uniform, and two messengers with official staves, burst in together. These people had been sent by the lord-provost in quest of the gipsy chieftain, with authority to demand quarters in Drummond's Tower, near which they knew he had hiding-places. Gordon saw he had plunged into the very nest of his enemies, but his daring courage supported him. He refused to answer to the name of Gordon, and persisted in calling himself Cameron's son. He was carried before the high court of justiciary, and the importance of the indictment fixed the most eager attention on his trial. Considering the celebrity, the length, and the publicity of the gipsy chief's career, it was thought his person would have been instantly identified,

¹ Nurse or foster-mother.

but the craft he had used in tinging his hair, complexion, and eyebrows, and altering his whole appearance to resemble Cameron's son, baffled the many who appeared as his accusers. So much had Gordon attached his colleagues, or so strong was the Spartan spirit of fidelity and obedience amongst them, that not one appeared to testify against him. Gavin Cameron and his niece were cited to give their evidence on oath; and the miserable father, whatever doubts might secretly arise in his mind, dared not hazard a denial which might sacrifice his own son's life. He answered in an agony which his gray hairs made venerable, that he believed the accused to be his son, but left it to himself to prove what he had no means of manifesting. Annet was called next to confirm her uncle's account of her cousin's mysterious arrival; but when the accused turned his eyes upon her she fainted, and could not be recalled to speech. This swoon was deemed the most affecting evidence of his identity; and, finally, the dog was brought into court. Several witnesses recognized him as the prime forager of the Gordon gypsies: but Cameron's steward, who swore that he saved him by chance from drowning in the loch, also proved that the animal never showed the smallest sagacity in herding sheep, and had been kept by his master's fireside as a mere household guard, distinguished by his ludicrous attention to music. When shown at the bar, the crafty and conscious brute seemed wholly unacquainted with the prisoner, and his surly silence was received as evidence by the crowd. The lord high-commissioner summed up the whole, and the chancellor of the jury declared that a majority, almost amounting to unanimity, acquitted the accused. Gordon, under the name of Cameron, was led from the bar with acclamations; but at the threshold of the session's court, another servant awaited him with an arrest for high treason, as an adherent to the Pretender in arms. The enraged crowd would have rescued him by force, and made intercessions which he silenced with a haughty air of command, desiring to be led back to his judges. He insisted in such cool and firm language, and his countenance had in it such a rare authority, that after some dispute about the breach of official order, he was admitted into a room where two or three of the chief lords of session, and the chancellor of the jury, were assembled. Though still fettered both on hands and feet, he stood before them in an attitude of singular grace, and made this speech as it appears in the language of the record:—

"The people abroad would befriend me,

because they love the cause they think I have served; and my judges, I take leave to think, would pity me if they saw an old man and a tender woman pleading again for my life. But I will profit in nothing by my judges' pity, nor the people's love for a Cameron. I have triumphed enough to-day, since I have baffled both my accusers and my jury. I am Gordon, chief of the wandering tribes; but since you have acquitted me on 'soul and conscience,' you cannot try me again; and since I am not Cameron, you cannot try me for Cameron's treasons. I have had my revenge of my father's enemy, and I might have had more. He once felt the *dead grip* of a Gordon, and he should have felt it again if he had not called me his son, and blessed me as my father once did. If you had sent me to the Griseparket, I would have been hanged as a Cameron, for it is better for one of that name than mine to die the death of a dog; but since you have set me free, I will live free as a Gordon."

This extraordinary appeal astonished and confounded his hearers. They were ashamed of their mistaken judgment, and dismayed at the dilemma. They could neither prove him to be a Cameron nor a Gordon, except by his own avowal, which might be false either in the first or second cause; and after some consultation with the secretary of state, it was agreed to transport him privately to France. But on his road to a seaport his escort was attacked by a troop of wild men and women, who fought with the fury of Arabs till they had rescued their leader, whose name remained celebrated till within the last sixty years as the most formidable of the gipsy tribe.

JAMES HOOD.

DECEMBER.

'Tis dark December now. The early eve
Are statless, long, and cold; the rainwinds moan
Like pin'd spirits; blind Night seems never gone;
Day is delighless; and gray Morning groans.
The robin perches meet on household eaves,
Craving the crumb he sings for from the kind;
The slim deer screen them from the bitter wind
Behind broad trees, concealing on fallen leaves.
But though all things seem sail without our doors,
Within sits Christmas at the board of cheer,
Heaped with large unctions of the month and year;
And Wit now has his word, and Laughter reigns,
Till Music breathes her voice; and Wealth's warm
hearth
Hath its bright eyes, brave wines, brisk fires, dance,
song, and mirth.

CORNELIUS WEEDS.

SCENE FROM MANFRED.¹

A lower valley in the Alps. A Catacomb.
Enter MANFRED.

It is not noon—the sunbow's rays still arch
The torrent with the many hues of heaven,
And roll the sheeted silver's waving column
O'er the eng's headlong perpendicular,
And fling its lines of foaming light along,
And to and fro, like the pale cours'r's tail,
The Giant steed, to be bestrode by Death,
As told in the Apocalypse. No eyes
But mine now drink this sight of loveliness;
I should be sole in this sweet solitude,
And with the Spirit of the place divide
The homage of these waters.—I will call her.

(MANFRED takes some of the water into the palms of his hand, and flings it in the air, uttering the adjuration. After a pause, the WITCH OF THE ALPS rises beneath the arch of the shadow of the torrent.)

Beautiful Spirit! with thy hair of light,
And dazzling eyes of glory, in whose form
The charms of Earth's least-mortal daughters grow
To an unearthly stature, in an essence
Of purer elements; while the hues of youth,—
Carnation'd like a sleeping infant's cheek,
Rock'd by the beating of her mother's heart,
Or the rae tints, which summer's twilight leaves
Upon the lofty glacier's virgin snow,
The blush of earth, embracing with her heaven,—
Tinge thy celestial aspect, and make tame
The beauties of the sunbow which bends o'er these
Beautiful Spirit! in thy calm clear bower,
Wherein is glori'd serenity of soul,
Which of itself hath immortality,
I read that thou wilt pardon to a Son
Of Earth, whom the abstruser powers permit
At times to commun with them—if that he
Avail him of his spells—to call thee thus,
And gaze on thee a moment.

Witch. Son of Earth!
I know thee, and the powers which give thee power;
I know thee for a man of many thoughts,
And deeds of good and ill, extreme in both,
Fatal and fated in thy sufferings.
I have expected this—what wouldst thou with me?

¹ *Manfred* was partly written in Switzerland in 1816, and finished during the following year. Byron described the work himself: "It is in three acts, but of a very wild, metaphysical, and inexplicable kind. Almost all the persons—but two or three—are spirits of the earth and air, or the waters; the scene is in the Alps; the hero a kind of magpie who is tormented by species of remorse, the cause of which is left half unexplained. . . . I have at least rendered it quite impossible for the stage." The poet's effort to render it unactable failed, for *Manfred* has been placed on the stage several times. In 1868-9 it was revived at Drury Lane Theatre with great scenic display. Of the part quoted above Jeffrey wrote: "The scene is one of the most poetical and most sweetly written in the poem."

Man. To look upon thy beauty—nothing further.
The face of the earth hath madden'd me, and I
Take refuge in her mysteries, and pierce
To the shades of those who govern her—
But they can nothing aid me. I have sought
From them what they could not bestow, and now
I search no further.

Witch. What could be the quest
Which is not in the power of the most powerful,
The rulers of the invisible?

Man. A boon;
But why should I repeat it? 'twere in vain.

Witch. I know not that; let thy lips utter it.

Man. Well, though it torture me, 'tis but the same;

My pang shall find a voice. From my youth upwards
My spirit walk'd not with the souls of men,
Nor look'd upon the earth with human eyes;

The thirst of their ambition was not mine,

The aim of their existence was not mine;

My joys, my griefs, my passions, and my pow'rs,

Made me a stranger; though I wore the form,

I had no sympathy with breathing flesh,

Nor 'midst the creatures of clay that girded me

Was there but one who—but of her men.

I said, with men, and with the thoughts of men,

I held but slight communion; but instead,

My joy was in the wilderness,—to breathe

The difficult air of the iced mountain's top,

Where the birds dare not build, nor insect's wing

Flit o'er the herbless granite; or to plunge

Into the torrent, and to roll along

On the swift whirl of the new breaking wave

Of river-stream, or ocean, in their flow.

In these my early strength exulted; or

To follow through the night the moving moon,

The stars and their development; or catch

The dazzling lightnings till my eyes grew dim;

Or to look, list'ning, on the scatter'd leaves,

Whilst autumn winds were at their ev'ning song.

These were my pastimes, and to be alone;

For if the beings, of whom I was one,—

Hating to be so,—ev'g'd me in my path,

I fel my self degraded back to them,

And was all day again. And then I dived,

In my long wanderings, to the caves of death,

Searching its cause in its effect; and drew

From wither'd bones, and skulls, and heap'd-up dust,

Conclusions most forbidden. Then I pus'd

The nights of years in scenes untangl'd,

Save in the old time; and with time and toil,

And terrible ordeal, and such penance

As in itself hath power upon the air,

And spirits that do compass air and earth,

Space, and the peopled infinite, I made

Mine eyes familiar with Eternity,

Such as, before me, did the Magi, and

He who from out their fountain dwellings raised

Eros and Anteros, at Gudara,

As I do the;—and with my knowledge grow

The thirst of knowledge, and the power and joy

Of this most bright intelligence, until—

Witch. Proceed.

Man. Oh! I bat thus prolong'd my words,
Boasting these idle attributes, because
As I approach the core of my heart's grief—
But to my task. I have not named to thee
Father or mother, mistress, friend, or being,
With whom I wore the chain of human ties;
If I had such, they seem'd not such to me;
Yet there was one—

Witch. Spare not thyself—proceed.

Man. She was like me in lineaments—her eyes,
Her hair, her features, all, to the very tone
Even of her voice, they said were like to mine;
But softer'd all, and temp'red into beauty:
She had the same low thoughts and wanderings,
The quest of hidden knowledge, and a mind
To comprehend the universe: nor these
Alone, but with these gentler powers than mine,
Pity, and smiles, and tears—which I had not;
And tenderness—bæt that I had for her;
Husnity—and that I never had.
Her faults were mine—her virtues were her own,
I loved her, and destroy'd her!

Witch. With thy hand?

Man. Not with my hand, but heart—which broke her
heart;
It gashed on mine, and wither'd. I have shed
Blood, but not hers—and yet her blood was shed;
I saw—and could not staunch it.

Witch. And for this—

A being of the race thou dost despise,
The order which thine own would rise above,
Mingling with us and ours,—then dost forgo
The gifts of our great knowledge, and shrink'st back
To recreant mortality—away!

Man. Daughter of Air! I tell thee, since that hour—
But words are breath—look on me in my sleep,
Or watch my watchings—Come and sit by me!
My solitude is solitude no more,
But peopled with the Furies:—I have gnash'd
My teeth in darkness till returning morn,
Then cursed myself till earnest;—I have pray'd
For madness as a blessing—tis denied me.
I have affronted death—but in the war
Of elements the waters shrunk from me,
And fatal things pass'd harmless; the cold hand
Of an all-pitiless demon held me back,
Back by a single hair, which would not break,
In phantasy, imagination, all
The affluence of my soul—which one day was
A Croesus in creation—I plunged deep,
But, like an ebbing wave, it dash'd me back
Into the gulf of my unfeather'd thought.
I plunged amidst mankind—Forgetfulness
I sought in all, save where 'tis to be found,
And that I have to learn; my sciences,
My long pursued and super-human art,
Is mortal here: I dwell in my despair—
And live—and live for ever.

Witch. It may be
That I can aid thee.

Man. Must wake the dead, or lay me low with them.
Do so—in any shape—in any hour—
With any torture—so it be the last.

Witch. That is not in my province; but if thou
Wilt swear obedience to my will, and do
My bidding, it may help thee to thy wishes.

Man. I will not swear—Oby! I and whom? the spirits
Whom presence I command, and he the slave
Of those who served me—Never!

Witch. Is this all?

Hast thou no gentler answer?—Yet be think thee,
And pause ere thou rejectest.

Man. I have said it.

Witch. Enough!—I may retire thee—ay!

Man. Resire!

[The WITCH disappears.

Man. (alone). We are the tools of time and terror;
Days

Steal on us and steal from us; yet we live,
Loathing our life, and dreading still to die.
In all the days of this detested yoke—
This vital weight upon the struggling heart,
Which sinks with sorrow, or beats quick with pain,
Or joy that ends in agony or faintness—
In all the days of past and future, for
In life there is no present, we can number
How few—how less than few—wherein the soft
Forbore to pant for death, and yet draw back
As from a stream in winter, though the chill
Be but a moment's. I have one resource
Still in my scheme—I can call the dead,
And ask them what is it we dread to be:
The sternest answer can but be the Grave,
And that is nothing. If they answer not—
The buried Prophet's answer'd to the Hug
Of Bindor; and the Spartan monarch drew
From the Byzantine maid's unsleeping spirit
An answer and his destiny—he drew
That which he loved, unknowing what he drew,
And died unparon'd—though he call'd in aid
The Phrygian Jove, and in Phigalia roused
The Arcadian Ebenora to compel
The indignant shadow to deposit her wrath,
Or fix her tems of vengeance—she replied
In words of dubious import, but fulfill'd.

If I had never lived, that which I love
Had still been living; had I never loved,
That which I love would still be beautiful—
Happy and giving happiness. What is she?
What is she now?—a sufferer for my sins—
A thing I dare not think upon—or nothing.
Within few hours I shall not call in vain—
Yet in this hour I dread the thing I dare:
Until this hour I never shrank to gaze
On spirit, good or evil—now I tremble,
And feel a strange cold thaw upon my heart,
But I can act even what I most abhor,
And champion human fears.—The night approaches.

BYRON.

CHARLES DICKENS.

REMINISCENCES OF HIS LIFE AND CHARACTER.
BY JAMES T. FIELDS.

[Mr. Fields was a successful publisher and a successful author—a combination so rare that it commands special attention. He was born at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, U.S., in 1820, and died in 1881. He published three volumes of poems, 1849, 1854, and 1858; collected and edited a complete edition of the works of Thomas De Quincey; and he contributed numerous interesting essays and sketches to the *Atlantic Monthly Magazine*, of which he was the editor. His position as partner in the Boston publishing firm of Ticknor and Fields brought him into communication with nearly all the most eminent men and women of letters in England and America; and as his relations with all were of the most friendly character, he was enabled to collect much valuable material for the series of delightful reminiscences which in 1871 he published in his magazine under the general title of "Our Whispering Gallery." The following extract from Miss Mitford's *Literary Recollections* shows the high esteem which Mr. Fields won from his friends: "He sends me charming letters, verses which are fast ripening into true poetry, excellent books; and this autumn he brought back himself, and came to pay me a visit; and he must come again, for of all the kindnesses with which he lends me, I like his company the best."]

August, 1870.—On a sunny morning in October last the writer of these recollections heard from the author's lips the first chapters of a new story, the concluding lines of which initial pages were then scarcely dry from the pen. The story is unfinished, and he who read that autumn morning with such vigour of voice and dramatic power is in his grave. This private reading took place in the little room where the great novelist for many years has been accustomed to write, and in the house where on a pleasant evening in June he died. The spot is one of the loveliest in Kent, and must always be remembered as the last residence of Charles Dickens. He used to declare his firm belief that Shakespeare was specially fond of Kent, and that the poet chose Gad's Hill and Rochester for the scenery of his plays from intimate personal knowledge of their localities. He said he had no manner of doubt but that one of Shakespeare's haunts was the old inn at Rochester, and that this conviction came forcibly upon him one night as he was walking that way, and discovered Charles' Wain over the chimney, just as Shakespeare has described it, in words put into the mouth of the carrier in *King Henry the Fourth*. There is no prettier place than Gad's Hill in all England for the earliest and latest flowers; and Dickens chose it, when he had arrived at the fulness of

his fame and prosperity, as the home in which he most wished to spend the remainder of his days. When a boy, he would often pass the house with his father, and frequently said to him, "If ever I have a dwelling of my own, Gad's Hill Place is the house I mean to buy." In that beautiful retreat he has for many years been accustomed to welcome his friends, and find relaxation from the crowded life of London. On the lawn, playing at bowls, in the Swiss summer-house charmingly shaded by green leaves, he always seemed the best part of summer, beautiful as the season is in the delightful region where he lived. In a letter written not long ago to a friend in America, he thus described his home:—

"Divers birds sing here all day, and the nightingales all night. The place is lovely, and in perfect order. I have put five mirrors in the Swiss chalet (where I write), and they reflect and refract, in all kinds of ways, the leaves that are quivering at the windows, and the great fields of waving corn, and the sail-dotted river. My room is up among the branches of the trees; and the birds and the butterflies fly in and out, and the green branches shoot in at the open windows, and the lights and shadows of the clouds come and go with the rest of the company. The scent of the flowers, and indeed of everything that is growing for miles and miles, is most delicious."

There he could be most thoroughly enjoyed, for he never seemed so cheerfully at home anywhere else. At his own table, surrounded by his family and a few guests, old acquaintances from town—among them sometimes Forster, Carlyle, Rendle, Collins, Layard, Macleish, Stone, Macready, Talfourd—he was always the choicest and liveliest companion. He was not what is called in society a professed talker, but he was something far better and rarer.

In his own inimitable manner he would frequently relate to a friend, if prompted, stories of his youthful days, when he was toiling on the London *Morning Chronicle*, passing sleepless hours as a reporter on the road in a post-chaise, driving day and night from point to point to take down the speeches of Sheil and O'Connell. He liked to describe the post-boys, who were accustomed to hurry him over the road that he might reach London in advance of his rival reporters, while, by the aid of a lantern, he was writing out for the press, as he flew over the ground, the words he had taken down in shorthand. Those were his days of severe training, when in rain and sleet and cold he dashed along, scarcely able to keep the blind-

ing mud out of his tired eyes; and he imputed much of his ability for steady hard work to his practice as a reporter, kept at his grinding business, and determined if possible to earn seven guineas a week.

A large sheet was started at this period of his life, in which all the important speeches of Parliament were to be reported *verbatim* for future reference. Dickens was engaged on this gigantic journal. Mr. Stanley had spoken at great length on the condition of Ireland. It was a very long and eloquent speech, occupying many hours in the delivery. Eight reporters were sent in to do the work. Each one was required to report three-quarters of an hour, then to retire, write out his portion, and to be succeeded by the next. Young Dickens was detailed to lead off with the first part. It also fell to his lot, when the time came round, to report the closing portions of the speech. On Saturday the whole was given to the press, and Dickens ran down to the country for a Sunday's rest.

Sunday morning had scarcely dawned when his father, who was a man of immense energy, made his appearance in his son's sleeping-room. Mr. Stanley was so dissatisfied with what he found in print, except the beginning and ending of his speech (just what Dickens had reported), that he sent immediately to the office and obtained the sheets of these parts of the report. He there found the name of the reporter, which, according to custom was written on the margin. Then he requested that the young man bearing the name of Dickens should be immediately sent for.

Dickens' father, all aglow with the prospect of probable promotion in the office, went immediately to his son's stopping-place in the country and brought him back to London. In telling the story Dickens said:

"I remember perfectly to this day the aspect of the room I was shown into, and the two gentlemen in it, Mr. Stanley and his father. Both gentlemen were extremely courteous to me, but I noted their evident surprise at the appearance of so young a man. While we spoke together I had taken a seat extended to me in the middle of the room. Mr. Stanley told me he wished to go over the whole speech and have it written out by me, and if I were ready he would begin now. Where would I like to sit? I told him I was very well where I was, and we could begin immediately. He tried to induce me to sit at a desk; but at that time in the House of Commons there was nothing but one's knees to write upon, and I had formed the habit of doing my work in

that way. Without further pause he began, and went rapidly on hour after hour to the end, often becoming very much excited, and frequently bringing down his hand with great violence upon the desk near which he stood."

Dickens was, as has been intimated, one of the most industrious of men, and marvellous stories are told (not by himself) of what he has accomplished in a given time in literary and social matters. His studies were all from nature and life, and his habits of observation were untiring. If he contemplated writing *Hard Times*, he arranged with the master of Astley's circus to spend many hours behind the scenes with the riders and among the horses; and if the composition of the *Tale of Two Cities* were occupying his thoughts, he could banish himself to France for two years to prepare for that great work.

Hogarth pencilled on his thumb-nail a striking face in a crowd that he wished to preserve; Dickens, with his transcendent memory, chronicled in his mind whatever of interest met his eye or reached his ear, any time or anywhere.

Speaking of memory one day he said the memory of children was prodigious; it was a mistake to fancy children ever forgot anything. When he was delineating the character of Mrs. Pipchin, he had in his mind an old lodging-house keeper in an English watering-place where he was living with his father and mother when he was but two years old. After the book was written he sent it to his sister, who wrote back at once:

"What does this mean? you have painted our lodging-house keeper, and you were but two years old at that time!"

Characters and incidents crowded the chambers of his brain, all ready for use when occasion required. No subject of human interest was ever indifferent to him, and never a day went by that did not afford him some suggestion to be utilized in the future.

His favourite mode of exercise was walking; and when in America, two years ago, scarcely a day passed, no matter what the weather, that he did not accomplish his eight or ten miles. It was on these expeditions that he liked to recount to the companion of his rambles stories and incidents of his early life; and when he was in the mood, his fun and humour knew no bounds. He would then frequently discuss the numerous characters in his delightful books, and would act out, on the road, dramatic situations, where Nickleby or Copperfield, or Swiveller would play distinguished parts. It is remembered that he said on one of these occasions, that during the composition

of his first stories he could never entirely dismiss the characters about whom he happened to be writing; that while the *Old Curiosity Shop* was in process of composition, Little Nell followed him about everywhere; that while he was writing *Oliver Twist*, Fagin the Jew would never let him rest, even in his most retired moments; that at midnight and in the morning, on the sea and on the land, Tiny Tim and Little Bob Cratchit were ever tugging at his coat-sleeve, as if impatient for him to get back to his desk and continue the story of their lives. But he said after he had published several books, and saw what serious demands his characters were accustomed to make for the constant attention of his already overtasked brain, he resolved that the phantom individuals should no longer intrude on his hours of recreation and rest, but that when he closed the door of his study he would shut them all in, and only meet them again when he came back to resume his task. That force of will with which he was so pre-eminently endowed enabled him to ignore these manifold existences till he chose to renew their acquaintance. He said also that when the children of his brain had once been launched free and clear of him into the world, they would sometimes turn up in the most unexpected manner to look their father in the face.

Sometimes he would pull the arm of his companion and whisper, "Let us avoid Mr. Pumblechook, who is crossing the street to meet us;" or, "Mr. Micawber is coming; let us turn down this alley to get out of his way." He always seemed to enjoy the fun of his comic people, and had unceasing mirth over Mr. Pickwick's misadventures. In answer one day to a question prompted by psychological curiosit, if he ever dreamed of any of his characters, his reply was "Never; and I am convinced that no writer (judging from my own experience, which cannot be altogether singular, but must be a type of the experience of others) has ever dreamed of the creatures of his own imagination. It would," he went on to say, "be like a man's dreaming of meeting himself, which is clearly an impossibility. Things exterior to one's self must always be the basis of dreams." The growing up of characters in his mind never lost for him a sense of the marvellous. "What an unfathomable mystery there is in it all!" he said one day. Taking up a wine-glass, he continued: "Suppose I choose to call this a *character*, fancy it a man, endue it with certain qualities; and soon the fine filmy webs of thought, almost impalpable, coming from every direction, we know not

whence, spin and weave about it until it assumes form and beauty, and becomes instinct with life."

He always had much to say of animals as well as of men, and there were certain dogs and horses he had met and known intimately which it was specially interesting to him to remember and picture. There was a particular dog in Washington which he was never tired of delineating. The first night Dickens read in the capital this dog attracted his attention. "He came into the hall by himself," said he, "got a good place before the reading began, and paid strict attention throughout. He came the second night and was ignominiously shown out by one of the check-takers. On the third night he appeared again with another dog, which he had evidently promised to pass in free; but you see," continued Dickens, "upon the imposition being unmasked, the other dog apologized by a howl and withdrew. His intentions, no doubt, were of the best, but he afterwards rose to explain outside, with such inconvenient eloquence to the reader and his audience, that they were obliged to put him down stairs."

All animals which he took under his especial patronage seemed to have a marked affection for him. Quite a colony of dogs has always been a feature at Gad's Hill. When Dickens returned home from his last visit to America, these dogs were frequently spoken of in his letters. In May, 1868, he writes: "As you ask me about the dogs, I begin with them. The two Newfoundland dogs coming to meet me, with the usual carriage and the usual driver, and beholding me coming in my usual dress out at the usual door, it struck me that their recollection of my having been absent for any unusual time was at once cancelled. They behaved (they are both young dogs) exactly in their usual manner; coming behind the basket phæton as we trotted along, and lifting their heads to have their ears pulled—special attention which they receive from no one else. But when I drove into the stable-yard, Linda (the St. Bernard) was greatly excited, weeping profusely, and throwing herself on her back, that she might caress my foot with her great fore-paws. M.'s little dog, too, Mrs. Bonner, barked in the greatest agitation on being called down and asked, 'Who is this?' tearing round and round me like the dog in the Faust outtimes."

There were certain books of which Dickens liked to talk during his walks. Among his especial favourites were the writings of Cobbett, De Quincey, the *Lectures on Moral Philosophy*

by Sydney Smith, and Carlyle's *French Revolution*. Of this latter Dickens said it was the book of all others which he read perpetually, and of which he never tired; the book which always appeared more imaginative in proportion to the fresh imagination he brought to it; a book for inexhaustibleness to be placed before every other book. When writing the *Tale of Two Cities*, he asked Carlyle if he might see one of the books to which he referred in his history; whereupon Carlyle packed up and sent down to Gad's Hill all his reference volumes, and Dickens read them faithfully. But the more he read the more he was astonished to find how the facts had passed through the alembic of Carlyle's brain, and had come out fitted themselves, each as a part of one great whole, making a compact result, indestructible and unrivaled; and he always found himself turning away from the books of reference, and reading with increased wonder this marvellous new growth. There were certain books particularly hateful to him, and of which he never spoke except in terms of most ludicrous railing. Mr. Barlow, in *Saulsfeld and Merton*, he said, was the favourite enemy of his boyhood, and his first experience of a bore. He had an almost supernatural hatred for Barlow, "because he was so very *instructive*, and always hinting doubts with regard to the veracity of *Sinbad the Sailor*, and had no belief whatever in *The Wonderful Lamp* or *The Enchanted Horse*." Dickens, rattling his mental cane over the head of Mr. Barlow, was as much better than any play as can be well imagined. He gloried in many of Hood's poems, especially in that biting Ode to Rae Wilson, and he would gesticulate with a fine fervour the lines—

" . . . the hypocrites who open Heaven's door
Obsequious to the sinful man of riches—
But put the wicked, naked, bare-legged poor
In parlour stoles instead of breeches."

One of his favourite books was Pepys' Diary, the curious discovery of the key to which, and the odd characteristics of its writer, were a never-failing source of interest and amusement to him. The vision of Pepys hanging round the door of the theatre, hoping for an invitation to go in, not being able to keep away, in spite of a promise he had made to himself that he would spend no more money foolishly, delighted him. Speaking one day of Gray, the author of the *Mozley*, he said: "No poet ever came walking down to posterity with so small a book under his arm." He preferred Smollett to Fielding, putting *Peregrine Pickle* above *Tom Jones*. Of the best novels by his contempor-

ries he always spoke with warm commendation, and *Griffith Gaunt* he thought a production of very high merit. He was "hospitable to the thought" of all writers who were really in earnest, but at the first exhibition of floundering or inexactness he became an unbeliever. People with dislocated understandings he had no tolerance for.

He was passionately fond of the theatre, loved the lights and music and flowers, and the happy faces of the audience. He was accustomed to say that his love of the theatre never failed, and, no matter how dull the play, he was always careful while he sat in the box to make no sound which could hurt the feelings of the actors, or show any lack of attention. His genuine enthusiasm for Mr. Fechter's acting was most interesting. He loved to describe seeing him first, quite by accident, in Paris, having strolled into a little theatre there one night. "He was making love to a woman," Dickens said, "and he so elevated her as well as himself by the sentiment in which he enveloped her, that they trod in a purer ether, and in another sphere, quite lifted out of the present. 'By heavens!' I said to myself, 'a man who can do this can do anything.' I never saw two people more purely and instantly elevated by the power of love. The manner, also," he continued, "in which he presses the hem of the dress of Lucy, in the *Bride of Lammermoor*, is something wonderful. The man has genius in him which is unmistakable."

Life behind the scenes was always a fascinating study to Dickens. "One of the oddest sights a great-room can present," he said one day, "is when they are collecting children for pantomime. For this purpose the prompter calls together all the women in the ballet, and begins giving out their names in order, while they press about him eager for the chance of increasing their poor pay by the extra pittance their children will receive. 'Mrs. Johnson, how many?' 'Two, sir.' 'What ages?' 'Seven and ten.' 'Mrs. B., how many?' and so on, until the required number is made up. The people who go upon the stage, however poor their pay or hard their lot, love it too well ever to adopt another vocation of their free-will. A mother will frequently be in the wardrobe, children in the pantomime, elder sisters in the ballet, &c."

Dickens' habits as a speaker differed from those of most orators. He gave no thought to the composition of the speech he was to make till the day before he was to deliver it. No matter whether the effort was to be a long or a short one, he never wrote down a word of what

he was going to say; but when the proper time arrived for him to consider his subject, he took a walk into the country, and the thing was done. When he returned he was all ready for his task.

He liked to talk about the audiences that came to hear him read, and he gave the palm to his Parisian one, saying it was the quickest to catch his meaning. Although, he said, there were many always present in his room in Paris who did not fully understand English, yet the French eye is so quick to detect expression that it never failed instantly to understand what he meant by a look or an act. "Thus for instance," he said, "when I was impersonating Steerforth in *David Copperfield*, and gave that peculiar grip of the hand to Emily's lover, the French audience burst into cheers and rounds of applause." He said, with reference to the preparation of his readings, that it was three months' hard labour to get up one of his own stories for public recitation, and he thought he had greatly improved his presentation of the *Christmas Carol* while in America. He considered the storm scene in *David Copperfield* one of the most effective of his readings. The character of Jack Hopkins in *Bob Sawyer's Party* he took great delight in representing.

It gave him a natural pleasure when he heard quotations from his own books introduced without effort into conversation. He did not always remember, when his own words were quoted, that he was himself the author of them, and appeared astounded at the memory of others in this regard. He said Mr. Secretary Stanton had a most extraordinary knowledge of his books, and a power of taking the text up at any point, which he supposed to belong to only one person, and that person not himself.

It was said of Garrick that he was the cheerfulest man of his age. This can be as truly said of Charles Dickens. In his presence there was perpetual sunshine, and gloom was banished as having no sort of relationship with him. No man suffered more keenly or sympathized more fully than he did with want and misery; but his motto was, "Don't stand and cry; press forward, and help remove the difficulty."

After his return home from America he was constantly boasting in his letters of his renewed health. In one of them he says: "I am brown now beyond belief, and cause the greatest disappointment in all quarters by looking so well. It is really wonderful what those fine days at sea did me. My doctor was quite broken down in spirits when he saw me for the first

time since my return last Saturday. "Good heavens!" he said, recoiling, "seven years younger!"

Bright colours were a constant delight to him; and the gay hues of flowers were those most welcome to his eye. When the rhododendrons were in bloom in Cobham Park, the seat of his friend and neighbour, Lord Darnley, he always counted on taking his guests there to enjoy the magnificent show. In a letter dated in April, 1869, he says to a friend who anticipated making him a visit from America: "Please look sharp in the matter of landing on this used-up, worn-out, and rotten old parient. I rather think that when the 12th of June shall have shaken off these shackles" (he was then reading in London) "there will be borage on the lawn at Gad's. Your heart's desire in that matter, and in the minor particulars of Cobham Park, Rochester Castle, and Canterbury shall be fulfilled, please God. The red jackets shall turn out again on the turnpike road, and picnics among the cherry orchards and hop-gardens shall be heard of in Kent." (He delighted to turn out for the delectation of his Transatlantic cousins a couple of postilions in the old red jackets of the old red royal Dover road, making the ride as much as possible like a holiday drive in England fifty years ago).

When in the mood for humorous characterization, Dickens' hilarity was most amazing. To hear him tell a ghost story with a very florid imitation of a very pallid ghost, or hear him sing an old-time stage song, such as he used to enjoy in his youth at a cheap London theatre, to see him imitate a lion in a menagerie-cage, or the clown in a pantomime when he flops and folds himself up like a jack-knife, or to join with him in some mirthful game of his own composing, was to become acquainted with one of the most delightful and original companions in the world.

On one occasion, during a walk, he chose to run into the wildest of vagaries about conversation. The ludicrous vein he indulged in during that two hours' stretch can never be forgotten. Among other things, he said he had often thought how restricted one's conversation must become when one was visiting a man who was to be hanged in half an hour. He went on in a most surprising manner to imagine all sorts of difficulties in the way of becoming interesting to the poor fellow. "Suppose," said he, "it should be a rainy morning while you are making the call, you could not possibly indulge in the remark, 'We shall have fine weather to-morrow, sir,' for

what would that be to him? For my part, I think," said he, "I should confine my observations to the days of Julius Caesar or King Alfred."

At another time, when speaking of what was constantly said about him in certain newspapers, he observed: "I notice that about once in every seven years I become the victim of a paragraph disease. It breaks out in England, travels to India by the overland route, gets to America per Canard line, strikes the base of the Rocky Mountains, and rebounding back to Europe, mostly perishes on the steppes of Russia from inanition and extreme cold." When he felt he was not under observation, and that temfoolery would not be frowned upon or gazed at with astonishment, he gave himself up without reserve to healthy amusement and strengthening mirth. It was his mission to make people happy.

His life will no doubt be written out in full by some competent hand; but however numerous the volumes of his biography, the half can hardly be told of the good deeds he has accomplished for his fellow-men.

And who could ever tell, if those volumes were written, of the subtle qualities of insight and sympathy which rendered him capable of friendship above most men—which enabled him to reinstate his ideal, and made his presence a perpetual joy, and separation from him an ineffable sorrow?

SONG.

Whither, ah! whither is my lost love straying—
Upon what pleasant land beyond the sea?
Oh! ye winds, now playing
Like airy spirits round my temples free,
Fly and tell him this from me:

Tell him, sweet winds, that in my woman's bosom
My young love still retains its perfect power,
Or, like the summer blossom,
That changes still from bud to the full-blown flower,
Grows with every passing hour.

Say (and say gently) that, since we two parted,
How little joy—much sorrow—I have known;
Only not broken-hearted,
Because I miss upon bright moments gone,
And dream and think of him alone.

BARRY CORNWALL.

THREE SONNETS.

I.

TO AILSA ROCK.

Hearken, thou craggy ocean pyramid!
Give answer from thy voice, the sea-fowl's screams!
When were thy shoulders mantled in huge streams?
When from the sun wus thy broad forehead hid?
How long is't since the mighty Power bid
Thee leave to airy sleep from fathom dreams—
Sleep in the lap of thunder or auburna,
Or when grey clouds are thy cold coverlid?—
Thou answerest not, for thou art dead asleep;
Thy life is but two dead identities—
The last in air, the former in the deep;
First with the whales, last with the eagle skies—
Drown'd wast thou till an earthquake made thee sleep;
Another cannot wake thy giant size.

JOHN KEATS.

II.

GLENCOE.

Keep silence, lest the rocks in thunder fall;
Keep silence, lest ye wake the hapless dead,
Whose blood is aye from the ground to call
The doom of justice on the murderer's head!
Dark and more dark, ye shades of evening, lower;
Wide and more wide, ye gathering tempests, spread
Thick clouds and waters round the Avenging Power
Whom malison is here! The river means;
The wind, with deepening sigh from hour to hour,
Baldens the gloom; a curse is on the land;
From every cavern'd cliff aspernial groans
Appal the desolation; and around,
The melancholy mountain loathes the sun,
And shall, till the career of Time be done.

III.

BEN NEVIS.

We climb, we pant, we pause; again we climb:
Frown not, stern mountain, nor around thee throw
Thy mist and storm, but look with cloudy brow
O'er all thy giant progeny sublime;
Whilst toiling up the immeasurable height
We climb, we pant, we pause: the thickening gloom
Hath pall'd us in the darkness of the tomb;
And on the hard-won summit sound nor sight
Salutes us, save the snow and chilling blast,
And all the guardian flocks of Winter's throne.
Such too is life—ten thousand perils past,
Our fame is vapour, and our mirth a gross.
But patience; till the veil be rent away,
And on our vision flash celestial day.

THE LUDDITES.¹

The Luddite rioters of Nottinghamshire and Yorkshire derived their name from General Lud, their mythical leader, that awe-striking name and title being, however, borne by several of their chiefs at different times and in different districts. The deplorable outrages committed by these men—the breaking into houses to seize fire-arms and obtain money for the purposes of their mischievous and dangerous association—lasted for nearly forty years, during which time, with the exception of a few lulls, the great manufacturing districts were in as disturbed and lawless a state as the Border country when such marauders as Hardriding Dick or William of Deloraine drove honest men's cattle, burned keep-towers, and harried farm-houses.

All social diseases have their climax. The night, they say, is darkest just before daybreak. To miseries and misfortunes there is a culminating period. It was in 1812 that the Luddites were fiercest, maddest, and most desperate, deriding all philosophy and forgetting all the tenets of political economy in the fierceness of their indignation. Their object was to destroy the new frames which about the end of the last century were introduced ("with power") to finish woollen goods. Up to this time cloth had been finished by a tedious and costly process, a man being required to each machine, and three times the expense being incurred. The machine was a ponderous, unsightly instrument, square at the extremity of the blade, but otherwise not unlike the shears used by sheep-shearers. One blade was passed under the bulk cloth to be finished, and the other over it, the latter cropping off the nap of the wool as the blades were dexterously pushed backwards and forwards by the workmen. The men engaged in this primitive occupation were known by the name of croppers. The process was as much behind the age as the Hottentot system of spinning is behind the latest processes of Manchester. The croppers, whose occupation was thus interfered with, became as violent as the silversmiths of Ephesus, and were the chief leaders in the Luddite riots. They were generally of the stubborn, resolute Yorkshire race; ignorant, violent, determined, holding together for good or ill, and resolved to destroy the new frames, which they believed would throw poor men out of work and starve their families.

¹ From *Old Stories Re-Told*, by Walter Thornbury, author of *Haunted London*, &c. Chapman & Hall.

No Ribbonmen ever banded together with more sullen determination in their movements; their drilling and their attacks were conducted with military precision. Mere agricultural labourers might have shown as much courage, but could not have formed such subtle combinations. Every man had his allotted place by number (as in a regiment) in the musket, pistol, or hatched companies. The form of initiation was known by the technical name of "twisting in." The oath taken was as solemn and terrible as that used in the secret tribunals of the middle ages. It was as follows: "I, ——, of my own voluntary will, do declare and solemnly swear that I never will reveal to any person or persons under the canopy of heaven the names of the persons who compose this secret committee, their proceedings, meetings, places of abode, dress, features, connections, or anything else that might lead to a discovery of the same either by word, or deed, or sign, under the penalty of being sent out of the world by the first brother who shall meet me, and my name and character blotted out of existence, and never to be remembered but with contempt and abhorrence; and I further now do swear, that I will use my best endeavours to punish by death any traitor or traitress, should any rise up amongst us, wherever I can find him or them; and though he should fly to the verge of nature, I will pursue him with unceasing vengeance. So help me God, and bless me to keep this my oath inviolable."

At the time of the crisis of disorder in 1812, when the Luddite conspiracy was netting over the greater part of two counties, Enoch and James Taylor constructed the obnoxious frames in their smithy, which stood on what is now the playground of the town-school at Marsden. These enterprising men had begun life as common blacksmiths, but by industry, perseverance, and inventive genius, had become known as skilful machine-makers. The giant hammer used in the Yorkshire smithies was in 1812 playfully known among the grimy artisans who wielded it as "Enoch;" and when the Luddites made one of their midnight marches to destroy a finishing-frame, the cant saying was—alluding to the firm at Marsden and the hammer that was to crush their work—

"Enoch made them, and Enoch shall break them."

Suffering, and believing that they would suffer more, these impetuous men totally forgot that all improvements in a trade tend to enlarge that trade; that all lessening of cost in the production of a fabric tend to increase

the sale of that fabric; and that, if the finishing-machines reduced the number of croppers, the manufacture of them undoubtedly led to the employment of more hammermen. To these truths they were indifferent; all they knew was, that the new frames lessened the immediate work for the croppers, and they were determined not merely to destroy those frames already in use, but to terrify employers from further adopting them.

Yet the croppers themselves, as long as they could get work, were well-to-do men, their wages being twenty-four shillings a week. The Marsden people were, indeed, seldom in distress, for the great cotton trade was already developing, and warp and weft ready for the hand-looms were brought from Lancashire fortnightly and put out to Marsden weavers. But let us be just; the times were hard everywhere, and a shilling did not bring then what it had brought before, and what it brings now. Men worked week in and week out, and only just after all, kept the wolf from the door. Oh! there was a sharp biting suffering before thoughtful working men could combine in that thirty years' conspiracy that brought many brave lads to the gallows, and sent so many to pine away the rest of their miserable and wasted lives in the dismal restrictions of New South Wales. Time is full of common sense; it brings men to the truth; yet for nearly a whole generation it never stopped these disturbances, erroneous as they were. The man who thinks that these troubles indicated no foregone misery and wrong, would call a dying man's groans and screams mere practical jokes.

The Yorkshire nature is starch and dogged; it was not going to bear starvation quietly, while proud, arrogant, and often cruel manufacturers were fastening on the very flesh and blood of the workman and his pining children. The poor man had borne the contemptuous denial of his rights, the incessant suspension of the laws of the land, trade monopolies, tyrannical, stupid, and heartless governments, civil and religious disabilities, and unjust and useless wars; but dear bread—that was the last straw that broke the camel's back. The artisan saw only in the new machinery means to still further enrich his oppressors and starve himself. When the rich man can be weary of life, is it to be wondered at that the poor man finds life sometimes intolerable? The panacea seemed to be combination. General Lud got recruits in Derbyshire, Lancashire, Cheshire, Nottinghamshire, and especially in the south-western districts of Yorkshire. There were

food-riots at Sheffield, Mansfield, and Macclesfield. Food-riots are as certain a proof of something wrong in the body politic, as certain pustules are proofs of small-pox. The stocking-weavers in Nottinghamshire began the bad work by holding nocturnal meetings, by forming secret societies, by appointing delegates and local "centres," by extracting black-mail from manufacturers, and requiring implicit obedience in their adherents, after administering an oath. From shattering frames, the Yorkshire men began to talk of upsetting the government. Religion was even pressed into the rioters' service, and a crusading spirit inculcated on those who joined the Luddites. The disorders came to a head in 1812, partly from the lenity shown to Luddite prisoners at the Nottingham assizes in March, and more especially by the dreadful price which provisions had then reached. The poor hardly ever tasted nourishing, flesh-making wheaten bread; tea and coffee were almost unknown; clothing was extravagantly dear; and the workman had to gain strength for the twelve hours' toil in the bad atmosphere of a mill from a paltry meal of porridge. All this was hard to bear even with freedom; but it was intolerable in a country where the intellect and conscience of the nation were enslaved, and where the poor had no other privilege than that of paying an enormous share of the taxes levied on them by an enormously wealthy and tolerably selfish landed interest.

The riots soon overran the West Riding, beginning at Marsden. After trying their destructive powers on a small scale there, the frames at Woodbottom and Ottiwell's were marked out for destruction, and the lives of their owners, the Armitages and the Horsfalls, were threatened. These gentlemen took prompt and energetic measures for the protection of their property. A bridge over the river at the Woodbottom Mill had an iron gate placed across the centre which could be securely fastened against all invaders. It had iron spikes at the top, and a row of iron spikes down each side. This bridge—with its gateway and protecting spikes—remained in its original integrity until a very recent day.

"At Ottiwell's," adds a local authority, "at the upper end of the road fronting the mill, and on an elevation, level with the present dam, a canon was planted behind a wall pierced with openings three feet high and ten inches wide. Through these apertures the canon could be pointed so as to command the entire frontage of the mill, and fired upon an approaching enemy. This somewhat primitive

battery still exists, but the artillery disappeared long ago; and though now walled up, the outlines of the embrasures formerly left for the cannon to be discharged through may yet be distinctly discerned. In addition to these means of defence, the workmen employed at the mills were armed, and kept watch and ward during the night."

Mr. Horsfall, resolute and prompt, was not to be easily frightened, and the Marsden croppers were none of them Luddites. The inhabitants of Marsden and the surrounding villages were also compelled to deliver up all firearms in their possession, until the reign of terror should pass away.

There were both infantry and cavalry in Marsden. The 10th King's Dragoon Guards, the 15th Hussars, and the Scots Greys, were alternately billeted (at quite inadequate rates) in the town, impoverishing and sometimes ruining the landlords, irritating the high-spirited, oppressing the neutral, and contaminating the whole neighbourhood. These regiments were not allowed to remain long in one place, for fear of the men becoming tainted with Luddite opinions. The soldiers marched every night to the market-place at Marsden, and, having been paraded, were then told off into two divisions, the one to patrol on the road to Ottiwell and Valeside, and the other to spend the night between Marsden, Woodbottom Mill, and Lingards. As their movements were well known, and the clash of their swords and the tramp of their horses' feet were to be heard at a long distance at night, it was easy for the Luddites to steal away behind hedges, crouch in plantations, or take by-roads to their work of destruction. The cats had bellied themselves this time, and the mice could play as they liked.

On the 11th of April fire was set to the gunpowder lying about the West Riding. On that day the croppers at Mr. Wood's mill at Longroyd Bridge, near Huddersfield, were planning a night attack on the mill of a Mr. Cartwright, at Liversedge. The leading conspirator was an impetuous cropper, named George Mellor (twenty-two). His chief lieutenants were Thomas Smith (twenty-three), William Thorpe (twenty-two), and a mean subtle fellow, afterwards an informer, Benjamin Walker (twenty-five). Joshua Dickenson, a cropper, came to the shop on the Saturday before-named, and brought a pint of powder, a bag of bullets, and two or three cartridges, to distribute among the Longroyd Mill men. They met at night, about ten o'clock, when it was not quite dark, about three miles from

Cartwright's mill, in the fields of Sir George Armitage, at the obelisk (or, as the Luddites quaintly nicknamed it, "the dumb steeple"). When more than a hundred men had assembled, Mellor and Thorpe, the two young leaders, mustered the Lads, and called them over, not by names, but by numbers, in military fashion; there were three companies—the musket, the pistol, and the hatchet companies; the rest carried sledge-hammers, adzes, and bludgeons. They were formed in lines two deep, William Hale (No. 7), a cropper from Longroyd Mill, and a man named Riggs, being ordered by Mellor to go last and drive the Lads up, and see that no coward stole off in the darkness; for there were many Lads who only joined through fear of being assassinated, and had no real heart in the matter. The order to march was at last given; the band proceeded over wild Hartshead Moor, and from thence into a close sixty yards from Rawfolds Mill, where the musket-men put on masks, got ready their firearms, and took a draught of rum to cheer them on to the attack. Mellor then formed his company of musket-men into lines of thirteen abreast, and moved on to the doomed mill, followed by Thorpe and his pistol-men.

In the meantime Mr. Cartwright, who had apprehensions of an attack, was asleep in the great stone many-windowed building. The great water-wheels were still; the only sound was the ripple of the water in the mill-dam. The alarm-bell, rising above the roof, stood out dark against the sky. There was no light at any window, and no noise. The five workmen and their allies, the five soldiers, were asleep. The armed men, intent on destruction and ready for murder, to their design stole on like ghosts. Soon after twelve Mr. Cartwright, who had just fallen asleep, was awoken by the violent barking of a large dog kept chained inside the mill for such a purpose.

The mill-owner leaps out of bed to give the alarm; as he opens his bedroom door he hears twenty or thirty of the three hundred panes of glass on the ground-floor shattered in; at the same time there is a rattle and blaze of musketry at the ground and upper windows; the bullets whistle, and splinter, and flatten against the inner walls. At the same time a score of sledge-hammers are heard working at the chief door, and voices shouting and threatening at the other entrances, and indeed on all sides, except that on which the mill-pool lies.

The hour is come at last. But Mr. Cartwright is Yorkshire too, resolute, bold, and of a good heart. He shouts to his men; they fly to arms, and load and cock their muskets,

He and one or two of his workpeople run to the alarm-bell and pull fiercely at the rope, till it clashes out its summons to the Hussars at Liversedge, and friends near or far.

This drives the Luddites stark staring mad as the firing becomes hotter; and a dozen of them cry out:

"Fire at the bell-rope!" "Shoot away the bell!" "D—— that bell! get it, lads!"

(For they knew the soldiers would be on them soon with their sabres if that bell clanged many minutes longer). Presently the bell-rope breaks, and two men are sent up to clash the bell and fire alternately. Cartwright and his men fire from the upper loops of the mill obliquely at the howling crowd that flash off their guns, and ply their hammers, and snap their pistols at the detested mill, where the ten men are glaring at them from under cover. The fire from and against the mill is hot, pelting, and furious.

"Bring up Enoch!" roar stentorian voices.

A big hammerman advances to the door, and pounds at it with Enoch as if it were a block of iron.

The rest shout:

"Bang up, my lads!" "In with you!" "Are you in, my lads?" "Keep close." "In with you, lads!" "D—— them! Kill them, every one!"

Mellor then cries, with horrible imprecations—

"The door is opened!"

But it is not. They are wrong this time. Enoch has been hard and heavy at it, it is true; the panels are broken, so that a man's head might go through, but the locks and bolts are not burst yet. The planks are split with hatchets, the malls have broken and chopped it into holes, but the door still keeps faithful and fast. The stone jamb of one entrance are wrenched out, the frameworks are smashed in, still Cartwright and his men keep up their fire from between the flagstones that barricade the upper windows, and some of the Luddites are struck. There is a cry that some one is shot, and a man has fallen on his face. Booth is down, and there is hot blood on Dean's hands. Dean has been shot through the door as he plied his hatchet.

There are only nine panes of glass left in the ground-floor; but Enoch has failed this time. The firing has now gone on for twenty minutes, and still flashes to and fro over the mill-pool, from door to window, and from window to door. A man named Walker is looking in at a broken window when a ball from one of Cartwright's men strikes the edge

of his hat. The enraged Luddite instantly leans in and fires at where the flash came from, taking the best aim he can. As he said afterwards:

"I was determined to do it, though my hand was shot off for it, and hand and pistol had gone into the mill."

It is very dark: nothing can be seen on either side but the jet of fire upwards and downwards as the besieged fire from behind the paving-stones, and the Luddites from their platoons.

But now from the clamorous crowd outside came groans and screams; and the mob, either intimidated, dreading the coming sabres, or falling short of powder and ball, began to slacken their fire. That gave the mill people fresh courage, for they knew the Luddites were losing heart. Now the firing entirely ceased, except a shot or two at intervals. The wounded men were groaning with pain, and their comrades were trying to carry them off. The Luddites broke and separated towards Huddersfield; one man fell in the mill-dam; others slunk back to the Dunab Steeple Field; a few crept up the beck.

Mr. Cartwright, listening, could hear the heavy groaning of the poor wretches left under the windows wounded, but he was afraid to go out lest it should afterwards be said that he had murdered the stragglers in cold blood. Then the victorious defenders rejoiced, but kept the alarm-bell going. On a friend arriving, Cartwright went cautiously out and examined the field of battle, and removed the wounded men to a public-house near. When the day broke, Cartwright went and examined the ruined mill: the windows were destroyed, the doors chopped and broken, the paths to Huddersfield strown with malls, hatchets, and hammers. There was a Luddite's hat floating in a dismal way about the mill-dam.

That night many glimpses were obtained of the retreating rioters.

Some of the frightened Luddites were soon tracked. On the night of the attack on Rawfold Mill, a man named Brooks, who was wet through and without a hat, called at High Town on a man named Naylor, from whom Mellor, the leading spirit all through this bad affair, borrowed a hat for his coadjutor. On the day after, a woman living at Lockwood saw a great many cloth-dressers come to the house of a man named Brook, whom she heard evidently telling "some sorrowful tale." She could tell that by the motion of his hand. She heard only a few words, and those were:

"That of all the dismallest dins anybody

ever heard, that was the dismallest, and that you might have heard it half a mile, and I had rather be clumm'd to death than be in such a stir again."

Before any of the men could be arrested, the irritation produced by the failure of the attack on Rawfold's mill had led to a fresh crime. A day or two after the repulse at Mr. Wood's mill at Longroyd's Bridge were talking together, lamenting the loss of life amongst the Luddites at Cartwright's mill. Mellor, always foremost, then said there was no way of smashing the machinery but by shooting the masters. No one present seems to have protested against this proposition. Mellor, who had been to Russia, had brought back with him a large pistol of a peculiar kind, with a barrel half a yard long. It had been sold to a man named Hall for some pigeons. This pistol was borrowed on the afternoon of the 28th of April. At Hall's house, Mellor loaded this pistol so heavily, that Hall asked Mellor if he meant to fire that. He thought the piece would jump back. Mellor replied coolly, "Yes; I mean to give Horsfall that." About five o'clock that day Mellor came into a room at Longroyd Mill, where a man named Walker was at work with three other men, and asked him to go with him and shoot Mr. Horsfall. The man did not then consent; but half an hour after, Mellor came again, put a loaded and primed pistol into his hand, and told him he must go with him and shoot Horsfall. Walker examined the pistol, found it nearly full, and consented.

This Mr. Horsfall—the man whom the four Luddites waited for in the narrow strip of plantation on the Huddersfield road—was an excitable, impetuous man, violent in manner, but kind and forgiving to his own workpeople. Against the Luddites, however, he was always implacable. Though he had offered to his neighbours, the Armitages, to pull down the obnoxious frames, he had been heard to express his wish to ride up to the saddle-girls in Luddite blood. The children, as he rode through Lingard's Wood, used to run out and cry, "I'm General Lud!" and he would invariably pursue the urchins with his horsemanship. This rash and impulsive man was about forty, and in the full flush of vigorous manhood. It was said that the Luddites had, on the night of the defeat at Rawfold's, tossed up a shilling to settle whether Cartwright's mill or Horsfall's mill should be first attacked.

The other men were in a wood twenty yards nearer Huddersfield. They were to fire after Mellor and Thorpe had fired.

This was at about six o'clock. At about half-past five Mr. Horsfall has mounted at the door of the George Hotel, Huddersfield, rash and defiant as usual, and ridden off. A few minutes after he was out of sight, Mr. Horsfall's friend, a Mr. Eastwood of Slaithwaite, who had often expostulated with the daring and obnoxious mill-owner on the imprudence of his intemperate language about the Luddites, called at the George to propose, for protection and companionship, to ride home with him. On hearing he had gone, he cantered quickly after him, hoping to overtake him. About six Mr. Horsfall pulled up his horse at the Warren House Inn at Crossland Moor. Finding there two of his old workpeople, Mr. Horsfall gave each a glass of liquor in a friendly way. He did not himself alight, but on the saddle tossed off a steaming glass of rum and water, and then rode off flushed with the grog. A man named Parr was about a hundred and fifty yards behind him. All the way from Huddersfield there had been an intermittent stream of people returning homeward—farmers in gigs, labourers with carts, and young squires riding gaily back to their country places.

When Mr. Horsfall comes abreast of the plantation, Parr sees four men in dark-coloured clothes stooping about under the houghs. All at once there comes a crack, as of a gun, and a puff of smoke; then another. Mr. Horsfall's horse jibbs around, and the rider falls with his face on the horse's neck. Two shots had been fired. By great effort the wounded man raises himself painfully up by the horse's mane, and calls out "Murder!" At that moment a man in a bottle-green top-coat (one of the four in ambuscade) springs on the wall with one hand and both feet.

Parr, riding up, seeing this, called out to the murderer, "What, are you not contented yet?" and rode fast up to the wounded man, who was already dripping with blood. Horsfall said to the farmer coming so providentially to his assistance:

"Good man, you are a stranger to me, but pray ride on to Mr. Horsfall's house" (his brother's), "and get assistance. I am shot."

Parr, supporting him in his arms—for he grew sick and faint, and was falling—said:

"Are you Mr. Horsfall of Marsden?"

As he groaned "I am," the blood spurted from his side, and he fell off his horse.

Parr then drew him to the side of the road, and a clothier, named Bannister, supported him in his arms till two boys came up with a cart, and removed the dying man to the Warren House.

When the surgeon came, he found poor Horsfall's pulse weak, faint, and tremulous, and he was pale and sick. One ball had passed through his left side to his right side, and nearly cut the femoral artery. The other ball had pierced his left thigh. He died in about thirty-eight hours.

A labourer in the adjacent fields, who saw the murder perpetrated, was seized with terror, and fled. Another man, ignorant of the murder, saw four men run and clamber over a wall into Dungeon Wood. In getting over the bank, part of a pistol was seen under one of the men's coats, and the ploughman said to himself:

"There go Ludds; we shall have mischief to-night!"

The man (probably Mellor), seeing the pistol was observed, drew his top-coat down over it. Smith and Walker hid their pistols in two ant-hills in the wood, and also Mellor's powder-horn. Mellor and Thorpe then ordered their companions to go Honley way, and gave them two shillings to buy beer. They went on two miles further to Honley, and there drank seven or eight pints of ale. There was a drunken collier there, and the collier, pleased with Smith's excellent whistling, got up and tried to dance. Soon after, some pale, frightened men came in from Huddersfield market, and brought word that Mr. Horsfall had been shot, and was lying half-dead at the Warren House.

The next day Walker was sent for by Mellor to come into his shop at Longroyd Mill. Mellor, Thorpe, and Smith then produced a Bible, and ordered him to kiss it, and swear to keep the secret "in all its circumstances." Six other workmen had already been sworn. Mellor had burned his finger in firing, and it was then bound up, while Thorpe's face had been scratched in running through the plantation.

Mellor and Thorpe's pistols had been left by the former at his cousin's at Dungeon Wood, where the apprentices hid them under some flocks, and after that in the lathe. At this house Mellor also left his own bottle-green top-coat and Thorpe's, and took his cousin's drab-coat away as a disguise.

The Luddites were now triumphant, while quiet and honest people were frantic with fear. We draw upon our local authority for a picture of the aspect of things at this crisis. There were, however, brave men still resolute and determined. "At Marsden, on the receipt of the intelligence, the authorities, undismayed, prepared for all emergencies and redoubled

their precautions. The head-quarters of the cavalry were at the house now belonging to Mr. Robert Taylor. It was then the principal inn in the village, and known as the Old Red Lion, kept by a landlord named John Race. The large room still extending over the entire building—now applied to a far different purpose—was converted into barracks for the cavalry, their horses being kept in the adjoining stables. At Ottiwell's, where a portion of the infantry was continually on guard during the night, prompt measures against a probable attack were taken. Watch and ward was maintained by the soldiery and the local constabulary, a strict surveillance was kept over all suspected individuals, and no lights were permitted in any dwellings after nine o'clock in the evening. It was naturally anticipated that Woodbottom Mill and its proprietors would be the next objects of vengeance, and preparations were made to frustrate it. For months past Enoch and James Taylor had slept in the mill in consequence of their lives being threatened and their own dwellings being unsafe, and they formed part of the mill garrison at night. Their future partner, Arthur Hirst, was the woollen engineer at the mill, and he vigorously laboured to convert the factory into a fortified place, becoming for the time a military engineer. The windows of the first story were barricaded. The doors and window-shutters were coated inside with sheet-iron. All communication between the first and upper stories could be cut off, and the defenders inside were enabled to fire upon an attacking force from the upper stories while sheltered themselves. A trap-door on a floor over the water-wheel had been so ingeniously planned by Arthur Hirst, that if the rioters had gained an entrance they would, on touching the flooring, drop through into the wheel-race below."

Such, however, was the fear of the vengeance of the Luddites, that Mellor and his companions remained undiscovered for nearly a year. Though two thousand pounds (a large sum for poor workmen) were offered for their apprehension, they remained going in and out at Longroyd Mill just as usual, though several dozen men must have known of their guilt. At last, Benjamin Walker, tempted by the reward, betrayed them, and was admitted evidence for the crown. A special commission was held at York before Baron Thomas and Judge Le Blane for the trial of the Luddites, sixty-four in number, who were concerned in the disturbances in the West Riding. The assizes commenced on Saturday,

January 2d, 1813, and terminated on the 12th of the same month. Amongst the prisoners were three of the murderers of Mr. Horsfall, namely, George Mellor, William Thorpe, and Thomas Smith. The evidence against them was conclusive. The prisoners were defended by Henry, afterwards Lord Brougham. At that day it was a peculiarity of the law in trials for such crimes as the prisoners were charged with, that while their counsel could cross-examine the witnesses for the crown, and examine the witnesses for the defence, they could not address the jury on behalf of the accused. This palpable and cruel injustice no longer exists. Mr. Justice Le Blanc, the presiding judge, summed up the evidence clearly and impartially. At the close of the summing-up the jury retired, and returned in twenty-five minutes, bringing in a verdict of "Guilty" against all the prisoners, who, upon being asked if they had anything to urge why sentence of death should not be passed upon them, severally declared that they were "Not Guilty," Thorpe adding, "Evidence has been given false against me, that I declare." Before and after the conviction an impression possessed many minds that Smith was not as culpable as the rest, and that he was as much sinned against as sinning. This feeling was strengthened by the fact that the jury singled him out from the rest, and, the day before the execution, recommended him to mercy; but the recommendation was disregarded. The trial concluded on Wednesday, the 12th of January. In those days death followed quickly upon conviction, and on the Friday following the execution of the three men took place at York. In the short interval between conviction and execution the prisoners were very penitent, yet persistently refused to make any acknowledgment of their guilt. Mellor declared "that he would rather be in the situation he was then placed in, dreadful as it was, than have to answer for the crime of their accuser (Walker);" adding, that "he would not change places with him for his liberty and two thousand pounds." To prevent the possibility of rescue, the place of execution was guarded by a strong force of cavalry and infantry, and at nine o'clock in the morning, in the presence of a vast assemblage of people, the murderers met their doom. Though deeply affected, they made no confession of their guilt. On the Saturday but one following, fourteen more persons were executed at York for crimes of a similar character; a wholesale execution which has since had no parallel in England.

Walker, the informer, was ever after shunned

and detested. His ill-earned money did not prosper; he became poor, and in his old age had to apply for parish relief at Huddersfield.

"The members of the firm of Messrs. Abraham and John Horsfall took the death of their son and nephew greatly to heart; and the father, Mr. Abraham Horsfall, from thenceforth appeared to imbibe a dislike to Marsden. The use of the obnoxious machinery was discontinued at Ottiwell's, and cropping by hand resumed; and in a few years afterwards their mill property in Marsden was disposed of, Bankbottom Mills passing into the possession of Messrs. Norris, Sykes, and Priestley; and Ottiwell's into that of Messrs. Abraham and William Kinder. It is related that, after his son's death, Mr. Abraham Horsfall never again entered the mill at Ottiwell's, and when riding past on his way to Bankbottom, he invariably averted his face from the mill, as if its very sight was hateful and painful to him."

On the 9th of January, Haigh, Dean, Ogden, the three Brooks, Walker, and Hirst were tried for the attack on Cartwright's mill. Haigh, Dean, Ogden, Thomas Brook, and Walker were found guilty and hanged. The rest were acquitted.

After this wholesome severity, the Luddites never made much further head in Yorkshire. The spirit of resistance was roused, leaders were wanting to the rioters, and the better class of workmen began to shrink from combinations that, beginning in destroying machinery, so soon ripened into murder.

WALTER THORNBURY.

MINGUILLO.

FROM THE SPANISH.

"Since for kissing thee, Minguillo,
My mother scolds me all the day,
Let me have it quickly, darling!
Give me back the kiss, I pray.

"If we have done aught amiss,
Let's undo it while we may,
Quickly give me back the kiss,
That she may have nought to say.

"Do, —she keeps so great a potter,
Chides so sharply, looks so grave;
Be, my love, to please my mother,
Give me back the kiss I gave."

"Out upon you, false Minguillo!
One you give, but two you take;
"Give me back the two, my darling!
Give them, for my mother's sake!" —

J. G. LOCKHART.

THE GREEK MOTHER.

BY HENRY G. BELL.

"Nay, shrink not, girl! look out! look out!
It is thy father's sword!
And well know they—that Moslem rout—
The temper of its lord!
He fights for all he loves on earth,
And Heaven his shield will be,—
He fights for home and household hearth,
For Greece and liberty!"

"See! see! wherever sweeps his hand
Down falls a bleeding foe;
What Turkish spoiler shall withstand
A husband's—father's blow?
He marks us not, yet well he knows
How breathlessly we wait
The fearful combat's doubtful close,
And deep love nerves his hate.

"I'd rather be thy father, child,
In sight of God this hour,
Than holiest hermit self-exiled
From earthly pomp and power;
The gleam of patriot sword will rise
As fast as prayer to heaven,
And he who for his own land dies
O! never dies unshriven!"

"God help us! if our father falls,"
Irene whispered low;
"Rain will light upon our walls,
And o'er them grass will grow!
Weak as I am, I would not shrink
From what my fate may be,
But, mother! I grow mad to think
What will become of thee!"

"Hark! nearer rolls the battle shout!
Our island land gives way!
I dare not any more look out, —
O mother! turn away!
It is not good for thee to gaze
With eyes so fix'd and wild——"
"I see him in that fiery maze,
I see my husband, child!"

Then out the young Alexis spoke,
A bright-eyed fearless boy.—
"I would this arm could deal one stroke,
That I, in pride and joy,
Might stand beside my father now,
And slay a Moslem foe,
Then see him turn with smiling brow
? To thank me for the blow!"

"Hush, boy! he is hemmed in—beset!—
Thy father fights alone;
A moment—but a moment yet,
And then thou may'st have none!"—
One moment stood those gazers fixt
As statues in a dream,
One breathless moment—and the next
Broke forth a widow's scream!

"Dead! dead! I sow the gushing gore—
I saw him reel and fall!
And now they trample o'er and o'er
The mightiest of them all!
Dead! dead! and what are children now,
And who or what am I?—
Let the red tide of slaughter flow—
We will wait here to die!"

THE KELP-GATHERER.

The stranger who wanders along the terrific masses of crag that overhang the green and foaming waters of the Atlantic on the western coasts of Ireland feels a melancholy interest excited in his mind as he turns aside from the more impressive grandeur of the scene, and gazes on the small stone heaps that are scattered over the moss on which he treads. They are the graves of the nameless few whose bodies have been from time to time ejected from the bosom of the ocean, and cast upon those lonely crags to startle the early fishermen with their ghastly and disfigured bulk. Here they meet, at the hands of the pitying mountaineers, the last offices of Christian charity—a grave in the nearest soft earth, with no other ceremonial than the humble peasant's prayer. Here they lie, unclothed, unclaimed, unclaimed by mourning friends, starting like sudden spectres of death from the depths of the ocean, to excite a wild fear, a passing thought of pity, a vain inquiry in the hamlet, and then sink into the earth in mystery and in silence, to be no more remembered on its surface.

The obscurity which envelops the history of those unhappy strangers affords a subject to the speculative traveller, on which he may give free play to the wings of his imagination. Few, indeed, can pass these deserted sepulchres without endeavouring for a moment to penetrate the darkness which enshrouds the fate of their mouldering tenants; without beholding the progress of the ruin that struck from beneath the voyager's feet the firm and lofty fabric to which he had confidently trusted his existence; without hearing the shrieks of the despairing crew, and the stern and horrid

burst of the roused-up ocean, as it dealt the last stroke upon the groaning timbers of the wreck, and scattered the whole pile far and wide, in countless atoms, upon the boiling surface of the deep. And again, without turning in thought to the far-away homes at which the tale of the wanderers was never told—to the pale young widow that dreamed herself still a wife, and lived on, from morn to morn, in the fever of a vain suspense—to the helpless parent, that still hoped for the offices of filial kindness from the hand that was now mouldering in a distant grave; and to the social fireside, over whose evening pastimes the long silence of an absent friend had thrown a gloom, that the certainty of woe or gladness could never remove.

Among those nameless tombs, within the space of the last few years, the widow of a fisherman, named Reardon, was observed to spend great portion of her time. Her husband had died young, perishing in a sudden storm which swept his canoe from the coast side into the waste of sea beyond it; and his wife was left to inhabit a small cottage near the crags, and to support, by the labour of her hands, an only child, who was destined to inherit little more than the blessing, the virtues, and the affections of his parent. The poor widow endeavoured to procure a subsistence for her boy and for herself by gathering the kelp which was thrown upon the crags, and which was burned for the purpose of manufacturing soap from its ashes; while the youth employed his yet unformed strength in tilling the small garden that was confined by a quick-set hedge at their cottage side. They were fondly attached, and toiled incessantly to obtain the means of comfort, rather for each other than for themselves; but, with all their exertions, fortune left them in the rearward of her favour. The mother beheld, with a mother's agony, the youthful limbs and features of her boy exhibit the sickly effects of habitual privation and habitual toil; while the son mourned to see the feebleness of a premature old age begin to steal upon the health and vigour of his parent.

In these difficulties a prospect of certain advantage and probable good fortune induced the young man to leave his mother and his native country for some years. The distresses and disturbances which agitated that unhappy land pressed so heavily upon the fortunes of many families of the middle, as well as the lower rank, that great numbers were found to embrace the opportunity of improvement which the colonization of the New World held out for

their advantage. Among those who emigrated was the family under whom the Reardons held their little cottage; and with them it was that the young man determined to try his fortune in a happier region. Having arranged their affairs so as to secure his widowed parent against absolute poverty, they separated with many tears, the mother blessing her son as she committed him to the guardianship of Providence, and the son pledging himself to return to her assistance so soon as he had obtained the means of providing her the comforts necessary for her old age.

His success, though gradual, was complete. The blessings of the young Tobias fell upon the work of his hands, and his industry, because well directed, was productive, even beyond his expectations. Instead of lingering like many of his fellow-exiles in the sea-port towns, where they were detained by idleness and that open-mouthed folly which persuades men that fortune may be found without the pain of seeking, young Reardon proceeded at once into the new settlements, where human industry is one of the most valuable and valued commodities. In a little time he was enabled to remit a considerable portion of his earnings to his poor mother, and continued, from time to time, to increase his contributions to her comfort, until at length the abundance of his prosperity was such as to enable him to relinquish the pursuit of gain, and to fulfil the promise he had made at parting.

He did not return alone. With the full approbation of the poor widow, he had joined his fate to that of a young person in the settlement where he dwelt, whose dispositions were in every way analogous to his own, and who only excelled him in the superior ease and comfort of her circumstances. Previous to his return he wrote to the poor widow, to inform her that in less than two months from that time, with the blessing of Providence, her daughter-in-law, her two grand-children, and her son, would meet beneath the roof of her ancient dwelling.

Fancy, if you can, the anxiety with which the poor widow looked out for this long-expected time. The assistance which the afflative exile had been able to afford her was such as to raise her to a state of comparative affluence in her neighbourhood, and to render her independent of the hard and servile toil by which she had been accustomed to gain a livelihood. Her cottage was wholly changed in its appearance, and had the honour of being frequently selected for a night's lodging by her landlord's agent and other great men who passed

through that lonely district. A few flowers sprang up in her sally-fringed garden, which were not the less tenderly cherished that the seeds from which they grew were transmitted from the emigrant's garden in the other hemisphere. Her life up to the moment when she received this joyous letter, had been calmly and sadly happy. She looked forward with a serene feeling of mingled hope and resignation to the day of her son's return, and never once suffered the eagerness of her affection to outstrip her gratitude to Heaven and her entire dependence upon the divine will.

But, forgive a mother's fondness!—There are few hearts in which the affections of the world and of nature are so entirely held under subjection by the strong hand of reason and faith, that they cannot be moved to a momentary forgetfulness of duty by a sudden and startling occasion. After the widow had heard the letter read in which her son announced his approaching return, the quiet of her life was for a time disturbed. She thought of heaven, indeed, and prayed even more fervently than before; but the burning fever that possessed her heart showed that its confidence was qualified. In the hours of devotion she often found her thoughts wandering from that Being whose breath could still or trouble the surface of the ocean, far over the wide waters themselves, to meet the vessel that was flying to her with the tidings of bliss. She shuddered as she went, morn after morn, to the cliff-head and cast her eyes on the graves of the shipwrecked voyagers which were scattered along the turf-mountain on which she trod. In the silence of the night, when she endeavoured to drown her anxieties in sleep, imagination did but overcast the part with which it had terrified her waking. Stormy seas and adverse winds—a ship straining against the blast, her deck covered with pale and affrighted faces, among which she seemed to detect those of her son and of his family—winds hissing through the creaking yards—and waves tossing their horrid heads aloft and roaring for their prey. Such were the visions that beset the bed of the longing mother, and made the night ghastly to her eyes. When she lay awake, the rustling of a sudden wind among the green boughs at her window made her start and sit erect in her bed; nor would she again return to rest until she had opened the little casement, and satisfied herself, by waving her hand abroad in the night air, that her alarm was occasioned by one of its fairest and most favourable motions. So indeed it was. The Almighty, as though to convince her

how far she was from conjecturing aright the quarter from which calamity might visit her, bade the winds blow during the whole of that period in the manner which, had they been in her own keeping, she would have desired. Her acquaintances and neighbours all seemed to share in her anxiety. The fishermen, after they had drawn up their canoes at evening, were careful, on their way homeward, to drop in at the widow Reardon's door, and let her know what vessels had entered the neighbouring river in the course of the day, or had appeared in the offing. She was constantly cheered with the assurance that fairer weather for a homeward-bound ship, or more likely to continue, was never known before. Still, nevertheless, the poor woman's heart was not at peace, and the days and nights lagged along with an unaccustomed heaviness.

One night in particular, towards the end of the second month, appeared to linger so very strangely, that the widow thought the morn would never dawn. An unusual darkness seemed to brood over the world; and she lay awake, gazing with longing eyes toward the little window through which the sun's earliest rays were used to greet her in her waking.

On a sudden she heard voices outside the window. Alive to the slightest circumstance that was unusual, she arose, all dark as it was, threw on her simple dress in haste, and groped her way to the front door of the dwelling. She recognized the voice of a friendly neighbour, and opened the door, supposing that he might have some interesting intelligence to communicate. She judged correctly.

"Good news! good news! Mrs. Reardon; and I give you joy of them this morning. What will you give me for telling you who is in that small boat at the shore?"

"That small boat?—what?—where?"

"Below there, ma'am, where I'm pointing my finger. Don't you see them coming up the crag towards you?"

"I cannot—I cannot—it is so dark—" the widow replied, endeavouring to penetrate the gloom.

"Dark! And the broad sun shining down upon them this whole day!"

"Day! The sun! O my Almighty Father, save me!"

"What's the matter? Don't you see them, ma'am?"

"See them?" the poor woman exclaimed, placing her hands on her eyes and shrieking aloud in her agony—"Oh! I shall never see him more!—I am dark and blind!"

The peasant started back and blessed him-

self. The next instant the poor widow was caught in the arms of her son.

"Where is she? My mother! O my darling mother, I am come back to you! Look! I have kept my word."

She strove, with a sudden effort of self-restraint, to keep her misfortune secret, and wept, without speaking, upon the neck of her long absent relative, who attributed her tears to an excess of happiness. But when he presented his young wife, and called her attention to the happy laughing faces and healthful cheeks of their children, the wandering of her eyes and the confusion of her manner left it no longer possible to retain the secret.

"My good, kind boy," said she, laying her hand heavily on his arm—"you are returned to my old arms once more, and I am grateful for it—but we cannot expect to have all we wish for in this world. O my poor boy, I can never see you—I can never see your children! I am blind."

The young man uttered a horrid and piercing cry, while he tossed his clenched hand above his head and stamped upon the earth in sudden anguish. "Blind! my mother?" he repeated—"O Heaven, is this the end of all my toils and wishes? To come home and find her dark for ever! Is it for this I have prayed and laboured! Blind and dark! O my poor mother! Oh, Heaven! O mother, mother!"

"Hold now, my boy—where are you? What way is that for a Christian to talk? Come near me, and let me touch your hands.—Don't add to my sorrows, Richard, my child, by uttering a word against the will of Heaven.—Where are you? Come near me. Let me hear you say that you are resigned to this and all other visitations of the great Lord of all light. Say this, my child, and your virtue will be dearer to me than my eyes! Ah! my good Richard, you may be sure the Almighty never strikes us except it is for our sins, or for our good. I thought too much of you, my child, and the Lord saw that my heart was straying to the world again, and he has struck me for the happiness of both. Let me hear you say that you are satisfied. I can see your heart still, and that is dearer to me than your person. Let me see it as good and dutiful as I knew it before you left me."

The disappointed exile supported her in his arms.—"Well,—well,—my poor mother," he said, "I am satisfied. Since you are the chief sufferer and show no discontent, it would be too unreasonable that I should murmur. The will of Heaven be done!—but it is a bitter—stroke." Again he folded his dark parent

to his bosom and wept aloud, while his wife, retiring softly to a distance, hid her face in her cloak. Her children clung with fear and anxiety to her side, and gazed with affrighted faces upon the afflicted mother and son.

But they were not forgotten. After she had repeatedly embraced her recovered child, the good widow remembered her guests. She extended her arms towards that part of the room at which she heard the sobs and moanings of the younger mother. "Is that my daughter's voice?" she asked—"place her in my arms, Richard. Let me feel the mother of your children upon my bosom." The young woman flung herself into the embrace of the aged widow. "Young and fair, I am sure," the latter continued, passing her wasted fingers over the blooming cheek of the good American. "I can feel the roses upon this cheek, I am certain. But what are these?—Tears! My good child, you should dry our tears, instead of adding to them. Where are your children? Let me see—ah! my heart—let me *feel* them, I mean—let me take them in my arms. My little angels! Oh! If I could only open my eyes for one moment to look upon you all—but for one little instant—I would close them again for the rest of my life, and think myself happy. If it had happened only one day—one hour after your arrival—but the will of Heaven be done! perhaps even this moment, when we think ourselves most miserable, he is preparing for us some hidden blessing."

Once more the pious widow was correct in her conjecture. It is true, that day, which all hoped should be a day of rapture, was spent by the reunited family in tears and mourning. But Providence did not intend that creatures who had served him so faithfully should be visited with more than a temporary sorrow for a slight and unaccustomed transgression.

The news of the widow's misfortune spread rapidly through the country, and excited universal sympathy—for few refuse their countenance to a fellow-creature's sorrow—even of those who would accord a tardy and measured sympathy to his good fortune. Among those who heard with real pity the story of their distress, was a surgeon who resided in the neighbourhood, and who felt all that enthusiastic devotion to his art which its high importance to the welfare of mankind was calculated to excite in a generous mind. This gentleman took an early opportunity of visiting the old widow when she was alone in the cottage. The simplicity with which she told her story, and the entire resignation which she expressed, interested and touched him deeply.

"It is not over with me yet, sir," she concluded, "for still, when the family are talking around me, I forget that I am blind; and when I hear my son say something pleasant, I turn to see the smile upon his lips; and when the darkness reminds me of my loss, it seems as if I lost my sight over again!"

The surgeon discovered on examination that the blindness was occasioned by a disease called cataract, which obscures, by an unhealthy secretion, the lucid brightness of the crystalline lens, and obstructs the entrance of the rays of light. The improvements which modern practitioners have made in this science render this disease, which was once held to be incurable, now comparatively easy of removal. The surgeon perceived at once by the condition of the eyes, that, by the abstraction of the injured lens, he could restore sight to the afflicted widow.

Unwilling, however, to excite her hopes too suddenly or prematurely, he began by asking her whether, for a chance of recovering the use of her eyes, she would submit to a little pain?

The poor woman replied, "that if he thought he could once more enable her to behold her child and his children, she would be content to undergo any pain which would not endanger her existence."

"Then," replied her visitor, "I may inform you that I have the strongest reasons to believe that I can restore you to sight, provided you agree to place yourself at my disposal for a few days. I will provide you with an apartment in my house, and your family shall know nothing of it until the cure is effected."

The widow consented, and on that very evening the operation was performed. The pain was slight, and was endured by the patient without a murmur. For a few days after the surgeon insisted on her wearing a covering over her eyes, until the wounds which he had found it necessary to inflict had been perfectly healed.

One morning, after he had felt her pulse and made the necessary inquiries, he said, while he held the hand of the widow:—

"I think we may now venture with safety to remove the covering. Compose yourself now, my good old friend, and suppress all emotion. Prepare your heart for the reception of a great happiness."

The poor woman clasped her hands firmly together and moved her lips as if in prayer. At the same moment the covering fell from her brow and the light burst in a joyous flood upon her soul. She sat for an instant bewildered and incapable of viewing any object with

distinctness. The first on which her eyes reposed was the figure of a young man bending his gaze with an intense and ecstatic fondness upon hers, and with his arms outstretched as if to anticipate the recognition. The face, though changed and sunned since she had known it, was still familiar to her. She started from her seat with a wild cry of joy, and cast herself upon the bosom of her son.

She embraced him repeatedly, then removed him to a distance that she might have the opportunity of viewing him with greater distinctness—and again, with a burst of tears, flung herself upon his neck. Other voices, too, mingled with theirs. She beheld her daughter and their children waiting eagerly for her caress. She embraced them all, returning from each to each, and perusing their faces and persons as if she would never drink deep enough of the cup of rapture which her recovered sense afforded her. The beauty of the young mother—the fresh and rosy colour of the children—the glossy brightness of their hair—their smiles—their movements of joy—all afforded subjects for delight and admiration, such as she might never have experienced had she never considered them in the light of blessings lost for life. The surgeon, who thought that the consciousness of a stranger's presence might impose a restraint upon the feelings of the patient and her friends, retired into a distant corner, where he beheld, not without tears, the scene of happiness which he had been made instrumental in conferring.

"Richard," said the widow, as she laid her hand upon her son's shoulder and looked into his eyes, "did I not judge aright when I said, that even when we thought ourselves the most miserable, the Almighty might have been preparing for us some hidden blessing? Were we in the right to murmur?"

The young man withdrew his arms from his mother, clasped them before him, and bowed down his head in silence.

GERALD GRANVILLE.

REFLECTION AT SEA.

See how beneath the moonbeam's smile
Yon little bilow heaves its breast;
It foams and sparkles for a while,
And, murmuring, then subsides to rest.

So man, the sport of bliss and care,
Rises on Time's eventful sea,
And, having swell'd a moment there,
Thus melts into eternity.

THOMAS MOORE.

Tales of the Five Senses.

THE MOUSE TURNED HERMIT.

FROM PIGNOTTI.

"O beata solitudine!"

In winter, when my grandmother sat spinning
Close in the corner by the chimney-side,
To many a tale, still ending, still beginning,
She made me list with eyes and mouth full wide,
Wondering at all the monstrous things she told,
Things quite as monstrous as herself was old.

She told me how the frogs and mice went fighting,
And every word and deed of wolves and foxes,
Of ghosts and witches in dead night delighting,
Of fury spirits rummaging in boxes;
And this in her own strain of fearful joy,
While I stood by, a happy frightened boy.

One night, quite sauky, not a word she uttered,
Spinning away as mute as any fish,
Except that now and then she grow'd and mutter'd;
At last I begged and puyed till, to my wish,
She cleared her pipes, spat thrice, coughed for a while,
And thus began with something like a smile:

"Once on a time there was a mouse," quoth she,
"Who, sick of worldly tears and laughter, grew
Emancip'd of a subtlety privacy;
To all terrestrial things he bade adieu,
And entered, fur from mouse, or cat, or man,
A thick-wall'd cheese, the best of Parmezan.

"And, good soul, knowing that the root of evil
Is illness, that bane of heavenly grace,
Our hermit laboured hard against the devil,
Unwearied in that same sacred place,
Where further in he toiled, and further yet,
With toil for holy nibbling sharply set.

"His fur skin jacket soon became distended,
And his plump sides could vie with any friar's;
Happy the pious who by Heaven befriended,
Reap the full harvest of their just desires!
And happier they, whom an eternal vow
Shuts from the world, who live—we know not how!

"Just at that time, driven to the very brink
Of dire destruction, was the mouse nation;
Cora was lock'd up, fast, close, without a chink,
No hope appeared to save them from starvation;
For who could dare grimalkin's whisker'd chaps,
And long-clawed paws, in search of random scraps?

"Then was a solemn deputation sent
From one and all to every neighbouring house,
Each with a bag upon his shoulder went,
And last they came unto our hermit-mouse,
Where, squeaking out a chortle at his door,
They begg'd him to take pity on the poor.

"'O my dear children,' said the anchohite,
'On mortal happiness and transient cares
No more I bend my thoughts, no more delight
In subliminary, worldly, vain affaires;

These things have I forsown, and must, though loath,
Reprove your striving thus against my oath.

""Poor, helpless as I am, what can I do?
A solitary tenant of these walls;
What can I more than breathe my prayers for you?
And Heaven oft listens when the pious call!
Go, my dear children, leave me here to pray,
Go, go, and take your empty bags away."

"Ho! grandmother," cried I, "this matches well
This mouse of yours we sang within his cheese,
With many a monk as sung within his cell,
Swollen up with plenty and a life of ease,
Who takes but cannot give to a poor sinner,
Proclaims a fast and hurries home to dinner."

"Ah, hold your tongue!" the good old dame screamed
out,
"You jackanapes! who taught you then to prate?
How is't you dare to slander the devout?
Men in so blessed, so sanctified a state!
Oh, wretched world!—Ah, hold your wicked tongue!—
Aha! that sin should be in one so young!

"If e'er you talk so naughtily again,
I promise you 'twill be a bitter day!"
So spoke my grandmother, nor spoke in vain;
She look'd so fierce I'd not a word to say;
And still I'm silent as I hope to thrive,
For many grandmothers are yet alive.

A POET'S PRESENT.

TO THE LADY OLIVIA PORTER.¹

God! hunt the whiter ermine, and present
His wealthy skin, as this day's tribute sent
To my Endymion's love, though she be far
More gently smooth, more soft than ermine are!
God! climb that rock; and when thou there hast
found
A star, contracted in a diamond,
Give it Endymion's love; whose glorious eyes
Darken the starry jewels of the skies!
God! dive into the southern sea, and when
Thou hast found (to trouble the nice sight of men)
A swelling pearl, and such whose single worth
Beats all the wonders which the sons bring forth,
Give it Endymion's love; whose every tear
Would more enrich the skilful jeweller.
How I command! how slowly they obey!
The churlish Tartar will not hunt to-day;
Nor will that lazy, allow Indian strive
To climb the rock; nor that dull Negro dive.
Thus Poets, like to kings, by trust deceived,
Give oftener what is heard of than received.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.

¹ Wife of the poet's friend and patron, Endymion Porter.

THE VENETIAN GIRL.

The sun was shining beautifully one summer evening, as if he had a sparkling farewell to a world which he had made happy. It seemed also by his looks as if he promised to make his appearance again to-morrow; but there was at times a deep-breathing western wind, and dark purple clouds came up here and there, like gorgeous waiters on a funeral. The children in a village not far from the metropolis were playing, however, on the green, content with the brightness of the moment, when they saw a female approaching, who instantly gathered them about her by the singularity of her dress. It was not very extraordinary; but any difference from the usual apparel of their countrywomen appeared so to them; and crying out, "A French girl, a French girl!" they ran up to her, and stood looking and talking. She seated herself upon a bench that was fixed between two elms, and for a moment leaned her head against one of them, as if faint with walking. But she raised it speedily, and smiled with great complacence on the rude urchins. She had a bodice and petticoat on of different colours, and a handkerchief tied neatly about her head with the point behind. On her hands were gloves without fingers; and she wore about her neck a guitar, upon the strings of which one of her hands rested. The children thought her very handsome. Any one else would also have thought her very ill, but they saw nothing in her but a good-natured looking foreigner and a guitar, and they asked her to play. "Oh che bei ragazzi!" said she, in a soft and almost inaudible voice; "che visi lieti!"⁴ and she began to play. She tried to sing too, but her voice failed her, and she shook her head smilingly, saying, "Stancha stancha!"⁵ "Sing—do sing," said the children; and nodding her head she was trying to do so, when a set of school-boys came up and joined in the request. "No, no," said one of the elder boys, "she is not well. You are ill, a'n't you,—miss?" added he, laying his hand upon hers as if to hinder it. He drew out the last word somewhat doubtfully, for her appearance perplexed him; he scarcely knew whether to take her for a common stroller, or a lady straying from a sick-bed. "Grazie!" said she, understanding his look:—"troppo stanche: troppo."⁶ By this time the usher came

⁴ Oh what fine boys! what happy faces!

⁵ Weary! weary!

⁶ Thanks!—too weary! too weary!

up, and addressed her in French, but she only understood a word here and there. He then spoke Latin, and she repeated one or two of his words, as if they were familiar to her. "She is an Italian," said he, looking round with a good-natured importance; "for the Italian is but a bastard of the Latin." The children looked with the more wonder, thinking he was speaking of the fair musician. "Non dubito," continued the usher, "quoniam tu lectitas poetam illum celebrissimum, Tassonem;⁷ Taxum, I should say properly, but the departure from the Italian name is considerable." The stranger did not understand a word. "I speak of Tasso," said the usher,—"of Tasso." "Tasso! Tasso!" repeated the fair minstrel.—"oh—conhoso—Tus-so;"⁸ and she hung with a beautiful languor upon the first syllable. "Yes," returned the worthy scholar, "doubtless your accent may be better. Then of course you know those classical lines—

"Intanto Erminia infra l'onbrossa plante
D'antica selva dal cavallo è scorta;

The stranger repeated the words in a tone of fondness, like those of an old friend:—

"Intanto Erminia infra l'onbrossa plante
D'antica selva dal cavallo è scorta;
No più governo il freu la man tremana,
E meza quasi per tra viva e morta."⁹

Our usher's common-place book had supplied him with a fortunate passage, for it was the favourite song of her countrymen. It also singularly applied to her situation. There was a sort of exquisite mixture of silver clearness and soft meanness in her utterance of these verses, which gave some of the children a better idea of French than they had had; for they could not get it out of their heads that she must be a French girl; "Italian French perhaps," said one of them. But her voice trembled as she went on, like the hand she spoke of. "I have heard my poor cousin Montague sing those very lines," said the boy who prevented her from playing. "Montague," repeated the stranger very plainly, but turning paler and fainter. She put one of her hands in turn upon the boy's affectionately, and pointed towards the spot where the church was. "Yes, yes," cried the boy;—"why, she

⁷ Doubtless you read that celebrated poet Tasso.

⁸ Oh—I know Tasso.

⁹ Meantime in the old wood, the palfrey bore
Erminia deeper into shade and shade;
Her trembling hands could hold him in no more,
And she appeared betwixt alive and dead.

knew my cousin—she must have known him in Venice." "I told you," said the usher, "she was an Italian."—"Help her to my aunt's," continued the youth, "she'll understand her—lean upon me, miss;" and he repeated the last word without his former hesitation.

Only a few boys followed her to the door, the rest having been awed away by the usher. As soon as the stranger entered the house, and saw an elderly lady who received her kindly, she exclaimed "La Signora Madre," and fell in a swoon at her feet.

She was taken to bed, and attended with the utmost care by her hostess, who would not suffer her to talk till she had a sleep. She merely heard enough to find out that the stranger had known her son in Italy; and she was thrown into a painful state of guessing by the poor girl's eyes, which followed her about the room till the lady fairly came up and closed them. "Obedient! Obedient!" said the patient; "obedient in everything: only the signora will let me kiss her hand;" and taking it with her own trembling one, she laid her cheek upon it, and it stayed there till she dropped asleep for weariness.

"——Silken rost
Tis all thy cares up."

thought her kind watcher, who was doubly thrown upon a recollection of that beautiful passage in *Besamont and Fletcher* by the suspicion she had of the cause of the girl's visit. "And yet," thought she, turning her eyes with a thin tear in them towards the church spire, "he was an excellent boy,—the boy of my heart."

When the stranger woke the secret was explained: and if the mind of her hostess was relieved, it was only the more touched with pity, and indeed moved with respect and admiration. The dying girl (for she was evidently dying, and happy at the thought of it) was the niece of an humble tradesman in Venice, at whose house young Montague, who was a gentleman of small fortune, had lodged and fallen sick in his travels. She was a lively good-natured girl, whom he used to hear coqueting and playing the guitar with her neighbours; and it was greatly on this account that her considerate and hushing gravity struck him whenever she entered his room. One day he heard no more coqueting, nor even the guitar. He asked the reason, when she came to give him some drink; and she said that she had heard him mention some noise that disturbed him. "But you do not call your voice

and your music a noise," said he, "do you, Rosaura? I hope not, for I had expected it would give me double strength to get rid of this fever and reach home." Rosaura turned pale, and let the patient into a secret; but what surprised and delighted him was, that she played her guitar nearly as often as before, and sung too, only less sprightly airs. "You get better and better, signor," said she, "every day; and your mother will see you and be happy. I hope you will tell her what a good doctor you had?" "The best in the world," cried he, as he sat up in bed, he put his arm round her waist, and kissed her. "Pardon me, signora," said the poor girl to her hostess; "but I felt that arm round my waist for a week after—almost as much as if it had been there." "And Charles felt that you did," thought his mother: "for he never told me the story."—"He begged my pardon," continued she, "as I was hastening out of the room, and hoped I should not construe his warmth into impertinence: and to hear him talk so to me, who used to fear what he might think of myself—it made me stand in the passage, and lean my head against the wall, and weep such bitter and yet such sweet tears! But he did not hear them:—no, madam, he did not know indeed how much I—how much I—" "Loved him, child," interrupted Mrs. Montague; "you have a right to say so; and I wish he had been alive to say as much to you himself." "Oh, good God!" said the dying girl, her tears flowing away, "this is too great a happiness for me, to hear his own mother talking so." And again she lays her weak head upon the lady's hand. The latter would have persuaded her to sleep again, but she said she could not for joy: "for I'll tell you, madam," continued she; "I do not believe you'll think it foolish, for something very grave at my heart tells me it is not so; but I have had a long thought" (and her voice and look grew somewhat more exalted as she spoke) "which has supported me through much toil and many disagreeable things to this country and this place; and I will tell you what it is, and how it came into my mind. I received this letter from your son." Here she drew out a paper which, though carefully wrapped up in several others, was much worn at the sides. It was dated from the village, and ran thus:—"This comes from the Englishman whom Rosaura nursed so kindly at Venice. She will be sorry to hear that her kindness was in vain, for he is dying: and he sometimes fears that her sorrow will be still greater than he could wish it to be. But marry one of your kind countrymen, my good girl; for all must love

Rosaura who know her. If it shall be my lot ever to meet her in heaven, I will thank her as a blessed tongue only can." "As soon as I read this letter, madam, and what he said about heaven, it flashed into my head that though I did not deserve him on earth, I might, perhaps, by trying and patience, deserve to be joined with him in heaven, where there is no distinction of persons. My uncle was pleased to see me become a religious pilgrim: but he knew as little of the contract as I; and I found that I could earn my way to England better and quite as religiously by playing my guitar, which was also more independent; and I had often heard your son talk of independence and freedom, and commend me for doing what he was pleased to call so much kindness to others. So I played my guitar from Venice all the way to England, and all that I earned by it I gave away to the poor, keeping enough to procure me lodgings. I lived on bread and water, and used to weep happy tears over it, because I looked up to heaven and thought he might see me. I have sometimes, though not often, met with small insults; but if ever they threatened to grow greater, I begged the people to desist in the kindest way I could, even smiling, and saying I would please them if I had the heart; which might be wrong, but it seemed as if deep thoughts told me to say so; and they used to look astonished, and left off; which made me the more hope that St. Mark and the Holy Virgin did not think ill of my endeavours. So playing, and giving alms in this manner, I arrived in the neighbourhood of your beloved village, where I fell sick for a while and was very kindly treated in an outhouse; though the people, I thought, seemed to look strange and afraid on this crucifix,—though your son never did,—though he taught me to think kindly of everybody, and hope the best, and leave every thing except our own endeavours to heaven. I fell sick, madam, because I found for certain that the Signor Montague was dead, albeit I had no hope that he was alive." She stopped awhile for breath, for she was growing weaker and weaker; and her hostess would fain have had her keep silence; but she pressed her hand as well as she might, and prayed with such a patient panting of voice to be allowed to go on, that she was. She smiled beautifully and resumed:—"so when—so when I got my strength a little again, I walked on and came to the beloved village; and I saw the beautiful white church-spires in the trees; and then I knew where his body slept; and I thought some kind person would help me to die with my face looking towards the church, as it now does—

and death is upon me, even now; but lift me a little higher on the pillows, dear lady, that I may see the green ground of the hill."

She was raised up as she wished, and after looking awhile with a placid sleeplessness at the hill, said in a very low voice—"Say one prayer for me, dear lady, and if it be not too proud in me, call me in it your daughter." The mother of her beloved summoned up a grave and earnest voice, as well as she might, and knelt, and said, "O heavenly Father of us all, who in the midst of thy manifold and merciful bounties bringest us into strong passes of anguish, which nevertheless thou enablest us to go through, look down, we beseech thee, upon this thy young and innocent servant, the daughter that might have been, of my heart,—and enable her spirit to pass through the struggling bonds of mortality and be gathered into thy rest with those we love—do, dear and great God, of thy infinite mercy; for we are poor weak creatures both young and old." Here her voice melted away into a breathing tearfulness; and after remaining on her knees a moment, she rose, and looked upon the bed, and saw that the weary smiling one was no more.

LEON HUNT.

SONG.

WRITTEN FOR AN INDIAN AIR.

I arise from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright.
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Hath led me, who knows how?
To thy chamber window sweet.

The wandering airs they faint
On the dark, the silent stream,
The Champak odours fail
Like sweet thoughts in a dream;
The nightingale's complaint
It dies upon her heart,
As I must die on thine,
Beloved as thou art!

O lift me from the grass!
I die, I faint, I fail!
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale,
My cheek is cold and white, alas!
My heart beats loud and fast;
O! press it close to thine again,
Where it will break at last.

SHELLEY.

THE BELLE OF THE BALL-ROOM.¹

Years—years ago,—ere yet my dreams
Had been of being wise or witty,—
Ere I had done with writing themes,
Or yawned o'er this infernal Clitty;—
Years—years ago,—while all my joy
Was in my fowling-piece and filly,—
In short, while I was yet a boy,
I fell in love with Laura Lily.

I saw her at the County Ball:
There when the sounds of flute and fiddle
Gave signal sweet in that old hall
Of hands across and down the middle,
Hers was the subtlest spell by far
Of all that set young hearts romancing;
She was our queen, our rose, our star;
And then she danced—O Heaven, her dancing!

Dark was her hair, her hand was white;
Her voice was exquisitely tender;
Her eyes were full of liquid light;
I never saw a waist so slender!
Her every look, her every smile,
Shot right and left a score of arrows;
I thought 'twas Venus from her isle,
And wondered where she'd left her sparrows.

She talked,—of politics or prayers,—
Of Southey's prose or Wordsworth's sonnets,—
Of dandlers—or of dancing bears,
Of battles—or the last new bonnets,
By candlelight, at twelve o'clock,
To me it mattered not a tittle;
If those bright lips had quoted Locke,
I might have thought they marmured Little.

Through sunny May, through sultry June,
I loved her with a love eternal;
I spoke her praises to the moon,
I wrote them to the Sunday Journal:
My mother laughed; I soon found out
That ancient ladies have no feeling:
My father frowned; but how should gout
See any happiness in kneeling?

She was the daughter of a Dean,
Rich, fat, and rather apoplectic;
She had one brother, just thirteen,
Whose colour was extremely hectic;
Her grandmother for many a year
Had fed the parish with her bounty;
Her second cousin was a peer,
And Lord-Lieutenant of the County.

But titles, and the three per cents.,
And mortgages, and great relations,
And India bonds, and tithes, and rents,
Oh what are they to love's sensations?
Black eyes, fair forehead, clustering locks—
Such wealth, such honours, Cupid chooses;
He cares as little for the Stocks
As Baron Rothschild for the Muses.

She sketched; the vale, the wood, the beach,
Grew lovelier from her pencil's shading;
She botanized; I envied such
Young blossom in her boudoir fading;
She warbled Handel; it was grand;
She made the Catalani jealous;
She touched the organ; I could stand
For hours and hours to blow the bellows.

She kept an album, too, at home,
Well filled with all an album's glories;
Paintings of butterflies, and Rome,
Patterns for trimming, Persian stories;
Soft songs to Julia's cockatoo,
Fierce odes to Famine and to Slaughter,
And autographs of Prince Leboe,
And recipes for elder-water.

And she was flattered, worshipped, bored;
Her steps were watched, her dress was noted;
Her poodle dog was quite adored,
Her sayings were extremely quoted;
She laughed, and every heart was glad,
As if the taxes were abolished;
She frowned, and every look was sad,
As if the Opera were demolished.

She smiled on many, just for fun,—
I knew that there was nothing in it;
I was the first—the only one
Her heart had thought of for a minute.—
I knew it, for she told me so,
In phrase which was divinely moulded;
She wrote a charming hand,—and oh!
How sweetly all her notes were folded!

Our love was like most other loves;—
A little glow, a little shiver,
A rose-bud, and a pair of gloves,
And “Fly not yet”—upon the river;
Some jealousy of some one's heir,
Some hopes of dying broken-hearted,
A miniature, a lock of hair,
The usual vows,—and then we parted.

We parted; months and years rolled by;
We met again four summers after;
Our parting was all sob and sigh;
Our meeting was all mirth and laughter;
For in my heart's most secret cell
There had been many other lodgers;
And she was not the ball-room's Bells,
But only—Mrs. Something Rogers!

¹ From the *Poems of Winstroy Mackworth Praed*.
London: Moxon and Co.

THE MARQUISE.

(George Sand (Mathilde Amélie Dupin, baronne Dudevant), born in Paris, 1st July, 1804; died at Nohant, Berry, 8th June, 1876. She was acknowledged to be the greatest modern novelist of France. She produced a mass of romances, plays, sketches, criticisms, pamphlets, and political articles. An English critic says: "Of all modern French authors, George Sand has added to fiction, has annexed from the worlds of reality and of imagination, the greatest number of original characters—of what Emerson calls new organic creations. Moreover, George Sand is, after Rousseau, the only great French author who has looked directly and lovingly into the face of nature, and learned the secrets which skies and waters, fields and lanes, can teach to the heart that loves them." Unfortunately the early novels of George Sand created much scandal, which is not yet forgotten. It is a source of regret that genius so great should have produced books which must be avoided. Amongst her best works are *Lélia*, *Consuelo*, *Little Fadette*, and *Jeunesse*.)

The Marquise de R. never said brilliant things, although it is the rule in French literature that every old woman shall sparkle with wit. Her ignorance was extreme on all points which the contact of the world had not taught her, and she had none of that nicely of expression, that exquisite penetration, that marvellous tact, which belong, it is said, to women who have seen all the different phases of life and of society; she was blunt, heedless, and sometimes even cynical. She put to flight every idea I had formed concerning the noble ladies of the olden time, yet she was a genuine marquise, and had seen the court of Louis XV. But as she was, even then, an exceptional character, do not seek in her history for a serious study of the manners of any epoch. Society seems to me, at all times, so difficult either to know or to paint, that I prefer having nothing to do with it. I shall be satisfied with relating some of those personal anecdotes which establish a sympathy between men of all societies and all times.

I had never found much pleasure in the society of the lady. She seemed to me remarkable for nothing except her prodigious memory of the events of her youth, and the masculine lucidity with which she expressed her recollections. For the rest, she was, like all aged persons, forgetful of recent events, and indifferent to everything in which she had no personal interest.

Her beauty had not been of that piquant order, which, lacking splendour and regularity, cannot please in itself; a woman so made learns to be witty, in order to be as beautiful

as those who are more so. The marquise had had the misfortune to be unquestionably beautiful. I have seen her portrait, for, like all old women, she had the vanity to hang it up for exhibition in her apartment.

She was represented in the character of a huntress nymph, with a low satin waist painted to imitate tiger-skin, sleeves of antique lace, a bow of sandal-wood, and a crescent of pearls lighting up her hair. It was an admirable painting, and, above all, an admirable woman, tall, slender, dark, with black eyes, austere and noble features, unsmiling deep-red lips, and hands which, it was said, had thrown the Princess of Lamballe into despair. Without lace, satin, or powder, she might indeed have seemed one of those fair and haughty nymphs who were fabled to appear to mortals in the depths of the forest or upon the solitary mountain side, only to drive them mad with passion and regret.

Nevertheless, the marquise had made few conquests; according to her own account, she had been thought dull and spiritless. The worn-out men of that time cared less for the charms of beauty than for the allurements of coquetry; women infinitely less admired than she had robbed her of all her admirers, and, strange enough, she had seemed indifferent to her fate. The little she had told me of her life made me believe that her heart had had no youth, and that a cold selfishness had paralyzed all its faculties. Yet several sincere friends surrounded her old age, and she gave alms without ostentation.

One evening I found her even more communicative than usual: there was a good deal of sadness in her thoughts. "My dear child," said she, "the Vicomte de Larrioux has just died of the gout. It is a great grief to me, for I have been his friend those sixty years. And then, there is something frightful in so many deaths. His, however, was not surprising; he was so old."

"What was his age?" asked I.

"Eighty-four years. I am eighty, but I am not as infirm as he was, and I can hope to live longer. *N'importe!* Several of my friends have gone this year, and although I tell myself that I am younger and stronger than any of them, I cannot help being frightened when I see my contemporaries sinking around me."

"And these," said I, "are the only regrets you feel for poor Larrioux, a man who worshipped you for sixty years, who never ceased to complain of your cruelty, and yet never revolted from his allegiance. He was a model lover; there are no more such men."

"My dear child," answered the marquise, "I see that you think me a cold and heartless woman. Perhaps you are right; judge for yourself. I will tell you my whole history, and, whatever opinion you may have of me, I, at least, shall not die without having made myself known to some one. Perhaps you will give me some mark of compassion which will soften the bitterness of my recollections.

"When I was sixteen I left Saint Cyr, where I had been educated, to marry the Marquis de R. He was fifty, but I dared not complain, for every one congratulated me on this splendid match, and all my portionless companions envied my lot.

"I was never very bright, and at that time I was positively stupid; the education of the cloister had completely benumbed my faculties. I left the convent with that silly ignorance of life and of the world which is foolishly considered a merit in young girls, and which often results in the misery of their whole lives.

"As a natural consequence, the experience brought me by my brief married life was lodged in an narrow a mind that it was of no use to me. I learned, not to understand life, but to doubt myself.

"I was a widow before I was seventeen, and as soon as I was out of mourning I was surrounded with suitors. I was then in all the splendours of my beauty, and it was generally admitted that there was not a face or a figure which could be compared to mine.

"But my husband, an old, worn-out, and dissipated man, who had never shown me any thing but irony and disdain, and who had only married me to obtain an office promised with my hand, had left me such an aversion to marriage, that I could never be brought to contract new ties. In my ignorance of life I fancied that all men resembled him, and that in a second husband I should find M. de R.'s hard heart, his pitiless irony, and that insulting coldness which had so deeply humiliated me. This fatal entrance into life had dispelled for me all the illusions of youth. My heart, which perhaps was not naturally cold, withdrew into itself and grew full of suspicion.

"I was foolish enough to tell my real feelings to several women of my acquaintance. They did not fail to divulge what they had learned, and, without taking any account of the doubts and anguish of my heart, boldly declared that I despised all men. There is nothing which men will not more readily pardon than this feeling; my lovers soon learned to detest me, and continued their flatteries only in the hope of finding an opportunity to

hold me up to ridicule. I saw mockery and treachery written upon every forehead, and my misanthropy increased every day.

"About this time there came to Paris from the provinces a man who had neither talent nor any strong or pleasing quality, but who possessed a frankness and uprightness of feeling very rare among the people with whom I lived. This was the Vicomte de Larrieux. He was soon acknowledged to be my most favoured suitor.

"He, poor fellow, loved me in the sincerity of his soul. His soul! Had he a soul? He was one of those cold, prosaic men who have not even the elegance of vice or the brilliance of falsehood. He was struck only by my beauty, and took no pains to discover my heart. This was not disdain on his part, it was incapacity. Had he found in me the power of loving, he would not have known how to respond to it.

"I do not think that there ever lived a man more wedded to material things than poor Larrieux. He ate with delight, he fell asleep in all the arm-chairs, and the remainder of the time he took snuff. He was always occupied in satisfying some appetite. I do not think he had an idea a day.

"And yet, my dear friend, will you believe it? I never had the energy to get rid of him! For sixty years he has been my torment. Constantly offended by my repulses, yet constantly drawn to me by the very obstacles I placed in the way of his passion, he has had for me the most faithful, the most untiring, the most wearisome love that ever man felt for woman."

"I am surprised," said I, "that you never should have met, in the course of your life, a man capable of understanding you, and worthy of converting you to real love. Must we conclude that the men of to-day are superior to those of the olden time?"

"That would be a great piece of vanity on your part," answered she, laughing. "I have little reason to speak well of the men of my own time, yet I doubt whether you have made much progress; but I will not moralize. The cause of my misfortune was entirely in myself. I had not the sense to judge. A woman as proud as I was should have possessed a superior character, and should have been able to distinguish at one glance among all the insipid, false, and insignificant men who surrounded me, one of those true and noble beings who are rare in every age. I was too ignorant, too narrow-minded, for this. As I have lived longer I have acquired more judgment, and I have learned that several of the objects of my

hatred deserved far other feelings. But I was then old, and my knowledge came too late."

"And while you were young," I rejoined, "were you never tempted to make a second trial? Was this deep-rooted aversion never shaken? It is strange."

The marquise was silent, then hastily laying her gold snuff-box on the table:

"I have begun my confession," said she, "and I will acknowledge everything. Listen! Once, only once in my life, I have loved, but loved as none ever loved, with a love as passionate and indomitable as it was imaginative and ideal. For you see, my child, you young men think you understand women, and you know nothing about them. If many old women of eighty were frankly to tell you the history of their lives, you would perhaps find that the feminine soul contains sources of good and evil of which you have no idea. And now, guess what was the rank of the man for whom I entirely lost my head—I, a marchioness, and one prouder and haughtier than every other?"

"The King of France, or the Dauphin, Louis XVI."

"Oh, if you begin in that manner, you will be three hours before you reach my lover. I prefer to tell you at once. He was an actor."

"A king notwithstanding, I imagine."

"The noblest, the most elegant that ever trod the boards. You are not amazed?"

"Not much. I have heard that even when the prejudices of caste were most powerful in France, such ill-assorted passions were not rare."

"Those ill-assorted passions were not tolerated by the world, I can assure you. The first time I saw him I expressed my admiration to the Countess de Ferrières, who happened to be beside me, and she answered: 'Do not speak so warmly to any one but me. You would be cruelly taunted were you suspected of forgetting that in the eyes of a woman of rank an actor can never be a man.'

"Madame de Ferrières' words remained in my mind, I know not why. At that time this contemptuous tone seemed to me absurd, and this fear of committing myself a piece of malicious hypocrisy.

"His name was Lelio; he was by birth an Italian, but spoke French admirably. He may have been thirty-five, although upon the stage he often seemed less than twenty. He played Corneille better than he did Racine, but in both he was inimitable."

"I am surprised," said I, interrupting the marquise, "that his name should not appear in the annals of dramatic talent."

"He was never famous," answered she, "and was appreciated neither by the court nor the town. I have heard that he was outrageously kissed when he first appeared. Afterwards he was valued for his sensibility, his fire, and the efforts he made to improve himself. He was tolerated, and sometimes applauded, but, on the whole, he was always considered an actor without taste."

"In those days tragedy was played 'properly'; it was necessary to die with taste, to fall gracefully, and to have an air of good breeding even in giving a blow. Dramatic art was modelled upon the usages of good society, and the diction and gestures of the actors were in harmony with the hoops and hair-powder which even then disfigured Phèdre and Clytemnestra. I had never appreciated the defects of this school of art. My reflections did not carry me far; I only knew that tragedy wearied me to death. I bravely endured it twice in the week, for it was the fashion to like it; but I listened with so cold and constrained an air that it was generally said I was insensible to the charms of fine poetry."

"One evening, after a rather long absence from Paris, I went to the Comédie Française to see *Le Cid*. Lelio had been admitted to this theatre during my stay in the country, and I saw him for the first time. He played Rodrigue. I was deeply moved by the very first tones of his voice. It was penetrating rather than sonorous, but vibrating and strongly accentuated. His voice was much criticized. That of the Cid was supposed to be deep and powerful, just as all the heroes of antiquity were supposed to be tall and strong. A king who was but five feet six could not wear the diadem; it would have been contrary to the decrees of taste."

Lelio was small and slender; his beauty was not that of the features, but lay in the nobleness of his forehead, the irresistible grace of his attitude, the careless ease of his movements, the proud and melancholy expression of his face. I never saw in a statue, in a painting, in a man, so pure and ideal a capacity for beauty. The word *charm* should have been invented for him; it belonged to all his words, to all his glances, to all his motions.

"What shall I say? It was indeed a 'charm' which he threw around me. This man, who stepped, spoke, moved, without system or affection, who sobbed with his heart as much as with his voice, who forgot himself to become identified with his passion; this man, in whom the body seemed wasted and shattered by the soul, and a single one of whose glances con-

tained all the love I had failed to find in real life, exercised over me a really magnetic power. He had not been born in an age which could give him sympathy and fame; I alone could follow and understand him, and he was for five years my king, my life, my love.

"I could no longer live without seeing him; he ruled, he governed me. To me he was not a man, but in a different sense from that of Mme. de Ferrières. To me he was much more; his was an intellectual power, which formed my soul at its will. Soon I was unable to conceal the impression he made upon me. I gave up my box at the Comédie Française in order not to betray myself. I pretended I had become pious, and that in the evening I went to pray in the churches. Instead of that I dressed myself as a workwoman, and mingled with the common people, that I might listen to him unconstrained. At last I bribed one of the employees of the theatre and obtained possession of a little hidden corner where no one could see me, and which I reached by a side corridor. As an additional precaution, I dressed myself as a school-boy. The follies I committed for a man with whom I had never exchanged a word or a glance, had for me all the charms of mystery and all the illusions of happiness. When the hour for the theatre sounded in the large clock of my drawing-room, I was seized with violent palpitations. While my carriage was getting ready I tried to collect, to control myself; and if Larrioux happened to be with me, I was harsh and rude to him, to send him away. I used infinite art to rid myself of all other intruders. The ingenuity with which this theatrical passion inspired me is incredible. I must have had great dissimulation and great tact to have hidden it for five years from Larrioux, who was the most jealous of men, and from all the malicious people who surrounded me.

"I must tell you that instead of struggling against this passion, I yielded to it with eagerness, with delight. It was so pure! Why should I have blushed for it? It gave me new life; it initiated me into all the feelings I had wished to experience; it almost made me a woman.

"I was happy, I was proud to feel myself thrill and tremble. The first time my dormant heart beat aloud was to me a triumph. I learned to pout, to laugh, to be playful and capricious. It was remarked that I grew handsomer every day, that my dark eye softened, that my smile was more expressive, that what I said was truer and had more meaning than could have been expected.

"My recollections of this period of my life are disconnected, for their number overwhelms me. As I tell them to you, it seems to me that I grow young again, and that my heart beats once more at the name of Lelio. I have just told you that when I heard the clock strike I trembled with joy and impatience. Even now I seem to feel the delicious oppression which used to overwhelm me at the sound of that clock. Since then, through the vicissitudes of fortune I have come to find myself very happy in the possession of a few small rooms in the Marais. Well, of my magnificent house, my aristocratic *faubourg*, and my past splendour, I regret only that which could have recalled to me those days of love and dreams. I have saved from the general ruin some pieces of furniture which belonged to me at that time, and which I look upon with as much emotion as if the hour for the theatre were about to strike and my horses were pawing at the door. Oh, my child, never love as I loved. It is a storm which death alone can quell!

"Then I started, young, gay, and happy. I learned to take pleasure in being young, wealthy, and beautiful. Happiness revealed itself through every sense, by every pore. Seated in my coach, my feet buried in furs, I could see myself reflected in the mirror in front of me. The costume of that time, which has since been so much laughed at, was of extraordinary richness and splendour. When arranged with taste, and modified in its exagerations, it endowed a beautiful woman with dignity, a softness, a grace, of which the portraits of that time can give you no idea. A woman, clothed in this panoply of feathers, silks, and flowers, was obliged to move slowly. I have seen very fair women in white robes with long trains of watered silk, their hair powdered and dressed with white plumes, who might without hyperbole have been compared to swans. Despite all Rousseau has said, those enormous folds of satin, that profusion of muslin, which enveloped a slender little body as down envelops the dove, made us resemble birds rather than wasps. Long wings of lace fell from our arms, and our ribbons, our dresses, and our jewels were variegated with the most brilliant colours. Balancing ourselves in our little high-heeled shoes, we seemed to fear to touch the earth, and we walked with the disdainful circumspection of a little bird on the edge of a brook.

"At the time of which I am speaking blond powder began to be worn, and gave the hair a light and soft colour. This method of modifying the crude shades of the hair gave softness

to the face, and an extraordinary brilliancy to the eyes. The forehead was completely uncovered, its outline melted insensibly into the pale shades of the hair; it thus appeared higher and broader, and all women had a majestic air. It was then the fashion to dress the hair low, with large curls thrown back and falling on the neck. This was very becoming to me, and I was celebrated for the taste and magnificence of my dress. I sometimes wore red velvet trimmed with grebe-skin, sometimes white satin edged with tiger-skin, sometimes lilac damask shot with silver, with white feathers and pearls in my hair. Thus attired I would pay a few visits until the hour for the second piece at the theatre, for Lelio never played in the first.

"I created a sensation wherever I appeared, and, when I again found myself in my carriage, I contemplated with much pleasure the reflected image of the woman who loved Lelio, and might have been beloved by him. Until then, the only pleasure I had found in being beautiful lay in the jealousy I excited. But from the moment that I loved, I began to enjoy my beauty for its own sake. It was all I had to offer Lelio as a compensation for the triumphs which were denied him in Paris, and I loved to think of the pride and joy this poor actor, so misjudged, so laughed at, would feel, were he told that the Marquise de R. had dedicated her heart to him.

"These were but dreams, however, as brief as they were beautiful. As soon as my thoughts assumed some consistency, as soon as they took the form of any plan whatever, I had the fortitude to suppress them, and all the pride of rank reasserted its empire over my soul. You seem surprised at this. I will explain it by-and-by. Let me still linger in the magic world of my recollections.

"About eight o'clock my carriage stopped at the little church of the Carmelites, near the Luxembourg, and I sent it away, for I was supposed to attend the religious lectures which were given there at that hour. But I only crossed the church and the garden, and came out in another street. I went to the garret of a young needlewoman named Florence, who was devoted to me. I locked myself up in her room, and joyfully laid aside all my adornments to don the black, square-cut coat, the sword and wig of a young college provisor. Tall as I was, with my dark complexion and inoffensive glance, I really had the awkward, hypocritical look of a little priestling who had stolen to the play. I took a hackney-coach, and hastened to hide myself in my little box

at the theatre. Then my joy, my terror, my impatience ceased. A profound calm descended upon me, and I remained until the rising of the curtain as if absorbed in the expectation of a great solemnity.

"As the vulture surrounds the partridge in his magnetic flight, and holds her panting and motionless in the magic circle he describes above her, the soul of Lelio, that great soul of a poet and tragedian, enveloped all my faculties, and plunged me into a torpor of admiration. I listened, my hands clasped upon my knees, my chin upon the front of the box, and my forehead bathed in perspiration. I hardly breathed; the crude light of the lamps tortured my eyes, which, dry and burning, were fastened on his every gesture, his every step. I wished to seize his least breath, the slightest shadow upon his brow. His feigned emotions, his simulated misfortunes, impressed me as if they were real. I could hardly distinguish between truth and illusion. To me, Lelio no longer existed; he was Rodrigue, Bajazet, Hippolyte. I hated his enemies; I trembled at his dangers; his sorrows drew from me floods of tears; and when he died I was compelled to stifle my screams with my handkerchief. Between the acts I sank down exhausted in the back part of my box; I was as one dead until the meagre tones of the orchestra warned me that the curtain was about to rise again. Then I sprang up, full of strength and ardour, to admire, to feel, to weep. How much freshness, poetry, and youth there was in that man's talent! That whole generation must have been of ice not to have fallen at his feet.

"And yet, although he offended every conventional idea, although he could not adapt himself to the taste of that silly public, although he scandalized the women by the carelessness of his dress and deportment, and displeased the men by his contempt for their foolish exactions, there were moments when, by an irresistible fascination, by the power of his eye and his voice, he held the whole of this ungrateful public as if in the hollow of his hand, and compelled it to applaud and to tremble. This happened but seldom, for the entire spirit of an age cannot be suddenly changed; but when it did happen, the applause was frantic. It seemed as if the Parisians, subjugated by his genius, wished to atone for all their injustice. As for me, I believed that this man had at times a supernatural power, and that those who most bitterly despised him were compelled to swell his triumph in spite of themselves. In truth, at such times the *Comédie Française* seemed smitten with madness, and the specta-

tors, on leaving the theatre, were amazed to remember that they had applauded Lelio. As for me, I seized the opportunity to give full career to my emotion; I shouted, I wept, I passionately called his name. Happily for me, my weak voice was drowned in the storm which raged around me.

"At other times he was kissed when he seemed to me sublime, and then I left the theatre, my heart full of rage. Those nights were the most dangerous for me. I was violently tempted to seek him out, to weep with him, to curse the age in which we lived, and console him by offering him my enthusiasm and my love.

"One evening, as I left the theatre by the side passage which led to my box, a small, slender man passed in front of me, and turned into the street. One of the stage-carpenters took off his hat and said: 'Good evening, Monsieur Lelio.' Eager to obtain a near view of this extraordinary man, I ran after him, crossed the street, and, forgetting the danger to which I exposed myself, followed him into a café. Fortunately, it was not one in which I was likely to meet any one of my own rank.

"When, by the light of a smoky lamp, I looked at Lelio, I thought I had been mistaken and had followed another man. He was at least thirty-five, sallow, withered, and worn-out. He was badly dressed, he looked vulgar, spoke in a hoarse broken voice, shook hands with the meanest wretches, drank brandy, and swore horribly. It was not until I had heard his name repeated several times that I felt sure that this was the divinity of the theatre, the interpreter of the great Corneille. I could recognize none of those charms which had so fascinated me, not even his glance, so proud, so ardent, and so sad. His eye was dull, dead, almost stupid; his strongly accentuated pronunciation seemed ignoble when he called to the waiter, or talked of gambling and taverns. He walked badly, he looked vulgar, and the paint was only half-wiped from his cheeks. It was no longer Hippolyte—it was Lelio. The temple was empty; the oracle was dumb; the divinity had become a man, not even a man—an actor.

"He went out, and I sat stupefied, without even presence of mind enough to drink the hot spiced wine I had called for. When I remembered where I was, and perceived the insulting glances which were fixed upon me, I became frightened. It was the first time I had ever found myself in such an equivocal position and in such immediate contact with people of that class.

"I rose and tried to escape, but forgot to pay my reckoning. The waiter ran after me; I was terribly ashamed; I was obliged to return, enter into explanations at the desk, and endure all the mocking and suspicious looks which were turned upon me. When I left I thought I was followed. In vain I looked for a hackney-coach; there were none remaining in front of the theatre. I constantly heard heavy steps echoing my own. Trembling, I turned my head, and recognized a tall, ill-looking fellow whom I had noticed in one corner of the café, and who had very much the air of a spy or something worse. He spoke to me; I do not know what he said; I was too much frightened to hear, but I had still presence of mind enough to rid myself of him. The boldness which terror gives transformed me into a heroine. I struck him in the face with my cane, and, leaving him stunned at my audacity, I started away swift as an arrow, and did not stop till I reached Florence's little garret. When I awoke the next morning in my bed with its wadded curtains and coronal of pink feathers, I almost thought I had dreamed, and felt greatly mortified when I recollect the disillusionments of the previous night. I thought myself thoroughly cured of my love, and I tried to rejoice at it, but in vain. I was filled with a mortal regret, the weariness of life again entered my heart, the world had not a pleasure which could charm me.

"Evening came, but brought no more benevolent emotions. Society seemed to me insipid. I went to church, listened to the evening lecture with the determination of becoming pious; I caught cold, and came home quite ill.

"I remained in bed several days. The Comtesse de Ferrières came to see me, assured me that I had no fever, that lying still made me ill, that I must amuse myself, go out, go to the theatre. She compelled me to go with her to see 'Cinna.' 'You no longer go to the theatre,' said she to me; 'your health is undermined by your piety and the dullness of your life. You have not seen Lelio for some time; he is improved, and he is now sometimes applauded. I think he may some day become very tolerable.'

"I do not know why I allowed myself to be persuaded. However, as I was completely disenchanted with Lelio, I thought I no longer ran any risk in braving his fascinations in public. I dressed myself with excessive brilliance, and, in a great proscenium box, fronted a danger in which I no longer believed.

"But the danger was never more imminent. Lelio was sublime, and I had never been more in love with him. My recent adventure seemed but a dream. I could not believe that Lelio was other than he seemed upon the stage. In spite of myself, I yielded to the terrible agitations into which he had the power of throwing me. My face was bathed in tears, and I was compelled to cover it with my handkerchief. In the disorder of my mind I wiped off my rouge and my patches, and the Comtesse de Ferrieres advised me to retire to the back of my box, for my emotion was creating a sensation in the house. I fortunately had the skill to make every one believe that it was the playing of Mlle. Hippolyte Clairon which affected me so deeply. She was, in my opinion, a very cold and formal actress, too superior perhaps to her profession, as it was then understood; but her manner of saying '*Tout heure*,' in '*Cinna*,' had given her a great reputation.

"It must be said, however, that when she played with Lelio she outdid herself. Although she took pains to proclaim her share in the fashionable contempt for his method of acting, she consciously felt the influence of his genius, and was inspired by him when the passion of the scene placed them in relation.

"That evening Lelio noticed me either on account of my dress or my emotion; for I saw him, when he was not acting, bend over one of the spectators who, at that epoch, sat upon the stage, and inquire my name. I guessed his question by the manner they both looked at me. My heart beat almost to suffocation, and I noticed during the play that Lelio's eyes turned several times towards me. What would I not have given to hear what the Chevalier de Brétillac, whom he had questioned, had said to him about me! Lelio's face did not indicate the nature of the information he had received, for he was obliged to retain the expression suited to his part. I knew this Brétillac very slightly, and I could not imagine whether he would speak well or ill of me.

"That night I understood for the first time the nature of the passion which entrained me to Lelio. It was a passion purely intellectual, purely ideal. It was not him I loved, but those heroes of ancient times whose sincerity, whose fidelity, whose tenderness he knew how to represent; with him, and by him, I was carried back to an epoch of forgotten virtues. I was proud enough to think that in those days I should not have been misjudged and hated, and that I should not have been reduced to loving a phantom of the footlights.

Lelio was to me but the shadow of the Cid, the representative of that antique chivalric love now ridiculed in France. The man, the actor, I did not fear, for I had seen him; I could love him only upon the stage. My Lelio was a fictitious being who had no existence outside the theatre. The illusions of the stage, the glare of the footlights, were a part of the being whom I loved. Without them he was nothing to me, and faded like a star before the brightness of day. I had no desire to see him off the boards; I should have been in despair had I met him. It would have been to me like contemplating the ashes of a great man.

"One evening as I was going to the Carmelite church with the intention of leaving it by the opposite door, I perceived that I was followed, and became convinced that henceforth it would be almost impossible to conceal the object of my nocturnal expeditions. I decided to go publicly to the theatre. I acquired by degrees enough hypocrisy to hide my feelings, and besides, I began to profess a warm admiration for Mlle. Hippolyte Clairon, which accounted sufficiently for the emotion I showed. I was now under greater constraint, and, compelled as I was to be perpetually conscious of myself, my enjoyment became less poignant and profound. But this circumstance involved another, which soon established a complete compensation. Lelio saw me and watched me; my beauty had struck him, my sensibility flattered him. His attention sometimes wandered so much as to displease the public. Soon I could no longer doubt. He was madly in love with me.

"My box had pleased the Princesse de Vaudement. I gave it up to her, and took for myself a smaller one, less in view of the house, and better situated. I was almost upon the stage, I did not lose one of Lelio's glances; and he could look at me without its being seen by the public. But I no longer needed to catch his eye in order to understand all his feelings. The sound of his voice, his sighs, the expression which he gave to certain verses, certain words, told me that he was speaking to me. I was the happiest and proudest of women, for then it was the hero, not the actor, who loved me.

"After two years of an unknown and solitary love, cherished in the depths of my own soul, three winters passed over this same love, now shared by him; yet never a look, a glance of mine gave Lelio reason to hope for anything beyond this mysterious and tacit correspondence. I have since heard that Lelio often followed me in my walks and drives; so little did I desire to see him outside the theatre,

that I never perceived it. Of the eighty years I have passed in the world, those five are the only ones in which I really lived.

"One day I read in the *Mercre de France* the name of a new actor engaged at the Comédie Française to replace Lelio, who was about to leave France. This announcement was a mortal blow to me. I could not conceive how I should exist when deprived of these emotions, this life of passion and storm. This event gave an immense development to my love, and was well nigh my ruin.

"I no longer struggled with myself; I no longer sought to stifle at once all thoughts contrary to the dignity of my rank. I regretted that he was not what he appeared upon the stage; I wished him as young and handsome as he seemed each night before the footlights, that I might sacrifice to him all my pride, all my prejudices.

"While I was in this state of irresolution, I received a letter in an unknown hand. It is the only love-letter I have ever kept; though Larrioux has written me innumerable protestations, and I have received a thousand perfumed declarations from a hundred others, it is the only real love-letter that was ever sent me."

The Marquise rose, opened with an untroubling hand an inlaid casket, and took from it a crumpled worn-out letter, which I read with difficulty.

"MADAM,—I am certain that you will feel nothing but contempt for this letter; you will not even deem it worthy of your anger. But, to a man falling into an abyss, what matters one more stone at the bottom? You will think me mad, and you will be right. You will perhaps pity me, for you will not doubt my sincerity. However humble your pity may have made you, you will understand the extent of my despair; you must already know how much evil and *how much good your eyes can do*.

"If you give one compassionate thought, if, to-night at the theatre, I perceive upon your features a slight expression of pity, I shall be less wretched when I depart; I shall bear with me a memory which may give me strength to live far from France, and there pursue my arduous and barren career.

"But you must know this already, madam; it is impossible that the violent emotions I have betrayed upon the stage, my cries of wrath and despair, have twenty times revealed to you my passion. You cannot have lighted all these flames without being conscious of what you did. Perhaps you played with me as a tiger with his prey; perhaps the spectacle of my folly and my tortures were your pastime.

But, no; to think so were to presume too much. No, madam, I do not believe it; you never thought of me. You felt the verse of the great Corneille, you identified yourself with the noble passions of tragedy; that was all. And I, madman that I was, I dared to think that my voice alone sometimes awoke your sympathies, that my heart echoed in yours, that between you and me there was something more than between me and the public. Oh, my madness wasarrant, but it was sweet! Leave me my illusions, madam; what are they to you? Do you fear that I should boast of them? By what right should I do so, and who would believe me? I should only make myself the laughing-stock of sensible people. Leave me this conviction; it has given me more joy than the severity of the public has caused me sorrow. Let me bless you, let me thank you upon my knees, for the sensibility which I have discovered in your soul, and which no other soul has ever shown me; for the tears which I have seen you shed for my fictitious sorrows, and which have often raised my inspiration almost to delirium; for the timid glances which sought, at least I believed so, to console me for the coldness of my audience. Oh, why were you born to pomp and splendour! Why am I an obscure and nameless artist! Why have I not riches and the favour of the public, that I might exchange them for a name, for one of those titles which I have hitherto disdained, and which, perhaps, would permit me to aspire as high as you are placed! Once I deemed the distinctions conferred upon talent superior to all others. To what purpose, thought I, is a man a chevalier or a marquis but to be the sillier, the vainer, and the more insolent! I hated the pride of men of rank, and thought I should be sufficiently avenged for their disdain if my genius raised me above them. Dreams and delusions all! my strength has not equalled my mad ambition. I have remained obscure; I have done worse—I have touched success, and allowed it to escape me. I thought myself great, and I was cast down to the dust; I imagined that I was almost sublime, and I was condemned to be ridiculous. Fate took me—me and my audacious dreams—crushed me as if I had been a reed! I am a most wretched man!

"But I committed my greatest folly when I cast my eyes beyond that row of lights which marks between me and the rest of society a line of invincible separation. It is to me the circle of Popilius. I, an actor, I dared to raise my eyes and fasten them upon a beautiful woman—upon a woman, young, lovely, and of

high rank; for you are all this, madam, and I know it. The world accuses you of coldness and of exaggerated piety. I alone understand you. Your first smile, your first tear, sufficiently disproved the absurd fables which the Chevalier de Brétillac repeated against you.

"But, then, what a destiny is yours! What fatality weighs upon you as upon me, that in the midst of a society so brilliant, which calls itself so enlightened, you should have found only the heart of a poor actor to do you justice! Nothing will deprive me of the sad and consoling thought, that had we been born in the same rank, you would have been mine in spite of my rivals, in spite of my own inferiority. You would have been compelled to acknowledge that there is in me something greater than their wealth and their titles—the power of loving you. *'Lelio.'*

"This letter," continued the Marquise, "was of a character very unusual at the time it was written, and seemed to me, notwithstanding some touches of theatrical declamation at the beginning so powerful, so true, so full of fresh bold passion, that I was overwhelmed by it. The pride which still struggled within me faded away. I would have given all the remaining days I had to live for one hour of such love.

"I will not tell you of my anxiety, my uncertainty, my terror; I could not recollect them with any coherence. I answered in these words, as nearly as I can remember:—

"I do not accuse you, Lelio; I accuse Destiny. I do not pity you alone; I pity myself also. Neither pride nor prudence shall make me deny you the consolation of believing that I have felt a preference for you. Keep it, for it is the only one I can offer you. I can never consent to see you."

"Next day I received a note which I hastily read and threw into the fire, to prevent Larrieux from seeing it, for he came suddenly upon me while I was reading it. It read thus:

"MADAM,—I must see you or I must die. Once—once only, but for a single hour, if such is your will. Why should you fear an interview, since you trust my honour and my prudence? Madam, I know who you are; I am well aware of your piety, of the austerity of your life. I am not fond enough to hope for anything but a word of compassion, but it must fall from your own lips. My heart must receive and bear it away, or my heart must break. *'Lelio.'*

"I must say in my own praise, for a generous and magnanimous trust is always praiseworthy, that not for a moment did I fear that Lelio would betray the trust I placed in him.

"I believed implicitly in the humility, in the sincerity of Lelio. Besides, I had ample reason to trust my own strength. I resolved to see him. I had completely forgotten his faded features, his low-bred manners, his vulgar aspect; I recollect only the fascination of his genius, his letters, and his love. I answered:

"I will see you. Find some secure place, but hope for nothing but for what you have asked. Should you seek to abuse my trust, you would be a villain, and I should not fear you."

"Answer:

"Your trust would save you from the basest of villains. You will see, madam, that Lelio is not unworthy of it. The Duke —— has often been good enough to offer me the use of his house in the Rue de Valois. Deign to go thither after the play."

"Some explanations and directions as to the locality of the house followed.

"I received this note at four o'clock. The whole negotiation had occupied but a day. I had spent it in wandering through the house-like one distracted; I was in a fever. This rapid succession of events bore me along as in a dream.

"When I had made the final decision, when it was impossible to draw back, I sank down upon my ottoman, breathless and dizzy.

"I was really ill. A surgeon was sent for, and I was bled. I told my servants not to mention my indisposition to any one; for I dreaded the intrusion of officious advisers, and was determined not to be prevented from going out that night.

"I threw myself upon my bed to await the appointed hour, and gave orders that no visitors should be admitted.

"The blood-letting had relieved and weakened me; I sank into a great depression of spirits. All my illusions vanished with the excitement which had accompanied my fever. Reason and memory returned; I remembered my disengagement in the coffee-house, and Lelio's wretched appearance there; I prepared to blush for my folly, and to fall from the height of my deceitful visions to a bare and despicable reality. I no longer understood how it had been possible for me to consent to exchange my heroic and romantic tenderness for the revulsion of feeling which awaited me, and the sense of shame which would henceforth poison all my recollections. I bitterly regretted what I had done; I wept my illusions, my love, and that future of pure and secret joys which I was about to forfeit. Above all, I mourned for Lelio, whom



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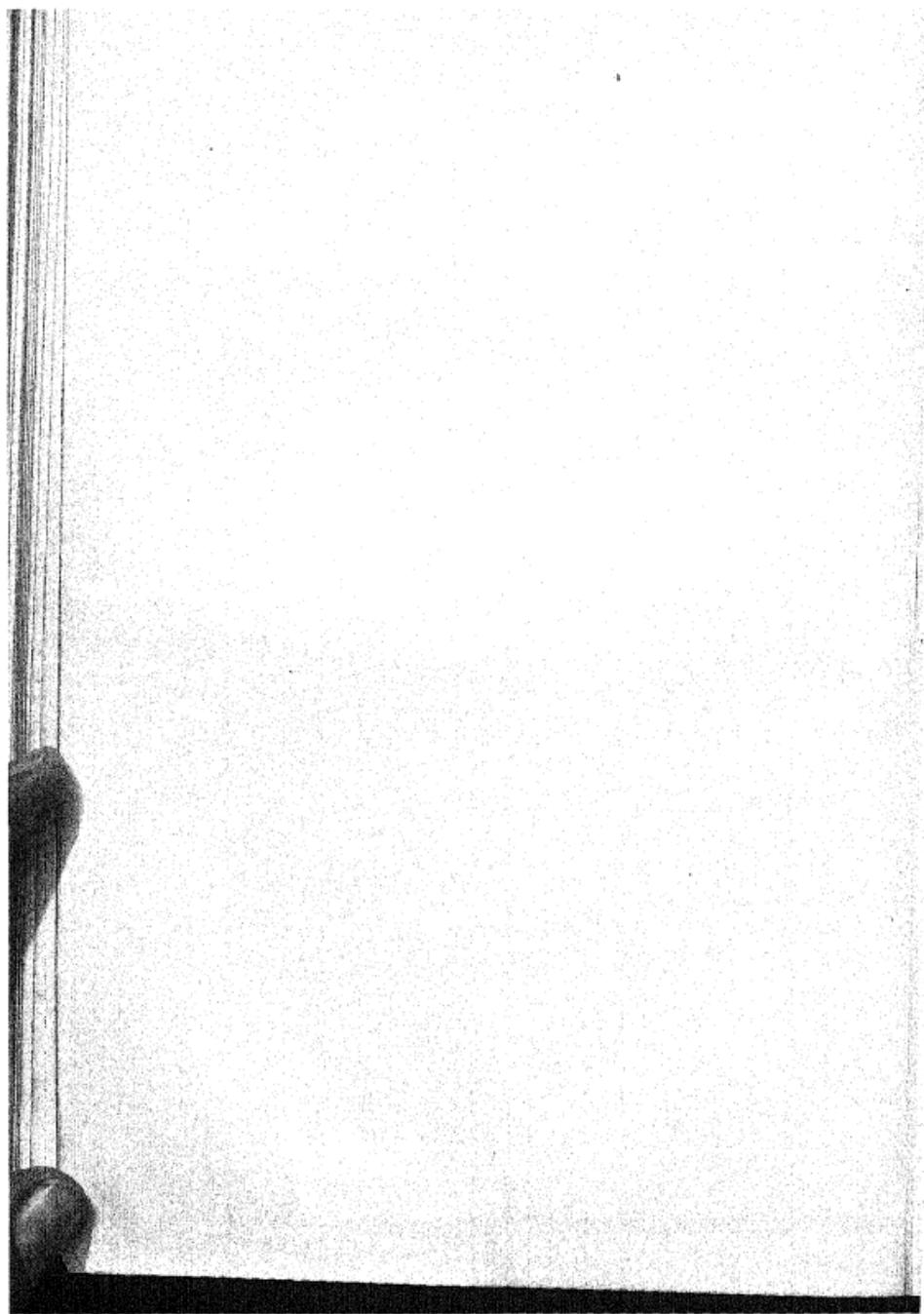
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G. C. HINDLEY.

LELIO MEETS THE MARQUISE SECRETLY AT MIDNIGHT.



in seeing I should for ever lose, in whose love I had found five years of happiness, and for whom in a few hours I should feel nothing but indifference.

"In the paroxysm of my grief I violently wrung my arms; the vein re-opened, and I had barely time to ring for my maid, who found me in a swoon upon my bed. A deep and heavy sleep, against which I struggled in vain, seized me. I neither dreamed nor suffered; I was as one dead for several hours. When I again opened my eyes my room was almost dark, my house silent; my waiting-woman was asleep in a chair at the foot of my bed. I remained some time in such a state of numbness and weakness that I recollect nothing. Suddenly my memory returned, and I asked myself whether the hour and the day of rendezvous were passed, whether I had slept an hour or a century; whether I had killed Lelio by breaking my word. Was there yet time? I tried to rise, but my strength failed me. I struggled for some moments as if in a nightmare. At last I summoned all the forces of my will to the assistance of my exhausted body. I sprang to the floor, opened the curtains, and saw the moon shining upon the trees of my garden. I ran to the clock; the hands marked ten. I seized my maid and waked her: 'Quinette, what day of the week is it?' She sprang from her chair, screaming, and tried to escape from me, for she thought me delirious; I reassured her, and learned that I had only slept three hours. I thanked God. I asked for a hackney-coach. Quinette looked at me with amazement. At last she became convinced that I had the full use of my senses, transmitted my order, and began to dress me.

"I asked for my simplest dress; I put no ornaments in my hair, and refused to wear any rouge. I wished above all things for Lelio's esteem and respect, for they were far more precious to me than his love. Nevertheless, I was pleased when Quinette, who was much surprised at this new caprice, said, examining me from head to foot:

"'Truly, madam, I know not how you manage it. You are dressed in a plain white robe, without either train or pannier; you are ill and as pale as death; you have not even put on a patch; yet I never saw you so beautiful as to-night. I pity the men who will look upon you!'

"'Do you think me so very austere, my poor Quinette?'

"'Alas! madam, every day I pray Heaven to make me like you; but up to this time——'

"'Come, simpleton, give me my mantle and muff.'

"At midnight I was in the house of the Rue de Valois. I was carefully veiled, a sort of *valet de chambre* received me; he was the only human being to be seen in this mysterious dwelling. He led me through the windings of a dark garden to a pavilion buried in silence and shadow. Depositing his green silk lantern in the vestibule, he opened the door of a large dusky room, showed me by a respectful gesture and with a most impassive face a ray of light proceeding from the other extremity, and said, in a tone so low that it seemed as if he feared to awaken the sleeping echoes: 'Your ladyship is alone, no one else has yet come. Your ladyship will find in the summer parlour a bell which I will answer should you need anything.' He disappeared as if by enchantment, shutting the door upon me.

"I was terribly frightened; I thought I had fallen into some trap. I called him back. He instantly reappeared, and his air of stupid solemnity reassured me. I asked him what time it was, although I knew perfectly well, for I had sounded my watch twenty times in the carriage. 'It is midnight,' answered he, without raising his eyes. I now resolutely entered the summer parlour, and I realized how unfounded were my fears when I saw that the doors which opened upon the garden were only of painted silk. Nothing could be more charming than this boudoir; it was fitted up as a concert-room. The walls were of stucco as white as snow, and the mirrors were framed in unpolished silver. Musical instruments of unusually rich material were scattered about, upon seats of white velvet trimmed with pearls. The light came from above through leaves of alabaster which formed a dome overhead. This soft even light might have been mistaken for that of the moon. A single statue of white marble stood in the middle of the room; it was an antique, and represented Isis veiled, with her finger upon her lips. The mirrors which reflected us, both pale and draped in white, produced such an illusion upon me that I was obliged to move in order to distinguish my figure from hers.

"Suddenly the silence was interrupted; a door was opened and closed, and light footsteps sounded upon the floor. I sank into a chair more dead than alive, for I was about to see Lelio shorn of the illusions of the stage. I closed my eyes, and inwardly bade them farewell before I reopened them.

"'But how much was I surprised! Lelio was beautiful as an angel. He had not taken

off his stage dress, and it was the most elegant I had seen him wear. His Spanish doublet was of white satin, his shoulder and garter knots of cherry ribbons, and a short cloak of the same colour was thrown over his shoulder. He wore an immense ruff of English lace; his hair was short and unpowdered, partially covered by a cap with white feathers and a diamond rose. In this costume he had just played *Don Juan* in the *'Festin de Pierre'*. Never had I seen him so beautiful, so young, so poetical, as at that moment. Velasquez would have worshipped such a model.

"He knelt before me. I could not help stretching out my hand to him, he seemed so submissive, so fearful of displeasing me. A man sufficiently in love to tremble before a woman was so rare in those times, and this one was thirty-five, and an actor.

"It seemed to me then, it seems to me still, that he was in the first bloom of youth. In his white dress he looked like a young page; his forehead had all the purity, his heart all the ardour of first love. He took my hands and covered them with kisses. My senses seemed to desert me; I caressed his burning forehead, his stiff black hair, and the brown neck which disappeared in the soft whiteness of his collar. He wept like a woman; I was overwhelmed with his sobs.

"I wept delicious tears. I compelled him to raise his head and look at me. How beautiful he was! How splendid, how tender were his eyes! How much fascination his warm true soul communicated to the very defects of his face, and the scars left upon it by time and toil! Oh, the power of the soul! He who understands not its miracles has never loved! When I saw the premature wrinkles upon his beautiful forehead, when I saw the pallor of his lips, the languor of his smile, my heart melted. I felt that I must needs weep for his griefs, his disappointments, the labours of his life. I identified myself with him in all his sorrows, even that of his long hopeless love for me, and I had but one wish—to compensate him for the ills he had suffered.

"'My dear Lelio, my great Rodrigue, my beautiful *Don Juan*!' cried I, in my delirium. He spoke to me, he told me all the phases of his love; he told me how from a dissipated actor I had made him a man full of life and ardour; how I had raised him in his own eyes, and restored to him the illusions of his youth; he spoke of his respect, his veneration for me, of his contempt for the species of love which was then in fashion. Never did a more penetrating eloquence speak to the heart of a

woman; never did Racine make love utter itself with such a conviction of its own truth, such poetry, such strength. Everything elevated and profound, everything sweet and fiery which passion can inspire, lay in his words, his voice, his eyes, his caresses, and his submission. Alas! did he deceive himself? Was he playing a part?"

"I certainly do not think so," cried I, looking at the Marquise. She seemed to grow young as she spoke, and, like the fairy Urgela, to cast off her hundred years. I know not who has said that a woman's heart has no wrinkles.

"Listen to the end," said she. "I threw my arms around his neck; I shivered as I touched the satin of his coat, as I breathed the perfume of his hair. My emotion was too violent, and I fainted.

"He recalled me to myself by his prompt assistance. I found him still kneeling at my feet. 'Pity me, kill me,' cried he. He was paler and far more ill than I.

"'Listen, Lelio,' said I. 'Here we separate for ever, but let us carry from this place a whole future of blissful thoughts and adored memories. I swear, Lelio, to love you till my death. I swear it without fear, for I feel that the snows of age will not have the power to extinguish this ardent flame.'

"Lelio knelt before me; he did not implore me, he did not reproach me; he said that he had not hoped for as much happiness as I had given him, and that he had no right to ask for more. Nevertheless, as he bade me farewell, his despair, the emotion which trembled in his voice, terrified me. I asked him if he would not find happiness in thinking of me, if the ecstasy of our meeting would not lend its charm to all the days of his life, if his past and future sorrows would not be softened each time he recalled it. He roused himself to promise, to swear all I asked. He again fell at my feet and passionately kissed my dress. I made a sign, and he left me. The carriage I had sent for came. The automatic servant of the house knocked three times outside to warn me. Lelio despairingly threw himself in front of the door; he looked like a spectre. I gently repulsed him, and he yielded. I crossed the threshold, and as he attempted to follow me, I showed him a chair in the middle of the room, underneath the statue of Isis. He sat down in it. A passionate smile wandered over his lips, his eyes sent out one more flash of gratitude and love. He was still beautiful, still young, still a grandee of Spain. After a few steps, when I was about to lose him for ever, I turned back and looked at him once more. Despair had

crushed him. He was old, altered, frightful. His body seemed paralyzed. His stiffened lips attempted an unmoving smile. His eyes were glassy and dim; he was now only Lello, the shadow of a lover and a prince."

The Marquise paused; then, while her aspect changed like that of a ruin which totters and sinks, she added: "Since then I have not heard him mentioned."

The Marquise made a second and a longer pause; then, with the terrible fortitude which comes with length of years, which springs from the persistent love of life or the near hope of death, she said with a smile: "Well, do you not now believe in the ideality of the eighteenth century?"

BURIAL ANTHEM.

[Rev. Henry Hart Milman, born 16th February, 1791; died 24th September, 1868. He was eminent as a historian and a poet. *Fazio*, a tragedy, was his first work of any importance, and appeared in 1815. In 1820 he published the *Fall of Jerusalem*, a sacred poem, and subsequently wrote the *History of Christianity*, *History of the Jews*, &c.]

Brother, thou art gone before us,
And thy saintly soul is flown
Where tears are wiped from every eye,
And sorrow is unknown.
From the burden of the flesh,
And from care and fear released,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

The toilsome way thou'st travell'd o'er,
And borne the heavy load,
But Christ hath taught thy languid feet
To reach his bless'd abode;
Thou'st sleeping now, like Lazarus
Upon his father's breast;
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

Sin can never taint thee now,
Nor doubt thy faith assil,
Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ
And the Holy Spirit fail:
And there thou'st sure to meet the good,
Whom on earth thou lovest best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

"Earth to earth," and "dust to dust,"
The solemn priest hath said,
So we lay the turf above thee now,
And we seal thy narrow bed:
But thy spirit, brother, soars away
Among the faithful bless'd,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

ON A SPRIG OF HEATH.

[Mrs. Anne Grant, of Laggan, born in Glasgow, 21st February, 1755; died in Edinburgh, 7th November, 1838. Her father, Duncan MacIvor, held a commission in the army, and served some time in America. Having returned to this country, he was in 1773 appointed barrack-master of Fort Augustus, Inverness-shire. Here his daughter married the Rev. James Grant, minister of the neighbouring parish of Laggan. In 1801 Mrs. Grant was left a widow with eight children, and in straitened circumstances. She then turned to account her literary abilities, and produced several poetical and prose works, the most successful of which were, *Poems on Various Subjects*, 1803; *Letters from the Mountain*, 1806; and *Superstitions of the Highlands of Scotland*, 1811. She was awarded a pension of £50 a year by government in 1825.]

Flower of the waste! the heath-fowl shuns
For thee the brake and tangled wood,—
To thy protecting shade she runs,
Thy tender buds supply her food;
Her young forsake her downy plumes
To rest upon thy opening blooms.

Flower of the desert though thou art!
The deer that range the mountain free,
The graceful doe, the stately hart,
Their food and shelter seek from thee;
The bee thy earliest blossom greets,
And draws from thee her choicest sweets.

Gem of the heath! whose modest bloom
Sheds beauty o'er the lonely moor;
Though thou dispense no rich perfume,
Nor yet with splendid tints allure,
Both valour's crest and beauty's bower
Oft hast thou deck'd, a favourite flower.

THE DISCONTENTED PENDULUM.

[Jane Taylor, born in London, 23d September, 1783; died at Ongar, Essex, 12th April, 1824. She was a member of a literary family. Her father, who was minister of an Independent congregation, was the author of several works; her mother produced several useful books for domestic guidance; her brother, Isaac Taylor, LL.D., obtained distinction as a writer on metaphysical and religious subjects; and her sister Ann was, in conjunction with Jane, the author of many poems and hymns for children. The chief works of Jane were: *Display, a Tale*; *Essays in Rhyme on Mirth and Manners*; and under the signature Q. Q. she contributed to the *Youth's Magazine* a series of moral sketches and tales, which obtained the highest praise. The following is one of the series.]

An old clock that had stood for fifty years in a farmer's kitchen without giving its owner any cause of complaint, early one summer's morning, before the family were stirring, suddenly stopped.

Upon this the dial-plate, if we may credit the fable, changed countenance with alarm; the hands made a vain effort to continue their course; the wheels remained motionless with surprise; the weights hung speechless; each member felt disposed to lay the blame on the others. At length the dial instituted a formal inquiry as to the cause of the stagnation, when hands, wheels, weights, with one voice protested their innocence. But now a faint tick was heard below from the pendulum, who thus spoke:—

"I confess myself to be the sole cause of the present stoppage; and I am willing, for the general satisfaction, to assign my reasons. The truth is, that I am tired of ticking." Upon hearing this, the old clock became so enraged, that it was on the very point of striking.

"Lazy wile!" exclaimed the dial-plate, holding up its hands.—"Very good," replied the pendulum: "it is vastly easy for you, Mistress Dial, who have always, as everybody knows, set yourself up above me,—it is vastly easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness! You, who have had nothing to do all the days of your life but to stare people in the face, and to amuse yourself with watching all that goes on in the kitchen! Think, I beseech you, how you would like to be shut up for life in this dark closet, and to wag backwards and forwards year after year as I do." "As to that," said the dial, "is there not a window in your house, on purpose for you to look through?"

"For all that," resumed the pendulum, "it

is very dark here: and, although there is a window, I dare not stop even for an instant, to look out at it. Besides, I am really tired of my way of life; and, if you wish, I'll tell you how I took this disgust at my employment. I happened this morning to be calculating how many times I should have to tick in the course only of the next twenty-four hours: perhaps some of you above there can give me the exact sum."

The minute hand, being quick at figures, presently replied, "Eighty-six thousand four hundred times."

"Exactly so," replied the pendulum; "well, I appeal to you all, if the very thought of this was not enough to fatigue one; and when I began to multiply the strokes of one day by those of months and years, really it is no wonder if I felt discouraged at the prospect; so, after a great deal of reasoning and hesitation, thinks I to myself, I'll stop."

The dial could scarcely keep its countenance during this harangue; but, resuming its gravity, thus replied:—

"Dear Mr. Pendulum, I am really astonished that such a useful, industrious person as yourself should have been overcome by this sudden notion. It is true you have done a great deal of work in your time; so have we all, and are likely to do; which, although it may fatigue us to think of, the question is, whether it will fatigue us to do. Would you now do me the favour to give about half-a-dozen strokes, to illustrate my argument?"

The pendulum complied, and ticked six times at its usual pace. "Now," resumed the dial, "may I be allowed to inquire, if that exertion was at all fatiguing or disagreeable to you?"

"Not in the least," replied the pendulum; "it is not of six strokes that I complain, nor of sixty, but of millions."

"Very good," replied the dial; "but recollect, that though you may think of a million strokes in an instant, you are required to execute but one; and that, however often you may hereafter have to swing, a moment will always be given you to swing in."

"That consideration staggers me, I confess," said the pendulum. "Then I hope," resumed the dial-plate, "we shall all immediately return to our duty; for the maids will lie in bed till noon, if we stand idling thus."

Upon this the weights, who had never been accused of light conduct, used all their influence in urging him to proceed; when, as with one consent, the wheels began to turn, the hands began to move, the pendulum began to

swing, and, to its credit, ticked as loud as ever; while a red beam of the rising sun, that stream'd through a hole in the kitchen-shutter, shining full upon the dial-plate, it brightened up as if nothing had been the matter.

When the farmer came down to breakfast that morning, upon looking at the clock, he declared that his watch had gained half-an-hour in the night.

STANZAS TO AN OLD FRIEND.

Tandemque nobis exsilibus placent
Relicta. ——————
CAMPBELL.

Come, here's a health to thee and thine;
Trust me, whate'er we may be told,
Few things are better than old wine,
When tasted with a friend that's old;
We're happy yet; and, in our track,
New pleasures if we may not find,
There is a charm in gazing back
On sunny prospects left behind.

Like that famed hill in western clime,
Through gaudy noonday dark and bare,
That tinges still, at vesper time,
With purple gleam the evening air;
So there's a joy in former days,
In times, and scenes, and thoughts gone by,
As beautified their heads they raise,
Bright in Imagination's sky.

Time's glass is fill'd with varied sand,
With fleeting joy and transient grief;
We'll turn, and with no sparing hand,
O'er many a strange fantastic leaf;
And fear not—but, 'mid many a blot,
There are some pages written fair,
And flow'r'n that time can wither not,
Preserved, still faintly fragrant there.

As the hush'd night glides gentler on,
Our music shall breathe forth its strain,
And tell of pleasures that are gone,
And heighten those that yet remain:
And that creative breath, divine,
Shall waken many a slumbering thrill,
And call forth many a mystic line
Of faded joys, remember'd still.

Again, the moments shall she bring
When youth was in his freshest prime,
We'll pluck the roses that still spring
Upon the grave of buried time.

There's magic in the olden song;—
Yea, e'en ecstatic are the tears
Which will steal down, our smiles among,
Roused by the sounds of other years.

And, as the mariner can find
Wild pleasure in the voiced roar
E'en of the often-dreaded wind
That wreck'd his every hope before:
If there's a pang that lurks beneath—
For youth had pangs—oh! let it rise,
'Tis sweet to feel the poet breathe
The spirit of our former sighs.

We'll hear the strains we heard so oft
In life's first, warm, impassion'd hours,
That fell on our young hearts as soft
As summer dews on summer flowers;
And as the stream, where'er it lies,
Steals something in its purest flow,
Those strains shall taste of ecstacies
O'er which they floated long ago.

E'en in our morn, when fancy's eye
Glanced sparkling o'er a world of bliss,
When joy was young, and hope was high,
We could not feel much more than this:
How'er, then, time our day devours,
Why should our smiles be overcast?
Why should we grieve for fleeting hours,
Who find a future in the past?

THOMAS DOUBLEDAY.

LINES WRITTEN IN SICKNESS.

Oh, Death! if there be quiet in thine arms,
And I must cease—gently, O gently come
To me! and let my soul learn no alarms,
But strike me, ere a shriek can echo, dumb,
Senseless, and breathless.—And thou, sickly life,
If the decree be writ that I must die,
Do thou be guilty of no needless strife,
Nor pull me downwards to mortality,
When it were fitter I should take a flight—
But whither? Holy Pity, hear, oh hear!
And lift me to some fur-off skyey sphere,
Where I may wander in celestial light:
Might it be so—then would my spirit fear
To quit the things I have so loved, when seen—
The air, the pleasant sun, the summer green—
Knowing how few would shed one kindly tear,
Or keep in mind that I had ever been?

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE WINE-CELLAR.

*Fuoris descendens Averni,
Sed revocare gradum, superaque evadere ad auras,
Hic labor, hoc opus est.—VIRG.*

In the deep discovery of the subterranean world, a shallow part would satisfy some inquirers, who if two or three yards were opened beneath the surface, would not care to make the howls of Fosozi and regions towards the centre.—*SIR THOMAS BROWNE.*

Men have always attached a peculiar interest to that region of the earth which extends for a few yards beneath its surface. Below this depth the imagination, delighting to busy itself among the secrets of Time and Mortality, hath rarely cared to penetrate. A few feet of ground may suffice for the repose of the first dwellers of the earth until its frame shall grow old and perish. The little coin, silent picture of forgotten battles, lies among the roots of shrubs and vegetables for centuries, till it is turned into light by some careful husbandman, who ploughs an inch deeper than his fathers. The dead bones which, loosened from their urns, gave occasion to Sir Thomas Browne's noblest essay, "had outlasted the living ones of Methusalem, and in a yard under ground, and thin walls of clay, outworn all the strong and spacious buildings above them, and quietly rested under the drums and trampings of three conquests." Superstition chooses the subterranean space which borders on the abodes of the living, and ranges her vanities and mysterious caverns near to the scenes of revelry, passion, and joy; and within this narrow rind rest the mighty products of glorious vintages, the stores of that divine juice which, partaking of the rarest qualities of physical and intellectual nature, blends them in happier union within us. Here, in this hallowed ground, the germs of inspiration and the memorials of decay lie side by side, and Bæchus holds divided empire with the King of Terror.

As I sat indulging this serious vein of reflection some years ago, when my relish of philosophy and port was young, a friend called to remind me that we had agreed to dine together with rather more luxury than usual. I had made the appointment with boyish eagerness, and now started gladly from my solitary reveries to keep it. The friend with whom I had planned our holiday, was one of those few persons whom you may challenge to a convivial evening with a mathematical certainty of enjoying it;—which is the rarest quality of friendship. Many who are equal to great exigencies,

and would go through fire and water to serve you, want the delicate art to allay the petty irritations and heighten the ordinary enjoyments of life, and are quite unable to make themselves agreeable at a *tête-à-tête* dinner. Not so my companion; who, zealous, prompt, and consoling in all seasons of trial, had good sense for every little difficulty, and a happy humour for every social moment; at all times a better and wiser self. Blessed with good but never boisterous spirits; endowed with the rare faculty not only of divining one's wishes, but instantly making them his own; skilful in sweetening good counsel with honest flattery; able to bear with enthusiasm in which he might not participate, and to avoid smiling at the follies he could not help discerning; ever ready to indulge the secret wish of his guest "for another bottle," with heart enough to drink it with him, and head enough to take care of him when it was gone, he was (and yet is) the pleasantest of advisers, the most genial of listeners, and the quietest of lively companions. On this memorable day he had, with his accustomed forethought, given particular orders for our entertainment, and I hastened to enjoy it with him, little thinking how deep and solemn was the pleasure which awaited us.

We arrived at the —— Coffee-house about six on a bright afternoon in the middle of September, and found everything ready and excellent: the turtle magnificent and finely relieved by lime-punch effectually iced; grilled salmon crisply prepared for its appropriate lemon and mustard; a leg of Welsh mutton just tasted as a "sweet remembrance" of its healthy and hungry hills; woodcocks with thighs of exquisite delicacy and essence "deeply interfused" in thick soft toast; and mushrooms, which Nero justly called "the flesh of the gods,"¹ simply broiled and faintly sprinkled

¹This trait sufficiently accounts for the flowers which were seen scattered on the sepulchre of Nero when the popular indignation raged highest against his memory—the grateful Romans had eaten his mushroom under imperial auspices. Had Lord Byron been acquainted with the flavour of choice mushrooms, he would have turned to give it honour due after the following stanza, one of the noblest in that work which, with all its faults of waywardness and haste, is a miracle of language, pathos, playfulness, sublimity, and sense.

When Nero perish'd by the justest doom
Which ever the destroyer yet destroy'd,
Amidst the rose of Liberated Rome,
The nations free and the world overjoy'd,
Some hand unseen strew'd flowers upon his tomb—
Perhaps the weakness of a heart not void
Of feeling for some kindness done when power
Had left the wretch one uncorrupted hour!

with cayenne. Our conversation was, of course, confined to mutual invitations and expressive criticisms on the dishes; the only table-talk which men of sense can tolerate. But the most substantial gratifications, in this world at least, must have an end: and the last mushroom was at length eaten. Unfortunately for the repose of the evening, we were haunted by the recollection of some highly-flavoured port, and, in spite of strong evidence of identity from conspiring waiters, sought for the like in vain. Bottle after bottle was produced and dismissed as "not the thing," till our generous host, somewhat between liberal hospitality and just impatience, smilingly begged us to accompany him into the cellar, inspect the whole of "his little stock," and choose for ourselves! We took him at his word; another friend of riper years and graver authority joined us; and we prepared to follow our guide, who stood ready to conduct us to the banks of Lethe. All the preparations, like those which preceded similar descents of the heroes of old, bespeak the awfulness and peril of the journey. Our host preceded us with his massive keys to perform an office collateral to that of St. Peter; behind, a dingy imp of the nether regions stood with glasses in his hands and a prophetic grin on his face; and each of us was armed with a flaming torch to penetrate the gloom which now stretched through the narrow entrance before us.

We descended the broken and winding staircase with cautious steps, and, to confess the truth, not without some apprehension for our upward journey, yet hoping to be numbered among that select class of Pluto's visitors, "quos ardens exexit ad aethera virtus." On a sudden, turning a segment of a mighty cask, we stood in the centre of the vast receptacle of spirituous riches. The roof of solid and stoutly compacted brickwork, low, but boldly arched, looked substantial enough to defy all attacks of the natural enemy—water, and resist a second deluge. From each side ran long galleries, partially shown by the red glare of the torches, extending one way far beneath the busy trampling of the greatest shopkeepers and stock-jobbers in the world; and, on the other, below the clamour of the Old Bailey Court and the cells of its victims. What a range! Here rest, cooling in the deep-delve cells, the concentrated essences of sunny years! In this archway huge casks of mighty wine are scattered in bounteous confusion, like the heaped jewels and gold on the "rich strong" of Spenser, the least of which would lay Sir Walter's Fleming low! Throughout that long succession

of vaults, thousands of bottles, "in avenues disposed," lie silently waiting their time to kindle the imagination, to sharpen the wit, to open the soul, and to unchain the trembling tongue. There may you feel the true grandeur of quiescent power, and walk amidst the palpable elements of madness or of wisdom. What stores of sentiment in that butt of raciest sherry! What a fund of pensive thought! What suggestions for delicious remembrance! What "aids to reflection!" (genuine as those of Coleridge) in that hock of a century old! What sparkling fineries, whirling and foaming, from a stout body of thought in that full and ripe champagne! What mild and serene philosophy in that Burgundy, ready to shed "its sunset glow" on society and nature! This pale brandy, softened by age, is the true "spirit" which "disturbs us with the joy of elevated thoughts." That hermitage, stealing gently into the chambers of the brain, shall make us "bubble of green fields;" and that delicate claret, innocently bubbling and dancing in the slender glass, shall bring its own vine-coloured hills more vividly before us even than Mr. Stanfield's pencil! There from a time-changed bottle, tenderly drawn from a crypt, protested by huge primeval cobwebs, you may taste antiquity, and feel the olden time on your palate! As we sip this marvellous port,¹ to the very colour of which age has been gentle, methinks we have broken into one of those rich vaults in which Sir Thomas Browne, the chief butler of the tomb, finds treasures rarer than jewels. "Some," saith he, "discover sepulchral vessels containing liquors which time hath incrassated into jellies. For besides lacrymatories, notable lamps, with oils and aromatic liquors, attended noble ossuaries; and some yet retaining a vinosity and spirit in them, which, if any have tasted, they have far exceeded the palates of antiquity,—liquors, not to be computed by years of annual magistrates, but by great conjunctions and the fatal periods of kingdoms. The draughts of consular date were but crude unto these, and Opimian wine but in the must unto them."

We passed on from flavour to flavour with our proud and liberal guide, whose comments added zest even to the text which he had to dilate on. A scent, a note of music, a voice long unheard, the stirring of the summer

¹ Old port wine is more ancient to the imagination than any other, though in fact it may have been known fewer years; as a broken Gothic arch has more of the spirit of antiquity about it than a Grecian temple. Port reminds us of the obscure middle ages; but hock, like the classical mythology, is always young.

breeze may startle us with the sudden revival of long-forgotten feelings and thoughts, but none of these little whisperers to the heart is so potently endowed with this simple spell as the various flavours of port to one who has tried, and, in various moods of his own mind, relished them all. This full, rough, yet fruity wine, brings back that first season of London life when topics seemed exhaustless as words, and coloured with rainbow hues; when Irish students, fresh from Trinity College, Dublin, were not too load or familiar to be borne; when the florid fluency of others was only tiresome as it interrupted one's own; when the vast Temple Hall was not too large or too cold for sociality; and ambition, dilating in the venerable space, shaped dreams of enterprise, labour, and glory, till it required more wine to assuage its fervours. This taste of a liquor, firm yet in body, though tawny with years, bears with it to the heart that hour when, having returned to my birth-place after a long and eventful absence, and having been cordially welcomed by my hearty friends, I slipped away from the table, and hurried, in the light of a brilliant sunset, to the gently declining fields and richly wooded hedgerows which were the favourite haunt of my serious boyhood. The swelling hills seemed touched with ethereal softness; the level plain was invested "with purpureal glams;" every wild rose and stirring branch was eloquent with vivid recollections; a thousand hours of happy thoughtfulness came back upon the heart; and the glorious clouds which fringed the western horizon looked prophetic of golden years "predestined to descend and bless mankind." This soft, highly-flavoured port, in every drop of which you seem to taste an aromatic flower, revives that delicious evening, when, after days of search for the tale of *Rosamond Grey*, of which I had indistinctly heard, I returned from an obscure circulating library with my prize, and brought out a long-cherished bottle, given me two years before as a curiosity, by way of accompaniment to that quintessence of imaginative romance. How did I enjoy, with a strange delight, its scriptural pathos, like a newly discovered chapter of the Book of Ruth; how enamoured over its young beauty, lovelier for the antique frame of language in which it was set; and long to be acquainted with the author, though I scarcely dared aspire so high, and little anticipated those hundreds of happy evenings since passed in his society, which now crowd on me in rich confusion!—Thus is it that these subtlest of remembrancers not only revive some joyful season, but this also "contains

a glass which shows us many more," unlocking the choicest stores of memory, that cellar of the brain, in which lie the treasures which make life precious.

But see! our party have seated themselves beneath that central arch to enjoy a calmer pleasure after the fatigues of their travel. They look romantic as banditti in a cave, and good-humoured as a committee of aldermen. A cask which has done good service in its day—the shell of the evaporated spirit—serves for a table round which they sit on rude but ample benches. The torches planted in the ground cast a broad light over the scene, making the ruddy wine glisten, and seeming by their irregular flickering as if they too felt the influence of the spot. My friend, usually so gentle in his convivialities, has actually broken forth into a song, such as these vaults never heard; our respected senior sits trying to preserve his solemn look, but unconsciously smiling; and Mr. B—l, the founder of the banquet, is sedulously doing the honours with only intenser civility, and calling out for fresh store of ham-sandwiches and broiled mushrooms, to enable us to do justice to the liquid delicacies before us. The usual order of wines is disregarded; no affected climax, nosqueamish assortments of tastes for us here; we despise all rules, and yield a sentimental indulgence to the aberrations of the bottle. "Riches fineless" are piled around us; we are below the laws and their ministers; and just, lo! in the furthest glimmer of the torches lies outstretched our black Mercury, made happy by our leavings, and seeming to rejoice that in the cellar, as in the grave, all men are equal.

How the soul expands from this narrow cell and bids defiance to the massive walls! What Elysian scenes begin to dawn amidst the darkness! Now do I understand the glorious tale of Aladdin and the subterranean gardens. It is plain that the visionary boy had discovered just such a cellar as this, and there eagerly learned to gather amaranthine fruits, and range in celestial groves, till the Genius of the Ring, who has sobered many a youth, took him in charge, and restored him to common air. Here is the true temple, the inner shrine of Bacchus. Feebly have they understood the attributes of the benignant god who have represented him as delighting in a garish bower with clustering grapes; here he rejoices to sit, in his true citadel, amidst his mightier treasures. Methinks we could now, in prophetic mood, trace the gay histories of these his embodied inspirations, among those who shall feel them hereafter; live at once along a thou-

sand lines of sympathy and thought which they shall kindle; reverse the melancholy musings of Hamlet, and trace that which the bung-hole-stopper confines to "the noble dust of an Alexander," which it shall quicken; and, peeping into the studies of our brother contributors, see how that vintage which flushed the hills of France with purple, shall mantle afresh in the choice articles of the *New Monthly Magazine*.

But it is time to stop, or my readers will suspect me of a more recent visit to the cellar. They will be mistaken. One such descent is enough for a life; and I stand too much in awe of the Powers of the Grave to venture again so near to their precincts.

CHARLES LAMB.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk, Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk: 'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot, But being too happy in thy happiness, — That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees, In some melodious plot Of beechen green, and shadows numberless, Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O, for a draught of vintage! that hath been Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth, Tasting of Flora and the country green, Dance, and Provengal song, and sun-burnt mirth. O for a beaker full of the warm South, Full of the true, the blushing Hippocrate, With beaded bubbles winking at the brim, And purple-stained mouth, That I might drink, and leave the world unseen, And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget What thou among the leaves hast never known, The weariness, the fever, and the fret, Here, where men sit and hear each other groan; Where pulsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs, Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies; Where but to think is to be full of sorrow And linden-eyed despairs; Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes, Or now Love pine at them beyond to-morrow,

Away! away! for I will fly to thee, Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards, But on the viewless wings of Poesy, Though the dull brain perplexes and retards. Already with thee! tender is the night, And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne, Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays; But here there is no light, Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet, Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs; But, in embalm'd darkness, guess each sweet Wherewith the seasonable month endows The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild; White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine; Fast-fading violets covered up in leaves; And mid-May's eldest child, The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine, The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Durkling, I listen; and, for many a time I have been half in love with easeful Death, Call'd him soft names in many a mussed rhyme, To take into the air my quiet breath; Now more than ever seems it rich to die, To cease upon the midnight with no pain, While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad In such an ecstasy! Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain, To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird! No hungry generations tread thee down; The voice I hear this passing night, was heard In ancient days by emperor and clown: Perhaps the self-same song that found a path Through the sad heart of Ruth, when sick for home, She stood in tears amid the alien corn; The same that oft-times hath Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell! To tell me back from thee to my sole self! Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well As she is fumed to do, deceiving elf. Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades Past the near meadows, over the still stream, Up the hillside; and now 'tis buried deep In the next valley-glares: Was it a vision, or a walking dream? Fled is that music:—Do I wake or sleep?

JOHN KEATS.

THE TWO DROVERS.¹

It was the day after the Doune fair when my story commences. It had been a brisk market, several dealers had attended from the northern and midland counties in England, and the English money had flown so merrily about as to gladden the hearts of the Highland farmers. Many large droves were about to set off for England, under the protection of their owners, or of the topsmen whom they employed in the tedious, laborious, and responsible office of driving the cattle for many hundred miles, from the market where they had been purchased to the fields or farm-yards where they were to be fattened for the shambles.

Of the number who left Doune in the morning, and with the purpose we have described, not a *Glenamie* of them all cocked his bonnet more briskly, or gartered his tartan hose under knee over a pair of more promising *sploys* (legs), than did Robin Oig M'Combieh, called familiarly Robin Oig, that is Young, or the Lesser, Robin. Though small of stature, as the epithet Oig implies, and not very strongly limbed, he was as light and alert as one of the deer of his mountains. He had an elasticity of step which, in the course of a long march, made many a stout fellow envy him; and the manner in which he busked his plaid and adjusted his bonnet argued a consciousness that so smart a John Highlandman as himself would not pass unnoticed among the Lowland lasses. The ruddy cheek, red lips, and white teeth set off a countenance which had gained by exposure to the weather a healthful and hardy rather than a rugged hue. If Robin Oig did not laugh, or even smile frequently, as indeed is not the practice among his countrymen, his bright eyes usually gleamed from under his bonnet with an expression of cheerfulness ready to be turned into mirth.

The departure of Robin Oig was an incident in the little town, in and near which he had many friends male and female. He was a

¹ One of the *Chronicles of the Exchequer*. In his introduction to the first series, in which he finally laid aside all disguise, Scott said: "The tale entitled *The Two Drovers* I learned from another old friend, the late George Constable, Esq., of Wallace-Craigie, near Dundee, whom I have already introduced to my reader as the original Antiquary of Monkbarns. He had been present, I think, at the trial at Carlisle, and seldom mentioned the venerable judge's charge to the jury without shedding tears—which had peculiar pathos, as flowing down features curving rather a sarcastic, or almost a cynical expression."

topping person in his way, transacting considerable business on his own behalf, and was intrusted by the best farmers in the Highlands, in preference to any other drover in that district.

Many were the words of gratulation and good luck which were bestowed on Robin Oig. The judges commended his drove, especially the best of them, which were Robin's own property. Some thrust out their snuff-mulls for the parting pinch—others tendered the *doch-an-dorrach*, or parting cup. All cried, "Good luck travel out with you and come home with you. Give you luck in the Saxon market—brave notes in the *leabhar-dhu* (black pocket-book), and plenty of English gold in the *sporrans* (pouch of goat-skin)."

The bonny lasses made their adieus more modestly, and more than one, it was said, would have given her best brooch to be certain that it was upon her that his eye last rested as he turned towards his road.

Robin Oig had just given the preliminary "Hoo-hoo!" to urge forward the loiterers of the drove, when there was a cry behind him. "Stay, Robin—hide a blink. Here is Janet of Tomnahurich—ah! Janet, your father's sister!" "Plague on her for an auld Highland witch and spaewife," said a farmer from the Curse of Stirling; "she'll cast some of her cantrips on the cattle." "She canna do that," said another sipient of the same profession; "Robin Oig is no the lad to leave any of them without tying St. Mungo's knot on their tails, and that will put to her speed the best witch that ever flew over Dimayet upon a broom-stick."

It may not be indifferent to the reader to know that the Highland cattle are peculiarly liable to be taken, or infected, by spells and witchcraft, which judicious people guard against by knitting knots of peculiar complexity on the tuft of hair which terminates the animal's tail.

But the old woman who was the object of the farmer's suspicion seemed only busied about the drover, without paying any attention to the flock. Robin, on the contrary, appeared rather impatient of her presence. "What auld-world fancy," he said, "has brought you so early from the ingle-side this morning, Muham? I am sure I bid you good even, and had your God-speed, last night." "And left me more siller than the useless old woman will use till you come back again, bird of my bosom," said the sibyl. "But it is little I would care for the food that nourishes me, or the fire that warms me, or for God's blessed

sun itself, if aught but weal should happen to the grandson of my father. So let me walk the *deasil* round you, that you may go safe out into the far foreign land, and come safe home."

Robin Oig stooped, half-embarrassed, half-laughing, and signing to those around that he only complied with the old woman to soothe her humour. In the meantime she traced around him, with wavering steps, the propitiation, which some have thought has been derived from the Druidical mythology. It consists, as is well known, in the person who makes the *deasil* walking three times round the person who is the object of the ceremony, taking care to move according to the course of the sun. At once, however, she stopped short, and exclaimed, in a voice of alarm and horror, "Grandson of my father, there is blood on your hand!" "Hush, for God's sake, aunt," said Robin Oig; "you will bring more trouble on yourself with this *talshataragh* (second sight) than you will be able to get out of for many a day." The old woman only repeated, with a ghastly look, "There is blood on your hand, and it is English blood. The blood of the Gael is richer and redder. Let us see—let us—" Ere Robin Oig could prevent her, which, indeed, could only have been by positive violence, so hasty and peremptory were her proceedings, she had drawn from his side the dirk which lodged in the folds of his plaid, and held it up, exclaiming, although the weapon gleamed clear and bright in the sun, "Blood, blood—Saxon blood again! Robin Oig M'Combie, go not this day to England!" "Prutt, trutt," answered Robin Oig, "that will never do neither—it would be next thing to running the country. For shame, Muhme—give me the dirk. You cannot tell by the colour the difference betwixt the blood of a black bullock and a white one, and you speak of knowing Saxon from Gaelic blood. All men have their blood from Adam, Muhme. Give me my *skeneadh*, and let me go on my road. I should have been half-way to Stirling brig by this time—Give me my dirk, and let me go." "Never will I give it to you," said the old woman—"Never will I quit my hold on your plaid, unless you promise me not to wear that unhappy weapon."

The women around him urged him also, saying few of his aunt's words fell to the ground; and as the Lowland farmers continued to look moodily on the scene, Robin Oig determined to close it at any sacrifice. "Well, then," said the young drover, giving the scabbard of the weapon to Hugh Morrison, "you Low-

landers care nothing for these frents. Keep my dirk for me. I cannot give it you, because it was my father's; but your drove follows ours, and I am content it should be in your keeping, not in mine.—Will this do, Muhme?" "It must," said the old woman—"that is, if the Lowlander is mad enough to carry the knife." The strong Westlandman laughed aloud. "Goodwife," said he, "I am Hugh Morrison from Glenie, come of the manly Morrisons of auld langsyne, that never took short weapon against a man in their lives. And neither needed they: they had their broadswords, and I have this bit supple (showing a formidable cudgel)—for dirking ower the board, I leave that to John Highlandman.—Ye needna snort, none of you Highlanders, and you in especial, Robin. I'll keep the bit knife, if you are feared for the auld spawfitt's tale, and give it back to you whenever you want it."

Robin drove on his cattle, and waved farewell to all behind him. He was in the greater haste, because he expected to join at Falkirk a comrade and brother in profession, with whom he proposed to travel in company.

Robin Oig's chosen friend was a young Englishman, Harry Wakefield by name, well known at every northern market, and in his way as much famed and honoured as our Highland driver of bullocks. He was nearly six feet high, gallantly formed to keep the rounds at Smithfield, or maintain the ring at a wrestling match; and although he might have been overmatched, perhaps, among the regular professors of the Fancy, yet as a chance customer he was able to give a bellyful to any amateur of the pugilistic art. Doncaster races saw him in his glory, betting his guinea, and generally successfully; nor was there a main-fight in Yorkshire, the feeders being persons of celebrity, at which he was not to be seen, if business permitted. But though a *sprack* lad, and fond of pleasure and its haunts, Harry Wakefield was steady, and not the cautious Robin Oig M'Combie himself was more attentive to the main chance. His holidays were holidays indeed; but his days of work were dedicated to steady and persevering labour. In countenance and temper Wakefield was the model of Old England's merry yeomen, whose clothyard shafts, in so many hundred battles, asserted her superiority over the nations, and whose good sabres in our own time are her cheapest and most assured defence. His mirth was readily excited; for, strong in limb and constitution, and fortunate in circumstances, he was disposed to be pleased with everything about him; and such difficulties as he might occasion-

ally encounter were, to a man of his energy, rather matter of amusement than serious annoyance. With all the merits of a sanguine temper, our young English drover was not without his defects. He was irascible, and sometimes to the verge of being quarrelsome; and perhaps not the less inclined to bring his disputes to a pugilistic decision because he found few antagonists able to stand up to him in the boxing ring.

The pair of friends had traversed with their usual cordiality the grassy wilds of Liddesdale, and crossed the opposite part of Cumberland, emphatically called The Waste. In these solitary regions the cattle under the charge of our drovers subsisted themselves cheaply, by picking their food as they went along the drove-road, or sometimes by the tempting opportunity of a *start and overlop*, or invasion of the neighbouring pasture, where an occasion presented itself. But now the scene changed before them; they were descending towards a fertile and inclosed country, where no such liberties could be taken with impunity, or without a previous arrangement and bargain with the possessors of the ground. This was more especially the case, as a great northern fair was upon the eve of taking place, where both the Scotch and English drover expected to dispose of a part of their cattle, which it was desirable to produce in the market, rested and in good order. Fields were therefore difficult to be obtained, and only upon high terms. This necessity occasioned a temporary separation betwixt the two friends, who went to bargain, each as he could, for the separate accommodation of his herd. Unhappily it chanced that both of them, unknown to each other, thought of bargaining for the ground they wanted on the property of a country gentleman of some fortune, whose estate lay in the neighbourhood. The English drover applied to the bailiff on the property, who was known to him. It chanced that the Cumbrian squire, who had entertained some suspicions of his manager's honesty, was taking occasional measures to ascertain how far they were well founded, and had desired that any inquiries about his inclosures, with a view to occupy them for a temporary purpose, should be referred to himself. As, however, Mr. Ireby had gone the day before upon a journey of some miles' distance to the northward, the bailiff chose to consider the check upon his full powers as for the time removed, and concluded that he should best consult his master's interest, and perhaps his own, in making an agreement with Harry Wakefield. Meanwhile,

ignorant of what his comrade was doing, Robin Oig, on his side, chanced to be overtaken by a well-looked smart little man upon a pony, most knowingly hogged and cropped, as was then the fashion, the rider wearing tight leather breeches, and long-necked bright spurs. This cavalier asked one or two pertinent questions about markets and the price of stock. So Donald, seeing him a well-judging civil gentleman, took the freedom to ask him whether he could let him know if there was any grass-land to be let in that neighbourhood, for the temporary accommodation of his drove. He could not have put the question to more willing ears. The gentleman of the buckskins was the proprietor, with whose bailiff Harry Wakefield had dealt, or was in the act of dealing. "Thou art in good luck, my canny Scot," said Mr. Ireby, "to have spoken to me, for I see thy cattle have done their day's work, and I have at my disposal the only field within three miles that is to be let in these parts." "The drove can pe gang two, three, four miles very pratty weel indeed—" said the cautious Highlander; "put what would his honour pe axing for the beasts pe the head, if she was to tak the park for two or three days?" "We won't differ, Sawney, if you let me have six stots for winterers, in the way of reason." "And which peasts wad your honour pe for having?" "Why—let me see—the two black—the dun one—you doddy, him with the twisted horn—the brocket—How much by the head?" "Ah!" said Robin, "your honour is a shudge—a real shudge—I couldna have set off the pest six peasts better myself, me that ken them as if they were my pairns, puir things." "Well, how much per head, Sawney?" continued Mr. Ireby. "It was high markets at Doune and Falkirk," answered Robin.

And thus the conversation proceeded, until they had agreed on the *prix juste* for the bullocks, the squire throwing in the temporary accommodation of the inclosure for the cattle into the boot; and Robin making, as he thought, a very good bargain, providing the grass was but tolerable. The squire walked his pony alongside of the drove, partly to show him the way, and see him put into possession of the field, and partly to learn the latest news of the northern markets.

They arrived at the field, and the pasture seemed excellent. But what was their surprise when they saw the bailiff quietly inducting the cattle of Harry Wakefield into the grassy Goshen which had just been assigned to those of Robin Oig M'Combich by the proprietor himself. Squire Ireby set spurs to his horse,

dashed up to his servant, and learning what had passed between the parties, briefly informed the English drover that his bailiff had let the ground without his authority, and that he might seek grass for his cattle wherever he would, since he was to get none there. At the same time he rebuked his servant severely for having transgressed his commands, and ordered him instantly to assist in ejecting the hungry and weary cattle of Harry Wakefield, which were just beginning to enjoy a meal of unusual plenty, and to introduce those of his comrade, whom the English drover now began to consider as a rival.

The feelings which arose in Wakefield's mind would have induced him to resist Mr. Ireby's decision; but every Englishman has a tolerably accurate sense of law and justice, and John Fleecebumpkin, the bailiff, having acknowledged that he had exceeded his commission, Wakefield saw nothing else for it than to collect his hungry and disappointed charge, and drive them on to seek quarters elsewhere. Robin Oig saw what had happened with regret, and hastened to offer to his English friend to share with him the disputed possession. But Wakefield's pride was severely hurt, and he answered disdainfully, "Take it all, man—take it all—never make two bites of a cherry—thou canst talk over the gentry, and blear a plain man's eye—Out upon you, man—I would not kiss any man's dirty latchets for leave to bake in his oven."

Robin Oig, sorry but not surprised at his comrade's displeasure, hastened to entreat his friend to wait but an hour till he had gone to the squire's house to receive payment for the cattle he had sold, and he would come back and help him to drive the cattle into some convenient place of rest, and explain to him the whole mistake they had both of them fallen into. But the Englishman continued indignant: "Thou hast been selling, hast thou? Ay, ay—thou is a cunning lad for kenning the hours of bargaining. Go to the devil with thyself, for I will ne'er see thy fause loon's visage again—thou should be ashamed to look me in the face." "I am ashamed to look no man in the face," said Robin Oig, something moved; "and, moreover, I will look you in the face this blessed day, if you will bide at the elachan down yonder." "Mayhap you had as well keep away," said his comrade; and turning his back on his former friend, he collected his unwilling associates, assisted by the bailiff, who took some real and some affected interest in seeing Wakefield accommodated.

After spending some time in negotiating

with more than one of the neighbouring farmers, who could not, or would not, afford the accommodation desired, Henry Wakefield at last, and in his necessity, accomplished his point by means of the landlord of the alehouse at which Robin Oig and he had agreed to pass the night when they first separated from each other. Mine host was content to let him turn his cattle on a piece of barren moor, at a price little less than the bailiff had asked for the disputed inclosure; and the wretchedness of the pasture, as well as the price paid for it, were set down as exaggerations of the breach of faith and friendship of his Scottish comrade. This turn of Wakefield's passions was encouraged by the bailiff (who had his own reasons for being offended against poor Robin as having been the unwitting cause of his falling into disgrace with his master), as well as by the innkeeper, and two or three chance guests, who soothed the drover in his resentment against his quondam associate,—some from the ancient grudge against the Scots, which, when it exists anywhere, is to be found lurking in the Border counties, and some from the general love of mischief which characterizes mankind in all ranks of life, to the honour of Adam's children be it spoken. Good John Barleycorn also, who always heightens and exaggerates the prevailing passions, be they angry or kindly, was not wanting in his offices on this occasion; and confusion to false friends and hard masters was pledged in more than one tankard.

In the meanwhile Mr. Ireby found some amusement in detaining the northern drover at his ancient hall. He caused a cold round of beef to be placed before the Scot in the butler's pantry, together with a foaming tankard of home-brewed, and took pleasure in seeing the hearty appetite with which these unwonted edibles were discussed by Robin Oig M'Combie. The squire himself, lighting his pipe, compounded between his patrician dignity and his love of agricultural gossip by walking up and down while he conversed with his guest. "I passed another drove," said the squire, "with one of your countrymen behind them—they were something less beasts than your drove, doddles most of them—a big man was with them—none of your kilts, though, but a decent pair of breeches—D'ye know who he may be?" "Hout ay—that night, could, and would pe Hughie Morrison—I didna think he could haen seen weel up. He has made a day on us; put his Argyleshires will have wearied shanks. How far was he behind?" "I think about six or seven miles," answered the squire, "for I passed them at the Christenbury Cragg, and I

overtook you at the Hollan Bush. If his beasts be leg-wearied, he will be maybeselling bargains." "Na, na, Hughie Morrison is no the man for pargains—ye maun come to some Highland body like Robin Oig herself for the like of these—put I maun pe wishing you goot night, and twenty of them, let alane aye, and I maun down to the clachan to see if the lad Henry Waakfelt is out of his humdudgeons yet."

The party at the alehouse were still in full talk, and the treachery of Robin Oig still the theme of conversation, when the supposed culprit entered the apartment. His arrival, as usually happens in such a case, put an instant stop to the discussion of which he had furnished the subject, and he was received by the company assembled with that chilling silence, which, more than a thousand exclamations, tells an intruder that he is unwelcome. Surprised and offended, but not appalled by the reception which he experienced, Robin entered with an undaunted and even a haughty air, attempted no greeting as he saw he was received with none, and placed himself by the side of the fire, a little apart from a table at which Harry Wakefield, the bailiff, and two or three other persons, were seated. The ample Cumbrian kitchen would have afforded plenty of room even for a larger separation.

Robin, thus seated, proceeded to light his pipe, and call for a pint of twopenny. "We have no twopenny ale," answered Ralph Heskett the landlord; "but as thou find'st thy own tobacco, it's like thou may'st find thine own liquor too—it's the wont of thy country, I wot." "Shame, goodman," said the landlady, a blithe bustling housewife, hastening herself to supply the guest with liquor—"thou knowest well enow what the strange man wants, and it's thy trade to be civil, man. Thou shouldest know, that if the Scot likes a small pot, he pays a sure penny."

Without taking any notice of this nuptial dialogue, the Highlander took the flagon in his hand, and addressing the company generally, drank the interesting toast of "Good markets" to the party assembled. "The better that the wind blew fewer dealers from the north," said one of the farmers, "and fewer Highland rants to eat up the English meadows." "Sail of my pody, put you are wrang there, my friend," answered Robin, with composure, "it is your fat Englishmen that eat up our Scots entile, puir things." "I wish there was a summat to eat up their drovers," said another; "a plain Englishman canna make bread within a kenning of them." "Or an honest servant keep his master's favour,

but they will come sliding in between him and the sunshine," said the bailiff. "If these pe jokes," said Robin Oig, with the same composure, "there is ower mony jokes upon one man." "It's no joke, but downright earnest," said the bailiff. "Harkye, Mr. Robin Ogg, or whatever is your name, it's right we should tell you that we are all of one opinion, and that is, that you, Mr. Robin Ogg, have behaved to our friend Mr. Harry Wakefield here like a raff and a blackguard." "Nae doubt, nae doubt," answered Robin, with great composure; "and you are a set of very feeling judges, for whose pruins or peahaviour I wad not gie a pinch of sneeshing. If Mr. Harry Waakfelt kens where he is wrang, he kens where he may be righted." "He speaks truth," said Wakefield, who had listened to what passed, divided between the offence which he had taken at Robin's late behaviour, and the revival of his habitual habits of friendship.

He now rose and went towards Robin, who got up from his seat as he approached, and held out his hand. "That's right, Harry—go it—serve him out," resounded on all sides—"tip him the naller—show him the mill." "Hold your peace all of you, and be —," said Wakefield; and then addressing his comrade, he took him by the extended hand, with something alike of respect and defiance. "Robin," he said, "thou hast used me ill enough this day; but if you mean like a frank fellow to shake hands, and take a tassel for love on the sod, why I'll forgie thee, man, and we shall be better friends than ever." "And would it not be better to be cood friends without more of the matter?" said Robin; "we will be much better friendships with our panes hale than broken."

Harry Wakefield dropped the hand of his friend, or rather threw it from him. "I did not think I had been keeping company for three years with a coward." "Coward belongs to none of my name," said Robin, whose eyes began to kindle, but keeping the command of his temper. "It was no coward's legs or hands, Harry Waakfelt, that drew you out of the fords of Frew, when you was drifting ower the plack rock, and every eel in the river expected his share of you." "And that is true enough, too," said the Englishman, struck by the appeal. "Adzoobs!" exclaimed the bailiff, "sure Harry Wakefield, the nastiest lad at Whitson Tryste, Wooler Fair, Carlisle Sands, or Stagshaw Bank, is not going to show white feather? Ah, this comes of living so long with kilts and bonnets—men forget the use of their daddles." "I may teach you, Master Fleece-

bumpkin, that I have not lost the use of mine," said Wakefield, and then went on. "This will never do, Robin, we must have a turn-up, or we shall be the talk of the country side. I'll be d——d if I hurt thee—I'll put on the gloves gin thou like. Come, stand forward like a man." "To pe peaten like a dog," said Robin; "is there any reason in that? If you think I have done you wrong, I'll go before your shudge, though I neither know his law nor his language."

A general cry of "No, no,—no law, no lawyer! a ballyful and be friends," was echoed by the by-standers. "But," continued Robin, "if I am to fight, I have no skill to fight like a Jackaunpes, with hands and nails." "How would you fight then?" said his antagonist: "though I am thinking it would be hard to bring you to the scratch anyhow." "I would fight with broadswords, and sink point on the first blood drawn—like a gentlemans."

A loud shout of laughter followed the proposal, which indeed had rather escaped from poor Robin's swelling heart, than been the dictates of his sober judgment. "Gentleman, quotha!" was echoed on all sides with a shout of unextinguishable laughter: "a very pretty gentleman, God wot—Canst get two swords for the gentleman to fight with, Ralph Heskett?" "No, but I can send to the armoury at Carlisle, and lend them two forks to be making shifit with in the meantime." "Tush, man," said another, "the bonny Scots come into the world with the blue bonnet on their heads, and dirk and pistol at their belt." "Best send post," said Mr. Fleecebumpkin, "to the squire of Corby Castle to come and stand second to the gentleman."

In the midst of this torrent of general ridicule, the Highlander instinctively gripped beneath the folds of his plaid. "But it's better not," he said in his own language. "A hundred curses on the swine-eaters who know neither decency nor civility! Make room, the pack of you," he said, advancing to the door. But his former friend interposed his sturdy bulk, and opposed his leaving the house; and when Robin Oig attempted to make his way by force, he hit him down on the floor with as much ease as a boy howls down a nine-pin. "A ring! a ring!" was now shouted, until the dark rafters, and the hams that hung on them, trembled again, and the very platters on the *beul* clattered against each other. "Well done, Harry." "Give it him home, Harry." "Take care of him now—he sees his own blood!"

Such were the exclamations, while the Highlander, starting from the ground, all his cold-

ness and caution lost in frantic rage, sprung at his antagonist with the fury, the activity, and the vindictive purpose of an incensed tiger-cat. But when could rage encounter science and temper? Robin Oig again went down in the unequal contest, and as the blow was necessarily a severe one, he lay motionless on the floor of the kitchen. The landlady ran to offer some aid, but Mr. Fleecebumpkin would not permit her to approach. "Let him alone," he said, "he will come to within time, and come up to the scratch again. He has not got half his broth yet." "He has got all I mean to give him, though," said his antagonist, whose heart began to relent towards his old associate; "and I would rather by half give the rest to yourself, Mr. Fleecebumpkin, for you pretend to know a thing or two, and Robin had not art enough even to peal before setting to, but fought with his plaid dangling about him. Stand up, Robin, my man! all friends now; and let me hear the man that will speak a word against you, or your country, for your sake."

Robin Oig was still under the dominion of his passion, and eager to renew the contest; but being withheld on the one side by the peace-making Dame Heskett, and on the other aware that Wakefield no longer meant to renew the combat, his fury sunk into gloomy sullenness. "Come, come, never grudge so much at it, man," said the brave-spirited Englishman, with the placability of his country; "shake hands, and we will be better friends than ever." "Friends!" exclaimed Robin Oig with strong emphasis, "Friends!—Never. Look to yourself, Harry Waakfelt." "Then the curse of Cromwell on your proud Scots stomach, as the man says in the play, and you may do your worst and he d——; for one man can say nothing more to another after a tussel than that he is sorry for it."

On these terms the friends parted; Robin Oig drew out, in silence, a piece of money, threw it on the table, and then left the alehouse. But turning at the door, he shook his hand at Wakefield, pointing with his forefinger upwards, in a manner which might imply either a threat or a caution. He then disappeared in the moonlight.

Some words passed after his departure, between the bailiff, who piqued himself on being a little of a bully, and Harry Wakefield, who, with generous inconsistency, was now not indisposed to begin a new combat in defence of Robin Oig's reputation, "although he could not use his daddles like an Englishman, as it did not come natural to him." But Dame

Heskett prevented this second quarrel from coming to a head by her peremptory interference. "There should be no more fighting in her house," she said; "there had been too much already. And you, Mr. Wakefield, may live to learn," she added, "what it is to make a deadly enemy out of good friend." "Psha, dame! Robin Oig is an honest fellow, and will never keep malice." "Do not trust to that—you do not know the dour temper of the Scotch, though you have dealt with them so often. I have a right to know them, my mother being a Scot." "And so is well seen in her daughter," said Ralph Heskett.

This nuptial sarcasm gave the discourse another turn; fresh customers entered the tap-room or kitchen, and others left it. The conversation turned on the expected markets, and the report of prices from the different parts of Scotland and England—treaties were commenced, and Harry Wakefield was lucky enough to find a chap for a part of his drove, and at a very considerable profit; an event of consequence more than sufficient to blot out all remembrances of the unpleasant scuffle in the earlier part of the day. But there remained one party from whose mind that recollection could not have been wiped away by possession of every head of cattle betwixt Esk and Eden.

This was Robin Oig M'Combieh. "That I should have had no weapon," he said, "and for the first time in my life! Blighted be the tongue that bids the Highlander part with the dirk—the dirk—ha! the English blood! My Muhime's word—when did her word fail to the ground?"

The recollection of the fatal prophecy confirmed the deadly intention which instantly sprang up in his mind. "Ha! Morrison cannot be many miles behind; and if it were an hundred, what then?"

His impetuous spirit had now a fixed purpose and motive of action, and he turned the light foot of his country towards the wilds, through which he knew, by Mr. Ireby's report, that Morrison was advancing. His mind was wholly engrossed by the sense of injury—*injury sustained from a friend*; and by the desire of vengeance on one whom he now accounted his most bitter enemy. The treasured ideas of self-importance and self-opinion—of ideal birth and quality, had become more precious to him (like the hoard to the miser), because he could only enjoy them in secret. But that hoard was pillaged, the idols which he had secretly worshipped had been desecrated and profaned. Insulted, abused, and beaten, he was no longer worthy, in his own opinion,

of the name he bore, or the lineage which he belonged to—nothing was left to him—nothing but revenge; and, as the reflection added a galling spur to every step, he determined it should be as sudden and signal as the offence.

When Robin Oig left the door of the alehouse, seven or eight English miles at least lay betwixt Morrison and him. The advance of the former was slow, limited by the sluggish pace of his cattle; the last left behind him stubble-field and hedge-row, crag and dark heath, all glittering with frost-rime in the broad November moonlight, at the rate of six miles an hour. And now the distant lowing of Morrison's cattle is heard; and now they are seen creeping like moles in size and slowness of motion on the broad face of the moor; and now he meets them—passes them, and stops their conductor. "May good bestride us," said the Southlander, "is this you, Robin M'Combieh, or your wraith?" "It is Robin Oig M'Combieh," answered the Highlander, "and it is not. But never mind that, put pe giving me the skenedhu." "What! you are for back to the Highlands—The devil!—Have you sell all off before the fair? This beats all for quick markets." "I have not sold—I am not going north—May pe I will never go north again. Give me pack my dirk, Hugh Morrison, or there will be words between us." "Indeed, Robin, I'll be better advised or I gie it back to you—it is a wanchaney weapon in a Highlander's hand, and I am thinking you will be about some barns-breaking." "Prutt, trutt! let me have my weapon," said Robin Oig, impatiently. "Hooley and fairly," said his well-meaning friend, "I'll tell you what will be better than these dirking doings—Ye ken Highlander and Lowlander, and Bordermen, are a' a' man's bairns when you are over the Scots dyke. See the Eskdale callants, and fighting Charlie of Liddesdale, and the Lock-erby lads, and the four dandies of Lustruther, and a wheen mair gray plaids, are coming up behind; and if you are wrang'd, there is a hand of a manly Morrison, we'll see you righted, if Carlisle and Stanwix baith took up the feud." "To tell you the truth," said Robin Oig, desirous of eluding the suspicions of his friend, "I have enlisted with a party of the Black Watch, and must march off to-morrow morning." "Enlisted! Were you mad or drunk? You must buy yourself off—I can lend you twenty notes, and twenty to that, if the drove sell." "I thank you—thank ye, Hughie; but I go with good-will the gate that I am going,—so the dirk—the dirk!" "There it is for you then, since less winna serve. But

think on what I was saying. Wines me, it will be sair news in the braes of Balquidder, that Robin Oig M'Comlich should have run an ill gate, and ta'en on." "Ill news in Balquidder, indeed!" echoed poor Robin; "put Cot speed you, Hughie, and send you good mearcats. Ye winna meet with Robin Oig again either at tryste or fair."

So saying, he shook hastily the hand of his acquaintance, and set out in the direction from which he had advanced, with the spirit of his former pace.

"There is something wrang with the lad," muttered Morrison to himself; "but we will maybe see better into it the morn's morning."

But long ere the morning dawned the catastrophe of our tale had taken place. It was two hours after the affray had happened, and it was totally forgotten by almost every one, when Robin Oig returned to Heskett's inn. The place was filled at once by various sorts of men, and with noises corresponding to their character. There were the grave low sounds of men engaged in busy traffic, with the laugh, the song, and the riotous jest of those who had nothing to do but to enjoy themselves. Among the last was Harry Wakefield, who, amidst a grinning group of smock-frocks, hob-nailed shoes, and jolly English physiognomies, was trolling forth the old ditty—

"What thought my name be Roger,
Who drives the plough and cart—"

when he was interrupted by a well-known voice, saying in a high and stern voice, marked by the sharp Highland accent, "Harry Waakfelt—if you be a man, stand up!" "What is the matter?—what is it?" the guests demanded of each other. "It is only a d—d Scotsman," said Fleecebumpkin, who was by this time very drunk, "whom Harry Wakefield helped to his broth to-day, who is now come to have his cauld kail hett again." "Harry Waakfelt," repeated the same ominous summons, "stand up, if you be a man!"

There is something in the tone of deep and concentrated passion which attracts attention and imposes awe, even by the very sound. The guests shrank back on every side, and gazed at the Highlander, as he stood in the middle of them, his brows bent, and his features rigid with resolution. "I will stand up with all my heart, Robin, my boy, but it shall be to shake hands with you, and drink down all unkindness. It is not the fault of your heart, man, that you don't know how to clenche your hands."

By this time he stood opposite to his antagonist; his open and unsuspecting look strangely

contrasted with the stern purpose which gleamed wild, dark, and vindictive in the eyes of the Highlander. "Tis not thy fault, man, that, not having the luck to be an Englishman, thou canst not fight more than a school-girl." "I can fight," answered Robin Oig sternly, but calmly, "and you shall know it. You, Harry Waakfelt, showed me to-day how the Saxon churls fight—I show you now how the Highland dunniwassal fight."

He seconded the word with the action, and plunged the dagger, which he suddenly displayed, into the broad breast of the English yeoman, with such fatal certainty and force, that the hilt made a hollow sound against the breast-bone, and the double-edged point split the very heart of his victim. Henry Wakefield fell, and expired with a single groan. His assassin next seized the baldif by the collar, and offered the bloody poniard to his throat, while dread and surprise rendered the man incapable of defence. "It were very just to lay you beside him," he said, "but the blood of a base pick-thank shall never mix on my father's dirk with that of a brave man."

As he spoke he cast the man from him with so much force that he fell on the floor, while Robin, with his other hand, threw the fatal weapon into the blazing turf-fire. "There," he said, "take me who likes—and let fire cleanse blood if it can."

The pause of astonishment still continuing, Robin Oig asked for a peace-officer, and a constable having stepped out, he surrendered himself to his custody. "A bloody night's work you have made of it," said the constable. "Your own fault," said the Highlander. "Had you kept his hands off me twa hours since, he would have been now as well and merry as he was twa minutes since." "It must be sorely answered," said the peace-officer. "Never you mind that—death pays all debts; it will pay that too."

The horror of the by-standers began now to give way to indignation; and the sight of a favourite companion murdered in the midst of them, the provocation being, in their opinion, so utterly inadequate to the excess of vengeance, might have induced them to kill the perpetrator of the deed even upon the very spot. The constable, however, did his duty on this occasion, and with the assistance of some of the more reasonable persons present procured horses to guard the prisoner to Carlisle, to abide his doom at the next assizes. While the escort was preparing, the prisoner neither expressed the least interest, nor attempted the slightest reply.

My story is nearly ended. The unfortunate Highlander stood his trial at Carlisle, and was sentenced to death. He met his fate with great firmness, and acknowledged the justice of his sentence. But he repelled indignantly the observations of those who accused him of attacking an unarmed man. "I give a life for the life I took," he said, "and what can I do more?"

SEA SONGS.

NEPTUNE'S RAGING FURY; OR THE GALLANT SEAMAN'S SUFFERINGS.

You gentlemen of England
That live at home at ease,
Ah, little do you think upon
The dangers of the seas;
Give ear unto the mariners,
And they will plainly show
[All] the carees, and the fears,
When the stormy winds do blow.

All you that will be seamen
Must bear a valiant heart,
For when you come upon the seas
You must not think to start;
Nor once to be faint-hearted,
In hail, rain, blow, or snow,
Nor to think for to shrink
When the stormy winds do blow.

The bitter storms and tempests
Poor seamen do endure,
Both day and night, with many a fright,
We seldom rest secure;
Our sleep it is disturbed
With visions strange to know,
And with dreams on the streams,
When the stormy winds do blow.

In claps of rowing thunder,
Which darkness doth enfore,
We often find our ship to stay
Beyond our wonted course;
Which canst great distractiōn,
And sinks our hearts full low;
'Tis in vain to complain,
When the stormy winds do blow.

Sometimes in Neptune's bosom
Our ship is toss'd in waves,
And every man expecting
The sea to be their graves;
Then up aloft she mounteth,
And down again so low,
'Tis with waves, O with waves,
When the stormy winds do blow.

Then down again we fall to prayer,
With all our might and thought,
When refuge all doth fail us,
"Tis that must bear us out;
To God we call for succour,
For He it is, we know,
That must aid us, and save us,
When the stormy winds do blow.

The lawyer and the usurer,
That sit in gowns of fur,
In closets warm, can take no harm,
Abroad they need not stir;
When winter fierce with cold doth pierce,
And beats with hail and snow,
We are sure to endure,
When the stormy winds do blow.

We bring home costly merchandise,
And jewels of great price,
To serve our English gallantry
With many a rare device;
To please the English gallantry,
Our pains we freely show,
For we toil, and we moil,
When the stormy winds do blow.

We sometimes sail to the Indies,
To fetch home spices rare;
Sometimes again, to France and Spain,
For wines beyond compare;
Whilst gallants are carousing,
In taverns on a row,
Then we sweep o'er the deep,
When the stormy winds do blow.

When tempests are blown over,
And greatest fears are past,
In weather fair, and temperate air,
We straight lie down to rest;
But when the billows tumble,
And waves do furions grow,
Then we rouse, up we rouse,
When the stormy winds do blow.

If enemies oppose us,
When Englad is at wars
With any foreign nations,
We fear not wounds nor scars;
Our roaring guns shall teach them
Our valour for to know,
Whilst they reel, in the keel,
When the stormy winds do blow.

We are no cowardly shrinkers,
But true Englishmen bred,
We'll play our parts, like valiant hearts,
And never fly for dread;
We'll ply our business nimblly,
Where'er we come or go,
With our mates, to the Straits,
When the stormy winds do blow.

Then courage, all brave mariners,
And never be dismay'd,
Whilst we have hold adventurers
We ne'er shall want a trade;
Our merchants will employ us
To fetch them wealth, I know;
Then be bold, work for gold,
When the stormy winds do blow.

When we return in safety,
With wages for our pains,
The tapster and the vintner
Will help to share our gains;
We call for liquor roundly,
And pay before we go,
Then we'll roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow.

ANON.

THE SEA-FIGHT IN XCII.¹

Thursday in the morn, the ides of May,
Recorded for ever the famous ninety-two,
Brave Russel did discern, by dawn of day,
The lofty sails of France advancing now:
All hands aloft, aloft, let English valour shine,
Let fly a culverin, the signal for the line;
Let every hand supply his gun;
Follow me,
And you'll see
That the battle will be soon begun.

Tourville on the main triumphant roll'd,
To meet the gallant Russel in combat on the
deep;
He led a noble train of heroes bold,
To sink the English admiral and his fleet.
Now every valiant mind to victory doth aspire,
The bloody fight's begun, the sea itself on fire;
And mighty Fate stood looking on;
Whilst a flood,
All of blood,
Fill'd the scuppers of the *Royal Sun*.

¹ The great naval victory intended to be celebrated by this excellent old song, was determined, after a running action of several days, off Cape La Hogue, on the coast of Normandy, the 23d of May, 1692, in favour of the English and Dutch combined fleets, consisting of 99 sail of the line, under the command of Admiral Russel, afterwards Earl of Orford, over a French squadron of about half that number, commanded by the Chevalier Tourville, whose ship, *Le Sodet Royal*, carried upwards of a hundred guns, and was esteemed the finest vessel in Europe. This last fleet was fitted out for the purpose of restoring King James II. to his dominions; and that prince, together with the Duke of Berwick, and several great officers both of his own court and of the court of France, and even Tourville himself, beheld the final destruction of the French ships from an eminence on the shore.

Sulphur, smoke, and fire, disturbing the air,
With thunder and wonder affright the Gallic
shore;
Their regulated hands stood trembling near,
To see their lofty streamers now no more.
At six o'clock the led the smiling victors led,
To give a second blow, the fatal overthrow;
Now death and horror equal reign;

Now they cry,

Run or die,

British colours ride the vanquish'd main!

See they fly amazed o'er rocks and sands,
One danger they grasp at to shun the greater
fate;
In vain they cry for aid to weeping lands;
The nymphs and sea-gods mourn their lost
estate;
For evermore adieu, then Royal dazzling Sun,
From thy untimely end thy master's fate begun:
Enough, thou mighty god of war!

Now we sing,

Bless the king,

Let us drink to every English tar.

ANON.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

Ye mariners of England,
That guard our native seas,
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And ocean was their grave!
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below,—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors,
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

WHO COULD HAVE BELIEVED IT?

FROM THE GERMAN.¹

There lived in Vienna a young man of rank and fortune, who bore a strong resemblance to many other young men of that and every city, for he was a dupe to all the follies of fashion and high life. He combined a flexible heart with a handsome person; it had cost his mother a great deal of trouble to make him what is called a *puppy*; but, by indefatigable diligence, she had at last effected her purpose. All the ladies, consequently, loved him, and he loved them all in return. It has been said that once or twice his attachments have even been of more than a month's duration, but never did he impose any constraint upon himself or the object of his affection by an irksome fidelity. He possessed the nicest powers of perception, whenever any word or look summoned him to victory; but he always had the good manners to pay every attention to the clock, when it announced the hour of parting.

With these qualifications he was certain of success with the ladies. He paid his devours to all, enjoyed all, and was at last tired of all. In one of his moments of torpid satiety our hero had returned home before supper. Happy is he who feels the time least oppressive when at home—he belongs to the better kind of men. Our young count threw himself upon the sofa, stretched his limbs, yawned, and so forth. Suddenly it occurred to him that he was married.—No wonder that we should have forgotten it, since he himself only just now recollect it. "Apropos," said he, and rung the bell—a servant entered.

"Go to your mistress and ask if I may have the pleasure of seeing her." The servant listened attentively, not believing the testimony of his own ears. The count repeated his orders, which the servant at length obeyed, shaking

his head as he went. The countess was the amiable daughter of a country gentleman—she was a flower which, from the pressure of the court atmosphere, drooped, but did not quite wither; to avoid *ennui* she had no resource but to swim with the tide of high life. She and her husband sometimes met—they never avoided, nor ever courted each other's society. Before marriage they had seen little of each other, and after it they had no time to devote to such an employment. There were people enough who spared the count the trouble of admiring his wife's perfections, and if they made no impression on her heart, they at least gratified her vanity.

Her husband's message was delivered to her at a moment when her state of mind was much the same as his:—she knew not what to think of this unexpected visit: she replied, however, that she should be happy to see him. He entered—hoped he was not troublesome—took a chair—made remarks on the weather—and recounted the news of the day. The conversation, as far as related to the subjects of it, was quite common, but his vivacity and Amelia's genius inspired it with interest. The time passed they knew not how: the count looked at his watch—was surprised to find it so late, and requested permission to sup with his wife. "With all my heart," replied Amelia, "if you can be content with my homely fare." Supper was brought—they eat, and were merry, without being noisy. This calm pleasure possessed to them the charm of novelty; they were both pleasant without wishing to appear so, as is generally the case with most people. They were quite new acquaintances—the hours flew swiftly away, and the time for retiring to rest being arrived, the count took leave of the countess, highly pleased with his visit.

The next day he was invited to a concert, and did not learn till it was late, that, one of the virtuosos being ill, the concert was deferred. How was he to pass the tedious evening? He inquired, as he passed, after his wife, and was informed she was somewhat indisposed.

"Well," thought he, "common civility requires that I should wait upon her, and ask her personally how she does." He sent a message, requesting that he might be allowed to sit with her till supper, and was very politely received. He was cheerful, lively, and gallant. The supper hour arrived, and this time Amelia begged him to stay. He had been invited to a cassino party after the concert, notwithstanding which he remained with his wife, and their conversation was quite as pleasant, and less reserved, than that of the preceding visit.

¹ Translated by Benjamin Thomson.

"Do you know," said Amelia, "that the party to which you were invited would find a little trouble in discovering *the cause* of your absence?" He smiled, and paused for a few moments. "I must tell you something in confidence," began he at length, while he was playing with his fork, "something which you will perhaps think rather candid than gallant; you cannot imagine how much you are improved since your marriage!"—"My marriage!" answered Amelia, in a jocose tone, "I believe it took place about the same time as your own."—"Very true, my lady," replied he, "but it is inconceivable how so happy an alteration can have taken place in you. At that time—pardon me—you had so much rustic bashfulness, it is scarce possible to recognize you:—your genius is no longer the same; even your features are much improved."

"Well, my lord," replied the countess, "without wishing to return the compliment, all that you have said of me I thought of you. But upon my word," added she, "it is well that no one hears us; for it almost seems as if we were making love." The dialogue continued long in the same style, till Amelia at length looked at her watch, and in a fascinating tone remarked that it was late. The count arose unwillingly, slowly took his leave, and as slowly retired to the door—suddenly he again turned round.

"My lady," said he, "I find it very tedious to breakfast alone—may I be allowed to take my chocolate with you?" "If you please," answered Amelia; and they parted, still more pleased with each other.

The next morning it occurred to the count that these frequent visits to his wife might give rise to scandalous reports. He therefore desired his valet not to mention the circumstance to any one. He then put on an elegant morning-gown, and went softly over to Amelia.

Amelia had just risen in the most cheerful humour. The bloom upon her cheek rivalled the blush of morning. She was animated and witty—in short, she was enchanting; and her husband, in an hour, discovered how much pleasanter it was to breakfast in company than to sit alone, and opposite a glass, gazing at his own person, and looking into his yawning mouth.

"Why don't you come here every day," said Amelia, "if my company is pleasant to you?" He answered that he feared his presence might prevent the visits of others.

"I shall miss no one," replied she, "as long as you indemnify me by your society." "Upon my word," said the count, "I have

more than once wished that I was not your ladyship's husband." "Why so?" demanded Amelia. "That I might be allowed to tell you," returned he, "how much I love you." "Oh! tell me so, I beg," cried she, "if only for the sake of novelty." "Fear not," answered the count; "I hope, my lady, I shall never so far forget myself; but we have had, I think, two very agreeable *tête-à-têtes* at supper—how if you were this evening to allow me a third." "With all my heart," answered the countess. The appointment was on both sides exactly adhered to. Their conversation was this time less lively, less brilliant—they gazed at each other oftener, and spoke less; the heart began to assert its influence, and even arrived so far, that they once, during a pause, involuntarily squeezed each other's hand across the table, although the servants were still in the room.—*Who could have believed it?*

Amelia very plainly perceived that it was late, but she did not look at her watch. Her husband made not the smallest effort to depart;—he complained that he was somewhat tired, but not sleepy. In a word, from this day they parted in the morning instead of midnight, because they were then both ready to breakfast together.

The count, enchanted with his new conquest, eloped with Amelia into the country, where they, with astonishment, discovered that the theatre of nature, and the concert of the nightingales, surpassed all other theatres and concerts. They at first thought of staying only a few days—every morning they intended to depart, and every evening they changed their intentions. When autumn, however, approached, they returned to Vienna. The same evening they went to the play, and our hero had the courage to sit in the same box with Amelia.

Who could have believed it? To such a dreadful extent may a man be led by one thoughtless step. Ye happy husbands in high life, take warning by the mournful example of our count!

DESPONDENCY.

The thoughts that rain their steady glow
Like stars on life's cold sea,
Which others know, or say they know—
They never shone for me!

Thoughts light, like gleams, my spirit's sky,
But they will not remain;
They light me once, they hurry by,
And never come again.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

Fair fancied picture!—worthy of thy theme!
 Our hearts go to thee, and we sit us down
 'Mong the high-shadowing trees, on turf
 o'ergrown
 With flowers, and mark the lake's transparent
 gleam—
 The dark and sunny mountains, and the sky
 So softly delicate; and list the voices
 Of those primeval beings, joyously
 Spending the time where all around rejoices.
 Our hearts go to thee; thou hast fill'd up our
 dream
 Of a long-lost felicity, which made
 The youth of this gray world. We love thy
 theme,
 For man too has his youth, which, when
 decay'd
 He wanders feebly on his pilgrimage—
 Seems to his fancy still THE GOLDEN AGE.

THOMAS BRYDSON.

THE SHEPHERDS' GOLDEN AGE.¹

[William Browne, born at Tavistock, 1590; died, 1645. The author of *Britannia's Pastorella*, the *Shepherd's Pipe*, and other poems, is now almost forgotten. But in his own time he was popular, and won the highest compliments from Soden, Drayton, Jonson, and many others. Milton is said to have made a study of his style, which was modelled upon that of the Italian writers, and is in consequence marred by far-fetched conceits. Milton's *Lycidas* and Browne's *Phaëtons* are sometimes compared with no discredit to the latter.]

O! the golden age
 Met all contentment in no surplusage
 Of dainty viands, but (as we do still)
 Drank the pure water of the crystal rill,
 Fed on no other meats than those they fed,
 Labour, the salad that their stomachs bred;
 Nor sought they for the down of silver swans,
 Nor those sow-thistle locks each small gale fans,
 But hides of beasts, which when they liv'd they
 kept,
 Served them for bed and covering when they
 slept.
 If any softer lay, 'twas (by the loss
 Of some rock's warmth) on thick and spongy
 moss,
 Or on the ground; some simple wall of clay
 Parting their beds from where their cattle lay.
 And on such pallets one man clipt then
 More golden slumbers than this age again.

¹ From *Britannia's Pastorella* (song iii. book ii.), by William Browne.

Unknown was then the Phrygian broidery,
 The Tyrian purple and the scarlet dye;
 Such as their sheep clad, such they wove and
 wove,
 Russet or white, or those mix'd, and no more;
 Except sometimes (to bravery inclin'd)
 They dy'd them yellow caps with alder rind.
 The Grecian mantle, Tuscan robes of state,
 Tissue nor cloth of gold of highest rate
 They never saw; only in pleasant woods,
 Or by th' embroidered margin of the floods,
 The dainty nymphs they often did behold
 Clad in their light silk robes, stitch'd oft with
 gold.
 The Arras hangings round their comely halls
 Wanted the Cerite's web and minerals:
 Green boughs of trees with fast'ning acorns lade,
 Hung full with flowers and garlands quaintly
 made;
 Their homely cots deck'd trim in low degree,
 As now the court with richest tapestry.

The daisy scatter'd on each mead and down,
 A golden tuft within a silver crown—
 (Fair fall that dainty flower! and may there be
 No shepherd grac'd that doth not honour thee!)
 The primrose, when with six leaves gotten grace,
 Maids us a true-love in their bosoms place;
 The spotless Ny by whose pure leaves be
 Noted the chaste thoughts of virginity;
 The harebell for the stainless azur'd hue,
 Claim'd to be worn of none but those are true;
 The rose, like ready youth, enticè standis,
 And would be cropp'd if it might chose the hands;
 The yellow king-cup Flora them assign'd
 To be the badge of a jealous mind;
 The columbine, in tawny often taken,
 Is then ascribed to such as are forsaken;
 Flora's choice buttons, of a russet dye,
 Is hope even in the depth of misery;
 The pansy, thistle, all with prickles set,
 The cowslip, honey-suckle, violet,
 And many hundreds more that graced the
 meads,
 Gardens and groves (where beauteous Flora
 treads),
 Were by the Shepherds' daughters (as yet are
 Us'd in our cots) brought home with special care:
 For bruising them they not alone would quell
 But rot the rest, and spoil their pleasing smell.
 Much like a lad who in his tender prime
 Sent from his friends to learn the use of time,
 As are his mates, or good or bad, as he
 Thrives to the world, and such his actions be.
 As in the rainbow's many-coloured hue
 Here see we watchet deepen'd with a blue,
 There a dark tawny with a purple mix'd,
 Yellow and flame, with streaks of green betwixt,
 A bloody stream into a blushing run
 And end still with the colour which begun,

Drawing the deeper to a lighter stain,
Bringing the highest to the deepest again.
With such rare art each minglèth with his
follow,

The blue with wachet, green and red with
yellow;

Like to the changes which we daily see
About the dove's neck with variety,
Where none can say (tho' he it strict attends),
Here one begins, and there the others end.
So deck up the maidens with their various flowers
Deck up their windows and make neat their
flowers;

Using such cunning as they did dispose
The ruddy peony with the lighter rose,
The monkshood with the bugle, and entwine
The white, the blue, the flesh-like columbine,
With pinks, sweet-williams, that far off the
eye

Could not the manner of their mixtures spy.
Then with those flowers they most of all did
prize

(With all their skill and in most curious wise
On tufts of herbs or rushes) would they frame
A dainty border round the shepherd's name.
Or posies make, so quaint, so apt, so rare,
As if the Muses only lived there:
And that the after world should strive in vain
What they then did to counterfeit again.
Nor will the needle nor the loom e'er be
So perfect in their best embroidery;
Nor such compositions make of silk and gold,
As theirs, when nature all her cunning told.

The word of mine did no man them bewitch:
They thought none could be fortunate if rich.
And to the covetous did wish no wrong,
But what himself desir'd—to live here long.

As of their songs, so of their lives they deem'd,
Not of the longest, but best performed, esteem'd.
They thought that Heaven to him no life did give
Who only thought upon the means to live.
Nor wish'd they 'twere ordained to live here
ever.

But as life was ordain'd they might persevere.

O happy men, you ever did possess
No wisdom but was mixed with sinfulness;
So, wanting malice, and from folly free,
Since reason went with your simplicity.
You search'd yourselves if all within were fair,
And did not learn of others what you were.
Your lives the patterns of those virtues gave
Which adulteration tells men now they have.

With poverty in love we only close
Because our lovers it most truly shows:
When they who in that blessed age did move,
Knew neither poverty nor want of love.

The hatred which they bore was only this,
That every one did hate to do amiss.
Their fortune still was subject to their will:
Their want (O, happy !) was the want of ill.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

[Sir Richard Steele, born in Dublin, 1671; died at Llangunnam, near Caermarthen, Wales, 1st September, 1729. He is distinguished as the "first of the British periodical essayists." He originated the *Tatler*, and of its 271 numbers he wrote 164; and Addison wrote 50. The *Spectator*, *Guardian*, *Rambler*, and other periodicals, were subsequently published on the model of the *Tatler*. Few men have acted so many different parts in life: he was a soldier, a writer of comedies, and the author of *The Christian Hero*—composed, it is said, chiefly for his own edification: he was a member of parliament, a commissioner of forfeited estates in Scotland (1715), and the patentee of the Royal Company of Comedians. The following is an excellent summary of his character and life: " Steele was one of the most amiable and one of the most improvident of men. His precepts were far better than his practice; his principles proved no match for his tastes. Often sparing, often repeating, always good natured, and generally in debt, he multiplied troubles as few men will, and bore them better than most men can."]

Charity is a virtue of the heart, and not of the hands, says an old writer. Gifts and alms are the expressions, not the essence, of this virtue. A man may bestow great sums on the poor and indigent without being charitable, and may be charitable when he is not able to bestow anything. Charity is therefore a habit of good-will, or benevolence, in the soul, which disposes us to the love, assistance, and relief of mankind, especially of those who stand in need of it. The poor man who has this excellent frame of mind is no less entitled to the reward of this virtue than the man who founds a college. For my own part, I am charitable to an extravagance this way. I never saw an indigent person in my life without reaching out to him some of this imaginary relief. I cannot but sympathize with every one I meet that is in affliction; and if my abilities were equal to my wishes, there should be neither pain nor poverty in the world.

To give my reader a right notion of myself in this particular, I shall present him with the secret history of one of the most remarkable parts of my life.

I was once engaged in search of the philosopher's stone. It is frequently observed of men who have been busied in this pursuit, that though they have failed in their principal design, they have however made such discoveries in their way to it as have sufficiently compensated their inquiries. In the same manner, though I cannot boast of my success in that affair, I do not repent of my engaging in it, because it produced in my mind such an habitual exercise of charity as made it much

better than perhaps it would have been had I never been lost in so pleasing a delusion.

As I did not question but I should soon have a new Indies in my possession, I was perpetually taken up in considering how to turn it to the benefit of mankind. In order to it I employed a whole day in walking about this great city to find out proper places for the erection of hospitals. I had likewise entertained that project, which has since succeeded in another place, of building churches at the court-end of the town, with this only difference, that instead of fifty, I intended to have built a hundred, and to have seen them all finished in less than one year.

I had with great pains and application got together a list of all the French Protestants; and, by the best accounts I could come at, had calculated the value of all those estates and effects which every one of them had left in his own country for the sake of his religion, being fully determined to make it up to him, and return some of them double of what they had lost.

As I was one day in my laboratory, my operator, who was to fill my coffers for me, and used to foot it from the other end of the town every morning, complained of a sprain in his leg that he had met with over-against St. Clement's Church. This so affected me, that as a standing mark of my gratitude to him, and out of compassion to the rest of my fellow-citizens, I resolved to new-pave every street within the liberties, and encrusted a memorandum in my pocket-book accordingly. About the same time I entertained some thoughts of meading all the highways on this side the Tweed, and of making all the rivers in England navigable.

But the project I had most at heart was the settling upon every man in Great Britain three pounds a year (in which sum may be comprised, according to Sir William Pettit's observations, all the necessities of life), leaving to them whatever else they could get by their own industry to lay out on superfluities.

I was above a week debating in myself what I should do in the matter of impropriations, but at length came to a resolution to buy them all up, and restore them to the church.

As I was one day walking near St. Paul's, I took some time to survey that structure, and not being entirely satisfied with it, though I could not tell why, I had some thoughts of pulling it down, and building it up anew at my own expense.

For my own part, as I have no pride in me, I intended to take up with a coach and six, half a dozen footmen, and live like a private gentleman.

It happened about this time that public matters looked very gloomy, taxes came hard, the war went on heavily, people complained of the great burdens that were laid upon them. This made me resolve to set aside one morning to consider seriously the state of the nation. I was the more ready to enter on it, because I was obliged, whether I would or no, to sit at home in my morning-gown, having, after a most incredible expense, pawned a new suit of clothes, and a full-bottomed wig, for a sum of money, which my operator assured me was the last he should want to bring all our matters to bear. After having considered many projects, I at length resolved to beat the common enemy at his own weapons, and laid a scheme which would have blown him up in a quarter of a year had things succeeded to my wishes. As I was in this golden dream somebody knocked at my door. I opened it, and found it was a messenger that brought me a letter from the laboratory. The fellow looked so miserably poor that I was resolved to make his fortune before he delivered his message. But seeing he brought a letter from my operator, I concluded I was bound to it in honour, as much as a prince is, to give a reward to one that brings him the first news of a victory. I knew this was the long-expected hour of projection, and which I had waited for with great impatience above half a year before. In short, I broke open my letter in a transport of joy, and found it as follows:—

“SIR,—After having got out of you everything you can conveniently spare, I scorn to trespass upon your generous nature, and therefore must ingenuously confess to you that I know no more of the philosopher's stone than you do. I shall only tell you for your comfort, that I could never yet bubble a blockhead out of his money. They must be men of wit and parts who are for my purpose. This made me apply myself to a person of your wealth and ingenuity. How I have succeeded you yourself can best tell.—Your humble Servant to command,

“THOMAS WHITE.

“I have locked up the laboratory, and laid the key under the door.”

I was very much shocked at the unworthy treatment of this man, and not a little mortified at my disappointment, though not so much for what I myself as what the public suffered by it. I think, however, I ought to let the world know what I designed for them, and hope that such of my readers who find they had a share in my good intentions will accept of the will for the deed.

TOWN AND COUNTRY;
AN ODE.

IMITATED FROM HORACE.

Oh! well may poets make a fuss
In summer time, and sigh "*O rus!*"
Of London pleasures sick:
My heart is all at pant to rest
In greenwood shades,—my eyes detest
This endless meal of brick!

What joy have I in June's return?
My feet are parch'd, my eyeballs burn,
I scent no flowery gust;
But faint the flagging zephyr springs,
With dry Macadam on its wings,
And turns me "dust to dust."

My sun his daily course renews
Due east, but with no Eastern dews;
The path is dry and hot!
His setting shows more tamely still,
He sinks behind no purple hill,
But down a chimney's pot!

Oh! but to hear the milkmaid blithe;
Or early mower whet his scythe
The dewy meads among!—
My grass is of that sort—alas!
That makes no hay—called sparrow-grass
By folks of vulgar tongue!

Oh! but to smell the woodbine sweet!
I think of cowslip cups—but meet
With very vile rebuffs!
For meadow-buds I get a whiff
Of Cheshire cheese,—or only sniff
The turtle made at Cuff's.

How tenderly Rousseau review'd
His periwinkles!—mine are strew'd!
My rose blooms on a gown!—
I hunt in vain for eglantine,
And find my blue-bell on the sign
That marks the Bell and Crown!

Where are ye, birds! that blithely wing
From tree to tree, and gaily sing
Or mourn in thickets deep?
My cuckoo has some ware to sell,
The watchman is my Philomel,
My blackbird is a sweep!

Where are ye, linnet, lark, and thrush!
That perch on leafy bough and bush,
And tune the various song?
Two hurdy-gurdyists, and a poor
Street-Han'del grinding at my door
Are all my "tuneful throng."

Where are ye, early-purling streams,
Whose waves reflect the morning-beams

And colours of the skies?
My rills are only puddle-drains
From shambles, or reflect the stains
Of calimanco-dyes!

Sweet are the little brooks that run
O'er pebbles glancing in the sun,
Singing in soothing tones:—
Not thus the city streamlets flow;
They make no music as they go,
Though never "off the stones."

Where are ye, pastoral pretty sheep,
That want to bleat, and frisk, and leap
Beside your woolly dams?
Alas! instead of harmless crooks,
My Corydons use iron hooks,
And skin—not shear—the lambs.

The pipe whereon, in older day,
The Arcadian herdsman used to play
Sweetly—her soundeth not;
But merely breathes unwholesome fumes,
Meanwhile the city boor consumes
The rank weed—"piping hot."

All rural things are vilely meek'd,
On every hand the sense is shock'd
With objects hard to bear:
Shades—vernal shades!—where wine is sold!
And for a turf'y bank, behold
An Ingram's rustic chair!

Where are ye, London meads and bowers,
And gardens redolent of flowers
Wherain the zephyr wons?
Alas! Mour' Fields are fields no more:
See Hatton's Garden brick'd all o'er;
And that bare wood—St. John's.

No pastoral scenes procure me peace;
I hold no Leasowes in my lease,
No cot set round with trees:
No sheep-white hill my dwelling flanks;
And omnium furnishes my banks
With brokers—not with bees.

Oh! well may poets make a fuss
In summer time, and sigh "*O rus!*"
Of city pleasures sick:
My heart is all at pant to rest
In greenwood shades—my eyes detest
This endless meal of brick!

THOMAS HOOD.¹

¹ It will interest the admirers of the author of *The Song of the Shirt* to know, on the authority of his son, that the former always signed his name Thomas Hood, and the latter always Tom Hood. This distinction removes any difficulty there might be in identifying the works of the father from those of the son.

THE DUN.

Colonel Pembroke had not, at the time his biographer first became acquainted with him, "grown familiar with falsehood;" his conscience was not entirely callous to reproof, nor was his heart insensible to compassion, but he was in a fair way to get rid of all troublesome feelings and principles. He was connected with a set of selfish young men of fashion, whose opinions stood him instead of law, equity, and morality; to them he appealed in all doubtful cases, and his self-complacency being daily and hourly dependent upon their decisions, he had seldom either leisure or inclination to consult his own judgment. His amusements and his expenses were consequently regulated by the example of his companions, not by his own choice. To follow them in every absurd variety of the mode, either in dress or equipage, was his first ambition; and all their factitious wants appeared to him objects of the first necessity. No matter how good the boots, the hat, the coat, the furniture, or the equipage might be, if they had outlived the fashion of the day, or even of the hour, they were absolutely worthless in his eyes. *Nobody* could be seen in such things; then of what use could they be to *anybody*? Colonel Pembroke's finances were not exactly equal to the support of such *liberal* principles, but this was a misfortune which he had in common with several of his companions. It was no check to their spirit—they could live upon credit—credit—"that tallman which realizes everything it imagines, and which can imagine everything." Without staying to reflect upon the immediate or remote consequences of this system, Pembroke in his first attempts found it easy to reduce it to practice: but as he proceeded he experienced some difficulties. Tradesmen's bills accumulated, and applications for payment became every day more frequent and pressing. He defended himself with much address and ingenuity, and practice perfected him in all the Fabian arts of delay. "*No faith with duns*," became, as he frankly declared, a maxim of his morality. He could now, with the most plausible face, protest to a *poor devil*, upon the honour of a gentleman, that he should be paid to-morrow, when nothing was further from his intentions or his power than to keep his word. And when *to-morrow* came, he could with the most easy assurance damn the rascal for putting a gentleman in mind of his promises. But

there were persons more difficult to manage than *poor devils*. Colonel Pembroke's tailor, who had begun by being the most accommodating fellow in the world, and who had in three years run him up a bill of thirteen hundred pounds, at length began to fail in complaisance, and had the impertinence to talk of his large family, and his urgent calls for money, &c. And next the colonel's shoe and boot maker, a man from whom he had been in the habit of taking two hundred pounds worth of shoes and boots every year, for himself and his servants, now pretended to be in distress for ready money, and refused to furnish more goods upon credit. "Ungrateful dog!" Pembroke called him: and he actually believed his creditors to be ungrateful and insolent when they asked for their money; for men frequently learn to believe what they are in the daily habit of asserting, especially if their assertions be not contradicted by their audience. He knew that his tradesmen overcharged him in every article he bought, and therefore he thought it but just to delay payment whilst it suited his convenience. "Confound them, they can very well afford to wait." As to their pleas of urgent demands for ready money—large families, &c.—he considered these merely as words of course, tradesmen's cant, which should make no more impression upon a gentleman than the whining of a beggar.

One day, when Pembroke was just going out to ride with some of his gay companions, he was stopped at his own door by a pale, thin, miserable-looking boy of eight or nine years old, who presented him with a paper which he took for granted was a petition. He threw the child half-a-crown. "There, take that," said he, "and stand out of the way of my horse's heels, I advise you, my little fellow." The boy, however, pressed closer; and without picking up the half-crown, held the paper to Colonel Pembroke, who had now vaulted into his saddle. "O no! no! That's too much, my lad—I never read petitions—I'd sooner give half-a-crown at any time than read a petition." "But, sir, this is not a petition—indeed, sir, I am not a beggar." "What is it then? Heyday! a bill! Then you're worse than a beggar—a dun! a dun! in the public streets, at your time of life! You little rascal, why, what will you come to before you are your father's age?" The boy sighed. "If," pursued the colonel, "I were to serve you right, I should give you a good horse-whipping. Do you see this whip?" "I do, sir," said the boy, "but—" "But what? you insolent little dun! but what?" "My father is dying,"

said the child, bursting into tears, "and we have no money to buy him bread, or anything." Struck by these words, Pembroke snatched the paper from the boy, and looking hastily at the total and title of the bill, read—"Twelve pounds, fourteen—John White, Weaver." "I know of no such person; I have no dealings with weavers, child," said the colonel, laughing; "my name is Pembroke, Colonel Pembroke." "Colonel Pembroke; yes, sir, the very person Mr. Close, the tailor, sent me to." "Close the tailor! damn the rascal, was it he sent you to dun me? for this trick he shall not see a farthing of my money this twelvemonth. You may tell him so, you little whining hypocrite. And hark you! the next time you come to me, take care to come with a better story—let your father and mother and six brothers and sisters be all lying ill of the fever—do you understand?" He tore the bill into bits as he spoke, and showered it over the boy's head. Pembroke's companions laughed at this operation, and he facetiously called it "powdering a dun." They rode off to the park in high spirits, and the poor boy picked up the half-crown, and returned home. His home was in a lane in Moorfields, about three miles distant from this gay part of the town. As the child had not eaten anything that morning, he was feeble, and grew faint as he was crossing Covent Garden. He sat down upon the corner of a stage of flowers. "What are you doing there?" cried a surly man, pulling him up by the arm; "what business have you lounging and loitering here, breaking my best balsam?" "I did not mean to do any harm; I am not loitering; indeed, sir, I'm only weak," said the boy, "and hungry." "Oranges! oranges! fine China oranges!" cried a woman, rolling her barrowful of fine fruit towards him. "If you've a twopence in the world, you can't do better than take one of these fine ripe China oranges." "I have not twopence of my own in the world," said the boy. "What's that I see through the hole in your waistcoat pocket," said the woman; "is that not silver?" "Yes, half-a-crown, which I am carrying home to my father, who is ill, and wants it more than I do." "Pooh! take an orange out of it—it's only twopence; and it will do you good; I'm sure you look as if you wanted it badly enough." "That may be; but father wants it worse: no, I won't change my half-crown," said the boy, turning away from the tempting oranges. The gruff gardener caught him by the hand. "Here, I've moved the balsam a bit, and it is not broke, I see; sit ye down, child, and rest yourself, and eat this," said he, putting into his hand half

a ripe orange which he had just cut. "Thank you! God bless you, sir! How good it is, but"—said the child, stopping after he had tasted the sweet juice, "I am sorry I have sucked so much, I might have carried it home to father, who is ill, and what a treat it would be to him! I'll keep the rest." "No, that you shan't," said the orange-woman. "But I'll tell you what you shall do; take this home to your father, which is a better one by half; I'm sure it will do him good—I never knew a ripe China orange do harm to man, woman, or child." The boy thanked the good woman and the gardener as only those can thank who have felt what it is to be in absolute want. When he was rested, and able to walk, he pursued his way home. His mother was watching for him at the street-door. "Well, John, my dear, what news? Has he paid us?" The boy shook his head. "Then we must bear it as well as we can," said his mother, wiping the cold dew from her forehead. "But look, mother, I have this half-crown, which the gentleman, thinking me a beggar, threw to me." "Run with it, love, to the baker's. No, stay, you're tired; I'll go myself; and do you step up to your father and tell him the bread is coming in a minute." "Don't run, for you're not able, mother; don't hurry so," said the boy, calling after her, and holding up his orange; "see, I have this for father whilst you are away." He clambered up three flights of dark, narrow, broken stairs, to the room in which his father lay. The door hung by a single hinge, and the child had scarcely strength enough to raise it out of the hollow in the decayed floor into which it had sunk. He pushed it open with as little noise as possible, just far enough to creep in. This room was so dark, that upon first going into it, after having been in broad daylight, you could scarcely distinguish any one object it contained; and no one used to breathe a pure atmosphere could probably have endured to remain many minutes in this garret. There were three beds in it—one on which the sick man lay—divided from it by a tattered rug was another for his wife and daughter—and a third for his little boy in the furthest corner. Underneath the window was fixed a loom, at which the poor weaver had worked hard many a day and year—too hard, indeed—even till the very hour he was taken ill. His shuttle now lay idle upon the frame. A girl of about sixteen—his daughter—was sitting at the foot of his bed finishing some plain work. "O Anne! how your face is all flushed!" said her little brother as she looked up when he came into the room. "Have you

brought us any money?" whispered she; "don't say no loud, for fear father should hear you." The boy told her in a low voice all that had passed. "Speak out, my dear, I'm not asleep," said his father. "So you are come back as you went." "No, father, not quite; there's bread coming for you." "Give me some more water, Anne, for my mouth is quite parched." The little boy cut his orange in an instant, and gave a piece of it to his father, telling him at the same time how he came by it. The sick man raised his hands to heaven, and blessed the poor woman who gave it to him. "O how I love her! and how I hate that cruel, unjust, rich man, who won't pay father for all the hard work he has done for him!" cried the child; "how I hate him!" "God forgive him," said the weaver. "I don't know what will become of you all when I'm gone, and no one to befriend you, or even to work at the loom. Anne, I think if I was up," said he, raising himself, "I could still contrive to do a little good." "Dear father, don't think of getting up; the best you can do for us is to lie still and take rest." "Rest! I can take no rest, Anne. Rest! there's none for me in this world: and whilst I'm in it, is not it my duty to work for my wife and children? Reach me my clothes, and I'll get up." It was in vain to contend with him when this notion seized him that it was his duty to work till the last. All opposition fretted and made him worse, so that his daughter and his wife, even from affection, were forced to yield, and to let him go to the loom, when his trembling hands were scarcely able to throw the shuttle. He did not know how weak he was till he tried to walk. As he stepped out of bed his wife came in with a loaf of bread in her hand; at the unexpected sight he made an exclamation of joy; sprang forward to meet her, but fell upon the floor in a swoon before he could put one bit of the bread which she broke for him into his mouth. Want of sustenance, the having been over-worked, and the constant anxiety which preyed upon his spirits, had reduced him to this deplorable state of weakness. When he recovered his senses his wife showed him his little boy eating a large piece of bread; she also eat, and made Anne eat before him, to relieve his mind from that dread which had seized it—and not without some reason—that he should see his wife and children starve to death. "You find, father, there's no danger for to-day," said Anne, "and to-morrow I shall be paid for my plain work, and then we shall do very well for a few days longer, and I dare say in that time Mr. Close the tailor will receive some money

from some of the great many rich gentlemen who owe him so much, and you know he promised that as soon as ever he was able he would pay us." With such hopes, and the remembrance of such promises, the poor man's spirits could not be much raised; he knew, alas! how little dependence was to be placed on them. As soon as he had eaten, and felt his strength revive, he insisted upon going to the loom: his mind was bent upon finishing a pattern, for which he was to receive five guineas in ready money. He worked and worked, then lay down and rested himself, then worked again, and so on during the remainder of the day, and during several hours of the night he continued to throw the shuttle, whilst his little boy and his wife by turns wound spools for him. He completed his work, and threw himself upon his bed quite exhausted, just as the neighbouring clock struck one.

At this hour Colonel Pembroke was in the midst of a gay and brilliant assembly at Mrs. York's, in a splendid saloon illuminated with wax-lights in profusion, the floor crayoned with roses and myrtles, which the dancers' feet effaced, the walls hung with the most expensive hot-house flowers: in short, he was surrounded with luxury in all its extravagance. It is said that the peaches alone at this entertainment amounted to six hundred guineas. They cost a guinea a piece; the price of one of them, which Colonel Pembroke threw away because it was not perfectly ripe, would have supported the weaver and his whole family for a week.

Amongst the masks at Mrs. York's were three, who amused the company particularly; the festive mob followed them as they moved, and their bon-mots were applauded and repeated by all the best—that is to say—the most fashionable male and female judges of wit. The three distinguished characters were a spendthrift, a bailiff, and a dun. The spendthrift was supported with great spirit and *truth* by Colonel Pembroke, and two of his companions were *great and correct* in the parts of the bailiff and the dun. The happy idea of appearing in these characters this night had been suggested by the circumstance that happened in the morning. Colonel Pembroke gave himself great credit, he said, for thus "striking novelty even from difficulty;" and he rejoiced that the rascal of a weaver had sent his boy to dun him, and had thus furnished him with diversion for the evening as well as the morning. We are much concerned that we cannot, for the advantage of posterity, record any of the innumerable *good things* which undoubtedly were uttered by this

trio. Even the newspapers of the day could speak only in general panegyric.

Colonel Pembroke, notwithstanding his success at Mrs. York's masquerade in his character of a spendthrift, could not by his utmost wit and address satisfy or silence his impertinent tailor. Mr. Close absolutely refused to give further credit without valuable consideration, and the colonel was compelled to pass his bond for the whole sum which was claimed, which was fifty pounds more than was strictly due, in order to compound with the tailor for the want of ready money. When the bond was fairly signed, sealed, and delivered, Mr. Close produced the poor weaver's bill. "Colonel Pembroke," said he, "I have a trifling bill here; I am really ashamed to speak to you about such a trifle; but as we are settling all accounts, and as this White the weaver is so wretchedly poor that he or some of his family are with me every day of my life dunning me to get me to speak about their little demand . . ." "Who is this White?" said Mr. Pembroke. "You recollect the elegant waistcoat pattern, of which you afterwards bought up the whole piece, lest it should become common and vulgar, this White was the weaver from whom we got it." "Bless me! why, that's two years ago: I thought that fellow was paid long ago!" "No, indeed; I wish he had! for he has been the torment of my life this many a month; I never saw people so eager about their money." "But why do you employ such miserable greedy creatures? What can you expect but to be dunned every hour of your life?" "Very true, indeed, colonel; it is what I always, on that principle, avoid as far as possibly I can: but I can't blame myself in this particular instance; for this White, at the time I employed him first, was a very decent man, and in a very good way for one of his sort; but I suppose he has taken to drink, for he is worth not a farthing now." "What business has a fellow of his sort to drink? he should leave that for his betters," said Colonel Pembroke, laughing. "Drinking's too great a pleasure for a weaver. The drunken rascal's money is safer in my hands, tell him, than in his own." The tailor's conscience twinged him a little at this instant, for he had spoken entirely at random, not having the slightest grounds for his insinuation that this poor weaver had ruined himself by drunkenness. "Upon my word, sir," said Close, retracting, "the man may not be a drunken fellow for anything I know positively: I purely surmised *that* might be the case, from his having fallen into such distress, which is no otherwise accountable for, to my

comprehension, except we believe his own story, that he has money due to him which he cannot get paid, and that this has been his ruin." Colonel Pembroke cleared his throat two or three times upon hearing this last suggestion, and actually took up the weaver's bill with some intention of paying it; but he recollects that he should want the ready money he had in his pocket for another indispensable occasion; for he was obliged to go to Brooke's that night; so he contented his humanity by recommending it to Mr. Close to pay White and have done with him. "If you will let him have the money, you know, you can put it down to my account, or make a memorandum of it at the back of the bond. In short, settle it as you will, but let me hear no more about it. I have not leisure to think of such trifles. Good morning to you, Mr. Close." Mr. Close was far from having any intentions of complying with the colonel's request. When the weaver's wife called upon him after his return home, he assured her that he had not seen the colour of one guinea, or of one farthing, of Colonel Pembroke's money, and that it was absolutely impossible that he could pay Mr. White till he was paid himself—that it could not be expected he should advance money for anybody out of his own pocket—that he begged he might not be pestered and dunned any more, for that he *really had not leisure to think of such trifles*.

For want of this trifle, of which neither the fashionable colonel nor his fashionable tailor had leisure to think, the poor weaver and his whole family were reduced to the last degree of human misery—to absolute famine. The man had exerted himself to the utmost to finish a pattern which had been bespoken for a tradesman who promised upon the delivery of it to pay him five guineas in hand. This money he received; but four guineas of it were due to his landlord for rent of his wretched garret, and the remaining guinea was divided between the baker, to whom an old bill was due, and the apothecary, to whom they were obliged to have recourse, as the weaver was extremely ill. They had literally nothing now to depend upon but what the wife and daughter could earn by needle-work; and they were known to be so miserably poor, that the *prudent* neighbours did not like to trust them with plain work, lest it should not be returned safely. Besides, in such a dirty place as they lived in, how could it be expected that they should put any work out of their hands decently clean? The woman to whom the house belonged, however, at last procured them work from Mrs. Carver, a widow

lady, who, she said, was extremely charitable. She advised Anne to carry home the work as soon as it was finished, and to wait to see the lady herself, who might perhaps be as charitable to her as she was to many others. Anne resolved to take this advice; but when she carried home her work to the place to which she was directed her heart almost failed her, for she found Mrs. Carver lived in such a handsome house, that there was little chance of a poor girl being admitted by the servants further than the hall-door or the kitchen. The lady, however, happened to be just coming out of her parlour at the moment the hall-door was opened for Anne; and she bid her come in and show her work—approved of it—commended her industry—asked her several questions about her family—seemed to be touched with compassion by Anne's account of their distress—and after paying what she had charged for the work, put half a guinea into her hand, and bid her call the next day, when she hoped that she should be able to do something more for her. This unexpected bounty, and the kindness of voice and look with which it was accompanied, had such an effect upon the poor girl, that if she had not caught hold of a chair to support herself, she would have sunk to the ground. Mrs. Carver immediately made her sit down. "O madam! I'm well, quite well now; it was nothing—only surprise," said she, bursting into tears. "I beg your pardon for this foolishness, but it is only because I'm weaker to-day than usual for want of eating." "For want of eating! my poor child! how she trembles! she is weak indeed, and must not leave my house in this condition." Mrs. Carver rang the bell, and ordered a glass of wine; but Anne was afraid to drink it, as she was not used to wine, and as she knew that it would affect her head if she drank without eating. When the lady found that she refused the wine, she did not press it, but insisted upon her eating something. "O madam!" said the poor girl, "it is long, long indeed, since I have eaten so heartily; and it is almost a shame for me to stay eating such dainties when my father and mother are all the while in the way they are. But I'll run home with the half-guinea, and tell them how good you have been, and they will be so joyful and so thankful to you! My mother will come herself, I'm sure, with me to-morrow morning—she can thank you so much better than I can." Those only who have known the extreme of want can imagine the joy and gratitude with which the half-guinea was received by this poor family. Half-a-guinea! Colonel Pembroke spent six half-

guineas this very day in a fruit-shop, and ten times that sum at a jeweller's on seals and baubles for which he had no manner of use. When Anne and her mother called the next morning to thank their benefactress, she was not up; but her servant gave them a parcel from his mistress: it contained a fresh supply of needle-work, a gown, and some other clothes, which were directed *for Anne*. The servant said that if she would call again about eight in the evening his lady would probably be able to see her, and that she begged to have the work finished by that time. The work was finished, though with some difficulty, by the appointed hour, and Anne, dressed in her new clothes, was at Mrs. Carver's door just as the clock struck eight. The old lady was alone at tea; she seemed to be well pleased by Anne's punctuality; said that she had made inquiries respecting Mr. and Mrs. White, and that she heard an excellent character of them; that therefore she was disposed to do everything she could to serve them. She added, that she "should soon part with her own maid, and that perhaps Anne might supply her place." Nothing could be more agreeable to the poor girl than this proposal; her father and mother were rejoiced at the idea of seeing her so well placed; and they now looked forward impatiently for the day when Mrs. Carver's maid was to be dismissed. In the meantime the old lady continued to employ Anne, and to make her presents, sometimes of clothes, and sometimes of money. The money she always gave to her parents; and she loved her "good old lady," as she always called her, more for putting it in her power thus to help her father and mother than for all the rest. The weaver's disease had arisen from want of sufficient food, from fatigue of body, and anxiety of mind; and he grew rapidly better, now that he was relieved from want, and inspired with hope. Mrs. Carver bespoke from him two pieces of waistcoating, which she promised to dispose of for him most advantageously by a raffle, for which she had raised subscriptions amongst her numerous acquaintance. She expressed great indignation when Anne told her how Mr. White had been ruined by persons who would not pay their just debts; and when she knew that the weaver was overcharged for all his working materials, because he took them upon credit, she generously offered to lend them whatever ready money might be necessary, which she said Anne might repay, at her leisure, out of her wages. "O madam!" said Anne, "you are too good to us, indeed! too good! and if you could but see into our hearts,

you would know that we are not ungrateful." "I am sure *that* is what you never will be, my dear," said the old lady; "at least such is my opinion of you." "Thank you, ma'am! thank you from the bottom of my heart! we should all have been starved if it had not been for you. And it is owing to you that we are so happy now—quite different creatures from what we were." "Quite a different creature, indeed, you look, child, from what you did the first day I saw you. To-morrow my own maid goes, and you may come at ten o'clock; and I hope we shall agree very well together; you'll find me an easy mistress, and I make no doubt I shall always find you the good grateful girl you seem to be." Anne was impatient for the moment when she was to enter into the service of her benefactress; and she lay awake half the night considering how she should ever be able to show sufficient gratitude. As Mrs. Carver had often expressed her desire to have Anne look neat and smart, she dressed herself as well as she possibly could; and when her poor father and mother took leave of her, they could not help observing, as Mrs. Carver had done the day before, that "Anne looked quite a different creature from what she was a few weeks ago." She was, indeed, an extremely pretty girl; but we need not stop to relate all the fond praises that were bestowed upon her beauty by her partial parents. Her little brother John was not at home when she was going away; he was at a carpenter's shop in the neighbourhood mending a wheel-barrow which belonged to that good-natured orange-woman who gave him the orange for his father. Anne called at the carpenter's shop to take leave of her brother. The woman was there waiting for her barrow; she looked earnestly at Anne when she entered, and then whispered to the boy, "Is that your sister?" "Yes," said the boy, "and as good a sister she is as ever was born." "May be so," said the woman, "but she is not likely to be good for much long, in the way she is going on now." "What way? what do you mean?" said Anne, colouring violently. "O you understand me well enough, though you look so innocent." "I do not understand you in the least." "No! Why, is not it you that I see going almost every day to that house in Chiswell Street?" "Mrs. Carver's? Yes." "Mrs. Carver's, indeed!" cried the woman, throwing an orange-peel from her with an air of disdain; "a pretty come-off indeed! as if I did not know her name and all about her as well as you do." "Do you?" said Anne, "then I am sure you know one of the best women in the world." The woman looked still more earnestly

than before in Anne's countenance; and then taking hold of both her hands, exclaimed, "You poor young creature! what are you about? I do believe you don't know what you are about; if you do, you are the greatest cheat I ever looked in the face, long as I've lived in this cheating world." "You frighten my sister," said the boy, "do pray tell her what you mean at once, for look how pale she turns." "So much the better, for now I have good hope of her: then to tell you all at once, no matter how I frighten her, it's for her good; this Mrs. Carver, as you call her, is only Mrs. Carver when she wants to pass upon such as you for a good woman." "To *pass* for a good woman!" repeated Anne with indignation; "O she is, she is a good woman; you do not know her as I do." "I know her a great deal better, I tell you; if you choose not to believe me, go your ways—go to your ruin—go to your shame—go to your grave—as hundreds have gone, by the same road, before you. Your Mrs. Carver keeps two houses, and, take my word for it, it's the second house you'll soon go to if you trust to her. Now you know the whole truth." The poor girl was shocked so much, that for several minutes she could neither speak nor think. As soon as she had recovered sufficient presence of mind to consider what she should do, she declared that she would that instant go home and put on her rags again, and return to the wicked Mrs. Carver all the clothes she had given her. "But what will become of us all? She has lent my father money—a great deal of money. How can he pay her? O, I will pay her all; I will go into some honest service, now I am well and strong enough to do any sort of hard work, and God knows I am willing."

Full of these resolutions Anne hurried home, intending to tell her father and mother all that happened, but they were neither of them within. She flew to the mistress of the house, who had first recommended her to Mrs. Carver, and reproached her in the most moving terms which the agony of her mind could suggest. Her landlady listened to her with astonishment, either real or admirably well affected—declared that she knew nothing more of Mrs. Carver but that she lived in a large fine house, and that she had been very charitable to some poor people in Moorfields—that she bore the best of characters, and that if nothing could be said against her but by an orange-woman, there was no great reason to believe such scandal. Anne now began to think that the whole of what she had heard might be a falsehood or a mistake; one moment she blamed herself for so easily

suspecting a person who had shown her so much kindness, but the next minute the emphatic words and warning looks of the woman recurred to her mind; and though they were but the words and looks of an orange-woman, she could not help dreading that there was some truth in them. The clock struck ten whilst she was in this uncertainty. The woman of the house urged her to go without farther delay to Mrs. Carver's, who would undoubtedly be displeased by any want of punctuality; but Anne wished to wait for the return of her father and mother. "They will not be back, either of them, these three hours; for your mother is gone to the other end of the town about that old bill of Colonel Pembroke's, and your father is gone to buy some silk for weaving; he told me he should not be home before three o'clock." Notwithstanding these remonstrances, Anne persisted in her resolution. She took off the clothes which she had received from Mrs. Carver, and put on those which she had been used to wear. Her mother was much surprised when she came in to see her in this condition; and no words can describe her grief when she heard the cause of this change. She blamed herself severely for not having made inquiries concerning Mrs. Carver before she had suffered her daughter to accept of any presents from her; and she wept bitterly when she recollects the money which this woman had lent her husband. "She will throw him into jail, I am sure she will; we shall be worse off a thousand times than ever we were in our worst days. The work that is in the loom, by which he hoped to get so much, is all for her, and it will be left upon hands now; and how are we to pay the woman of this house for the lodgings? . . . O! I see it all coming upon us at once," continued the poor woman, wringing her hands. "If that Colonel Pembroke would but let us have our own. But there I've been all the morning hunting him out; and at last, when I did see him, he only swore, and said we were all a family of *dears*, or some such nonsense. And then he called after me from the top of his fine stairs just to say that he had ordered Close the tailor to pay us; and when I went to him, there was no satisfaction to be got from him—his shop was full of customers, and he hustled me away, giving me for answer, that when Colonel Pembroke paid him he would pay us, and no sooner. Ah! these purse-proud trades-folk, and these sparks of fashion, what do they know of all we suffer? what do they care for us? It is not for charity I ask any of them—only for what my own husband has justly earned, and hardly toiled

for too; and this I cannot get out of their hands. If I could, we might defy this wicked woman; but now we are laid under her feet, and she will trample us to death." In the midst of these lamentations Anne's father came in. When he learned the cause of them, he stood for a moment in silence; then snatched from his daughter's hand the bundle of clothes which she had prepared to return to Mrs. Carver. "Give them to me; I will go to this woman myself," cried he with indignation. "Anne shall never more set her foot within those doors." "Dear father," cried Anne, stopping him as he went out of the door, "perhaps it is all a mistake; do pray inquire from somebody else before you speak to Mrs. Carver—she looks so good, she has been so kind to me, I cannot believe that she is wicked. Do pray inquire of a great many people before you knock at the door." He promised that he would do all his daughter desired. With most impatient anxiety they waited for his return: the time of his absence appeared insupportably long, and they formed new fears and new conjectures every instant. Every time they heard a footstep upon the stairs they ran out to see who it was: sometimes it was the landlady—sometimes the lodgers or their visitors. At last came the person they longed to see; but the moment they beheld him all their fears were confirmed. He was pale as death, and his lips trembled with convulsive motion. He walked up directly to his loom, and without speaking one syllable began to cut the unfinished work out of it. "What are you about, my dear?" cried his wife: "consider what you are about; this work of yours is the only dependence we have in the world." "You have nothing in this world to depend upon, I tell you," cried he, continuing to cut out the web with a hurried hand: "you must not depend on me—you must not depend on my work—I shall never throw this shuttle more whilst I live—think of me as if I was dead—tomorrow I shall be dead to you—I shall be in a jail, and there must lie till carried out in my coffin. Here, take this work just as it is to our landlady—she met me on the stairs, and said she must have her rent directly—that will pay her—I'll pay all I can. As for the loom, that's only hired—the silk I bought today will pay the hire—I'll pay all my debts to the utmost farthing, as far as I am able—but the ten guineas to that wicked woman I cannot pay—so I must rot in a jail. Don't cry, Anne, don't cry so, my good girl—you'll break my heart, wife, if you take on so. Why have not we one comfort, that, let us go

out of this world when we may, or how we may, we shall go out of it honest, having no one's ruin to answer for, having done our duty to man and God, as far as we were able? My child," continued he, catching Anne in his arms, "I have you safe, and I thank God for it." When this poor man had thus in an incoherent manner given vent to his first feelings, he became somewhat more composed, and was able to relate all that had passed between him and Mrs. Carver. The inquiries which he made before he saw her sufficiently confirmed the orange-woman's story; and when he returned the presents which Anne had unfortunately received, Mrs. Carver, with all the audacity of a woman hardened in guilt, avowed her purpose and her profession—declared that whatever ignorance and innocence Anne or her parents might now find it convenient to affect, she "was confident they had all the time perfectly understood what she was about, and that she would not be cheated at last by a parcel of swindling hypocrites." With horrid imprecations she then swore that if Anne was kept from her she would have vengeance, and that her vengeance should have no bounds. The event showed that these were not empty threats: the very next day she sent two bailiffs to arrest Anne's father. They met him in the street as he was going to pay the last farthing he had to the baker. The wretched man in vain endeavoured to move the ear of justice by relating the simple truth. Mrs. Carver was rich—her victim was poor. He was committed to jail; and he entered his prison with the firm belief that there he must drag out the remainder of his days.

One faint hope remained in his wife's heart. She imagined that if she could but prevail upon Colonel Pembroke's servants, either to obtain for her a sight of their master, or if they would carry to him a letter containing an exact account of her distress, he would immediately pay the fourteen pounds which had been so long due. With this money she could obtain her husband's liberty, and she fancied all might yet be well. Her son, who could write a very legible hand, wrote the petition. "Ah, mother!" said he, "don't hope that Colonel Pembroke will read it; he will tear it to pieces, as he did one that I carried him before." "I can but try," said she; "I cannot believe that any gentleman is so cruel and so unjust; he must and will pay us when he knows the whole truth." Colonel Pembroke was dressing in a hurry to go to a great dinner at the "Crown and Anchor" tavern. One of Pembroke's gay companions had called, and was in the room

waiting for him. It was at this inauspicious time that Mrs. White arrived. Her petition the servant at first absolutely refused to take from her hands; but at last a young lad whom the colonel had lately brought from the country, and who had either more natural feeling or less acquired power of equivocating than his fellows, consented to carry up the petition, when he should, as he expected, be called by his master to report the state of a favourite horse that was sick. While his master's hair was dressing the lad was summoned; and when the health of the horse had been anxiously inquired into, the lad, with country awkwardness, scratched his head, and hid the petition before his master, saying, "Sir, there's a poor woman below waiting for an answer; and if so be what she says is true, as I take it to be, 'tis enough to break one's heart." "Your heart, my lad, is not seasoned to London yet, I perceive," said Colonel Pembroke, smiling; "why, your heart will be broke a thousand times over by every beggar you meet." "No, no: I be too much of a man for that," replied the groom, wiping his eyes hastily with the back of his hand; "not such a needle as that comes to neither; beggars are beggars, and so to be treated; but this woman, sir, is no common beggar—not she; nor is she begging any ways—only to be paid her bill—so I brought it as I was coming up." "Then, sir, as you are going down, you may take it down again, if you please," cried Colonel Pembroke, "and in future, sir, I recommend it to you to look after your horses, and to trust me to look after my own affairs." The groom retreated, and his master gave the poor woman's petition, without reading it, to the hair-dresser, who was looking for a piece of paper to try the heat of his irons. "I should be pestered with bills and petitions from morning till night if I did not frighten these fellows out of the trick of bringing them to me," continued Colonel Pembroke, turning to his companion. "That blockhead of a groom is but just come to town; he does not know yet how to drive away a dun—but he'll learn. They say that the American dogs did not know how to bark till they learned it from their civilized betters." Colonel Pembroke habitually drove away reflection, and silenced the whispers of conscience, by noisy declamation or salutes of wit. At the bottom of the singed paper, which the hair-dresser left on the table, the name of White was sufficiently visible. "White!" exclaimed Mr. Pembroke, "as I hope to live and breathe, these Whites have been this half year the torment of my life." He started up, rang the bell, and gave

immediate orders to his servant that *these Whites* should never more be let in, and that no more of their bills and petitions in any form whatever should be brought to him. "I'll punish them for their insolence—I won't pay them one farthing this twelvemonth, and if the woman is not gone, pray tell her so—I bid Close the tailor pay them: if he has not, it is no fault of mine. Let me not hear a syllable more about it—I'll part with the first of you who dares to disobey me." "The woman is gone, I believe, sir," said the footman; "it was not I let her in, and I refused to bring up the letter." "You did right. Let me hear no more about the matter. We shall be late at the 'Crown and Anchor' I beg your pardon, my dear friend, for detaining you so long." Whilst the colonel went to his jovial meeting, where he was the life and spirit of the company, the poor woman returned in despair to the prison where her husband was confined. We forbear to describe the horrible situation to which this family were soon reduced. Beyond a certain point the human heart cannot feel compassion. One day, as Anne was returning from the prison, where she had been with her father, she was permitted to see a gentleman, pleasing both in his person and manners; and she related, at his request, the circumstances by which she and her parents had been reduced to such distress. His countenance presently showed how much he was interested in her story—he grew red and pale—he started from his seat, and walked up and down the room in great agitation, till at last, when she mentioned the name of Colonel Pembroke, he stopped short, and exclaimed, "I am the man—I am Colonel Pembroke—I am that unjust, unfeeling wretch! How often, in the bitterness of your hearts, you must have cursed me!" "O no! my father, when he was at the worst, never cursed you; and I am sure he will have reason to bless you now if you send him only enough to release him from jail and let him begin work again." "That shall be done," said Colonel Pembroke. "It is time I should make some reparation for the evils I have occasioned," continued he, taking a handful of guineas from his pocket: "but first let me pay my just debts." "My poor father!" exclaimed Anne: "to-morrow he will be out of prison." "I will go with you to the prison, where your father is confined—I will force myself to behold all the evils I have occasioned." Colonel Pembroke went to the prison; and he was so much struck by the scene that he not only relieved the misery of this family, but in two months afterwards his debts were paid, his

race-horses sold, and all his expenses regulated, so as to render him ever afterwards truly independent. He no longer spent his days, like many young men of fashion, either in dreading or in damning duns.

Miss Edgeworth.¹

VERSES.

I said to my heart, between sleeping and waking,
"Thou wild thing, that always art leaping and aching,
What black, brown, or fair, in what clime, in what
nation,

By turns has not taught thee a pit-a-patation?"

Thus accused, the wild thing gave this sober reply:
"See the heart without motion, tho' Celia puss by!
Not the beauty she has, not the wit that she borrows,
Give the eye any joys, or the heart any sorrows.

"When our Sappho appears—she, whose wit, so refined,
I am forced to upbraid like the rest of mankind—
Whatever she says is with spirit and fire;
Every word I attend—but I only admire.

"Prudenth as vainly would put in her claim,
Ever gazing on heaven, tho' man is her aim;
'Tis love, not devotion, that turns up her eyes—
Those stars of this world are too good for the skies.

"But Chloe, so lively, so easy, so fair,
Her wit so gentle, without art, without care;
When she comes in my way—the notion, the pain,
The leaping, the aching, return all again!"

EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.

CHILDREN.

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy," says Wordsworth. And who of us that is not too good to be conscious of his own vices, who has not felt rebuked and humbled under the clear and open countenance of a child?—who that has not felt his impurities foul upon him in the presence of a sinless child? These feelings make the best lesson that can be taught a man; and tell him in a way, which all else he has read or heard never could, how paltry is all the show of intellect compared with a pure and good heart. He that will humble himself and go to a child for instruction, will come away a wiser man.

If children can make us wiser, they surely can make us better. There is no one more to

¹ The latter part of this tale is slightly abridged.

be envied than a good-natured man watching the workings of children's minds, or overlooking their play. Their eagerness, curious about everything, making out by a quick imagination what they see but a part of—their fanciful combinations and mad inventions, creating out of ordinary circumstances and the common things which surround them, strange events and little ideal worlds, and these all working in mystery to form matured thought, is study enough for the most acute minds, and should teach us, also, not too officiously to regulate what we so little understand. The still musing and deep abstraction in which they sometimes sit, affect us as a playful mockery of older heads. These little philosophers have no foolish system, with all its pride and jargon, confusing their brains. Theirs is the natural movement of the soul, intense with new life and busy after truth, working to some purpose, though without a noise.

When children are lying about seemingly idle and dull, we, who have become case-hardened by time and satiety, forget that they are all sensation, that their outstretched bodies are drinking in from the common sun and air, that every sound is taken note of by the ear, that every floating shadow and passing form come and touch at the sleepy eye, and that the little circumstances and the material world about them make their best school, and will be the instructors and formers of their characters for life.

And it is delightful to look on and see how busily the whole acts, with its countless parts fitted to each other, and moving in harmony. There are none of us who have stolen softly behind a child when labouring in a sunny corner digging a lilliputian well, or fencing in a six-inch barn-yard, and listened to his soliloquies and his dialogues with some imaginary being, without our hearts being touched by it. Nor have we observed the flush which crossed his face when finding himself betrayed, without seeing in it the delicacy and propriety of the after man.

A man may have many vices upon him, and have walked long in a bad course, yet if he has a love of children, and can take pleasure in their talk and play, there is something still left in him to act upon—something which can love simplicity and truth. I have seen one in whom some low vice had become a habit, make himself the plaything of a set of riotous children with as much delight in his countenance as if nothing but goodness had ever been expressed in it; and have felt as much of kindness and sympathy toward him as I have of revolting

toward another who has gone through life with all due propriety, with a cold and supercilious bearing toward children, which makes them shrinking and still. I have known one like the latter attempt, with uncouth condescension, to court an open-hearted child who would draw back with an instinctive aversion; and I have felt as if there were a curse upon him. Better to be driven out from among men than to be disliked of children.

RICHARD H. DANA.

EVELYN HOPE.¹

Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead!
Sit and watch by her side an hour.
That is her book-shelf, this her bed:
She plucked that piece of geranium-flower,
Beginning to die, too, in the glass.
Little has yet been changed, I think:
The shutters are shut, no light may pass
Save two long rays through the hinge's chink.

Sixteen years old when she died!
Perhaps she had simply heard my name;
It was not her time to love: besides,
Her life had many a hope and aim,
Duties enough and little ease,
And now was quiet, now astir,
Till God's hand beckoned unawares,
And the sweet white brow is all of her.

Is it too late then, Evelyn Hope?
What, your soul was pure and true,
The good stars not in your horoscope,
Made you of spirit, fire and dew—
And just because I was thrice as old,
And our paths in the world diverged so wide,
Each was nought to each, must I be told?
We were fellow-mortals, nought beside?

No, indeed! for God above
Is great to grant, as mighty to make,
And creates the love to reward the love,—
I claim you still, for my own love's sake!
Delayed it may be for more lives yet,
Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few—
Much is to learn and much to forget
Ere the time be come for taking you.

But the time will come,—at last it will,
When, Evelyn Hope, what meant, I shall say,
In the lower earth, in the years long still,
That body and soul so pure and gay?
Why your hair was amber, I shall divine,
And your mouth of your own geranium's red—
And what you would do with me, in fine,
In the new life come in the old one's stead.

¹ From *Men and Women*, by Robert Browning. London: Chapman & Hall.

I have lived, I shall say, so much since then,
 Given up myself so many times,
 Gained me the gains of various men,
 Ramrodded the ages, spoiled the climes;
 Yet one thing, one, in my soul's full scope,
 Either I missed or itself missed me—
 And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope!
 What is the issue? let us see!

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while;
 My heart seemed full as it could hold—
 There was place and to spare for the frank young smile
 And the red young mouth and the hair's young gold.
 So, hush,—I will give you this leaf to keep—
 See, I shut it inside the sweet cold hand.
 There, that is our secret! go to sleep;
 You will wake, and remember, and understand.

ROBERT BROWNING.

DEATH.

Death is the same harmless thing that a poor shepherd suffered yesterday or a maid-servant to-day; and at the same time in which you die, in that very night a thousand creatures die with you, some wise men, and many fools; and the wisdom of the first will not quit him, and the folly of the latter does not make him unable to die.

I have read of a fair young German gentleman, who, while living, often refused to be pictured, but put off the importunity of his friends' desire by giving way that after a few days' burial, they might send a painter to his vault, and if they saw cause for it, draw the image of his death *into the life*. They did so, and found his face half-eaten, and his midriff and backbone full of serpents; and so he stands pictured among his armed ancestors. It is a mighty change that is made by the death of every person, and it is visible to us who are alive. Reckon but from the sprightfulness of youth, and the fair cheeks and full eyes of childhood, from the vigor and strong flexure of the joints of five-and-twenty, to the hollowness and dead paleness, to the loathsomeness and horror of a three days' burial, and we shall perceive the distance to be very great and very strange. But so have I seen a rose newly springing from the clefts of its hood, and at first it was fair as the morning, and full with the dew of heaven, as the lamb's fleece; but when a ruder breath had forced open its virgin modesty, and dismantled its too youthful and unripe retirements, it began to put on darkness and to decline to softness and the symptoms of a sickly age, it bowed

the head and broke its stalk, and at night, having lost some of its leaves and all its beauty, it fell into the portion of weeds and outworn faces. So does the fairest beauty change, and it will be as bad with you and me; and then what servants shall we have to wait upon us in the grave? What friends to visit us? What officious people to cleanse away the moist and unwholesome cloud reflected upon our faces from the sides of the weeping vaults, which are the longest weepers for our funerals?

A man may read a sermon, the best and most passionate that ever man preached, if he shall but enter into the sepulchres of kings. In the same Escorial where the Spanish princes live in greatness and power, and decree war or peace, they have wisely placed a cemetery where their ashes and their glory shall sleep till time shall be no more: and where our kings have been crowned, their ancestors lie interred, and they must walk over their grandfathers' head to take his crown. There is an acre sown with royal seed, the copy of the greatest change from rich to naked, from ceiled roofs to arched coffins, from living like gods to die like men. There is enough to cool the flames of lust, to abate the heights of pride, to appease the itch of covetous desires, to sally and dash out the dissembling colours of a lustful, artificial, and imaginary beauty. There the warlike and the peaceful, the fortunate and the miserable, the beloved and the despised princes mingle their dust, and pay down their symbol of mortality, and tell all the world that when we die our ashes shall be equal to kings', and our accounts easier, and our pains for our crimes shall be less. To my apprehension it is a sad record which is left by Atheneus concerning Ninus the great Assyrian monarch, whose life and death is summed up in these words: "Ninus the Assyrian had an ocean of gold, and other riches more than the sand in the Caspian Sea; he never saw the stars, and perhaps he never desired it; he never stirred up the holy fire among the magi; nor touched his god with the sacred rod according to the laws: he never offered sacrifice nor worshipped the deity, nor administered justice, nor spake to the people, nor numbered them: but he was most valiant to eat and drink, and having mingled his wines, he threw the rest upon the stones. This man is dead: behold his sepulchre, and now hear where Ninus is. Sometime I was Ninus, and drew the breath of a living man, but now am nothing but clay. I have nothing but what I did eat, and what I served to myself in lust is all my portion: the wealth with which I was blessed my enemies meeting

together shall carry away, as the mad Thyades carry a raw goat. I am gone to hell: and when I went thither, I neither carried gold, nor horse, nor silver chariot. I that wore a mitre, am now a little heap of dust."¹

JEREMY TAYLOR.

GOD.²

O thou eternal One! whose presence bright All space doth occupy, all motion guide; Unchanged through time's all-devastating flight; Thou only God! There is no God beside! Being above all beings! Mighty One! Whom none can comprehend and none explore; Who fill'st existence with *Thyself* alone: Embracing all,—supporting,—ruling o'er,— Being whom we call God—and know no more!

In its sublime research, philosophy May measure out the ocean-deep—may count The sands or the sun's rays—but, God! for thee There is no weight nor measure;—none can mount Up to Thy mysteries; Reason's brightest spark, Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark: And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high, Even like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call First chaos, then existence;—Lord! on Thee Eternity had its foundation:—all Sprung forth from Thee:—of light, joy, harmony, Sole origin:—all life, all beauty Thine. Thy word created all, and doth create; Thy splendour fills all space with rays divine, Thou art, and wert, and shalt be! Glorious Great! Light-giving, life-sustaining Potentate!

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround: Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath! Thou the beginning with the end hast bound, And beautifully mingled life and death! As sparks mount upward from the fiery blaze, So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from Thee: And as the spangles in the sunny rays

¹ "He who wrote in this manner," says Hazlitt, "also were a mitre, and is now a heap of dust; but when the name of Jeremy Taylor is no longer remembered with reverence, geniuses will have become a mockery, and virtue an empty shade."

² Translated from the Russian of Derzhavine by Sir John Bowring, who says that this poem has been translated into Japanese, by order of the emperor, and is hung up, embroidered with gold, in the temple of Jeddo. It has also been translated into the Chinese and Tartar languages, written on a piece of rich silk, and suspended in the imperial palace at Pekin.

Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry Of heaven's bright army glitters in Thy praise."³

A million torches lighted by Thy hand Wander unwearied through the blue abyss: They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command, All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss. What shall we call them? Files of crystal light— A glorious company of golden streams— Lamps of celestial ether burning bright— Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams? But Thou to these art as the noon to night.

Yes! as a drop of water in the sea, All this magnificence in Thee is lost:— What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee; And what am I then? Heaven's unnumber'd host, Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed In all the glory of sublimest thought, Is but an atom in the balance weighed Against thy greatness, is a cipher brought Against infinity! What am I then? Nought.

Nought! but the effluvia of Thy light divine, Pervading worlds, hath reach'd my bosom too; Yes! in my spirit doth Thy spirit shine As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew. Nought! but I live, and on hope's pinions fly Eager towards Thy presence; for in Thee I live, and breathe, and dwell; aspiring high, Even to the throne of Thy divinity. I am, O God! and surely *Thou* must be!

Thou art! directing, guiding all, Thou art! Direct my understanding then to Thee; Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart: Though but an atom 'midst immensity, Still I am something, fashioned by Thy hand! I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth, On the last verge of mortal being stand, Close to the realms where angels have their birth, Just on the boundaries of the spirit-land!

The chain of being is complete in me; In me is matter's last gradation lost, And the next step is spirit—Deity! I can command the lightning, and am dust! A monarch, and a slave; a worm, a god! Whence came I here, and how? so marvellously Constructed and conceived? unknown! this cold Lives surely through some higher energy; For from itself alone it could not be!

³ "The force of this simile can hardly be imagined by those who have never witnessed the sun shining, with unclouded splendour, in a cold of twenty or thirty degrees of Reumur. A thousand and ten thousand sparkling stars of ice, brighter than the brightest diamond, play on the surface of the frozen snow, and the slightest breeze sets myriads of icy atoms in motion, whose glancing light, and beautiful rainbow hues, dazzle and weary the eye."

Creator, yes! Thy wisdom and Thy word
Created me! Thou source of life and good!
Thou spirit of my spirit, and my Lord!
Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plenitude
Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring
Over the abyss of death, and bade it wear
The garments of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
Even to its source—to Thee—its Author there.

O thoughts ineffable! O visions bless'd!
Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee,
Yet shall Thy shadowed image fill our breast,
And waft its homage to Thy Deity.
God! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar;
Thus seek Thy presence—Being wise and good!
Midst Thy vast works admire, obey, adore;
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

IN QUEST OF A WIFE.

Dinner was over, my mother had taken up her knitting apparatus, and I was picking my teeth and amusing myself with building castles in the air, when my attention was roused by the unusual number of the good lady's hemps, which I knew to be a prelude to some extraordinary communication. At length, out it came: "My dear Tom," said she, "yesterday was your birth-day, you are now three-and-twenty, and it is high time you should be looking out for a good match: a man must marry some time or other, but he should take care he does so ere it is too late, for that is as bad as too soon." "Why, mother," answered I, "I am not much disinclined to change my situation, as the phrase goes; but I have never yet been fortunate enough to meet with the girl who would induce me to become a *benedict*." While I was speaking, my mamma had opened her china snuff-box, and with a knowing look held a pinch betwixt her finger and thumb; "What would you think now," said she, after a pause, and cycing me through her spectacles; "what would you think of little Doris, the upper forester's daughter?" I shook my head, "She is well enough to pass away an hour or two occasionally, for she is a good-natured lively thing, but she is like the lilles of the valley, they toil not, neither do they spin." "Son, she has ten thousand dollars in the bank, and they will set the looms agoing. You know our estate is burdened with debt, and as you now think of keeping house for yourself, and

won't make use of your friend's influence to procure you a place under government for you—" "My good mother," interrupted I; "once for all, that is out of the question; one who has any pretensions to the character of an honest man cuts but a sorry figure nowadays as a man in office; for my own part, I can only go straight forwards, and it would not be easy to avoid now and then treading on the kibes of some placeman or other, or giving him a jerk with my elbow, and I should gain nothing but vexation for my pains. No! no! I will travel, and endeavour to suit myself to my mind." "But do you know what the expression 'getting suited' means?" I took her hand. "Mother," cried I, "most fully do I appreciate the force of the expression, for I have seen it so completely exemplified in my own family; during my father's life, he and yourself had but one heart, one will." This was touching the right string, and decided the question at once. My mother wiped her spectacles, gave me a blessing, and desired me to travel. My portmanteau was soon packed, and almost before I could bestow a serious thought on the object of my journey, I found myself seated in the diligence for B—. I was ashamed, however, to turn back, and determined to give myself up to the guidance of my lucky star. I had several acquaintances at B—, and loitered away some weeks among them, and among what is called the good society of the place. Here there was no lack of pretty maidens, all ready and willing to get married, but their forward manners and total want of feminine delicacy soon convinced me that this was not the place to get suited; for the most part, their ideas of life were gathered from the shelves of the circulating library; and of gentility, from the miserable floundering of a set of strolling players, who sometimes visited the town; in short, their small accomplishments sat on them with as much grace and propriety as the glass beads and tinsel of the Europeans do on the necks of savages. One young creature, however, attracted my attention by her naivete and engaging disposition. I determined to make her acquaintance, and found no difficulty in procuring an introduction to her father's house. She was the only child of a rich contractor, who had amassed a considerable fortune during the war, and now lived very comfortably on his fortune. Wilhelmina played on the harpsichord a little, sung a little, drew a little, and had a smattering of French and Italian; but it was easy to perceive she laid claims to excellency in all these acquirements. Throughout the house there was great

splendour, without the slightest particle of taste. Miss was the idol of her parents, over whom she exercised unlimited sway, and the surest and shortest road to the old people's hearts was by praising their darling. It would have been no very difficult matter for me to have won this damsel's hand, had I been so inclined; for besides that she showed some sort of penchant for me, the Von before my name was a powerful recommendation to old Square-toes; but I felt that she was not at all calculated to make a wife for a domestic man like myself; and a letter soon afterwards received from my mother, wherein she expressed the same opinion, determined me to look elsewhere for a spouse.

I left B—— in company with a fellow-collegian, who was going to S—— on business, and as I wished to see that town, we agreed to travel together. In the inn at Lunan, where we stopped for the night, we fell in with some strangers; a gentleman from S——, with his son, and a young lady, his ward. We met together at supper, and the conversation took an easy and lively turn; it is true, the elder of the two men spoke seldom, but he smiled often; and, as they say, at the right place; and looked as if he could say a great deal on every subject, if he would. He made up for his silence, however, by keeping the bottle continually on the move. The son was the reverse of his father, his tongue never lay still, although his ideas were not of the most brilliant order. The young lady remained silent, and apparently absorbed in her own thoughts; she had a tall, elegant figure, handsome features, with a mild and somewhat melancholy expression, and she appeared to have recently shed tears; I gathered from what passed at supper, and afterwards from the landlord, that she was called Adeline; that her father, Major Lindenow, had fallen in battle, leaving her to the protection of his friend, Colonel Sternbach, who now lived on his estate near Lunan; that Colonel Sternbach had sent her to be educated at S——, where she resided with her brother-in-law, the senator Seldorf, with whom I had supped; that the colonel now lay dangerously ill, and that Seldorf, who expected to inherit his estates, was on his return from visiting him. Although Adeline had never once deigned to look at me, yet there was a something about her that interested me exceedingly in her favour. Old Seldorf, on learning my intention of remaining a few days at S——, gave me a pressing invitation to visit him and his family; his son drank to our better acquaintance, and swore that one's time might be spent at S—— in the most delightful way in the world, and

that even a university life did not surpass it. He offered, as my travelling friend quitted me here, to fill his vacant place in my carriage, to save me, as he said, from the blue-devils. On any other occasion I could willingly have dispensed with the youngster's good intentions; for there is nothing in which I take a greater delight than when, seated snugly in the corner of the vehicle, I can give myself up, undisturbed, to every fancy, and luxuriate in all the delights of castle-building; now, however, I determined, for once, to forego my favourite gratification, and acceded to his proposal, as I thought it might afford me an opportunity of learning something more of Adeline, into whose opinion I felt a strong inclination to ingratiate myself. Early on the following morning we set out for Lunan, and for several miles my new companion troubled me very little with his remarks, as he almost immediately began to snore; but he soon awoke, and then talked all in a breath about his college adventures, his connections in S——, his two sisters, Adeline, and his prospects of getting a place. "I shall then," added he, rapping his hands, "marry Adeline! for you know a wife is a necessary appendage to a man when he becomes of consequence in the state." This piece of intelligence was not of the most pleasant description; "So," said I, doubtless with a sheepish look enough, "you have confessed that Adeline is perfectly indifferent to you, and yet you mean to marry her; how can you expect happiness from such a union?" "Pooh, pooh," said he, "my dear fellow, your ideas of marriage are quite out of date; the husband has only to take care that his wife keeps within proper bounds; that she attends to her family and kitchen concerns, receives the guests, and so forth; the Orientals have far better notions of matrimony than we in the north; among them the wife is neither more nor less than the principal slave, and that, according to my view of the matter, is what she ought to be, and not a whit more." "But Adeline!" said I, impatiently. "Adeline," answered he, "has ridiculous whims, like all other girls who have not yet reached a certain age. She has nothing to boast of but her pretty face, and has hitherto lived in complete dependence; my uncle, indeed, lets her want for nothing, but then he is daily expected to set out on his journey for the other world, in which case she must be glad to get a comfortable settlement. During the last two years she has taken the charge of our domestic concerns, for my sisters do not trouble their heads about such matters." I was now enabled to form a tolerable good

guess of Adeline's situation, and her misfortunes imparted additional interest to her in my eyes.

On the second day after my arrival at S— I received an invitation from the elder Seldorf, which I readily accepted. The sisters were a pair of dolls who displayed their accomplishments as if they wished to let them out on hire. The youngest of the two played a few rusty waltzes on the piano, and the other sung a bravura in a style that made my very flesh creep; Adeline busied herself about the house, and it was easy to see that the management of everything was in her hands. She seemed a little more cheerful than when I saw her at Lanan, still her countenance bore evident traces of dejection. Whilst the sisters were acting their parts, she sat down to her needle, from which she seldom looked up; her future lord and master showed her very little attention, and I could almost imagine she treated him with contempt; I felt quite out of humour, and had risen to go away, when it came into the old gentleman's head to ask his daughters to *declaim*; neither of the misses, however, was in the vein, and he then applied to me to favour them with a specimen of my rhetorical powers; I was vain enough to accede to this request, for I flattered myself that I should now be enabled to make some impression on Adeline. They gave me the *Cassandra* of Schiller. I had often read aloud, and understood at least accentuation and modulation of tone. When I had finished, all were lavish of their applause; but I was only attentive to Adeline, whose expressive eye now seemed to regard me somewhat more attentively. From henceforward I continued to visit the senator almost daily, but never found an opportunity of seeing Adeline alone; she was ever engaged in her domestic concerns, and when she came sometimes for a few minutes into the room, the sisters had always some pretext or other to prevent my addressing a word to her. As the family were one evening assembled as usual, the conversation happened to turn upon women and marriage; the father gave it as his opinion, that the principal point to be attended to was whether or not the bride had a weighty purse. Young Seldorf was of an opposite way of thinking. "Money," said he, "gives the wife to lord it over her husband, which she is always sure to avail herself of, and it is therefore dangerous to marry for that alone." The two girls coincided with their father, and supported the contest with a deal of staff in favour of rich daughters, or, in other words, of themselves. This annoyed me, for Adeline's sake, although she did not appear to notice anything that

had passed. I now took up the cudgels, and said: "According to my notions, a woman's value is not to be estimated by what she has, but by what she is. Women have, for the most part, juster views of the value of things than men, and none but such as are of a coarse and common nature ever wish to make their dowry a pretext for exercising undue control." While I was talking in this ridiculous strain, with more than ordinary warmth, Adeline continued quietly at her work, and the sisters winked and made faces to each other. I got vexed, and took my leave. When I reached home I reproached myself for my folly. My observations had pointed too strongly to Adeline, of whom, as she was totally without fortune, it was impossible for me to think seriously; and uncomfortable as her situation in that family was, this conduct of mine had been calculated only to render it more so. I now therefore determined to be more sparing of my visits, and actually staid away two whole days. On the evening of the third, however, I met Adeline by chance at a friend's house, and as it was already late, civility obliged me to offer to see her home. "If you are going that way at any rate," said she, somewhat reservedly. Mr. Seldorf lived at some distance; but I don't know how it happened, we did not choose the nearest road to his house. I had persuaded her to take my arm, and we fell into conversation which soon became interesting. I declared in the most unreserved manner my opinion of the Misses S., and touched by the way on Adeline's own situation. She seemed affected, and said, "Though education and circumstances may produce in us faults for which we are not to blame, they often at the same time put it in our power to do much good, for which probably we do not deserve praise. If I have obtained juster views of life than I should otherwise have possessed, I am indebted for them to that excellent clergyman who brought me up; and if I am not easily disquieted or ruffled, it is doubtless owing to my natural frame of mind. One person is differently constituted from another; and besides, I have passed through a severe school." She said this with so much sweetness and unaffected modesty, that at this moment I could have pressed her to my heart, I could have offered her my hand; I thought of my mother and what treasure I should present her with in this maiden, and the blow would perhaps have been struck on the instant, had not luckily, or unluckily, young Seldorf just at this juncture made his appearance, and most unmercifully put to flight all my fine emotions by his rapid railing.

On reaching the house I mechanically followed him up stairs, where I found the family in confusion, owing to some disagreeable piece of news which they had just received. The senator took his son aside, and whispered something to him; I heard the word *Sternbach* and *will* frequently repeated. As the matter did not concern me, I paid no further attention to it; but merely wished to remain till Adeline (who had gone to change her dress) should return. As I saw, however, that my presence was irksome to the party, I departed without being able to wish her a good night. The following day some friends of mine persuaded me to join them in an excursion to Lunan, where there was a fair, at which all the gay folks of the neighbourhood were expected to be present. In the inn where we alighted there was a sort of ball, the dancing had already begun, and my companions soon joined in the throng, and continued till late in the evening, when, as we were preparing to return, we were surprised at the sudden appearance of young Seldorf. He came from the seat of his uncle, who had expired a few hours before. The young man was in the highest spirits, and talked incessantly of his good luck, that Colonel Sternbach had not had time to make his will. He called for champagne and claret, and gave loose to his satisfaction in the most extravagant manner. I was extremely disgusted with his conduct; but as I did not wish to break up the party, I made no objection to remain.

The joviality of Seldorf, however, appeared to have something singular and unnatural about it. He drank beyond all moderation. My companions faithfully followed his example, and I found it impossible to avoid exceeding a little. Seldorf filled a bumper to the health of his bride, as he termed Adeline: I laid hold of my glass mechanically, but for my life I could not swallow a single drop. "Then it is all settled?" I asked. "Why not?" hiccupped he: "my uncle is dead without a will, we are his sole heirs. I shall invest my money in the funds—purchase a title; become a great man; live merrily.—Aha, my boy! you shall pass many a jolly day with me yet." I became melancholy, and lost in thought. It was midnight before the party broke up. My companions slept till the carriage stopped at the gates of S—, but I had not the smallest inclination to sleep: my feelings had been too much excited, and many an adventurous scheme came into my head. I continued to pace my chamber restlessly up and down; a strange undefined something pervaded my mind, and stirred up my blood in a perfect fever, though,

to say the truth, I suspect the punch and champagne had not the least share in these extraordinary sensations. By chance I put my hand into the pocket of my greatcoat, which I had not pulled off; and was surprised to find papers in it. It was a packet tied round with tape, and on the envelope were written the words, "Last will and testament of Colonel Von Sternbach." I now first perceived that Seldorf and I had, in the confusion at leaving Lunan, exchanged greatcoats. The will was open, and I hastily ran my eye over it. It was written in the colonel's own hand, and, with the exception of a legacy to his brother-in-law Seldorf, Adeline was constituted the sole heiress of all his property.

The object of young Seldorf's journey, and his strange behaviour, were now fully explained. I congratulated myself on the lucky chance which had put it in my power to render an essential service to Adeline; but after some reflections I could not but be sensible that the matter might involve me in an awkward predicament, for when Seldorf should miss the will, his first suspicion would naturally fall on me. I thought of every expedient; till at length I convinced myself that in this, as in everything else, a straightforward course was the only one that a man of honour could follow. At an early hour on the following morning, therefore, I bent my course to the senator's house, for the purpose of returning the coat, and, if possible, of seeing Adeline alone. I found, as I expected, that the family were still abed, and that Adeline and a servant only were stirring. While the latter was fetching my greatcoat, I said to Adeline, that it was absolutely necessary I should see her that morning, as I had something of the last importance to communicate. She looked at me with surprise. "Miss Lindenow," said I, "it is on a subject which concerns you nearly; there is an infamous plot on foot to rob you in the most shameful manner; but Providence has enabled me to counteract the wicked scheme; tell me where, and at what hour, I can see you without danger of interruption." After a moment's pause—"Come with me," said she, "into the garden, all in the house are still asleep." We accordingly went thither, and I related to her the whole occurrence, giving her, at the same time, the will itself; she was greatly agitated, and could not utter a word, but raised her streaming eyes to heaven. I reminded her that quick decision was above all things indispensable. "What shall I do," said the trembling girl, "what can I do?" "Will you confide in me?" asked I. "Willingly,

most willingly," she answered in a tone that penetrated my heart. It was then concerted between us that she should meet me the same evening at the friend's house where we had been the preceding day; and I hastened home, to consider of the measures which it would be most advisable to adopt. I had scarcely reached my own door when young Seldorf overtook me; he was in the greatest trepidation, and said: "My friend, we exchanged greatcoats yesterday by mistake, and I am now come for mine. There are papers in it of the utmost consequence, which I trust have not dropped out; have you by chance seen them?" I quickly collected myself. "Mr. Seldorf," said I, taking his hand, "I think you are too much of an honest man to commit a knavish action; the papers you are so anxious about are in safety." "Where, where?" cried he, hurriedly, and looking at me with an air of suspicion. "Where they ought to be," returned I. "Adeline is heiress of Colonel Sternbach." He threw himself into a chair, and covered his face with both his hands. I exhorted him to take courage, and to thank Heaven which had prevented his committing a heavy crime. "Ah!" said he, striking his forehead, "Adeline is lost to me, as soon as she knows that she is independent, and may choose for herself." "Why, what a pitiful fellow you must be, to wish to tread in the dust a noble heart in so base a manner." I spoke this loud and angrily, and was instantly sorry that I had suffered the words to escape me. The scene continued sometime longer, till I set the poor devil somewhat at ease by promising that the whole transaction should be confined to ourselves. "But is Adeline acquainted with it?" "She is, but you must know her well enough to be satisfied that she will not abuse the confidence which I have placed in her." "Yes, yes," muttered he between his teeth, "she is much better than I—than my sisters—or than all the young women that I know—she deserves a better lot than I can offer her." I now really pitied him. His natural roughness might have been softened by better education. With all his faults, his heart was not bad; and what was wrong about him arose more from perverted notions of things, than from vicious inclinations. I now attempted to rouse him on the score of pride. "You wished," said I, "not to be under any obligation to your wife, and would rather take her fortune from her by fraud than receive it at her own hand; but it would be impossible for you ever to overcome the sense of injustice which you had thus been guilty of, and you would in fact have become

more dependent on her than if she had brought you a million as a portion, for you could never have again looked her in the face as an honest man, even if she were to reciprocate your affection." He stared at me earnestly, never having been accustomed to reflect on his actions, or to weigh the motives of his conduct; he knew nothing of life, except what he had learned in taverns. An idea seemed instantly to have struck him, and with the words "You shall not at least assert that I am vicious," he hastily quitted the apartment. I was puzzling myself to find out what his meaning might be, when a boy came into the room with a message to meet him instantly without the town-gates. This sounded very like a challenge, still I could not think him mad enough to risk exposure. I did not delay attending his summons, however, but repaired instantly to the place appointed, which was a promenade that was little frequented. At the moment of my approach I perceived him walking under the trees with Adeline on his arm. Adeline appeared much perplexed. "My dear friend," said Seldorf, smiling, "I have assured Adeline that you have something to say to her; and I will swear ten oaths that my *ei-devast* bride has also a word for you in private that would not be so conveniently spoken before my sisters; I have therefore brought you together here, so make the most of your time, for I shall return for Adeline in a quarter of an hour." Saying this, he walked away, leaving us both not a little disconcerted. Adeline could not compose herself, and my presence of mind seemed to have forsaken me altogether. At last, however, I found my voice, and said, "A singular accident, dear Adeline, has brought us together, I seek a companion for life,—could I but hope—" A deep blush, which came direct from the heart, overspread her lovely face, and drawing from her work-bag a paper, she handed it to me, saying softly, "This letter has doubtless fallen by accident into the will, my name is mentioned in it." It was a letter from my mother, which had got amongst the folds of the will. I had written to her much about Adeline, and the good lady had, in her answer, said, "that this would indeed be a daughter after her own heart;" "and will you too call her mother, my Adeline?" "Take me to her," whispered she, and the warm kiss which I impressed on her cheek was the seal of our union. In a few weeks I carried Adeline home as my wife, and my mother is quite convinced that I have succeeded to a wish in "getting myself suited."

M. SCHREIBER.

MARCO BOZZARIS.¹

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in subpliance bent,
Should tremble at his power;
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams his song of triumph heard.
Then wore his monarch's signet ring,
Then pressed that monarch's throne—a King;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood
On old Platina's day;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquer'd there,
With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
As quick, as far as they.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last;
He woke—to hear his sentries shriek,
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"
He woke—to die, 'midst flame, and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
Like forest pines before the blast,
Or lightnings from the mountain cloud;
And heard with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band;
"Strike—till the last armed foe expires,
Strike—for your altars and your fires,
Strike—for the green graves of your sires,
God—and your native land!"

They fought, like brave men, long and well,
They piled that ground with Moslem slain,
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!

Come to the mother's, when she feels
For the first time her first-born's breath;

Come when the blessed seals
Which close the pestilence are broke
And crowded cities wall its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake's shock, the ocean storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm,

With banquet-song, and dance, and wine;
And thou art terrible; the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword

Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
And in its hollow tones are heard

The thanks of millions yet to be.
Come, when his task of Fame is wrought;
Come, with her laurel-leaf, blood-bought;

Come in her crowning hour; and then
Thy sunken eyes' unearthly light
To him is welcome as the sight

Of sky and stars to prison'd men;
Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land;
Thy summons—welcome as the cry
Which told the Indian isles were nigh

To the world-seeking Genoese,
When the land wind, from woods of palm,
And orange-groves, and fields of balm,
Blew o'er the Haytien seas.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave

Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee: there is no prouder grave,

Even in her own proud clime,
She wore no funeral weeds for thee,

Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume
Like torn branch from death's leafless tree,
In sorrow's pomp, and pageantry,

The heartless luxury of the tomb;
But she remembers thee as one
Long loved, and for a season gone.
For thou her poet's lyre is wretched,
Her marble wrought, her music breathed;
For thee she rings the birth-day bells;
Of thee her babe's first lisping tells;
For thine her evening prayer is said
At palace couch and cottage bed.
Her soldier, closing with the foe,
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;
His plighted maiden, when she fears
For him, the joy of her young years,
Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears;

And she, the mother of thy boys,
Though in her eye and faded cheek
Is read the grief she will not speak,
The memory of her buried joys;

¹ The Epaminondas of Modern Greece. He fell in a night attack upon the Turkish camp at Leopl, the site of the ancient Platina, August 20, 1822, and expired in the moment of victory. His last words were, "To die for liberty is a pleasure, and not a pain."

And even she who gave thee birth
Will, by their pilgrim-circled hearth,
Talk of thy doom without a sigh;
For thou art Freedom's now, and Faune's;
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die.

—
FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

A FORGOTTEN HERO.¹

[James Anthony Froude, born at Dartington, Devonshire, 23d April, 1818; died, 23d October, 1894; educated at Westminster and Oxford. In 1836 appeared the first two volumes of his *History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada*, since completed in twelve volumes. In 1871-74 he published *The English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century*, 3 vols.; in 1872, a life of *Julius Caesar*; in 1881, Carlyle's *Renaissance*; in 1882-84, a life of *Thomas Carlyle*; in 1886, *Orosius*; in 1887, a life of *Luther*; in 1892, *The Spanish History of the Armada, and other Essays*; in 1893, the *Life and Letters of Erasmus*. Though his principal fame rests upon his *History of England*, he owes a wider popularity to his miscellaneous writings, of which a collection was published in 1872-83, under the title of *Short Studies on Great Subjects*.]

Some two miles above the port of Dartmouth, once among the most important harbours in England, on a projecting angle of land which runs out into the river at the head of one of its most beautiful reaches, there has stood for some centuries the manor-house of Greenaway. The water runs deep all the way to it from the sea, and the largest vessels may ride with safety within a stone's-throw of the windows. In the latter half of the sixteenth century there must have met, in the hall of this mansion, a party as remarkable as could have been found anywhere in England. Humphrey and Adrian Gilbert, with their half-brother Walter Raleigh, here, when little boys, played at sailors in the reaches of Long Stream; in the summer evenings doubtless rowing down with the tide to the port, and wondering at the quaint figure-heads and carved prows of the ships which thronged it; or climbing on board, and listening, with hearts beating, to the mariners' tales of the new earth beyond the sunset. And here, in later life, matured men, whose boyish dreams had become heroic action, they used again to meet in the intervals of quiet, and the rock is shown underneath the house where Raleigh smoked the first tobacco. Another remarkable man could not fail to have made a fourth at these meetings. A sailor boy of Sandwich, the adjoining parish, John Davis,

showed early a genius which could not have escaped the eye of such neighbours, and in the atmosphere of Greenaway he learned to be as noble as the Gilberts, and as tender and delicate as Raleigh. Of this party, for the present, we confine ourselves to the host and owner, Humphrey Gilbert, knighted afterwards by Elizabeth. Led by the scenes of his childhood to the sea and to sea adventures, and afterwards, as his mind unfolded, to study his profession scientifically, we find him, as soon as he was old enough to think for himself, or make others listen to him, "amending the great errors of naval sea-cards, whose common fault is to make the degree of longitude in every latitude of one common bigness;" inventing instruments for taking observations, studying the form of the earth, and convincing himself that there was a north-west passage, and studying the necessities of his country, and discovering the remedies for them in colonization and extended markets for home manufactures. Gilbert was examined before the queen's majesty and the privy-council, and the record of his examination he has himself left to us in a paper which he afterwards drew up, and strange enough reading it is. The most admirable conclusions stand side by side with the wildest conjectures.

Homer and Aristotle are pressed into service to prove that the ocean runs round the three old continents, and that America therefore is necessarily an island. The Gulf-stream, which he had carefully observed, cleared out by a theory of the *primum mobile*, is made to demonstrate a channel to the north, corresponding to Magellan's Straits in the south, Gilbert believing, in common with almost everyone of his day, that these straits were the only opening into the Pacific, and the land to the south was unbroken to the pole. He prophesies a market in the East for our manufactured linen and calicoes:—

"The Easterns greatly prizeing the same, as appeared in Hester, where the pomp is expressed of the great King of India, Alasueris, who matched the coloured clothes wherewith his houses and tents were apparelled, with gold and silver, as part of his greatest treasure."

These and other such arguments were the best analysis which Sir Humphrey had to offer of the spirit which he felt to be working in him. We may think what we please of them; but we can have but one thought of the great grand words with which the memorial concludes, and they alone would explain the love which Elizabeth bore him:—

"Never, therefore, mislike with me for

¹ From *Short Studies on Great Subjects*, by James A. Froude, M.A. London: Longmans.

taking in hand any laudable and honest enterprise, for if through pleasure or idleness we purchase shame, the pleasure vanishest, but the shame abideth for ever.

"Give me leave, therefore, without offence, always to live and die in this mind: that he is not worthy to live at all that, for fear or danger of death, shunneth his country's service and his own honour, seeing that death is inevitable and the fame of virtue immortal, wherefore in this behalf *mutare vel timere sperno.*"

Two voyages which he undertook at his own cost, which shattered his fortune, and failed, as they naturally might, since inefficient help or mutiny of subordinates, or other disorders, are inevitable conditions under which, more or less, great men must be content to see their great thoughts mutilated by the feebleness of their instruments, did not dishearten him, and in June, 1583, a last fleet of five ships sailed from the port of Dartmouth, with commission from the queen to discover and take possession from latitude 45° to 50° north—a voyage not a little noteworthy, there being planted in the course of it the first English colony west of the Atlantic. Elizabeth had a foreboding that she would never see him again. She sent him a jewel as a last token of her favour, and she desired Raleigh to have his picture taken before he went.

The history of the voyage was written by a Mr. Edward Hayes, of Dartmouth, one of the principal actors in it, and as a composition, it is more remarkable for fine writing than by any very commendable thought in the author. But Sir Humphrey's nature shines through the infirmity of his chronicler; and in the end, indeed, Mr. Hayes himself is subdued into a better mind. He had lost money by the voyage, and we will hope his higher nature was only under temporary eclipse. The fleet consisted (it is well to observe the ships and the size of them) of the *Delight*, 120 tons; the barque *Raleigh*, 200 tons (this ship deserted off the Land's End); the *Golden Hind* and the *Swallow*, 40 tons each; and the *Squirrel*, which was called the frigate, 10 tons. For the uninitiated in such matters we may add, that in a vessel the size of the last, a member of the Yacht Club would consider that he had earned a club-room immortality if he had ventured a run in the depth of summer from Cowes to the Channel Islands.

"We were in all," says Mr. Hayes, "260 men, among whom we had of every faculty good choice. Besides, for solace of our own people, and allurement of the savages, we were provided of music in good variety, not omitting

the least toys, as morris-dancers, hobby-horses, and May-like conceits to delight the savage people."

The expedition reached Newfoundland without accident. St. John's was taken possession of, and a colony left there; and Sir Humphrey then set out exploring along the American coast to the south, he himself doing all the work in his little ten-ton cutter, the service being too dangerous for the larger vessels to venture on. One of these had remained at St. John's. He was now accompanied only by the *Delight* and the *Golden Hind*, and these two keeping as near the shore as they dared, he spent what remained of the summer examining every creek and bay, marking the soundings, taking the bearings of the possible harbours, and risking his life, as every hour he was obliged to risk it in such a service, in thus leading, as it were, the forlorn hope in the conquest of the New World. How dangerous it was we shall presently see. It was towards the end of August—

"The evening was fair and pleasant, yet not without token of storm to ensue, and most part of this Wednesday night, like the swan that singeth before her death, they in the *Delight* continued in sounding of drums and trumpets and fifes, also winding the cornets and hautboys, and in the end of their jollity left with the battell and ringing of doleful knells."

Two days after came the storm; the *Delight* struck upon a bank, and went down in sight of the other vessels, which were unable to render her any help. Sir Humphrey's papers, among other things, were all lost in her—at the time considered by him an irreparable misfortune. But it was little matter, he was never to need them. The *Golden Hind* and the *Squirrel* were now left alone of the five ships. The provisions were running short, and the summer season was closing. Both crews were on short allowance; and with much difficulty Sir Humphrey was prevailed upon to be satisfied for the present with what he had done, and to lay off for England.

"So upon Saturday, in the afternoon, the 31st of August, we changed our course, and returned back for England, at which very instant, even in winding about, there passed along between us and the land, which we now forsook, a very lion, to our seeming in shape, hair, and colour; not swimming after the manner of a beast by moving of his feet, but rather sliding upon the water with his whole body, except his legs, in sight, neither yet diving under and again rising as the manner is of whales, porpoises, and other fish, but

confidently showing himself without hiding, notwithstanding that we presented ourselves in open view and gesture to amaze him. Thus he passed along, turning his head to and fro, yawning and gaping wide, with ugly demonstration of long teeth and glaring eyes; and to bide us farewell, coming right against the *Hinde*, he sent forth a horrible voice, roaring and bellowing as doth a lion, which spectacle we all beheld, so far as we were able to discern the same, as men prone to wonder at every strange thing. What opinion others had thereof, and chiefly the general himself, I forbear to deliver. But he took it for *Bonne Omen*, rejoicing that he was to war against such an enemy, if it were the devil."

We have no doubt that he did think it was the devil, men in those days believing really that evil was more than a principle or a necessary accident, and that in all their labour for God and for right they must make their account to have to fight with the devil in his proper person. But if we are to call it superstition, and if this were no devil in the form of a roaring lion, but a mere great seal or sea-lion, it is a more innocent superstition to impersonate so real a power, and it requires a bolder heart to rise up against it and defy it in its living terror, than to sublimate it away into a philosophical principle, and to forget to battle with it in speculating on its origin and nature. But to follow the brave Sir Humphrey, whose work of fighting with the devil was now over, and who was passing to his reward. The 2d of September the general came on board the *Golden Hinde* "to make merry with us." He greatly deplored the loss of his books and papers, but he was full of confidence from what he had seen, and talked with eagerness and warmth of the new expedition for the following spring. Apocryphal gold-mines still occupying the minds of Mr. Hayes and others, they were persuaded that Sir Humphrey was keeping to himself some such discovery which he had secretly made, and they tried hard to extract it from him. They could make nothing, however, of his odd, ironical answers, and their sorrow at the catastrophe which followed is sadly blended with disappointment that such a secret should have perished. Sir Humphrey doubtless saw America with other eyes than theirs, and gold-mines richer than California in its huge rivers and savannahs.

"Leaving the issue of this good hope (about the gold)," continues Mr. Hayes, "to God, who only knoweth the truth thereof, I will hasten to the end of this tragedy, which must be knit up in the person of our general, and as it was

God's ordinance upon him, even so the vehement persuasion of his friends could nothing avail to divert him from his wilful resolution of going in his frigate; and when he was entranced by the captain, master, and others, his well-wishers in the *Hinde*, not to venture, this was his answer—'I will not forsake my little company going homewards, with whom I have passed so many storms and perils.'"

Two-thirds of the way home they met foul weather and terrible seas, "breaking short and pyramid-wise." Men who had all their lives "occupied the sea" had never seen it more outrageous. "We had also upon our main-yard an apparition of a little fier by night, which seamen do call Castor and Pollux."

"Monday the ninth of September, in the afternoon, the frigate was near east away, oppressed by waves, but at that time recovered, and giving forth signs of joy, the general, sitting abaft with a book in his hand, cried out unto us in the *Hinde* so often as we did approach within hearing, 'We are as near to heaven by sea as by land,' reiterating the same speech, well becoming a soldier resolute in Jesus Christ, as I can testify that he was. The same Monday night, about twelve of the clock, or not long after, the frigate being ahead of us in the *Golden Hinde*, suddenly her lights were out, whereof as it were in a moment we lost the sight; and withal our watch cried, 'The general was east away,' which was too true.

"Thus faithfully," concludes Mr. Hayes, in some degree rising above himself, "I have related this story, wherein some spark of the knight's virtues, though he be extinguished, may happily appear, he remaining resolute to a purpose honest and godly as was this, to discover, possess, and reduce unto the service of God and Christian piety those remote and heathen countries of America. Such is the infinite bounty of God, who from every evil deriveth good, that fruit may grow in time of our travelling in these north-western lands (as has it not grown?), and the crosses, tumults, and afflictions, both in the preparation and execution of the voyage, did correct the intemperate humours which before we noted to be in this gentleman, and made unsavoury and less delightful his other manifold virtues.

"Thus as he was refined and made nearer unto the image of God, so it pleased the divine will to resume him unto himself, whither both his and every other high and noble mind have always aspired."

Such was Sir Humphrey Gilbert, still in the prime of his years when the Atlantic swallowed

him. Like the gleam of a landscape lit suddenly for a moment by the lightning, these few scenes flash down to us across the centuries: but what a life must that have been of which this was the conclusion! We have glimpses of him a few years earlier, when he won his spurs in Ireland—won them by deeds which to us seem terrible in their ruthlessness, but which won the applause of Sir Henry Sidney as too high for praise or even reward. Chequered like all of us with lines of light and darkness, he was, nevertheless, one of a race which has ceased to be. We look round for them, and we can hardly believe that the same blood is flowing in our veins. Brave we may still be, and strong perhaps as they, but the high moral grace which made bravery and strength so beautiful is departed from us for ever.

THE CORAL GROVE.

Deep in the wave is a Coral Grove,
Where the purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue,
That never are wet with falling dew,
But in bright and changeable beauty shine,
Far down in the green and glassy brine.
The floor is of sand like the mountain drift,
And the pearl shall spangle the fainty snow;
From coral rocks the sea-plants lift
Their boughs where the tides and billows flow;
The water is calm and still below,
For the winds and waves are absent there,
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow
In the motionless fields of upper air;
There with its waving blade of green,
The sea-flag steams through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
To blush like a banner bathed in slaughter;
There with a tight and easy motion,
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear deep sea;
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are bending like corn on the upland lea;
And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe, when the wrathful spirit of storms
Has made the top of the wave his own:
And when the ship from his fury flies,
Where the myriad voices of ocean roar,
When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies,
And demons are waiting the wreck on shore;
Then far below, in the penous sea,
The purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
Where the waters murmur tranquilly
Through the bending twigs of the Coral Grove.

JAMES PERCIVAL.

VOL. II.

THE VOICES OF MY HOME.

The voices of my home!—I hear them still!
They have been with me through the dreamy night—
The blessed household voices, wont to fill
My heart's clear depths with unshaded delight!
I hear them still, unchanged:—though some from earth

Are music parted, and the tones of mirth—
Wild, silvery tones, that rang through days more bright!

I have died in others,—yet to me they come,
Singing of boyhood back—the voices of my home!

They call me through this haath of wood—a repeating
In the gray stillness of the summer morn,
They wander by when heavy flowers are closing,
And thoughts grow deep, and winds and stars are born;
Even as a fount's remembered gushings burst
On the parched traveller in his hour of thirst,
Even thus they haunt me with sweet sounds, till worn
By quenches longings, to my soul I say—
Oh! for the dove's swift wings, that I might flee away,

And find mine ark!—yet whither!—I must bear
A yearning heart within me to the grave,
I am of those o'er whom a breath of air—
Just darkening in its course the lake's bright wave,
And sighing through the feathered canes—hath power
To call up shadows, in the silent hour,
From the dim past, as from a wizard's cave!
So must it be!—These skies above me spread,
Are they my own soft skies?—Ye rest not here my dead!

Ye far amidst the southern flowers lie sleeping,
Your graves all smiling in the sunshine clear,
Save one!—a blue, lone, distant main is sweeping
High o'er our gentle head—ye rest not here!
'Tis not the olive, with a whisper swaying,
Nor thy low rippings, glassy water, playing
Through my own chestnut groves, which fill mine ear;
But the faint echoes in my breasts that dwell,
And for their birth-place moan, as moans the ocean-shell.

MRS. HEMANNE.

FAME.

Fame guards the wreath we call a crown
With other wreaths of fire,
And dragging this or that man down
Will not raise you the higher.
Fear not too much the open sea,
Nor yet yourself disdain'd;
Clear the bright wake of galluses,
Then steadily steer out.
That wicked man in league should be
To push your craft aside,
Is not the hint of modesty,
But the poor conceit of pride.

ALICE CARY.

THE BELATED TRAVELLERS.

(Washington Irving, born in New York, 3d April, 1783; died at Sunnyside, on the Hudson, 1859. His father was a Scot, his mother an Englishwoman. He was admitted to the bar in 1806, but never practised; became a partner with his two brothers in a commercial establishment, and on the failure of this house in 1817, he resolved to devote himself to his true vocation—literature. He was already well known as an author, for as early as 1802 he had published a number of sketches under the pseudonym of Jonathan Oldstyle; four years after that he had produced, in conjunction with his brother William, the first of the *Salmagundi* series of papers; and three years later he had issued the "excellently jocose"—an Scott called it—*History of New York*, by Diedrich Knickerbocker. He now began the business of authorship with the publication of the *Sketch-Book*, London, 1820.¹ Nearly all his books were marvellously successful in this country and in America; and it will suffice to mention here the titles of those by which he will be best remembered: *Bratbridge Hall; Tales of a Traveller; The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus* (for which Mr. Murray paid the author 3000 guineas); *The Conquest of Granada; The Conqueror of Granada*; and *The Alhambra*. Irving spent about twenty years of his life in Europe; he held several appointments from the American government; and he received one of the two fifty-guinea gold medals ordered by George IV. to be presented to the two authors who should have attained the greatest excellence in historical composition.² The following is from *The Traveller*.)

It was late one evening that a carriage, drawn by mules, slowly toiled its way up one of the passes of the Apennines. It was through one of the wildest defiles, where a hamlet occurred only at distant intervals, perched on the summit of some rocky height, or the white towers of a convent peeped out from among the thick mountain passage. The carriage was of ancient and ponderous construction, its faded embellishments spoke of former splendour, but its crazy springs and axle-trees creaked out the tale of present decline. Within was seated a tall, thin old gentleman, in a kind of military travelling dress, and a foraging cap trimmed with fur, though the gray locks which stole from under it hinted that his fighting days were over. Beside him was a pale, beautiful girl of eighteen, dressed in something of a northern or Polish costume. One servant was seated in front, a rusty, crusty-looking fellow, with a scar across his face; an orange-tawny *schwarz-bart*, or pair of mustaches, bristling from under his nose, and wore altogether the air of an old soldier.

It was, in fact, the equipage of a Polish

¹ See note, page 75, vol. I., of the *Curzon*.

² It was Hallam who received the second medal.

nobleman; a wreck of one of those princely families which had lived with almost oriental magnificence, but had been broken down and impoverished by the disasters of Poland. The count, like many other generous spirits, had been found guilty of the crime of patriotism, and was in a manner an exile from his country. He had resided for some time in the first cities of Italy for the education of his daughter, in whom all his cares and pleasures were now centred. He had taken her into society, where her beauty and her accomplishments had gained her many admirers; and had she not been the daughter of a poor broken-down Polish nobleman, it is no more than probable that many would have contended for her hand. Suddenly, however, her health had become delicate and drooping; her gaiety fled with the roses of her cheek, and she sank into silence and debility. The old count saw the change with the solicitude of a parent. "We must try a change of air and scene," said he; and in a few days the old family carriage was rumbling among the Apennines.

Their only attendant was the veteran Caspar, who had been born in the family, and grown rusty in its service. He had followed his master in all his fortunes; had fought by his side; had stood over him when fallen in battle; and had received, in his defence, the sabre-cut which added such grimness to his countenance. He was now his valet, his steward, his butler, his factotum. The only being that rivalled his master in his affections was his youthful mistress; she had grown up under his eye. He had led her by the hand when she was a child, and he now looked upon her with the fondness of a parent; nay, he even took the freedom of a parent in giving his blunt opinion on all matters which he thought were for her good; and felt a parent's vanity in seeing her gazed at and admired.

The evening was thickening: they had been for some time passing through narrow gorges of the mountains, along the edge of a tumbling stream. The scenery was lonely and savage. The rocks often beetled over the road, with flocks of white goats browsing on their brink, and gazing down upon the travellers. They had between two and three leagues yet to go before they could reach any village; yet the muleteer, Pietro, a tipping old fellow, who had refreshed himself at the last halting-place with a more than ordinary quantity of wine, sat singing and talking alternately to his mules, and suffering them to lag on at a snail's pace, in spite of the frequent entreaties of the count and the maledictions of Caspar.

The clouds began to roll in heavy masses among the mountains, shrouding their summits from the view. The air of these heights, too, was damp and chilly. The count's solicitude on his daughter's account overcame his usual patience. He leaned from the carriage, and called to old Pietro in an angry tone. "Forward!" said he. "It will be midnight before we arrive at our inn." "Yonder it is, signor," said the muleteer. "Where?" demanded the count. "Yonder" said Pietro, pointing to a desolate pile of building about a quarter of a league distant. "That the place?—why it looks more like a ruin than an inn. I thought we were to put up for the night at a comfortable village." Here Pietro uttered a string of piteous exclamations and ejaculations, such as are ever at the tip of the tongue of a delinquent muleteer. "Such roads! such mountains! and then his poor animals were way-worn, and leg-weary; they would fall lame; they would never be able to reach the village. And then what could his eccellenza wish for better than the inn; a perfect castello—a palazzo—and such people, and such a larder!—and such beds!—his eccellenza might fare as sumptuously and sleep as soundly there as a prince!" The count was easily persuaded, for he was anxious to get his daughter out of the night air; so in a little while the old carriage rattled and jingled into the great gateway of the inn.

The building did certainly in some measure answer to the muleteer's description. It was large enough for either castle or palazzo; built in a strong, but simple and almost rude style; with a great quantity of waste room. It had, in fact, been, in former times, a hunting-seat for one of the Italian princes. There was space enough within its walls and in its out-buildings to have accommodated a little army. A scanty household seemed now to people this dreary mansion. The faces that presented themselves on the arrival of the travellers were begrimed with dirt, and scowling in their expression. They all knew old Pietro, however, and gave him a welcome as he entered, singing and talking, and almost whooping, into the gateway.

The hostess of the inn waited herself on the count and his daughter, to show them the apartments. They were conducted through a long gloomy corridor, and then through a suite of chambers opening into each other, with lofty ceilings, and great beams extending across them. Everything, however, had a wretched, squalid look. The walls were damp and bare, excepting that here and there hung some great painting, large enough for a chapel, and black-

ened out of all distinctness. They chose two bed-rooms, one within another, the inner one for the daughter. The bedsteads were massive and misshapen; but on examining the beds, so vaunted by old Pietro, they found them studded with fibres of hemp, knotted in great lumps. The count shrugged his shoulders, but there was no choice left. The chillness of the apartments crept to their bones; and they were glad to return to a common chamber, or kind of hall, where there was a fire burning in a huge cavern, miscalled a chimney. A quantity of green wood had just been thrown on, which puffed out volumes of smoke. The room corresponded to the rest of the mansion. The floor was paved and dirty. A great oaken table stood in the centre, immovable from its size and weight.

The only thing that contradicted this prevalent air of indigence was the dress of the hostess. She was a slattern, of course; yet her garments, though dirty and negligent, were of costly materials. She wore several rings of great value on her fingers, and jewels in her ears, and round her neck was a string of large pearls, to which was attached a sparkling crucifix. She had the remains of beauty; yet there was something in the expression of her countenance that inspired the young lady with singular aversion. She was officious and obsequious in her attentions, and both the count and his daughter were relieved when she consigned them to the care of a dark sullen-looking servant-maid, and went off to superintend the supper.

Casper was indignant at the muleteer for having, either through negligence or design, subjected his master and mistress to such quarters; and vowed by his mustaches to have revenge on the old varlet the moment they were safe out from among the mountains. He kept up a continual quarrel with the sulky servant-maid, which only served to increase the sinister expression with which she regarded the travellers from under her strong dark eyebrows. As to the count, he was a good-humoured, passive traveller. Perhaps real misfortunes had subdued his spirit, and rendered him tolerant of many of those petty evils which make prosperous men miserable. He drew a large broken arm-chair to the fireside for his daughter, and another for himself, and seizing an enormous pair of tongs, endeavoured to rearrange the wood so as to produce a blaze. His efforts, however, were only repaid by thicker puffs of smoke, which almost overcame the good gentleman's patience. He would draw back, cast a look upon his delicate daughter,

then upon the cheerless squalid apartment, and shrugging his shoulders, would give a fresh stir to the fire.

Of all the miseries of a comfortless inn, however, there is none greater than sulky attendance; the good count for some time bore the smoke in silence, rather than address himself to the scowling servant-maid. At length he was compelled to beg for drier firewood. The woman retired muttering. On re-entering the room hastily, with an armful of faggots, her foot slipped; she fell, and striking her head against the corner of a chair, cut her temple severely. The blow stunned her for a time, and the wound bled profusely. When she recovered, she found the count's daughter ministering to her wound, and binding it up with her own handkerchief. It was such an attention as any woman of ordinary feeling would have yielded; but perhaps there was something in the appearance of the lovely being who bent over her, or in the tones of her voice, that touched the heart of the woman, unused to be ministered to by such hands. Certain it is, she was strongly affected. She caught the delicate hand of the Polonaise, and pressed it fervently to her lips: "May San Francesco watch over you, signora!" exclaimed she.

A new arrival broke the stillness of the inn. It was a Spanish princess with a numerous retinue. The court-yard was in an uproar; the house in a bustle; the landlady hurried to attend such distinguished guests; and the poor count and his daughter, and their supper, were for the moment forgotten. The veteran Caspar muttered Polish maledictions enough to agonize an Italian ear; but it was impossible to convince the hostess of the superiority of his old master and young mistress to the whole nobility of Spain.

The noise of the arrival had attracted the daughter to the window, just as the newcomers had alighted. A young cavalier sprang out of the carriage, and handed out the princess. The latter was a little shrivelled old lady, with a face of parchment, and a sparkling black eye; she was richly and gaily dressed, and walked with the assistance of a gold-headed cane as high as herself. The young man was tall and elegantly formed. The count's daughter shrank back at sight of him, though the deep frame of the window screened her from observation. She gave a heavy sigh as she closed the casement. What that sigh meant I cannot say. Perhaps it was at the contrast between the splendid equipage of the princess, and the crazy, rheumatic-looking old vehicle of her

father, which stood hard by. Whatever might be the reason, the young lady closed the casement with a sigh. She returned to her chair; a slight shivering passed over her delicate frame; she leaned her elbow on the arm of the chair; rested her pale cheek in the palm of her hand, and looked mournfully into the fire. The count thought she appeared paler than usual. "Does anything ail thee, my child?" said he. "Nothing, dear father!" replied she, laying her hand within his, and looking up smiling in his face; but as she said so, a treacherous tear rose suddenly to her eye, and she turned away her head. "The air of the window has chilled thee," said the count, fondly, "but a good night's rest will make all well again."

The supper-table was at length laid, and the supper about to be served, when the hostess appeared, with her usual obsequiousness, apologizing for showing in the new-comers; but the night air was cold, and there was no other chamber in the inn with a fire in it. She had scarcely made the apology when the princess entered, leaning on the arm of the elegant young man. The count immediately recognized her for a lady whom he had met frequently in society both at Rome and Naples; and at whose conversations, in fact, he had constantly been invited. The cavalier, too, was her nephew and heir, who had been greatly admired in the gay circles both for his merits and prospects, and who had once been on a visit at the same time with his daughter and himself at the villa of a nobleman near Naples. Report had recently affianced him to a rich Spanish heiress.

The meeting was agreeable to both the count and the princess. The former was a gentleman of the old school, courteous in the extreme; the princess had been a belle in her youth, and a woman of fashion all her life, and liked to be attended to.

The young man approached the daughter, and began something of a complimentary observation; but his manner was embarrassed, and his compliment ended in an indistinct murmur, while the daughter bowed without looking up, moved her lips without articulating a word, and sank again into her chair, where she sat gazing into the fire, with a thousand varying expressions passing over her countenance. This singular greeting of the young people was not perceived by the old ones, who were occupied at the time with their own courteous salutations. It was arranged that they should sit together; and as the princess travelled with her own cook, a very toler-

able supper soon smoked upon the board; this, too, was assisted by choice wines, and liqueurs, and delicate confitures brought from one of her carriages; for she was a veteran epicure, and curious in her relish for the good things of this world. She was, in fact, a vivacious little old lady, who mingled the woman of dissipation with the devotee. She was actually on her way to Loretto to expiate a long life of gallantries and peccadilloes by a rich offering at the holy shrine. She was, to be sure, rather a luxuriously penitent, and a contrast to the primitive pilgrims, with scrip, and staff, and cockle-shell; but then it would be unreasonable to expect such self-denial from people of fashion; and there was not a doubt of the ample efficacy of the rich crucifixes, and golden vessels, and jewelled ornaments, which she was bearing to the treasury of the blessed Virgin.

The princess and the count chatted much during supper about the scenes and society in which they had mingled, and did not notice that they had all the conversation to themselves; the young people were silent and constrained. The daughter ate nothing, in spite of the politeness of the princess, who continually pressed her to taste of one or other of the delicacies. The count shook his head: "She is not well this evening," said he, "I thought she would have fainted just now as she was looking out of the window at your carriage on its arrival." A crimson glow flushed to the very temples of the daughter; but she leaned over her plate, and her tresses cast a shade over her countenance.

When supper was over, they drew their chairs about the great fireplace. The flame and smoke had subsided, and a heap of glowing embers diffused a grateful warmth. A guitar, which had been brought from the count's carriage, leaned against the wall; the princess perceived it: "Can we not have a little music before parting for the night?" demanded she. The count was proud of his daughter's accomplishment, and joined in the request. The young man made an effort of politeness, and taking up the guitar, presented it, though in an embarrassed manner, to the fair musician. She would have declined it, but was too much confused to do so; indeed, she was so nervous and agitated, that she dared not trust her voice to make an excuse. She touched the instrument with a faltering hand, and, after preluding a little, accompanied herself in several Polish airs. Her father's eyes glistened as he sat gazing on her. Even the crusty Caspar lingered in the room, partly through a fondness for the music of his native country, but

chiefly through his pride in the musician. Indeed, the melody of the voice, and the delicacy of the touch, were enough to have charmed more fastidious ears. The little princess nodded her head and tapped her hand to the music, though exceedingly out of time; while the nephew sat buried in profound contemplation of a black picture on the opposite wall. "And now," said the count, patting her cheek fondly, "one more favour. Let the princess hear that little Spanish air you were so fond of. You can't think," added he, "what a proficiency she made in your language; though she has been a sad girl and neglected it of late." The colour flushed the pale cheek of the daughter; she hesitated, murmured something; but with sudden effort collected herself, struck the guitar boldly, and began. It was a Spanish romance, with something of love and melancholy in it. She gave the first stanza with great expression, for the tremulous, melting tones of her voice went to the heart; but her articulation failed, her lip quivered, the song died away, and she burst into tears. The count folded her tenderly in his arms. "Thou art not well, my child," said he, "and I am tasking thee cruelly. Retire to thy chamber, and God bless thee!" She bowed to the company without raising her eyes, and glided out of the room. The count shook his head as the door closed. "Something is the matter with that child," said he, "which I cannot divine. She has lost all health and spirits lately. She was always a tender flower, and I had much pains to rear her. Excuse a father's foolishness," continued he, "but I have seen much trouble in my family; and this poor girl is all that is now left to me; and she used to be so lively—" "May be she's in love!" said the little princess with a shrewd nod of the head. "Impossible!" replied the good count artlessly. "She has never mentioned a word of such a thing to me." How little did the worthy gentleman dream of the thousand cares, and griefs, and mighty love concerns which agitate a virgin heart, and which a timid girl scarce breathes unto herself. The nephew of the princess rose abruptly and walked about the room.

When she found herself alone in her chamber, the feelings of the young lady, so long restrained, broke forth with violence. She opened the casement, that the cool air might blow upon her throbbing temples. Perhaps there was some little pride or pique mingled with her emotions; though her gentle nature did not seem calculated to harbour any such angry inmate. "He saw me weep!" said she, with a sudden mantling of the cheek, and

a swelling of the throat, "but no matter!—no matter!" And so saying, she threw her white arms across the window-frame, buried her face in them, and abandoned herself to an agony of tears. She remained lost in a reverie, until the sound of her father's and Caspar's voices in the adjoining room gave token that the party had retired for the night. The lights gleaming from window to window showed that they were conducting the princess to her apartments, which was in the opposite wing of the inn; and she distinctly saw the figure of the nephew as he passed one of the casements. She heaved a deep heart-drawn sigh, and was about to close the lattice, when her attention was caught by words spoken below her window by two persons who had just turned an angle of the building. "But what will become of the poor young lady?" said a voice which she recognized for that of the servant-woman. "Pooh! she must take her chance," was the reply from old Pietro. "But cannot she be spared?" asked the other interestingly; "she's so kind-hearted!" "Cooptel! what has got into thee?" replied the other petulantly: "would you mar the whole business for the sake of a silly girl?" By this time they had got so far from the window that the Polonaise could hear nothing further.

There was something in this fragment of conversation that was calculated to alarm. Did it relate to herself?—and if so, what was this impending danger from which it was extricated that she might be spared? She was several times on the point of tapping at her father's door, to tell him what she had heard; but she might have been mistaken; she might have heard indistinctly; the conversation might have alluded to some one else; at any rate it was too indefinite to lead to any conclusion. While in this state of irresolution she was startled by a low knocking against the wainscot in a remote part of her gloomy chamber. On holding up the light she beheld a small door there which she had not before remarked. It was bolted on the inside. She advanced, and demanded who knocked, and was answered in the voice of the female domestic. On opening the door the woman stood before it pale and agitated. She entered softly, laying her finger on her lips in sign of caution and secrecy. "Fly!" said she: "leave this house instantly, or you are lost!" The young lady, trembling with alarm, demanded an explanation. "I have no time," replied the woman, "I dare not—I shall be missed if I linger here—but fly instantly, or you are lost." "And leave my father?" "Where is he?" "In the ad-

joining chamber." "Call him then, but lose no time."

The young lady knocked at her father's door. He was not yet retired to bed. She hurried into his room, and told him of the fearful warning she had received. The count returned with her into her chamber, followed by Caspar. His questions soon drew the truth out of the embarrassed answers of the woman. The inn was beset by robbers. They were to be introduced after midnight, when the attendants of the princess and the rest of the travellers were sleeping, and would be an easy prey. "But we can barricade the inn, we can defend ourselves," said the count. "What! when the people of the inn were in league with the banditti?" "How then are we to escape? Can we not order out the carriage and depart?" "San Francesco! for what? To give the alarm that the plot is discovered? That would make the robbers desperate, and bring them on you at once. They have had notice of the rich booty in the inn, and will not easily let it escape them." "But how else are we to get off?" "There is a horse behind the inn," said the woman, "from which the man has just dismounted who has been to summon the aid of a part of the band who were at a distance." "One horse and there are three of us!" said the count. "And the Spanish princess!" cried the daughter anxiously—"How can she be extricated from the danger?" "Diavolo! what is she to me?" said the woman in sudden passion. "It is *you* I come to save, and you will betray me, and we shall all be lost! Hurk!" continued she, "I am called—I shall be discovered—one word more. This door leads by a staircase to the court-yard. Under the shed, in the rear of the yard, is a small door leading out to the fields. You will find a house there; mount it; make a circuit under the shadow of a ridge of rocks that you will see; proged cautiously and quietly until you cross a brook, and find yourself on the road just where there are three white crosses nailed against a tree; then put your horse to his speed, and make the best of your way to the village—but recollect, my life is in your hands—say nothing of what you have heard or seen, whatever may happen at this inn."

The woman hurried away. A short and agitated consultation took place between the count, his daughter, and the veteran Caspar. The young lady seemed to have lost all apprehension for herself in her solicitude for the safety of the princess. "To fly in selfish silence, and leave her to be massacred!" A shuddering seized her at the very thought.

The gallantry of the count, too, revolted at the idea. He could not consent to turn his back upon a party of helpless travellers, and leave them in ignorance of the danger which hung over them. "But what is to become of the young lady?" said Caspar, "if the alarm is given, and the inn thrown in a tumult? What may happen to her in a chance-medley affray?" Here the feelings of the father were roused: he looked upon his lovely, helpless child, and trembled at the chance of her falling into the hands of ruffians. The daughter, however, thought nothing of herself. "The princess! the princess!—only let the princess know her danger."—She was willing to share it with her.

At length Caspar interfered with the zeal of a faithful old servant. No time was to be lost—the first thing was to get the young lady out of danger. "Mount the horse," said he to the count, "take her behind you, and fly! Make for the village, rouse the inhabitants, and send assistance. Leave me here to give the alarm to the princess and her people. I am an old soldier, and I think we shall be able to stand siege until you send us aid." The daughter would again have insisted on staying with the princess—"For what?" said old Caspar, bluntly; "you could do no good. You would be in the way. We should have to take care of you instead of ourselves." There was no answering these objections: the count seized his pistols, and taking his daughter under his arm, moved towards the staircase. The young lady paused, stepped back, and said, faltering with agitation—"There is a young cavalier with the princess—her nephew—perhaps he may—" "I understand you, mademoiselle," replied old Caspar with a significant nod; "not a hair of his head shall suffer harm if I can help it!" The young lady blushed deeper than ever: she had not anticipated being so thoroughly understood by the blunt old servant. "That is not what I mean," said she, hesitating. She would have added something, or made some explanation, but the moments were precious, and her father hurried her away.

They found their way through the courtyard to the small postern gate, where the horse stood, fastened to a ring in the wall. The count mounted, took his daughter behind him, and they proceeded as quietly as possible in the direction which the woman had pointed out. Many a fearful and an anxious look did the daughter cast back upon the gloomy pile of building: the lights which had feebly twinkled through the dusty casements were one by

one disappearing, a sign that the house was gradually sinking to repose; and she trembled with impatience, lest succour should not arrive until that repose had been fatally interrupted. They passed silently and safely along the skirts of the rocks, protected from observation by their overhanging shadows. They crossed the brook, and reached the place where three white crosses nailed against a tree told of some murderer that had been committed there. Just as they had reached this ill-omened spot they beheld several men in the gloom coming down a craggy defile among the rocks. "Who goes there?" exclaimed a voice. The count put spurs to his horse, but one of the men sprang forward and seized the bridle, the horse became restive, started back, and reared, and had not the young lady clung to her father, she would have been thrown off. The count leaned forward, put a pistol to the very head of the ruffian, and fired. The latter fell dead. The horse sprang forward. Two or three shots were fired which whistled by the fugitives, but only served to augment their speed. They reached the village in safety.

The whole place was soon aroused: but such was the awe in which the bandits were held, that the inhabitants shrank at the idea of encountering them. A desperate band had for some time infested that pass through the mountains, and the inn had long been suspected of being one of those horrible places where the unsuspecting wayfarer is entrapped and silently disposed of. The rich ornaments worn by the slattern hostess of the inn had excited heavy suspicions. Several instances had occurred of small parties of travellers disappearing mysteriously on that road, who it was supposed at first had been carried off by the robbers for the sake of ransom, but who had never been heard of more. Such were the tales buzzed in the ears of the count by the villagers as he endeavoured to rouse them to the rescue of the princess and her train from their perilous situation. The daughter seconded the exertions of her father with all the eloquence of prayers, and tears, and beauty. Every moment that elapsed increased her anxiety until it became agonizing. Fortunately there was a body of *gens-d'armes* resting at the village. A number of the young villagers volunteered to accompany them, and the little army was put in motion. The count having deposited his daughter in a place of safety, was too much of the old soldier not to hasten to the scene of danger. It would be difficult to paint the anxious agitation of the young lady while awaiting the result.

The party arrived at the inn just in time.

The robbers, finding their plans discovered, and the travellers prepared for their reception, had become open and furious in their attack. The princess's party had barricaded themselves in one suite of apartments, and repulsed the robbers from the doors and windows. Caspar had shown the generalship of a veteran, and the nephew of the princess the dashing valour of a young soldier. Their ammunition, however, was nearly exhausted, and they would have found it difficult to hold out much longer, when a discharge from the musketry of the gens-d'armes gave them the joyful tidings of succour. A fierce fight ensued, for part of the robbers were surprised in the inn, and had to stand siege in their turn; while their comrades made desperate attempts to relieve them from under cover of the neighbouring rocks and thickets.

I cannot pretend to give a minute account of the fight, as I have heard it related in a variety of ways. Suffice it to say, the robbers were defeated; several of them killed, and several taken prisoners; which last, together with the people of the inn, were either executed or sent to the galleys.

I picked up these particulars in the course of a journey which I made some time after the event had taken place. I passed by the very inn. It was then dismantled, excepting one wing, in which a body of gens-d'armes was stationed. They pointed out to me the shot-holes in the window-frames, the walls, and the panels of the doors. There were a number of withered limbs dangling from the branches of a neighbouring tree, and blackening in the air, which I was told were the limbs of the robbers who had been slain and the culprits who had been executed. The whole place had a dismal, wild, forlorn look. "Were any of the princess's party killed?" inquired the Englishman. "As far as I can recollect, there were two or three." "Not the nephew, I trust?" said the fair Venetian. "Oh no: he hastened with the count to relieve the anxiety of the daughter by the assurances of victory. The young lady had been sustained throughout the interval of suspense by the very intensity of her feelings. The moment she saw her father returning in safety, accompanied by the nephew of the princess, she uttered a cry of rapture and fainted. Happily, however, she soon recovered, and what is more, was married shortly after to the young cavalier, and the whole party accompanied the old princess in her pilgrimage to Loretto, where her votive offerings may still be seen in the treasury of the Santa Casa."

THE CURTIUS AND THE RUSSELL.

In the proud Forum's central space

Earth yawned—a gulf profound!
And there, with awe on every face,
Rome's bravest gather'd round;

Each seeming, yet with startled ear,

The Oracle's dread voice to hear.

Young CURTIUS on his war-horse sprung,

'Mid plaudits deep—not loud,

For admiration check'd i' each tongue

In all the circling crowd;

He gave his noble steed the rein!

Earth's closing gulf entombl'd the twain!

Grant that the deed, if ever done,

Was chivalrous, and bold;

A loftier and a nobler one

Our history can unfold:

Nor shall our heroine, meekly calm,

To Rome's proud hero yield the palm.

The RUSSELL stood beside her lord

When evil tongues were rife;

And perjury, with voice abhorred,

Assail'd his fame and life;—

She stood there in the darkest hour

Of Tyranny's and Faction's power.¹

No stern oracular behest

Her gentle courage gave;

No plaudits, uttered or suppress'd,

Could she expect or crave;

Duty, alone, her Delphic shrine,

The only praise she sought—divine.

She sat at Guilt's tribunal bar

In Virtue's noblest guise;

Like a sweet, brightly-shining star

In night's o'erclouded skies;

Still, in that scene of hopeless strife,

Southampton's daughter, Russell's wife!

¹ The poet here alludes to the following passage in the account of Lord Russell's trial:

"Lord Russell. May I have somebody write to help my memory?"

"Mr. Attorney-general. Yes, a servant."

"Lord Chief-justice. Any of your servants shall assist you in writing anything you please for you."

"Lord Russell. My wife is here, my lord, to do it."

Mr. Jeffrey, in reviewing Rogers' "Human Life" (Edin. Rev., No. 62), in which the above dialogue is quoted, says:—"We know of nothing at once so pathetic and sublime as these few simple sentences. When we recollect who Russell and his wife were, and what a destiny was then impounding, this one trait makes the heart swell almost to bursting."

Fearless in love, in goodness great,
She rose—her lord to aid;
And well might he intrust his fate
To one so undismayed,
Asking, with fond and grateful pride,
No help but that her love supplied.

Hers was no briefly-daring mood,
Spent on one fearful deed!
The gentle courage of the good
More lasting worth can plead;
And hers made bright in after years
The mother's toils, the widow's tears.

Woman of meek, yet fearless soul!
Thy memory aye shall live;
Nor soon shall history's varied scroll
A name more glorious give—
What English heart but feels its claim
Far, far beyond the Roman's fame?

BERNARD BARTON.

THE INQUIRY.

Amougt the myrtles as I walked,
Love and my sighs thus intertalk'd:
"Tell me," said I, in deep distress,
"Where I may find my shepherdess?"

"Thou fool," said Love, "know'st thou not this,
In everything that's good she is?
In yonder tulip go and seek,
There thou may'st find her lip, her cheek.

"In yon enamell'd pansy by,
There thou shalt have her curious eye;
In bloom of peach, in every bud,
There wave the streamers of her blood.

"In brightest lilies that there stand,
The emblems of her whiter hand;
In yonder rising hill there smell
Such sweets as in her bosom dwell."

"'Tis true," said I, and thereupon
I went to pluck them one by one,
To make of parts a union;
But on a sudden all was gone!

With that I stopt. Said Love, "There be,
Fond man, resemblances of thee;
And as these flow'res, thy joys shall die,
Even in the twinkling of an eye;
And all thy hopes of her shall wither,
Like those short sweets thus knit together."

THOMAS CAREW.

MERDHIN.

[*Harriet Martineau, born 12th June, 1802, at Norwich; died at Ambleside, 27th June, 1876.* Her ancestors removed from France to England on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. In 1823 she issued her first book, *Domestic Exercises for the Young*; and subsequently produced numerous works of travel, history, biography, and fiction, besides essays and short tales illustrative of social and political economy. Amongst her chief productions are: *Society in America; Retrospect of Western Travel; History of England during the Thirty Years' Peace; Biographical Sketches; The Positive Philosophy of Auguste Comte*, freshly translated and condensed; *Tracts on Subjects relating to the Working-classes; Mary Campbell*, a tale; *Dearwood*, the most popular of her works of fiction; *Forest and Game-law Tales*, from which the following tale is taken; and her *Autobiography*.]

There is reason to believe that, a thousand years ago, one of the prettiest rural districts in England was that which has since been called, with a mixture of compassion and contempt, the Fens. For a considerable extent south and south-west of the Wash wide rivers flowed between wooded islands, on whose rising grounds were erected the buildings suited to the character of the age and the locality:—here a monastery surrounded by orchards and vineyards;—there the dwellings of the superintendents of the fisheries,—and elsewhere the lodges of the foresters in the service of king or abbot. Where dreary and sickly swamps afterwards extended from east to west, noble woods marked the undulations of the soil; and the waters which, some centuries later, bred ague and fever from their slime, then flowed and ebbed in their main channels, and were clear and wholesome in the stillest coves and recesses which afforded their tribute of eels to the monks, and permitted the formation of thick ice in its season.

A region so fair and fertile, lying near the east coast of our island, was, above every other, tempting to the Danes in their predatory visits of those days. Again and again did they burn the towns, pillage the estates, and lay waste the fields of the district: but the peculiar beauty of the scene was scarcely impaired. The orchards bloomed and bore fruit,—the forests spread their leafy shade,—and the waters abounded with fish, as if men were living in the peace of the religion they professed.

Thus it was when King Canute began his reign. Grentebrige (since called Cambridge) had been a second time burned by the Danes in A.D. 1010; and it had scarcely begun to rise

from its ruins when a great sea-flood, four years later, and then tempests and scarcity, discouraged the inhabitants from enterprise and industry. But the country districts showed scarcely any diminution of their beauty. The rising and the setting sun gleamed on the reaches of the rivers; and the stars were reflected in the still lagoons—the thickets on Thorn-ey (Thorn Island) were blossomy and fragrant as ever in spring; and in autumn the heavy crops of ruddy apples on the orchard slopes promised an average brewing of cider. Under this beauty and promise, however, was hidden much hardship and hunger. Between the fear and the actual ravages of the Danes, the lands under tillage had been neglected or laid waste; and there was a scarcity, for years together, of wheat, barley, and beans. The former dwellers in our island, whether Saxons or Danes, had no notion of abstinence, except on fast-days. Their capacity for taking food was beyond anything that modern habits can give an idea of; and they went on with their four ample meals a day till their stores were exhausted, and they had to depend on their precarious fishing, fowling, and herb-gathering.

This absence of prudence is easily accounted for when the insecurity of the times is considered. There was no inducement to form stores of grain or smoked meat when the "lord Danes" (as they were called by the people among whom they settled) entered every man's house, and used every man's possessions, at their own pleasure. In districts further inland than the Danes were accustomed to sit down for a season, and where fish was less of a resource than on the coast, men might more safely venture to have full cellars and barns, and even to wear and use articles of gold and silver; but near the shores, the desire of every householder was to appear to have nothing in his house. In this the Saxon householder was well supported by his wife and his retainers. From the owner himself down to his humblest herdsman, all had the knowledge that consequences so much worse than robbery of food and goods were to be dreaded when a "lord Dane" had set his foot on any threshold, that all were willing to leave as little temptation as possible to the enemy to visit them, and therefore to make away rapidly with the family provision, leaving the future to take care of itself.

Here and there an exception to such practice occurred; and stringent must be the reasons which could prevail against the sense of risks so fearful, and the natural tendency to improvidence which belonged to the times.

Merdhin, a farmer who lived in a half-cleared nook of Thorn-ey, and his wife Hildelitha, could not look on their young children, in times of threatened scarcity, without anxious thought how they were to be fed till the next harvest. Such provision as could be made without peril was made, of course. Everybody having a cow that could in any manner keep one,—the numerous fasts requiring that all good Christians should command a milk diet,—Merdhin had his cows grazing in the wood;—not belled, lest the sound should attract any foe, but watched by some of the household. In the wood was also some poultry; and the children were early taught to go discreetly to work about feeding the fowls in a certain spot in the thicket,—that they might have only a certain space to search for eggs. A herd of swine under the oaks was a matter of course. But out of the covert little was to be seen. The hollowed blocks of wood in which the bees used to build were tumbled together on the south bank where they once stood in a row. The barn-doors stood wide,—a small heap of unthreshed barley in one corner, and a few beans in another, being all that remained from the last harvest. Within the house a hard cheese or two, and some salted pork, hanging from the rafters, were all the provision that met the eye of chance visitors. And when any party of travellers entered, and made suspicious inquiries how the household lived, they were shown the storehouse, where there was more salted pork and more hard cheese, and were told that cels and herbs all the year round, and herrings and crabs in their season, with an occasional porpoise, made out the family diet when the grain was all gone.

To dwellers in the house, however, it appeared very doubtful when the grain really was all gone. No one made very close inquiry; for all were willing that the young children of the family should be seen eating barley-cake, or even occasionally wheaten bread, while the elder members were satisfying their hunger with hard pease or insipid herbs. There might be some who understood the mystery; but they were discreet.

One winter night Merdhin and his wife had remained up till they believed every member of their household to be asleep; and then they arose in silence from the fireside, and went about what was evidently preconcerted business. Hildelitha fetched and lighted the household lantern,—a ponderous affair, though somewhat simplified from that which good King Alfred had invented, to save his four-hour candles from flaring and wasting. Merdhin

meanwhile softly opened the door; and forth they went to a little stone-paved yard belonging to the neat-herd's hut, two hundred yards behind the family dwelling. They knew the neat-herd to be absent, he having gone to help the shepherd of the neighbouring monastery to secure his flock from the wolves, which were now becoming audacious through hunger, and dangerous to all animals that were abroad at night. As the wintry wind came from the opposite shore to set the leafless trees rustling in the thicket, it brought to Hildelitha's watchful ears the occasional bark of a dog; and a gleam from a far-off shepherd's fire now and then flickered for an instant on the ice which lay broad and still in the starlight.

Her husband calling to her to give him light, she stooped down within the low inclosure, so shading the lantern with her woolen garment as that the light should fall only on the spot before which her husband was kneeling.

With an iron bar he raised an oblong stone, and looked down into a hole thus disclosed.

"All safe!" he whispered. "Now for the other!"

He removed a second stone, and smiled at the sight of the goodly wheat which lay heaped in the little pit before them. It had been parched, to prevent its sprouting in damp, or being spoiled by frost. It looked ready for the hand-mill and the girdle-plate; and Merdhin ladled out with great alacrity a sufficient quantity for the night's cooking.

"Are you not hungry already?" said he to his wife. "Does not the thought of a steaming cake warm one, even in this cutting wind? You will be hungry enough by the time you have done grinding and cooking, for you ate at supper no more than might serve as a pretence. I, for my part, supped as well as if I had expected some lord Dane to step in between us and our baking."

"Hush!" whispered the timid wife. "Speak of anybody rather than those whose ears are everywhere."

"They should have been cropped long ago," said the husband, lowering his voice to a whisper, however. "And they would have been if we had had any one but the Unready over us. And the time may come yet if—"

He paused, and shovelled out one more handful of the grain.

"No, no," said Hildelitha. "The king is good now; he is kind and just—not like a Dane. Let us hope our wars and our changes are over."

"I said 'if,'" replied Merdhin, as he rose to shift and replace the stone. "I was thinking how soon Canute would be tired of pretending

that the Danish raven is no raven but a dove. What say you?"

"I say that I can think of nothing now but how my poor little Tecla will put out her hand for her breakfast in the morning when she sees what I bring her. I could not sleep to-night for thinking of it."

"It was that very thought that made me sleep so heartily," said Merdhin. "And now home, and to work."

And he was about to replace the second stone when a voice behind him said,

"Not so fast, friend. Empty your hoard while you have the lid up."

Merdhin snatched the lantern from his wife, and turned the light in the direction of the voice. Four faces, yellow in the dim gleam, appeared above the wall. All were smiling; but not so as to bring answering smiles.

"You see," said one of the strangers, "that we are double your number: moreover, we have not supped, well or ill. So out with more of your good wheat."

"The whole and no less," exclaimed another, leaping the wall.

Merdhin seized him by the throat; but his grasp was loosened in an instant by many hands.

"O master!" cried the trembling neat-herd, "I did not bring these strangers here of my own accord. They carried me off to show them where I lived. O my lords!" turning to the strangers, "I did not know of any grain hidden here."

"No, or there would have been less by the measure of your appetite," observed one of the intruders.

The inferior men of the party would have compelled Merdhin to work as their servant in emptying his own stores; but their leader was more politic and better mannered. He ordered one of his followers and the herdsman to assist the host, and even took a turn at the work himself. Meantime, two more attended Hildelitha home, to see that a good fire was prepared for cooking, and that she disturbed none of the household who could interfere with the comfort of the strangers.

A merry night they made of it: and an anxious night it was to the farmer and his family. The children trembled in their beds as the laughter and singing grew louder. The servants peeped in and peeped down through crevices in the wooden walls and ceiling; but they could not get a word with their master, who found himself a prisoner in his own hall; nor could they concert any effectual scheme of rescue or revenge among themselves. There

were no neighbours within the reach of many hours, except the monks, who could do no good in such a case. And there was nothing in the conduct of the strangers to rouse such anger as could defy all consequences. Hildeitha was treated with courtesy, and thanked for her exertions; and the host's health was pledged in his own ale and mead, whether or not he chose to return the greeting.

In the morning, when the leader of the party roused himself from the short sleep he had taken with his head on the board, he called for water, dashed it over his head and face till he was thoroughly awakened and cooled, ordered a clearance of all signs of revelry in the apartment, looking abroad meantime at the faint light which was breaking in the east, and then proceeded to hold a kind of court of his followers, over which he himself presided.

He caused Merdhin and his wife to be placed at the foot of what was now, in appearance, a judicial board.

"Do you know who we are?" was his first question to Merdhin.

"No; nor by what right you are here," the host roughly replied.

His wife laid her hand on his arm, and some members of the mock court began to look fierce.

"You ask only what I was about to explain to you," said the leader, courteously. "I am Hagen, the Dane, a commissioner from the king, sent into these parts with my followers, to prepare for the making a great causeway from Peterborough through the low grounds—a work which shows the love of the king towards his subjects in this region, and which will prove to all men, a thousand years hence, the care of King Canute for his people."

Hagen's followers raised a shout; and when the noise had subsided, Merdhin exclaimed,

"So it is true! A causeway complete from Peterborough, through those wide marshes! It will be a noble work, and a blessing to the country."

"And while the king is creating blessings for your country, you have not common hospitality to spare for his servants. You would have offered his commissioner nothing better than salt beef and herbs, with perhaps some dry pease, while you had a store of fine wheat for yourselves. Can you pretend to say that you would have given me any better food than you gave to some wayfarers last week if I had not come down upon you in the night?"

"We should not," replied Hildeitha. "The wheat was kept for our young children. As we

have seen this last night, hungry travellers may eat at a meal what would serve our children's needs till the spring fishing and the early greens."

Her voice trembled as she spoke. Hagen knew that this was not from fear, but from the thought of her children's needs.

"It must not be forgotten," said he, "that your children's children will have reason to bless the errand on which we come. And I must make it understood through all the region that every possible help and comfort is to be afforded to the king's messengers whenever they bring into it the honour of their presence. An example must be made of such inhospitality as yours."

"By what law?" asked Merdhin.

"I will tell you when you tell me by what law the king is obliged to give you a road through the marshes. But if you like, your penalty shall go under the name of service to the work. The wolves—"

"The wolves!" faintly exclaimed Hildeitha.

"The wolves are a hindrance to us," continued Hagen: "the survey in the marshy parts ought to be finished while the ice is hard; but packs of wolves beset us, and compel us to keep together in the day-time, and to return long distances every night. I have therefore determined that the penalty of each offence that comes under my eye shall be paid in wolves' tongues. You will therefore go out, within this hour, against the wolves, and deliver to me, within six weeks from this day, six score of wolves' tongues."

Merdhin flushed to the temples as he cried, "That is the punishment of the vilest criminals in our country; of those," he continued, looking fiercely round upon his oppressors, "who have robbed a friendly host, or murdered a weary traveller, or eaten the bread of young children. Such are the men," he cried, with raised voice and daring eye, "such are the men that ought to be sent out for wolves' tongues, and not I, who have a home and family to protect from such ruffians as I have said."

Again Hildeitha laid her hand on his arm. "Perhaps," said she, "my lord was not aware that the punishment is base among Saxons. He will not now press it."

"Call it service to the king's good work," said Hagen. "As for your home and family, the women and children shall be protected under the eye of the monks of Peterborough; and there, by the way, they will get good barley-meal, if they cannot have such fine

wheat as at home. Your house shall be under my own care. It will suit me well as an abode for a little time to come; and you may be sure of its safety while it has to shelter me."

The cool decision with which he spoke annihilated all hope of change of purpose. Hildeitha threw her arms round her husband's neck, in order to whisper in his ear,

"Fly! Do not meet the wolves. Fly so far that the king may never be able to find you. Then we may meet again some day; but we never, never shall, if you go out at night against the wolves. Do not fear for us. I will take care of the children in some way; and the good monks—"

"One thing more," said the dreaded voice of the commissioner, whose eye had been upon them. "I cannot spare men to guard you, and see you execute your task; and for that reason it is that I hold your wife and children as hostages; as hostages," he repeated with emphasis, knowing the unspeakable terror of that word wherever Canute's former treatment of Saxon hostages had been heard of. "Moreover," continued he, "it will be required of you to deliver weekly, in the courtyard at Peterborough, whatever of your tale you have been able to collect. Thus your wife will be assured of your safety from week to week, and you of hers. Now, order out your horses for your wife and children, and any female attendant that she may choose to take with her, and I will myself be her escort, and see her within the gates. If you wish to witness our departure, be quick, for by sunrise you must yourself be on your way."

He gave orders that Merdhin should be furnished with such arms, food, clothing for warmth or defence, and such moderate supply of money as he might desire; and that one attendant, armed enough for self-defence, should be permitted to accompany him, to carry his stores, serve as his companion in his wanderings, and as a messenger in case of distress.

"Think not of us," said Hildeitha, as her husband put one of the children into her arms, after she had mounted her horse. "The good monks will pray for you. And O! my husband, fly!" she whispered. "We shall be with the holy monks, so think not of us."

"I shall think of my work," he replied aloud. "I shall give my whole mind to my errand, and shorten it. Ay!" he continued in a lowered tone, "I know how to shorten it. If I tell myself that I hear a Danish hail in every bark, and that I see a young lord Dane in every whelp, I shall not be long in getting my six score."

Whether these words had not been overheard by the commissioner was an anxious doubt to Hildeitha. His parting words on turning from the door were ominous,

"Remember, Merdhin, the Danish raven is in every wood."

When the sun rose above the parapet of clouds on the horizon, and cast a dim gleam on the ice of the eastern lagoon, Merdhin was striding along through the paths of the wood, in such a fever of mind that his attendant was hardly sorry to be unable to keep up with him. Yet the man was chidden, as often as he came within hearing, for not walking nimbly while his master's affairs were so pressing. He might have pleaded his burden; but he ventured only to repeat that the way to the sheepfold lay so nearly straight that it would be hard to miss it; and that he would get thers himself as soon as his legs would take him. Merdhin at last was struck with the sight of the load the man was carrying. He took from him the leathern sack of food, and the little cask of strong ale, and flung them over each shoulder, pursuing his way as fast as ever under the added burden.

The attendant was the nest-herd,—chosen because he had come this way yesterday, and could most easily bring his master to the spot where the sheep of the monks of Thorn-ey were at present folded.

That spot was a small island, green at all seasons, and chosen as the fold in the severest part of every winter, because it could be most easily defended from wild animals. Merdhin found two of the servants of the monastery engaged now in this work of defence, while the shepherd was milking two ewes which had already dropped their lambs, and were sheltered in the small hut in which he lived. The embers of the night-fires kindled on the ice were still alight; and afar off might be seen the retreating figures of the watchers who were returning to the monastery, on the arrival of the two who were supplying their places.

The chief business of the watchers was to keep clear of new ice a channel cut all round the little island, and to maintain the night-fires. The most rapid freezing took place just before sunrise; and as there was, at this severe season, no security against the return of the disappointed and famished animals of prey at any hour, the ice was as diligently broken in the morning as at sundown. The men were so busy with their iron-pointed staves, driving, breaking, and drowning the young ice, that they did not hear Merdhin's hail. When they perceived him at last, and his attendant in the rear, they shouted joyous thanks for such a

reinforcement, and pushed out a plank by way of bridge across the channel.

When Merdhin's figure darkened the door of the hut, the shepherd rose surprised and forgot his complaining ewe. He pushed back his woolly hood, and gazed in the face of the neighbour who had thus condescended to visit him.

"Sit down again, friend," said Merdhin. "Who need ever stand before one condemned to collect wolves' tongues?"

"It was a croaking raven that spoke that sentence on you," said one of the convent servants.

"Hush!" said the other. "The king is a good king to good Christians: and we are told to return him kind words for kind deeds."

"There is no talking of kind deeds to-day before Merdhin," replied the first. "And it is a comfort to be in a place where one may curse the enemy that one may not speak against at home. For my part"

"No cursing!" exclaimed Merdhin imperiously. "That is, curse in your heart, if you will; but I want no useless words. My baseness presses."

"The wolves came from yonder quarter in troops last night," said the shepherd, with an intuitive sense of Merdhin's wishes. "Some—a good many, were heard on every hand; but the greatest number came this way,—I fancy from the hills, off there."

"Came!—but which way did they go?—that concerns me most. I want to be up with them."

"Better wait them here to-night. You never saw such packs"

"I cannot wait," said Merdhin.

"There is enough to do meantime,—a good day's work," said the sensible shepherd. "A dozen men would not be too many to make the wolf-pits that we could use to-night."

"I will do the work of a dozen," replied Merdhin. "Where should your wolf-pits be? You know the ground."

"Ay, and the enemy. No counsellor like a shepherd when you are going to war with wolves.—But what to do for tools?"

The neat-herd and one of the convent servants set off with alacrity to borrow tools, and, if possible, men for what might truly be called the service of the whole district. Sudden as was the call, enough came to make large preparation for the nightly attack, though it was necessary for them to depart homewards before dark, to avoid encountering the enemy by the way.

Broad spaces were cut in the ice, on that side

of the islet where the waters were shallow enough to admit of the finding of the drowned wolves on the marrow,—the object being, not merely to destroy them, but to obtain their tongues. These holes were sufficiently disguised by a covering of powdered ice, strewed on a surface of osiers which would give way under the tread of a cat. It was only on a calm day that this kind of trap could be prepared; for a gust of wind was enough to lay it open. The blood of a sheep was dropped from some distance towards each trap, and plentifully sprinkled on the powdered ice; while between the trap and the inner channel lay a piece of flesh for the bait.—On the opposite side of the islet was a land-trap. A deep pit was dug the whole width of the point of land which lay between the fold and the ice. Sharp stakes were fixed, points upwards, in the bottom; and in the midst, and at some distance from each other, were erected tall poles,—each with a flesh-bait dangling from the top. To this pit there was also an osier covering, which was strewed with grass and rushes for disguise.

The last pole with its bait was reared just as the sun went down behind the leafless western woods. Merdhin, with heated face and brow, was toiling as if a life depended on the full use of every minute of daylight. When the last handful of grass was strewn, he did not give himself a moment's breathing-time, but turned to prepare his arms.

His attendant proposed to serve out to him the ale he had already refused three or four times.

"Not yet," he replied, impatiently. "There is only the dusk left for arming and all else. Not a spark of light must we have anywhere but from the sky; and there is too little left of that."

"No fire!" exclaimed two or three voices.

"No fire will I permit—not candle. We want to bring the wolves, not to keep them off."

"But within the hut"

"The hut has chinks. Not a word more! Any one who fears to watch a night in the dark may go—now, while he can see his way."

No one went; but there was a murmur that they should be found stiff corpses in the morning.

"Are you afraid of being frozen?" said Merdhin, dashing the perspiration from his brow.

"Excuse them!" said the shepherd. "You have a fire burning within, and"

"True, true!" and Merdhin eagerly turned his face to meet a faint breath of night wind, which seemed more welcome to him than any

other possible refreshment. His irritation subsided at once. For an instant he stood with his ear turned in the direction of that one visiting breath, and then he looked towards the sheep.—There was a stir and crowding together in the fold, and next, in consequence, a bleating from the ewes within the hut, followed by that of their lambs.

"You heard a bark?" inquired the shepherd. "I thought no ear was readier than mine to catch a wolf's bark."

"They are coming," said Merdhin. "Let those who fear the cold drink up my ale; and if that does not warm them they may huddle with the sheep. And now silence! and all go within the hut till utter dark."

The shepherd however softened some of the discontent of his fellow-watchers by telling them that he should keep a light burning in his lantern, turning the open side towards the wall in a corner of the hut. There would be no light that could scare a mouse: and it was as well to be prepared for accidents.

The first hour after dark was such an exciting one that those within the hut thought but little of meat or drink. As for Merdhin, no one knew where he was; and none wished to go out to see, so fearfully the clamour of the wolves seemed to be closing in upon them. When the moon rose the shepherd went forth to look to his fold, where, of course, his flock were in the extremity of terror, and even the dogs appeared disconcerted at the absence of the fires which were their wonted protection.

The moonlight disclosed the figure of Merdhin, standing, javelin in hand, on the brink of the pit. He pointed to three wolves which he had speared, on their having either leaped the chasm or scrambled out of it. From the pit issued such a yelping and baying, that the men could hardly make one another hear. But the shepherd was rather dismayed that any had passed, and said that he and his comrades must come out and mount guard.

"Leave it to me," said Merdhin. "They will be afraid of the cold.—Here is work enough to keep us warm though." And he pointed with his weapon to where more and more wolves were trooping towards the islet.

Out came the watchers, on summons, armed with axe, mallet, spade, or other tool. Only two or three more wolves cleared the pit; and they were at once struck down.—After a time, the alarm spread among those who were still on the outer ice, and they turned tail. Desperate as was their hunger, they slunk away, finding this islet better guarded than by such

fires as were kindled round every other fold in the region.

Merdhin did not relax his watch till daylight. The rest of the party had quietly lighted a fire within the hut, after stopping up as many chinks as they could. They had supped and slept, and came forth, yawning, to offer their help, by the time Merdhin had speared all the wolves in the pit which remained alive, and was fishing up one of the few which might be seen drowned under the ice-holes.

These were presently drawn up and deprived of their tongues, which Merdhin carefully deposited in a leathern sack. When every slaughtered wolf had given up its tongue, the number was found to be ten.

"That will be great news at home," exclaimed one of the convent servants. "I doubt whether such a thing was ever heard of in these parts as so many being taken in one night."

"There is seldom such an onset, on either side," observed the shepherd. "The hungry brutes have met their match in an angry man; and the frost that pinched their noses, in the fire that burns in his heart.—See, what is he doing now? Tying stones round their necks to sink the carcasses in the deep channel.—Leave that to us, master," he said. "That is work for us to do,—getting rid of the carrion. Now is your time for food and rest within;—a little of each, to serve you till you reach the convent, which will, I suppose, be your next stage."

But Merdhin continued his toil, only stopping an instant to learn whether he would not be permitted to try another night's warfare on the islet.

"We should be thankful enough for the flock's sake," replied the shepherd, "if the wolves were likely to come. But the news has spread among them for this time: and we must have a new frost or a washing rain before they will be caught in our pit again."

"Are you sure of that? Then I must be off. —If they will not come to me to-night, I will go to them."

"Go to them!"

"Yes; and bring them again to me,—again within reach of my long javelin.—I will get into a tree at sundown, and leave a flesh-bait at the foot; and they will be howling all about me by the time the moon is up."

"O! master: and am I to get into a tree?" exclaimed the neat-herd. "If I must, let it be the same tree, and as high up as I can climb."

"No—you deserve rest on a pallet this night. Shift for yourself: only leave me a barley-cake

and a flask of ale, and what arms I can carry. And that sack. Let no one touch that sack," he cried, as his attendant was taking it up.

"It would be safe enough with me, master," said the man, reproachfully.

"True—you are not degraded to the collecting of wolves' tongues," muttered Merdhin.

"To my mind there is something good in the business,—ay, and something bold and fine, and not degrading at all," the shepherd ventured to say. "As I have seen it to-night—a man so hardy, and so devoted to his work that he forgot meat, drink, and fire—and saved many an innocent sheep, no doubt,—and gained the thanks of the good monks,—in such a way of doing the business, I see nothing of disgrace."

"Ah! but its being a penalty!" replied Merdhin, in softened tone.

"And of whose laying on?" asked the shepherd. "If it be true that certain people's favours are injuries, may we not take their insults for compliments!"

"That was the way, as Father Edmund preached," declared the convent servant, "that St. Adelin thought and spoke when the heathens put him in the stocks and whipped him. 'Flog away!' said he; 'every stripe puts a flash of light into my crown.' So, when our enemy, who are worse than heathens"

"Hush! hush!" said Merdhin. "Whatever they are, I am no saint. I have not even meekness enough to take comfort from such as you,—lowered as I am."

And he turned away to finish his work of disposing of the carcasses.—Perhaps, however, he was the better for the train of thoughts awakened in him by the mention of a saint and a holy monk; for he bade the shepherd farewell with gentleness, and thanked the convent servants with courtesy for their assistance through the preceding day and night.

"There goes a ruined man!" thought the shepherd, as he watched Merdhin's progress over the ice towards the western woods. "He may silence the barking wolves, but he will never gather quiet thoughts about him again. He may carry home his wife and children in safety and honour, as far as men see; but he will never enjoy his hearth again. As sure as the raven has stooped to brush any man's head with her lightest feather, that man is scathed as if she carried lightning in her wing."

As Merdhin proceeded on his way, he was struck with the change in the weather and in the aspect of the country. He left behind him every wide expanse of waters, saw fewer lagoons, observed the rivers assume more of the appear-

ance of streams running between well-defined banks, and was surprised to find, first the centre, and then the whole, free of ice, except in shallow bays and coves. The sun shone out, and the rime on the grass and on the sprays of every tree became transformed to glittering dew-drops.

Merdhin turned from the river, in order to penetrate the woodland, believing that the wolves would be most likely to congregate in the heart of the forest, under whose covert the beasts of chase had no doubt already brought forth some of their young. No farms, with their cattle and sheep folds, were to be seen in the depths of forest regions; and the wildest thickets were therefore the most probable resort of beasts of prey.—Merdhin's mood also disposed him to the choice of such a scene for his next exploit. He wished to avoid men,—to bury himself and his mortifications in the woods; and he marched on, as if he left foes behind him.

By mid-day, however, his pace relaxed; and in the afternoon he found himself actually loitering. The almost forgotten charms of the deep woodland penetrated and calmed his spirit. The sunshine slanted down upon the mossy roots of the old oaks, and the smooth, pillar-like stems of the beech. The rustling of the leaves under foot pleased his ear as he walked; and when he stood still, he heard the whispering of the topmost boughs, as the soft south wind passed through them. He believed that he caught, at one instant, the coo of a wood-pigeon—the earliest of the year. In truth, there was one spot which looked and felt like spring,—a nook, clear of trees, but sheltered by a thick growth of them. Here he found a single sorrel-leaf peeping out from the root of an oak; and a squirrel put forth its nose from its hole to try the warmth of the sun.—Such a transition from winter to spring, between morning and night, was not so surprising to Merdhin as it might now be to inhabitants of the same region. In countries as little cleared and as thinly inhabited as these levels then were, the difference of a zone of the globe may now be experienced between a watery shore and a thick forest district only a few miles inland.

Merdhin did not enjoy the change the less for not being surprised at it. A glow of comfort seemed to pass through his soul, as well as his limbs. After loitering some time in this nook, he asked himself why he should go further. There was no more likely spot for the forest animals to seek, or the wolves to follow them to.

He climbed the tallest tree he could find; and as he swung in the top, he felt some of the genial spirit of boyhood return to him.

Not a dwelling could he see, far or near. The sun was low above the tree-tops to the west; and it was certainly the time when the cows should be going homewards, and the sheep be penned, and the swine collected for their night-feed; but neither cow-bell, nor bleat, nor grunt could he hear. Again his spirits rose with the conviction that he was indeed alone in the good old British forest. He did not forget the commissioner's warning that the Danish raven was in the depth of every wood he could enter. He knew this only too well by the brooding of the dark bird at his heart; but he bade it defiance, and sat on his perch, looking abroad with a free eye and a lightened spirit.

When the waters on the eastern horizon began to look their grayest and coldest, and the last yellow haze of the day shrouded the sun and the woods to the west, he came down to make preparations for the night before the night should come. He left up in the tree his sheaf of short javelins (after putting two or three into his girdle), his sack of wolves' tongues, and his leather night-cloak; for this was the tree he chose for his station,—standing, as it did, on the verge of the clear space, and having a slight rise at his foot, which would facilitate the access of as many wolves as might choose to come and bay at him.

When he was half-way down he paused and remained quiet. A wild sow, with her litter of very young pigs, was busy under the trees, rooting out the beech-nuts, acorns, and dried grass which the squirrels and mice had buried in their winter-holes.—Merdhin had begun to feel hungry some time before; and now the sight of the young swine, and good spirits together, made him long for a hearty supper.

"That is a young sow," thought he. "Under a year, certainly; and she has farrowed early; and every pig of all that litter must be a delicate morsel. One two—fifteen in all. I don't know whose chace this is; but whosoever it be, I may fairly have a supper out of it, for my service against the wolves. And out of all the troops of swine in this solitude, no one will be the worse for sparing me one little pig. And if it belongs to a lord Dame, as it no doubt does, he has no more right to it than I. And, in return for the hospitality that I myself have given to Dunes, it is too contemptible a trifl to be worth a thought. And, above all, they have treated me in such a way that I am much disposed to do what I please for the rest of my life, without minding any of them, so as not

to put Hildelitha and the children into any danger."

When he had thus, with the speed of thought, put away one bad reason by bringing in another, till mere will remained, he cast a javelin and struck down a delicate young grunter,—just such a one as the abbot at Thorn-ey would relish for supper, after a cold pilgrimage to meet his brother of Peterborough. In the midst of the outcry of sow and unhurt pigs, Merdhin slid down from his tree and despatched the little creature with his knife.

"Its offal will be good bait for the wolves," said he to himself: "and that is another reason for my making free. And now—"

But at this moment he heard a terrific rushing through the thicket. He at once apprehended the approach of the boar, and would have made for the tree; but there was no time. Once he saved himself by a spring to one side; but the beast wheeled round to attack him again, and it was well that he had left his spear within reach. He snatched it, and drove it at random. Happily it entered the neck; and the boar swerved just so much as that one of its tusks grazed Merdhin's high leather hose, instead of tearing the flesh of his thigh. Again the animal turned upon him; but with less force: and it was easy first to evade him, and then to give him a fatal stroke, by plunging the knife into the back of the neck.

"I did not think to have been driven on by the pig to kill the boar," thought Merdhin, "and in a domain that I know nothing about. But it is so much more bait for the wolves. I must make haste with my supper while the light lasts; for there is sunset enough now in this nook to bring all the beasts of prey in the forest about me."

He quickly gathered sufficient wood to make a glowing fire in the midst of the space: and he broiled some of the tender joints of his pig, listening the while to catch the first tokens of any movement in the forest.

"Already!" thought he, as a distant bark came on the wind. "The wolves grudge me my supper, after I have spread so good a one for them. I must carry my feast up, and eat it on my perch. If I make haste it will not be quite cold."

He did make haste; and his sack, his arms, his supper, and himself, were all safely lodged forty feet from the ground, before any enemy appeared.

When the enemy appeared, it was not in the shape of wolves, but of a man with a dog. Their entrance upon the scene was a spectacle which Merdhin himself could not help enjoy-

ing, though it foreboded evil and danger to himself. The dog sprang from the thicket almost into the still smoking fire, and then turned his eye upon his master's, with a speaking expression of inquiry what was next to be done. His master looked round him, stirred the embers, as if expecting to turn up the secret from among them, examined the slain boar, cast a sharp glance into the neighbouring bushes, and then lifted his cow-horn to his lips and blew his loudest blast. A response came from a distance; and then another; and the keeper blew another blast immediately under the tree where Merdhin sat.

"I wonder," thought Merdhin, "whether they will find out where the offender hides till the wolves come to tell them. One way or another they will soon be about me; and then my fate will depend on whether this chase belongs to a lord Dane or to one of my own people."

It was the dog who discovered the intruder. He was leaping up against the tree when the other keepers, to the number of three or four, appeared from the thickets.

In answer to their demand that he would come down, Merdhin told his story, explaining that he was not in hiding, but placed so as best to make war against the wolves. He declared himself ready to answer for what he had done, both to the forest authorities and to his own bail. And declaring that he knew not where he was, he inquired who were the forest authorities in this case.

He had been right in his apprehension of having offended a lord Dane. This was one of the royal forests, and he had helped himself to a king's pig and slain a king's boar.

On hearing this Merdhin resolved not to come down. He declared his intention of remaining where he was till he had finished his business with the wolves; and warned the keepers of the stock of weapons that he had with him, recommending them to wait till he should descend of his own accord.

By this time it was so nearly dark that the keepers could not see Merdhin, though their figures were sufficiently visible to him as they moved in the open space. Two of them rekindled the fire, while the other two kept watch at the foot of the tree. They could not but laugh when Merdhin complained of the fire as sure to defeat his business with the wolves. They told him that he should have a larger fire to complain of presently, as they meant to kindle one round his tree and burn it, or smoke him down, if he did not surrender himself immediately. He coolly warned them

of the penalties for injuring the king's woodland by fire or unauthorized felling; and repeated that he would come down when his work was finished, and not before.

He was presently aware that his foes were climbing the tree. While they were placing their feet on the lower branches, he did what he had early determined on. He climbed a little higher, and then along a branch to where the stout limb of a neighbouring oak extended within his grasp: upon this he sprang, leaving all his chattels behind him except the knife and such javelins as he could carry in his girdle. The oak yielded so little to his spring and weight as not to give the alarm to his foes, each of whom was making his own rustling among the wintry boughs; and Merdhin had dropped down into the thicket, leaped out into a glade on the other side, and fled some way with the course of the wind before his foes had satisfied themselves that he was not on his first perch.

Presently the breeze brought him tidings from behind that there was enough for men and dogs to do in keeping off the hungry beasts of prey which were allured by the scent of the carcasses he had slain for them. He had now only to beware of brute enemies; and he pursued his way diligently till he reached in the morning an open road, by which he travelled to the abode of one of his bail, with whom he could consult, in honour and confidence, as to what should be his next proceeding.

It was to the farm of his friend and fellow-free-man, Willebrod, that Merdhin repaired in his new distress. He would, the day before, have gone far round to avoid the dwelling; but now there was a total change in his affairs and in his feelings about them. Yesterday he was arbitrarily punished for an arbitrary offence, under a degrading sentence, for an act for which his bail were in no way responsible. To-day he had committed an offence recognized by the laws of his country, and his co-residents would be called on to produce him or to suffer in his stead. Honour and social duty required that he should put himself in the power of some one of his bail; and he was not sorry that it was so; for he needed to open his burdened mind to a comrade who could sympathize in his troubles.

From a distance he saw Willebrod in his vineyard, overlooking his men as they loosened the soil round the roots of the vines. Merdhin waited as patiently as he could till the labourers went to their noonday meal, believing that their master would stay for a few minutes to

examine their work. This happened as usual, and Merdhin showed himself from behind the fence of massive roots, so as to attract the notice of his friend.

"Merdhin! is that you?" exclaimed Willebrod, in some doubt; so haggard and worn were the face and figure of the wanderer.

"I hardly know!" replied Merdhin. "I feel as if I were not the same man as when we met last." And he put his hand to his head.

Willebrod observed that he supported himself by grasping the fence. The sight of him in this state—the strong and comely Merdhin so reduced—suggested the horrid fear common in those times.

"Where are Hildelitha and the children? for I see the lord Dances have been upon you."

"My wife and little ones are with the good monks at Peterborough: I have reason to believe so."

"Christ be thanked! then all may be well. Tell me no more now. Follow me, and I will give you food and drink, and a place to sleep in. You want sleep, I see."

"But I have broken the laws."

"The very reason why you should sleep in my house, that I may the more readily prosecute you. Have you slain a foreigner?"

"No—no man; but the king's game."

"Well; tell me no more now, but come—"

"One thing more I must tell you. I was foully disgraced yesterday by a vile sentence passed on me in my own house. I am to bring in tale of wolves' tongues, in the face of the holy monks of Peterborough."

Willebrod answered lightly; but the sudden flush of face and brow showed his sense of the indignity.

"The holy monks," said he, "know us better than any Dane. They will never take you or me for criminals, be assured. Do not stand here in the cold. Come to my chamber, —the quietest place I have for you. There you shall eat first, and then sleep,—and then you shall tell me whatever you please. Come, and I will wait on you myself."

It was past midnight when Merdhin awoke. His friend was watching beside the fire, and food and ale were on the table. In a low voice the host proposed that they should sup and converse, and then his guest should sleep again.

"Now tell me," said he, when Merdhin refused more ale, and the fire blazed up cheerily on being fed with a fresh log, "tell me what your danger actually is. Do these keepers know who you are?"

"They never saw my face; but concealment is impossible, even if I wished it—which I do not."

"You have made up your mind to that?"

"I have. Some one will be seized for the offence. To show zeal for the king they will lay hold of some one. That one and his friends will discover the real offender. You know my arms are left behind. They show me to be a free man: and then, there is the sack with the wolves' tongues: and to no other man,—and he covered his face with his hands as he spoke,—‘is no other man do those two things belong, — such arms and such tribute?’"

"The strongest reason for your delivering yourself up," said Willebrod calmly, "appears to me to be this;—that you can use your privilege of a free man in obtaining your sentence from the king himself; and this will give us opportunity to make known to him his commissioner's conduct towards you."

"What then? Is he not himself a Dane?"

"Yes: but he is not altogether like other Dances. It is a favourite saying of his, ‘I want no money raised by injustice.’ Can he say less of any other form of tribute? And of the injustice he cannot make a moment's question."

"The weightiest reason with myself," said Merdhin, "is that my bail will be for ever liable for my fine, and much else, if I fly."

"Let us see what that would amount to," said Willebrod. "Some arrangement might be made between you and us as to your property, if you wish to keep out of Danish hands altogether."

"My wife and children!" exclaimed Merdhin. "But for them I would—"

"Better not tell me what you would do, lest you should still do it, and I be inquired of," said Willebrod. "I believe your offence will come under the head of stealing from the king; and your fine will then be ninefold compensation. Nine times the value of a boar or pig is not a very desperate fine. And then—"

"Ay! then there is also the offence of chasing on his lands without leave: though Heaven knows it was the boar that chased me. But I cannot plead this to any purpose."

"Certainly, while the brute lies pierced by your spear, and no witness available."

"And the pig to witness against me."

"And the pig, as you say. But I have been supposing you intending to confess or fly; there remains the method of the ordeal. If you put yourself in the way of arrest, and should be fortunate with the ordeal, you may save your

property and escape. I would not say such a thing if I thought you a guilty man; but your sapping off a wild animal is in my eyes an offence so small that you have fully expiated it already. You are hesitating, I see. Let not the thought of what you left in the tree hinder you. All evidence is as nothing before the decision of the ordeal: and if we could get it conducted here in Thorn-ey, our united interest with the monks—"

"No," interrupted Merdhin. "I have committed the legal offence, and, however small it may appear to you, I will bear the penalty."

"You will thereby keep the power of appeal to the king, and may get quit of the other sentence, as I said," replied Willebrod. "Yes, I believe that will be your wisest way. Tomorrow, or as soon as we hear that you are accused, I will cause the bishop to be informed that I will produce you, on summons from him, to the next genot. And here you will remain, my friend, till your affair comes on."

"I would willingly, my comrade; but there is my week's tale to the commissioner to be provided. Here is nothing ready,—my first night's gain gone,—and in three days from this time I must appear with my tribute at Peterborough."

"Impossible! It cannot be done," decided Willebrod. "The commissioner's business must give way to the king's. He must wait, if indeed we cannot baffle him altogether."

"But my family!"

"I will see to that. I shall have to send a messenger round to all your bail to inform them that you are safe, and what course you intend to take. The same man—and I will send none but a trusty one—will make clear to the abbot, and to Hildeitha, and to the commissioner himself, that you must have time. Or, suppose you go yourself?"

"No, I will not."

"You do not doubt our trusting you to appear on summons. You do not suppose I want to keep you as a prisoner here!"

"I know you well:—it is not that," replied Merdhin. "I will not go because the Danes would take the occasion of any failure to insult and degrade me before the face of the holy monks and of my wife. For Hildeitha's sake I will not go."

"I believe you are right, comrade. Stay and repose yourself here. And now to sleep!"

He compelled his guest to return to his bed, and lay down himself on a bear-skin near the fire, which he had so well that he needed little covering but his woollen cloak.

A few days passed, and affairs were proceed-

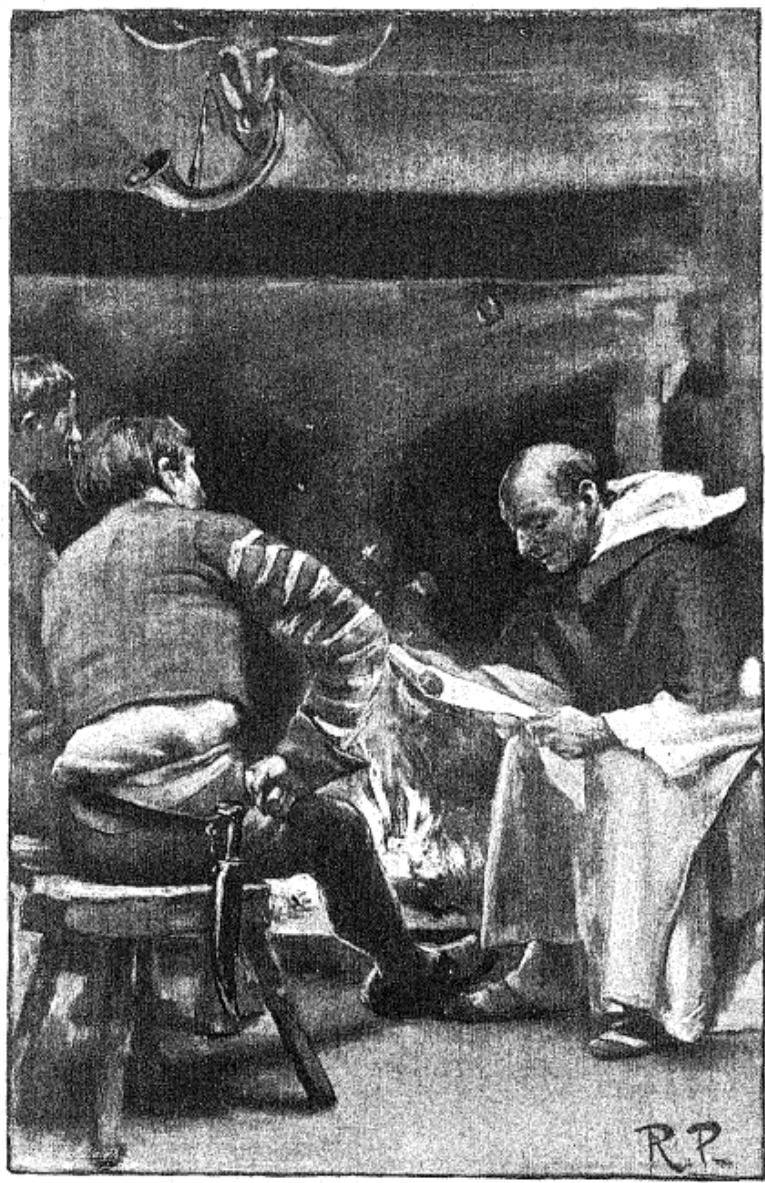
ing as the friends had anticipated. A messenger had been sent round among Merdhin's bail, with orders to call last at the monastery at Peterborough, and there deliver the excuses due for the failure of the first week's tribute, together with a token from the bishop and the bait that they required the presence of Merdhin in his own hundred for some little time to come. The bishop's summons had been served, and Merdhin and his securities were to appear before the next genot to answer the charge of his having chased the king's game in a royal forest without authority. In the interval Merdhin wrought in his friend's fields, and would not listen to Willebrod's urgent suggestions that he should go home and see how his own land was faring. He felt that he had rather see it a waste in the end than put himself voluntarily in the way of its present occupants—the Danish superintendents of the new causeway. He found his best solace in tolling for Willebrod, and rarely looked off from his occupation but when the tread of horses' feet, or the horn or shout wherewith wayfarers were compelled by law to authenticate themselves as travellers and not thieves, made him hasten into the road to see if news of Hildeitha and his little ones was arriving.

The approach of a mule one day made him so look up. It was not the messenger, but Father Olaf, a monk from the next convent. As he passed he said in answer to the obeisance of Merdhin and then of Willebrod, "Follow me, my sons." At the door he dismounted in silence; and when he had taken his seat beside the fire, he desired that all should withdraw but the host and Merdhin. Both these anticipated something serious from his manner of proceeding; and it was a relief when he remarked that it was profitable to recite the writings of pious men as the beginning of intercourse, and he would therefore read for the private edification of his sons then present some passages from a discourse of the Rev. Bishop Lupus, preached during the late reign. There was the more need, he observed, for such occasional reading, as this very sermon preached, not many years before, in open church, could now be only privately recited, and to trusty ears alone.

The hearers seated themselves near the monk, and he proceeded to read, in a subdued voice:—

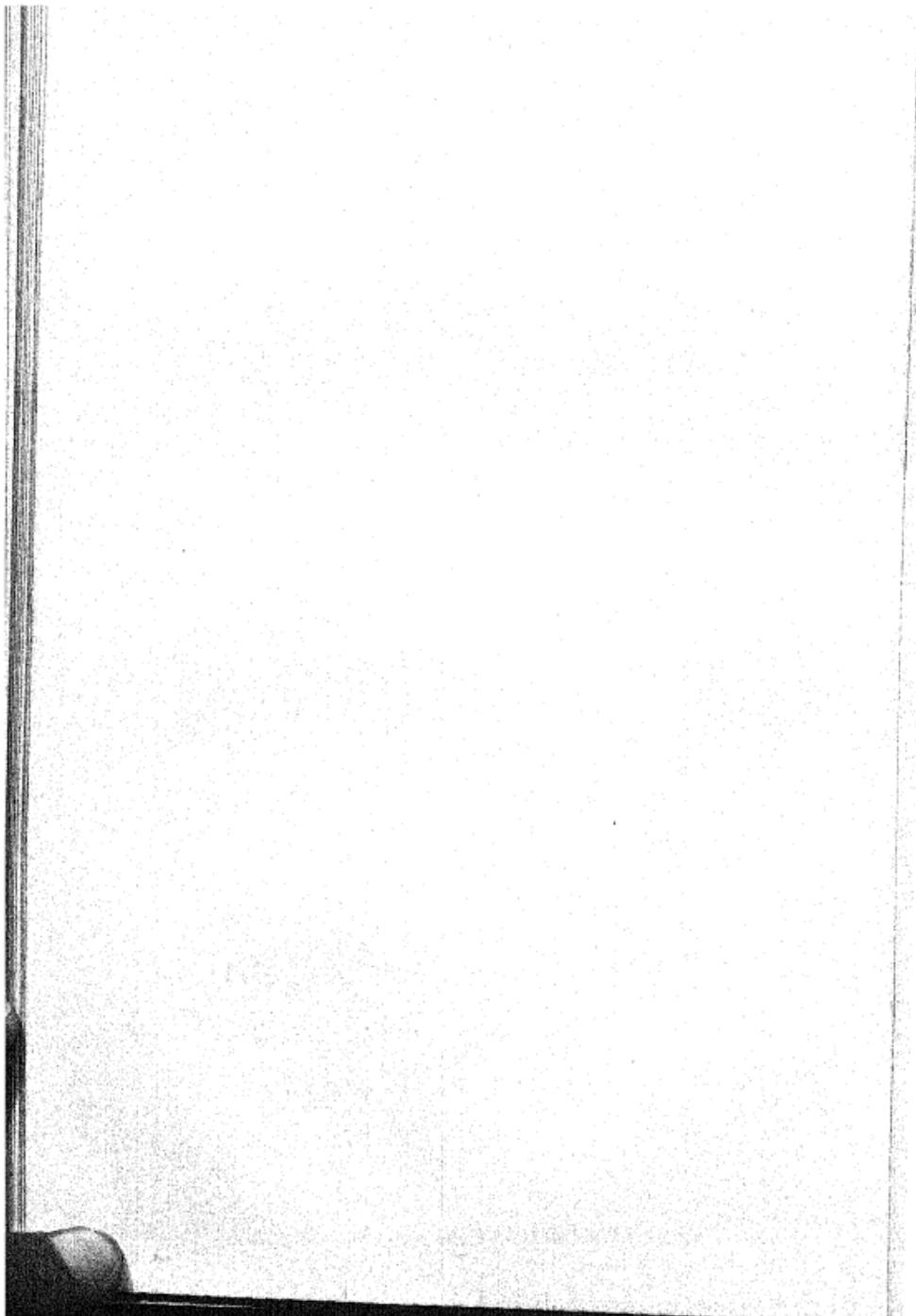
"We perpetually pay them tribute, and they ravage us daily."

Merdhin and Willebrod looked at each other and at the reader on becoming aware that his subject was a denunciation of the Danes. The



RALPH PEACOCK.

FATHER OLAF INSTRUCTS MERDHIN AND WILLEBROD.



reader did not look up from his scroll, but continued:—

"They ravage, burn, spoil, and plunder, and carry off our property to their ships. Such is their successful valour, that one of them will in battle put ten of our men to flight."

"Nay—nay!" cried the listeners. Father Olaf continued with emphasis:—

"Two or three will drive a troop of captive Christians through the country from sea to sea. Very often they seize the wives and daughters of our thanes and cruelly violate them before the great chieftain's face. The slave of yesterday becomes the master of his lord to-day, or he flees to the Vikings, and seeks his owner's life in the earliest battle. Soldiers, famine, flames, and effusion of blood abound on every side. Theft and murder, pestilence, diseases, calumny, hatred, and rapine dreadfully afflict us. Widows are frequently compelled into unjust marriages; many are reduced to penury and are pillaged. The poor men are sorely seduced and cruelly betrayed, and, though innocent, are sold far out of this land to foreign slavery. Cradle children are made slaves out of this nation"

The monk's voice here failed him, and he turned his face from the gaze of his hearers as he cleared his throat to proceed:—

"Cradle children are made slaves out of this nation through an atrocious violation of the law for little scalings. The right of freedom is taken away: the rights of the serfes are narrowed, and the right of charity is diminished. Freemen may not govern themselves, nor go where they wish, nor possess their own as they like."

A deep sigh from Merdhin here made the reader put down his scroll.

"These are the things," said the monk, "which made the wise Elfric write that we, with our living eyes, might look for doomsday, as the end of the world was surely very near. Since then our affairs have improved somewhat. We have not at present open war; and whereas the Bishop Lupus says, further on, 'the clergy are robbed of their franchises, and stripped of all their comforts,' it is now very different: we having a pious king who duly favours religion in its establishments and in its ministers. But as for the rest, much remains still too true." And the monk sighed.

"What would you have us do?" asked Willebrod. A deadly sickness of the heart kept Merdhin silent.

"The most afflicted must endure with a godly patience," replied Father Olaf, looking

full upon Merdhin; "and we must all be loyally thankful that we have a merciful king, whatever his servants may be and do—a king merciful and just when we can but reach his ear."

"And how to reach his ear?" said Willebrod.

"That is what we have to consider," replied the monk, "for the ease of my son here sorely craves justice and mercy. Strengthen your heart, my son, to hear the news. Your tale of wolves' tongues was not delivered two days since, nor did you appear. Twenty-four hours' grace was allowed. At the end thereof a Danish ship was sailing from the nearest point of the Deep; your children were put on board as slaves"

Merdhin bounded from his seat, and cried, "And Hildeithus!"

"She had disappeared last night. Whether she had attempted to follow her children, or had escaped in the hope of finding you, could only be conjectured. But the impression in the convent was that she was not in the hands of any Danes."

Merdhin rushed from the room. After a moment's hesitation about intruding on his grief, Willebrod followed him. But it was too late. He had flung himself on the horse which, in such dwellings and such times, usually stood saddled for sudden flight, and galloped, biretheaded, towards the woods.

Messengers were sent after him in vain. The next day the horse returned alone, and was found at his stable door. From the saddle there dangled a wolf's head.

"See this token!" cried Willebrod to the monk, who had returned for tidings. "He lets us know by this that he bears the wolf's head." Merdhin an outlaw!"

"An outlaw and marauder!" sighed Father Olaf, "as many of our best freemen have become when, as Lupus preached, the 'right of freemen is taken away.' But will he not come in to summons before the gemot for his actual offence? Will his hail have to bear his penalty?"

"His estate will defray that: and if not, we will. But that Merdhin should become an outlaw!"

The spring of this year opened early. One mild evening a procession of boats passed near the shores of Thorn-ey—so near as to bring out the inhabitants of the farm-houses and cottages to see whether the voyagers were harmless or to be dreaded.

The first boat carried a flag which, as it floated on the wind, disclosed the *Raven*. But all dread vanished when it was clearly seen that the king himself was on board.

There he was, seated at the stern, and looking towards the land: and truly, the orchards on the slopes, already tinged with the pink and white of their opening blossoms, the deeper shades behind, and the convent roof and belfry rising amidst them; and all these reflected in the still waters beneath made a picture on which the young king might gaze in hearty love of his new dominions. It was the convent bell tolling over the wide waters which had brought the little fleet so near; for Canute loved to hear the music of devotion at all times. As the chant of the evening service rose and fell on the wind, he made a signal to the rowers to slacken their speed; and forthwith the whole fleet became nearly motionless, scarcely disturbing, as they glided on, the shadows on the surface. The gaze of the king was fixed on the monastery. Only once he looked aside, and that was when, in a momentary interval of the music, a voice of lamentation was heard from the shore—a feeble woman's cry—which was drowned in the next swell of voices.

When the service was over, and the king had devoutly crossed himself, he hummed a few notes, which were eagerly caught up by his crew. They joined voices hourly in singing the ballad composed by the king himself, the first stanza of which remains to us:—

"Merry sing the monks in Ely,
When Canute king rowed therby.
Row, my knights, now near the land,
And bear we these monks' song."

Each boat's crew took up the succeeding stanza; and the king turned to listen. But between every verse was heard that cry on the island. When it occurred the third time Canute started from his seat, shaded his eyes from the slanting rays of the setting sun, and gazed in upon the shore. He then signed to make for the land; and great was the commotion that ensued there.

The holy monks immediately issued from their gate, and hastened down to receive their guest, as they supposed the king meant to be. But Canute could not stop. He was to-morrow to survey the line proposed for his great new causeway, afterwards called the King's Delf, and in use to this day. He had in perfection the royal will and faculty of investigating every incident that befel within his observation, as well as a new-born benevolence, springing from prosperity, strengthening with peace and time, and contrasting strangely with the barbarity which seemed natural to him during the first years of his presence in England. He now stepped on shore, returned the greeting of

the monks, declared that such a voice of woe as he had heard was, from any but a child, an unseemly accompaniment to a Christian song, and ordered that the sufferer, if a maniac, should be aided by holy prayers, and if not, should be conveyed in the last boat of his company, that he might inquire into the case at Peterborough.

"She is no maniac, unless grief be called, in its extremity, madness," said Father Olaf, breathless, between his speed downhill and his eagerness to interest the king.

"You know the story," said Canute. "Room shall be made for you and her in the last boat—no, in the next boat to my own, if you will silence that cry: and before I sleep your story shall be heard."

And the king re-embarked, leaving Father Olaf no more time than to entreat his abbot to send Willebred after them with the utmost speed.

The king had supped in the house reserved for his use at Peterborough, and he was sitting down to a game at chequers with one of his knights when a sudden thought seemed to cross him.

"Kingly duty must come before sport," said he. On the word the commissioner Hagen placed himself in full view, with a large black board, on which a sort of map was traced in chalk. The abbot of Peterborough called to his almoner to produce the king's alms-pouch, The calderman of the district declared himself ready with the record of the last shire-gemot. Almost everyone present was ready with some piece of "kingly duty" for his sovereign to do.

But the king took no notice of any of these preparations. He directed that Father Olaf and the complaining woman should be summoned to the next apartment, where he joined them, attended only by his chamberlain, who bore the silver lamp before him, and his chancellor, whose presence he rarely dispensed with on occasions of inquiry and appeal like the present. In a few minutes one of the secretaries was called from among the company in the hall; and from this it was inferred by the courtiers that the game of chequers might wait a good while.

It was not long, however, before a sudden hush was caused by the opening of the door of the ante-chamber. The hangings, stiff with embroidery of silver and gold, were held aside by the chamberlain, and the king appeared.

"Some of this business," said he, "will not wait."

And he called on the commissioner, who stood forth, not without dread.

"I gave you a commission about my cause-way," said the king. "I gave you none to interpret my laws, and to invent punishments for my people. I now deliver to you a new commission. Can you prophesy what it is?"

Hagen's countenance fell. He feared the terrible retribution of having to fulfil himself the sentence he had inflicted on Merdhin. But the king, whose faculty of reading the thoughts of his courtiers was known to all about him, continued:—

"The vile task of collecting wolves' tongues is one which is not, and shall not be, imposed on any freeman; on any but criminals condemned to death."

Under the sense of relief the commissioner loudly exclaimed:—

"Canute the King is the most just of kings."

"Hear then the new commission which my justice appoints you. Bring back the children of Merdhin, and place them yourself in the arms of their mother, in the presence of my lord abbot here."

"But the vessel may have sailed—must have sailed"

"Then let another vessel sail after it. If the wind is fair for one, it is fair for both. You shall also cause Merdhin to be brought hither, with an observance of all the rights and dues of a freeman."

"My king, he has fled no one knows where, for the offence of hunting in the royal forests."

"For his offence in the forest he shall suffer according to law. That is an affair which you may leave to myself and his bail. Your affair is to find him, and bring him hither in safety. He is among the band of marauders that inhabit the forest near Crowland. Take what force is necessary; and remember I shall know how you use it. Take heed to this man's safety. You have shown small respect to the laws of this our new country; but by those laws I govern; and by them account must be rendered to me for the life of every freeman, the king being every freeman's legal lord and patron. Now—begone!"

"Such is your royal pleasure?" replied the uneasy commissioner.

"It is: but not the whole of it. It is my pleasure also to find you some commission in Denmark when this business is settled. I have sent home the greater part of my followers; and none shall remain who do not respect the laws of this island and the rights of its people."

The king retired by one door, and Hagen by another, leaving the Saxon and Danish members of the court to vent to one another their enthusiasm for the king. They gave him, ac-

cording to their respective methods of admiration, the titles by which he was celebrated in his own day and afterwards—the Brave, the Generous, the Pious, the Great.

Careless of the murmur of praise which he had left behind him, Canute sat in the ante-chamber, in consultation with his chancellor. The hardy young warrior's face was as grave, and from its earnestness almost as reverend as that of his counsellor. The secretary sat in silence, awaiting orders or dismissal.

"I am satisfied," said the chancellor, in answer to a question from the king, "I am satisfied alike by the testimony of the wife, the monk Olaf, and the freeman Willebrod, that the new forest laws are not answerable for the flight and ruin of this man. He was prepared to obey the summons of the bishop; was awaiting the day in the house of one of his bail. And a man must be out of his senses who would go forth in winter and bear the wolf's head from fear of a mere fine which he was well able to pay. It was oppression from a different quarter that drove him forth, and not our forest laws."

"It is well," said the king. "I would have those laws, like all others, just, doing all the good possible, with the least hardship. On the one hand, the state of the country compels us to require that every freeman shall bear arms, and arm his dependents; and on the other, it is necessary to preserve landed estates from being infested by such armed men in pursuit of beasts of chase. It appeared to us that the due and best security would be given by declaring every possessor of land the possessor of whatever was upon it, to give or to keep at his pleasure, and therefore to punish any one who laid hands without leave on the trees of any woodland, or on any beast, bird, or fish that dwells within the bounds of any estate. Does this ordinance appear to you as just as when it was made?"

"It does."

"And that the punishment should be what it is?"

"Why not? It is of the same nature as that appointed for other thefts and aggressions. The question which many ask is only whether it is not too light for the offence of chasing the king's game in the royal forests."

"That is no matter of doubt to me," replied the king. "The grass, and trees, and benets of crown lands look like those of other lands; and my pleasure in hunting is like that of my knights, and officers: and what is protection enough for them is protection enough for me."

The chancellor smiled as he said, "Great is

the humility of the king who speaks such words."

"No," replied the king, reprovingly. "You speak against your better knowledge. My office is sacred, and must be secured on the lives of other men, because the lives and welfare of other men depend on it. My person is sacred, and must be secured on the lives of other men for the same reason. But my property and my pleasures are those of a noble among nobles; and"

"A noble among nobles!" murmured the chancellor in devout admiration.

"Higher than other nobles only in this," pursued the king, "that I stand in the midst of them, and am naturally the point of appeal to the weak and the wretched, as in this case. A man round whom most of the weak gather for justice and protection becomes more powerful than those who are so resorted to by only one or two; but his power is thus enhanced merely in extent, not in kind. No more sacredness is given to his lands, and no greater value to his beasts of chase. The battle-field is my chase when I hunt as a king; and there it is death for any one to cross my path. When I sport in my own woodland, if any one come between me and the boar, he offends merely against the proprietor of the land."

"However it may be with your beasts, birds, and fishes," observed the chancellor, "it is certain that your thoughts are kingly."

"And yours," said Canuto, "are not faithful when you would darken my views of the law instead of clearing them. It was yourself who informed me of the old law of the kingdoms on the mainland on which I founded that of my new island."

The chancellor was glad to escape from his embarrassment by citing this same old law:—

"*Cuique enim in proprio fundo quamlibet feram quoquo modo venari permisum.*"

"See then," said the king, rising, "that our intentions in making our forest law are fairly fulfilled in the case of this man Merdhin, and every other accused of the slaughter or pursuit of game on another man's land. I would fain pardon this Merdhin; but we must respect the law we made in deliberation. Never let it be said, however, that Canute the king bears harder than the law for offences done against Canute the hunter."

The king returned to the hall and his game at chequers, leaving his chancellor musing over the change wrought, and still working in him, by the leisure of peace and the possession of power.

"One man," thought the chancellor, "is

quiet and moderate enough till heaven or hell gives him power to work his full will; and then he makes men groan under his scourge. Here is a man who lived among groans, as if they were music, wherever he went as a conqueror through this land; and now that he is as great here as the sun in the sky, he moderates his flames as if his head were snowy with age instead of golden with youth. He studies night and day to make wise laws for the people's rule, and sweet ballads for their holiday hours. His sternness is, in these days, not for Saxons, but for the most obsequious, of whatever race. Heaven, who sent him, knows best where this will end. Perhaps we may see the Brave and Great a weeping pilgrim some day, or his sceptre may sprout into a saint's palm-rod before he dies."

The shepherd of the monastery was rarely wrong in his predictions; and it was some years before he was proved mistaken in having said that Merdhin could never again fully enjoy his home, or recover a tranquil mind. Merdhin's terrified children were restored to his arms; his wife's shaken spirits were calmed; his servants returned home; and the dwelling and fields looked much like themselves in the course of a season or two. Moreover, the commissioner Hagen had set sail for Denmark as soon as he had brought Merdhin to Peterborough; and every Dane in the region knew that no molestation was to be offered to the household of the farmer on Thorn-ey. But this outward tranquillity did not suffice to calm the tempest which that one shock had aroused.

Good Father Olaf, who watched over the family, observed that Merdhin was most happy when working out his fine to repay his bail; and he took this hint in regard to the other offence which lay heavy on the man's conscience—his having joined the band of murranders in the forest. While his heart bled with compassion for the despair which had prompted that step—one very common in those days—the monk treated it as a solemn sin, requiring a great penance, well knowing that the larger the penance the greater was the chance of peace at the end of it. He therefore appointed to his penitent a now incredible amount of repetition of prayers and psalms. But, better than this, he recited to him, in the language of the church, the acts for which he might committe the appointed penance.

"He may repair churches where he can, and make folkways, with bridges over deep waters and over miry places; and let him assist poor men's widows, and step-children, and foreigners. He may free his own slaves, and redeem

the liberty of those of other masters, and especially the poor captives of war: and let him feed the needy, and house them, clothe and warm them, and give them bathing and beds."

Here was scope for the restless man. And ere long there was not a miry way that was not paved, nor a brook that was not bridged, within some miles of his dwelling; and he made footpaths for wayfarers through his own and the convent woodland. And when King Canute went on his long pilgrimage to Rome, Merdhin prayed loyally for his safety every day. And when the king's public letter, addressed to the whole of his English subjects, was read in the churches, preparatory to his return, Merdhin committed to memory as much of it as follows, and solaced himself with repeating it at his toil:—

"And now, therefore, be it known to you all that I have dedicated my life to God to govern my kingdoms with justice, and to observe the right in all things. If, in the time that is past, and in the violence and carelessness of youth, I have violated justice, it is my intention, by the help of God, to make full compensation. Therefore I beg and command those unto whom I have intrusted the government, as they wish to preserve my good-will, and save their own souls, to do no injustice either to rich or poor. Let those who are noble, and those who are not, equally obtain their rights, according to the laws, from which no deviation shall be allowed, either from fear of me, or through favour to the powerful, or for the purpose of supplying my treasury. I want no money raised by injustice."

And when, three years after, Canute died, too soon for the peace of the kingdom, and too early for the accomplishment of many wise designs—for he was under forty at his death—Hildelitha told to her children in winter evenings all the stories she had heard of good King Canute, and sang to them the ballads he had made: and Merdhin taught the elder ones to pray daily for his soul.

WINTER SONG.

They were parted then at last?
Was it duty, or force, or fate?
Or only a wordy blast
Blew to the meeting-gate?

An old old story is this—
A glance, a trembling, a sigh,
A gaze in the eyes, a kiss—
Why will it not go by?

GEORGE MACDONALD.

THE KING'S SENTINEL.

AN EASTERN LEGEND.

[Richard Henry Stoddard, born in Hingham, Massachusetts, 1825. Although little known in this country, Mr. Stoddard has been long a favourite in America. He has written and edited numerous works of a poetical and biographical character; notably, *The Castle by the Sea* and other Poems; *Adventures in Fairy-land* (for children); *The Loves and Heroines of the Poets: Madrigals from the old English Poets, &c. &c.* R. W. Griswold, in his *Poets of America*, says of him: "His style is characterized by purity and grace of expression. He is a master of rhythmical melody, and his mode of treating a subject is sometimes exquisitely subtle."]

Upon a time, unbidden, came a man
Before the mighty King of Teheristan.
When the king saw this daring man, he cried,
"Who art thou, fellow?" Whereto he replied,
"A lion-hunter and a swordsman, I,
Moreover, I am skilled in archery:
A famous Bowman, who of men alone
Can drive his arrows through the hardest stone.
Besides my courage, tried in desperate wars,
I know to read the riddle of the stars.
First in the service of Emmer Khojoud,
Who, friend to none, has none to be his friend—
Him have I left, I hope, an honest man,
To serve, if so he wills, the Lord of Teheristan."
To whom in answer: "I have men enough,
Stalwart, like these, apt with the sword and bow:
These no king lacks, or need to; what we need
Are men who may be trusted—word and deed:
Who, to keep pain from us, would yield their breath,
Faithful in life, and faithful in death."
"Try me." As thrice the monarch claps his hands,
The captain of the guard before him stands,
Amazed that one, unknown of him, had come.
In to the king, and fearful of his doom,
Sternly his lord: "You guard me, slave, so well
That I have made this man my sentinel."
Thus did the happy archer gain his end,
And thus his sovereign find at last a friend,
Who from that hour was to his service bound,
Keen as his hawk, and faithful as his hound.

Now when a moon of nights had ta'en its flight,
Amid the darkness of a summer night,
The king awoke, alarmed, with fluttering breath,
Like one who struggles in the toils of death,
And wandered to his lattice, which stood wide,
Whence, down below him, in the court, he spied
A shadowy figure, with a threatening spear.
"What man art thou?—if man—and wherefore here?"
"Your sentinel, and servant, O my lord!"
"Hearken!" They did. And now a voice was heard,
But whether from the desert far away,
Or from the neighbour-garden, who could say?

So far it was, yet near, so loud, yet low;
 "Who calls?" it said. It sighed, "*I go! I go!*"
 Then spake the pallid king, in trouble sore,
 "Have you this dreadful summons heard before?"
 "That voice, or something like it, have I heard—
 (Perchance the wailing of some magic bird)—
 Three nights, and at this very hour, O King!—
 But could not quit my post to seek the thing.
 But now, if you command me, I will try,
 Where the sound was, to find the mystery."
 "Go! follow where it leads, if anywhere,
 And what it is, and means, to me declare;
 It may be ill, but I will hope the best;
 But haste, for I am weary, and must rest."
 Softly, as one that would surprise a thief,
 Who might detect the rustling of a leaf,
 The sentinel stole out into the night,
 Nor knew that the king kept him still in sight—
 Behind him, with a blanket o'er his head,
 Black-draped down to his feet, as he were dead;
 But the spear trembled in his hands, his knees
 Weakened—at length he sank beneath the trees.
 Again the voice was heard, and more and more
 Than when it faded last—it was so clear;
 "*I go! I go! man will force me to return!*"

"Now," thought the wondering soldier, "I shall learn
 Who speaks, and why." And, looking up, he saw
 What filled his simple soul with love and awe—
 A noble woman, standing by his side,
 Who might have been the widow or the bride
 Of some great king, so much of joy and woe
 Hung on the perfect lips that breathed "*I go!*"
 Shone in the quondam eyes, dimmed the bright
 hair—

No woman, born of woman, half so fair!
 "Most beautiful! who art thou?" "Know, O man,
 I am his life, who rules in Tolositan—
 The spirit of your lord, whose end is nigh,
 Except some friend—what friend?—for him will die."
 "Can it?" But she "*Tis written you must live.*"
 "What then—my life rejected—can I give?"
 "You have a son," he whispered in his ear,
 Feeling her way, it seemed, in hope and fear,
 Lest what she would demand should be denied.
 He pressed a sudden hand against his side
 Where his heart ached, but spoke not. "*Fetch your
 son!*"

And I restrain; refuse, and I am grim
 Even while we parley." Stifling the great sigh
 That heaved his breast, he answered, "*He shall die!*"
 And now for the first time he was aware
 Besides themselves there was a Presence there,
 Which made his blood run cold, but did not shake
 His resolution that, for the king's sake,
 His boy must perish. So he said, "*I go,*"
 And like the swiftest arrow from his bow
 The phantom vanished, and he went to bring
 His sleeping child as ransom for the king,
 Leaving that strange, bright woman there alone;
 Who, smiling sadly, soon as he was gone,
 Ran to her lord, fallen upon the ground;

And while she lifted his dead weight, and wound
 Her arms around him, and her tears did rain,
 Kissed his cold lips, till, warmed, they kissed her
 own again.

Meanwhile the sentinel down the royal park
 Groped his way homeward, stumbling in the dark,
 Uncertain of himself and all about;
 For the low branches were as hands thrust out—
 But whether to urge faster, or delay,
 Since they both clenched and pinched, he could not say;
 Nor, as irregular his heart's wild beat,
 Whether he ran, or dragged his halting foot!
 When, half a league being over, he was near
 His poor mean hut, there broke upon his ear—
 As from a child who wakes in dreams of pain,
 And, while its parents listen, sleeps again—
 A cry like *Father!* Whence, and where, the cry?
 Was it from out the hut, or in the sky?
 What if some robber with the boy had fled?
 What—dreadful thought!—what if the boy were dead?
 He reached the door in haste, and found it barred,
 As when at set of sun he went on guard,
 Shutting the lad in from all night's burthen,
 As safe as in the loving mother arms
 Which could no longer hold him; all was fail,
 No footstep since his own that night had passed
 Across the threshold—no man had been there;
 'Twas still within, and cold, and dark, and bare;
 Hush but not dark; for, opening now the door,
 The full moon, late hidden, cast one more
 Thread its sharp crescent through the starless gloom
 Like a long scimitar, and vanquish with dread—
 Poor, childless man!—for there his child was dead!
 He spoke not, wept not, stirred not; one might say,
 Till that first awful moment passed away,
 He was not, but some dead man in his place
 Stood, with a deathless sorrow in its face!
 Then—for a heart so stricken as was his,
 So suddenly cut upon by agonies,
 Must find us sudden a relief, or break—
 He wept a little for his own sad sake,
 And for the boy that lay there without breath,
 Whom he so freely sacrificed to Death!
 Thereafter kneeling softly by the bed,
 Face buried, and hands wrung above his head,
 He said what prayer came to him; and he said
 The prayers of all men at such times are pure,
 At last he rose, and lifting to his heart
 Its precious burden—limbs that dropped apart—
 Hands that no longer clasped him—little feet
 That never more would run his own to meet,
 Wrapping his cloak round all with loving care,
 To shield it from the dew and the cold air,
 He staggered slowly out in the black night;
 Nowhere was that strange woman now in sight
 To take the child; but at the palace gate
 The king stood waiting him—reproached of *Fata!*
 "What was it, soldier?" "God preserve the King!
 'Twas nothing." "Tell me quickly." "A small thing

Not worth your hearing. In the park I found
 A lonely woman sitting on the ground,
 Walling her husband, who had done her wrong,
 Whose house she had forsaken—but not long;
 For I made peace between them—dried the tears,
 And added some, I hope, to their now happy years.—
 "What bear you there?" "A child I was to bring"—
 He paused a moment—"It is mine, oh, king!"
 "I followed, and know all. So young to die—
 Poor thing!—for me! . . . You should be king, not I.
 You shall be my vizier—shake not your head;
 I swear it shall be so. Be comforted.
 For this dead child of yours, who met his doom,
 I will have built for him a costly tomb
 Of divers marbles, glorious to behold,
 With many a rich device inlaid of gold,
 Ivory, and precious stones, and therupon
 Blazoned the name and story of your son,
 And yours, vizier, of whom shall history tell
 That never king but one had such a sentinel!"

MY FIRST FOLLY.

"L'imagination grossit souvent les plus petits objets
 par une estimation fantastique jusqu'à remplir notre
 âme."—PENSÉES DE PASCAL.

"I have spent all my golden time
 In writing many a loving rime;
 I have consumed all my youth
 In vowed of my faith and truth;
 O willow, willow, willow tree,
 Yet can I not beloved bee."

OLD BALLAD.

"Do you take trifles?" said Lady Olivia to
 my poor friend Halloran.

"No, ma'am, I am reading philosophy," said Halloran, waking from a fit of abstraction, with about as much consciousness and perception as exists in a petrified oyster, or an adder-man dying of a surfeit.—Halloran is a fool.

A trifle is the one good thing, the sole and surpassing enjoyment. He only is happy who can fix his thoughts, and his hopes, and his feelings; and his affections, upon those fickle and fading pleasures which are tenderly cherished and easily forgotten, alike acute in their excitement and brief in their regret. Trifles constitute my summum bonum. Sages may crush them with the heavy train of argument and syllogism; school-boys may assail them with the light artillery of essay and of theme; members of parliament may loathe, doctors of divinity may condemn:—big-wigs and big-wigs, blue-devils and blue-stockings, sophistry and sermons, reasonings and wrinkles, Solon, Thales, Newton's *Principia*, Mr. Walker's *Edouarion*, the King's Bench, the bench of bishops—all these are serious antagonists; very

serious!—but I care not; I defy them; I dote upon trifles; and my name is Vyvyan Joyeuse, and my motto is "Vive la Bagatelle."

There are many persons who, while they have a tolerable taste for the frivolous, yet profess remorse and penitence for their indulgence of it; and continually court and embrace new day-dreams, while they shrink from the retrospect of those which have already faded. Peace be to their everlasting laments and their ever-broken resolutions. Your true trifler, meaning your humble servant, is a being of a very different order. The luxury which I renew in the recollection of the past is equal to that which I feel in the enjoyment of the present, or create in the anticipation of the future. I love to count and recount every treasure I have flung away, every bubble I have broken; I love to dream again the dreams of my boyhood, and to see the visions of departed pleasures flitting like Ossian's ghosts around me, "with stars dim twinkling through their forms." I look back with delight to a youth which has been idled away, to tastes which have been perverted, to talents which have been misemployed; and while in imagination I wander back through the haunts of my old idleness, for all the learning of a Greek professor, for all the morality of Sir John Sewel, I would not lose one single point of that which has been ridiculous and grotesque, nor one single tint of that which has been beautiful and beloved.

Moralists and misanthropists, maidens with starched morals and matrons with starched frills, ancient adorers of bohea and scandal, venerable votaries of whispering and of whist, learned professors of the compassionate sneer and the innocent innuendo, eternal pillars of gravity and good order, of stupidity and decorum, come not near me with your spare and spectacled features, your candid and considerate criticism. In you I have no hope, in me you have no interest. I am to speak of stories you will not believe, of beings you cannot love; of foibles for which you have no compassion, of feelings in which you have no share.

Fortunate and unfortunate couples, belles in silks and beaux in sentimentals, ye who have wept and sighed, ye who have been wept for and sighed for, victims of vapours and cofers of vows, makers and marrers of intrigue, readers and writers of songs, come to me with your attention and your salts, your sympathy and your cambric; your griefs, your raptures, your anxieties, all have been mine; I know your blushing and your paleness, your self-deceiving and your self-tormenting.

"*Io son' e inconstante e vagia
Timida, ardita vite degli amanti;
Ch'us poco dolce molto amaro appoggia
E' s' custumi, e' s' lor sospiri, e' i canti
E' i parlar rotto, e' l' subito silenzio,
E' l' brevissimo rho, e' i lunghi plainti;
E' qual' e' i' mei tempiro con l'assenzio.*"¹

All these things are so beautiful in Italian! but I need not have borrowed a syllable from Petrarch, for shapes of shadowy beauty, smiles of cherished loveliness, glances of reviving lustre, are coming in the mist of memory around me. I am writing "an ower true tale!"

I never fell seriously in love till I was seventeen. Long before that period I had learned to talk nonsense and tell lies, and had established the important points that a delicate figure is equivalent to a thousand pounds, a pretty mouth better than the Bank of England, and a pair of bright eyes worth all Mexico. But at seventeen a more intricate branch of study awaited me.

I was lounging away my June at a pretty village in Kent, with little occupation beyond my own meditations, and no company but my horse and dogs. My sisters were both in the south of France, and my uncle, at whose seat I had pitched my camp, was attending to the interests of his constituents and the wishes of his patron in parliament. I began, after the lapse of a week, to be immensely bored; I felt a considerable dislike of an agricultural life, and an incipient inclination for laudanum. I took to playing backgammon with the rector. He was more than a match for me, and used to grow most unctuously hot when the dice, as was their duty, befriended the weaker side. At last, at the conclusion of a very long hit, which had kept Mrs. Penn's tea waiting full an hour, my worthy and wigged friend flung deuce-ace three times in succession, put the board in the fire, overturned Mrs. Penn's best china, and hurried to his study to compose a sermon on patience.

Then I took up reading. My uncle had a delightful library where a reasonable man might have lived and died. But I confess I never could endure a long hour of lonely reading. It is a very pretty thing to take down a volume of Tasso or Racine, and study accent and cadence

for the benefit of half-a-dozen listening belles, all dividing their attention between the work and the work-basket, their feelings and their flounces, their tears and their trimmings, with becoming and laudable perseverance. It is a far prettier thing to read Petrarch or Rousseau with a single companion, in some sheltered spot so full of passion and of beauty, that you may sit whole days in its fragrance and dream of Laura and Julie. If these are out of the way, it is endurable to be tied down to the moth-eaten marvels of antiquity, poring to-day that you may pore again to-morrow, and labouring for the nine-days' wonder of some temporary distinction, with an ambition which is almost frenzy, and an emulation which speaks the language of animosity. But to sit down to a novel or a philosopher, with no companion to participate in the enjoyment, and no object to reward the toil, this indeed—oh! I never could endure a long hour of lonely reading; and so I deserted Sir Roger's library, and left his Marlement and his Aristotle to the slumbers from which I had unthinkingly awakened them.

At last I was roused from a state of must Persinian torpor by a note from an old lady, whose hall, for so an indifferent country-house was by courtesy denominated, stood at the distance of a few miles. She was about to give a ball. Such a thing had not been seen for ten years within ten miles of us. From the sensation produced by the intimation you might have deemed the world at an end. Prayers and entreaties were offered up to all the guardians and all the millines; and the old gentlemen rose in a passion and the old lace rose in price. Everything was everywhere in a flurry; kitchen, and parlour, and boudoir, and garret—Babel all! Ackermann's *Fashionable Repository*, the *Ladies' Magazine*, the *New Pocket-book*, all these, and all other publications whose frontispieces presented the "fashions for 1817," personified in a thin lady with kid gloves and a formidable obliquity of vision, were in earnest and immediate requisition. Needles and pins were flying right and left; dinner was ill-dressed that dancers might be well-dressed; mutton was marred that misses might be married. There was not a school-boy who did not cut Homer and capers; nor a boarding-school beauty who did not try on a score of dancing-shoes, and talk for a fortnight of Angiolini. Every occupation was laid down, every carpet was taken up; every combination of hands-a-cross and down the middle was committed most laudably to memory; and nothing was talked, nothing was meditated, nothing was dreamed, but love and romance, fiddles and flirtation,

¹ The following is a translation of these lines:—

"I know how fickle 'tis, and yet how fond,
That timorous vanitron life that lovers lead,
Where little sweetness covers much that's sour,
And lover'd ways—their sighs, their songs, I know,
Their broken words and sudden silences.
I know the short-lived smile, the long laments—
The taste of honey when 'tis mixed with gall."

warm negus and handsome partners, dyed feathers and chalked floors.

In all the pride and condescension of an inmate of Grosvenor Square I looked upon Lady Motley's "At Home." "Yes," I said, flinging away the card with a tragedy twist of the fingers,—"yes, I will be there. For one evening I will encounter the tedium and the taste of a village hall. For one evening I will doom myself to figures that are out of date and fiddles that are out of tune; dowagers who make embroidery by wholesale, and demoiselles who make conquests by profession: for one evening I will endure the inquiries about Almack's and St. Paul's, the tales of the weddings that have been and the weddings that are to be, the round of curtsies in the ball-room and the round of beef at the supper-table: for one evening I will not complain of the everlasting hostess and the everlasting boulanger, of the double duty and the double bass, of the great heiress and the great plum-pudding:

"Come one, come all,
Come dance in Sir Roger's great hall."

And thus, by dint of civility, indolence, quotation, and anthesis, I bent up each corporal agent to the terrible fest, and "would have the honour of waiting upon her ladyship," —in due form.

I went: turned my uncle's one-horse chaise into the long old avenue about an hour after the time specified, and perceived by the lights flashing from all the windows and the crush of chairs and carriages returning from the door, that the room was most punctually full and the performers most pastorally impatient. The first face I encountered on my entrance was that of my old friend Villars; I was delighted to meet him, and expressed my astonishment at finding him in a situation for which his inclination, one would have supposed, was so little adapted.

"By Mercury," he exclaimed, "I am metamorphosed, fairly metamorphosed, my good Vyvyan; I have been detained here three months by a fall from Sir Peter, and have amused myself most indefatigably by humming tunes and reading newspapers, winding silk and guessing conundrums. I have made myself the admiration, the adoration, the very worship of all the coteries in the place; am reckoned very clever at cross-purposes, and very apt at 'what's my thought like!' The 'squires have discovered I can carve, and the matrons hold me indispensable at too. Come! I am of little service to-night, but my popularity may be of use to you; you don't know a soul!—I thought so:—read it in your face the moment you came

in,—never saw such a—there, Vyvyan, look there! I will introduce you." And so saying my companion half limped, half danced with me up to Miss Amelia Mesnil and presented me in due form.

When I look back to any particular scene of my existence, I can never keep the stage clear of second-rate characters. I never think of Mr. Kean's Othello without an intrusive reflection upon the subject of Mr. Cooper's Cassio; I never call to mind a gorgeous scattering forth of roses from Mr. Canning, without a painful idea of some contemporary effusion of poppies from Mr. Hume. And thus, beautiful Margaret, it is in vain that I endeavour to separate your fascination from the group which was collected around you. Perhaps that dominion, which at this moment I feel almost revived, recurs more vividly to my imagination when the forms and figures of all by whom it was contested are associated in its renewal.

First comes Amelia the magnificent, the acknowledged belle of the country, very stiff and very dumb in her unheeded and uncontested supremacy; and next, the most black-browed of fox-hunters, Augusta, enumerating the names of her father's stad, and dancing as if she imitated them; and then the most accomplished Jane, vowing that for the last month she had endured immense enuui, that she thinks Lady Olivia prodigiously *fade*, that her cousin Sophy is quite *brillante* to-night, and that Mr. Peters plays the violin à *merveille*.

"I am bored, my dear William—positively bored! the light is bad and the music abominable; there is no spring in the boards and less in the conversation; it is a lovely moonlight night, and there is nothing worth looking at in the room."

I shook hands with my friend, bowed to three or four people, and was moving off. As I passed to the door I met two ladies in conversation; "Don't you dance any more, Margaret?" said one. "Oh no," replied the other, "I am bored, my dear Lousia—positively bored; the light is bad and the music abominable; there is no spring in the boards and less in the conversation; it is a lovely moonlight night, and there is nothing worth looking at in the room."

I never was distanced in a jest. I put on the look of a ten years' acquaintance and commenced parley. "Surely you are not going away yet; you have not danced with me, Margaret; it is impossible you can be so cruel!" The lady behaved with wonderful intrepidity. "She would allow me the honour,—but I was very late;—really I had not deserved it,"—and so we stood up together.

"Are you not very impertinent?"

"Very; but you are very handsome. Nay: you are not to be angry; it was a fair challenge and fairly received."

"And you will not even ask my pardon?"

"Not it is out of my way! I never do these things; it would embarrass me beyond measure. Pray let us accomplish an introduction; not altogether a usual one; but that matters little. Vyvyan Joyeuse—rather impertinent and very fortunate—at your service."

"Margaret Orleans—very handsome and rather foolish—at your service!"

Margaret danced like an angel. I knew she would. I could not conceive by what blindness I had passed four hours without being struck. We talked of all things that are, and a few beside. She was something of a botanist, so we began with flowers; a digression upon China roses carried us to China—the mandarins with little brains, and the ladies with little feet—the emperor—the Orphan of China—Voltaire—Zayre—criticism—Dr. Johnson—the great bear—the system of Copernicus—stars—ribbons—garters—the order of the Bath—sabathing—Dawlish—Sidmouth—Lord Sidmouth—Cicero—Rome—Italy—Aliferi—Metastasio—fountains—groves—gardens—and so, as the dancing concluded, we contrived to end as we began, with Margaret Orleans and botany.

Margaret talked well on all subjects and wittily on many. I had expected to find nothing but a romping girl, somewhat amusing and very vain. But I was out of my latitude in the first five minutes, and out of my senses in the next. She left the room very early and I drove home, more astonished than I had been for many years.

Several weeks passed away, and I was about to leave England to join my sisters on the Continent. I determined to look once more on that enslaving smile, whose recollection had haunted me more than once. I had ascertained that she resided with an old lady who took two pupils, and taught French and Italian, and music and manners, at an establishment called Vine House. Two days before I left the country I had been till a late hour shooting at a mark with a dwelling pistol, an entertainment of which, perhaps from a lurking presentiment, I was very fond. I was returning alone when I perceived, by the light of an enormous lamp, a board by the wayside bearing the welcome inscription, "Vine House." "Enough! I exclaimed, "enough! one more scene before the curtain drops,—Romeo and Juliet by lamplight!"—I roamed about the dwelling place of all I held dear, till I saw a

figure at one of the windows in the back of the house which it was quite impossible to doubt. I leaned against a tree in a sentimental position, and began to chant my own rhymes thus:

"Pretty coquette, the ceaseless play
Of thine unadulterated wit,
And thy dark eye's remembered ray
By buoyant fancy lit,
And thy young forehead's clear expanse,
Where the looks slept, as through the dance,
Dreamlike, I saw thee fit,
Are far too warm, and far too fair,
To mix with aught of earthly care,
But the vision shall come when my day is done,
A frail, and a fair, and a fleeting one."

"And if the many boldy gaze
On that bright brow of thine,
And if thine eye's undying rays
On countless exconsents shine,
And if thy wit flings out its mirth,
Which excess more of air than earth,
For other ears than mine,
I heed not this, ye are tickle things,
And I like your very wandering;
I gaze, and if thousands share the bliss,
Pretty empiricous! I heed not this."

In truth I am a wayward youth,
As tickle as the sun,
And very apt to speak the truth,
Unpleasing though it be;
I am no lover, yet, no long
As I have heard for jest or song,
An inuge, sweet, of thee
Locked in my heart's remotest treasures,
Shall ever be one of its blessed pleasures;
This from the softer than last won,
And more than this he gives to none."

"Are they your own verses?" said my idol at the window.

"They are yours, Margaret! I was only the versifier; you were the muse herself."

"The muse herself is obliged to you. And now what is your errand? for it grows late, and you must be sensible—no, that you never will be—but you must be aware that this is very indecorous."

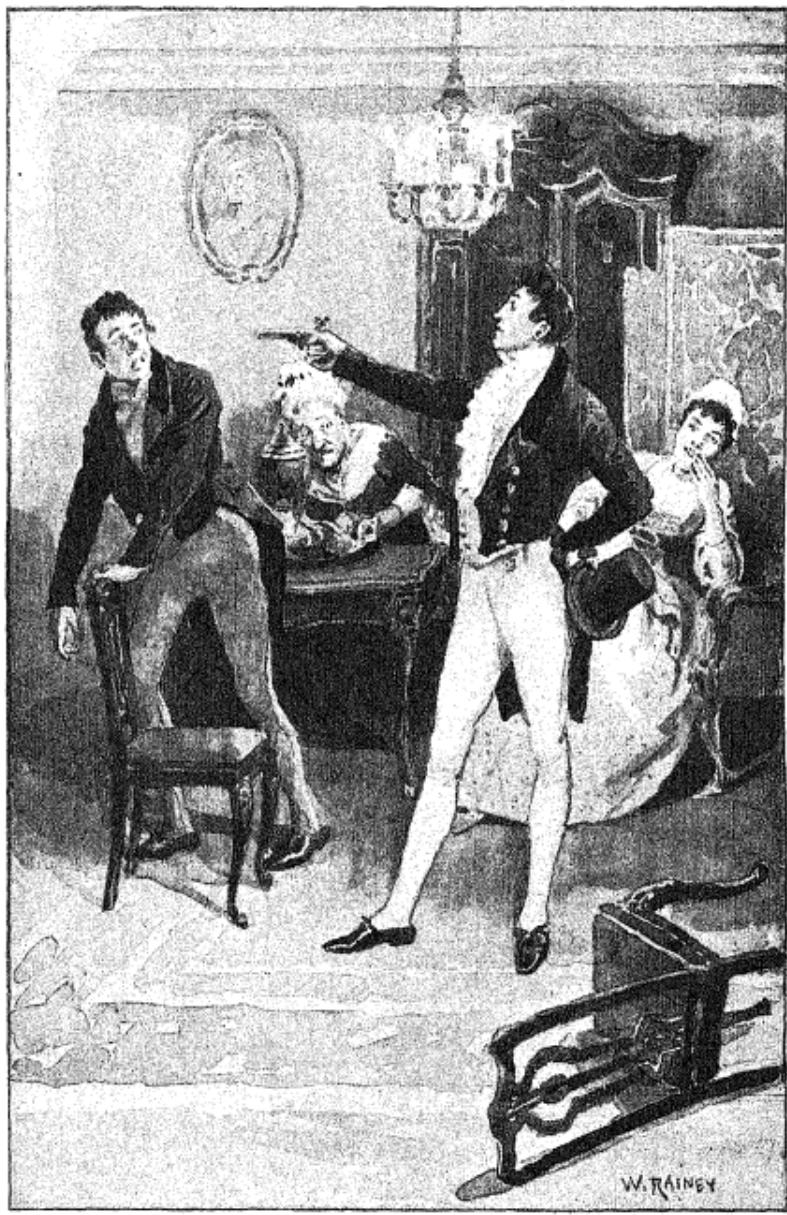
"I am come to see you, dear Margaret;—which I cannot without candles;—to see you, and to tell you that it is impossible I can forget!"—

"Bless me! what a memory you have. But you must take another opportunity for your tale for—"

"Alas! I leave England immediately!"

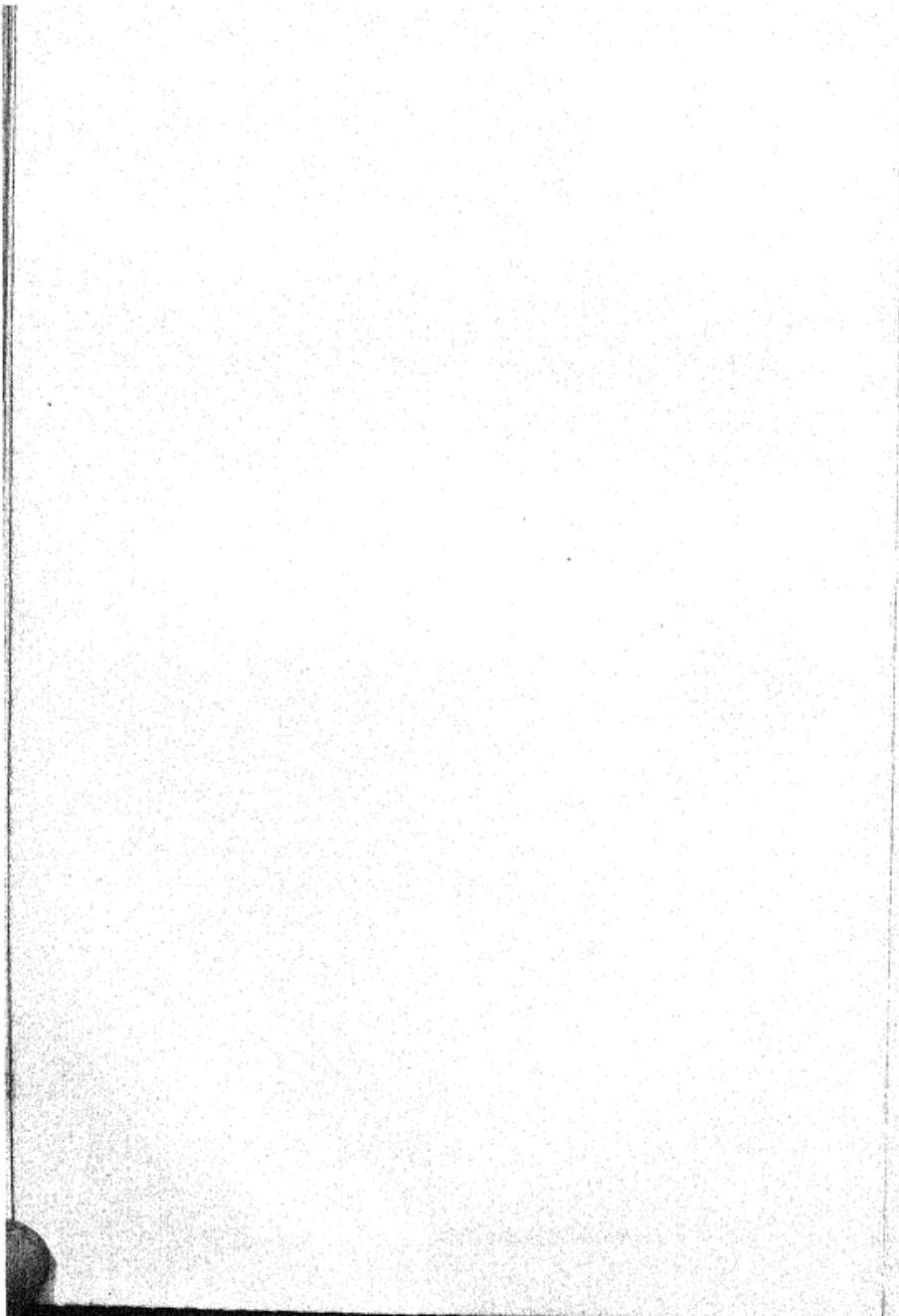
"A pleasant voyage to you! there, not a word more: I must run down to coffee."

"Now may I never laugh more," I said, "if I am baffled thus;" so I strolled back to the front of the house and proceeded to reconnoitre. A bay-window was half open, and in a small, neat drawing-room I perceived a group assembled—an old lady, with a high muslin



W. RAINES, B.I.

"I COCKED MY SWEET LITTLE POCKET COMPANION IN HIS FACE."



cap and red ribbons, was pouring out the coffee;—her nephew, a tall, awkward young gentleman, sitting on one chair and resting his legs on another, was occupied in the study of Sir Charles Grandison;—and my fair Margaret was leaning on a sofa and laughing immoderately. “Indeed, miss,” said the matron, “you should learn to govern your mirth; people will think you came out of Bedlam.”

I lifted the window gently, and stepped into the room. “Bedlam, madam!” quoth I, “I bring intelligence from Bedlam, I arrived last week.”

The tall awkward young gentleman stared; and the aunt half said, half shrieked,—“What in the name of wonder are you?”

“Mad, madam! very particularly mad! mad as a hare in March, or a Cheapside blood on Sunday morning. Look at me! do I not foam? listen to me! do I not rave?—Coffee, my dear madam, coffee; there is no animal so thirsty as your madman in the dog-days.”

“Eh! really!” said the tall awkward young gentleman.

“My good sir,” I began;—but my original insanity began to fail me, and I drew forth with upon Ossian’s,—“Fly! receive the wind and fly; the blasts are in the hollow of my hand, the course of the storm is mine!”

“Eh! really!” said the tall awkward young gentleman.

“I look on the nations and they vanish: my nostrils pour the blast of death: I come abroad on the winds: the tempest is before my face; but my dwelling is calm, above the clouds; the fields of my rest are pleasant.”

“Do you mean to insult us?” said the old lady.

“Ay! do you mean to insult my aunt—really!” said the tall awkward young gentleman.

“I shall call in my servants,” said the old lady.

“I am the humblest of them,” said I, bowing.

“I shall teach you a different tune,” said the tall awkward young gentleman, “really!”

“Very well, my dear sir; my instrument is the barrel-organ;” and I cocked my sweet little pocket companion in his face. “Vanish, little Kastril; for by Hannibal, Heliogabalus, and Holopernes! time is valuable; madness is precipitate, and hair-triggers are the word: vanish!”

“Eh! really!” said the tall awkward young gentleman, and performed an entrench which carried him to the door: the old lady had disappeared at the first note of the barrel-organ. I locked the door, and found Margaret in a paroxysm of laughter. “I wish you had shot

him,” she said when she recovered. “I wish you had shot him: he is a sad fool.”

“Do not talk of him; I am speaking to you, beautiful Margaret, possibly for the last time! Will you ever think of me? perhaps you will. But let me receive from you some token that I may date upon in other years; something that may be a hope to me in my happiness, and a consolation in calamity. Something—nay! I never could talk romance; but give me one lock of your hair, and I will leave England with resignation.”

“You have earned it like a true knight,” said Margaret; and she severed from her head a long glossy ringlet. “Look,” she continued; “you must to horse, the country has risen for your apprehension.” I turned towards the window. The country had indeed risen. Nothing was to be seen but gossips in the van, and gossips in the rear, red faces and white jackets, gallants in smock frocks, and gay damsels in program. Bludgeons were waving, and torches were flashing, as far as the gaze could reach. All the chivalry of the place was arming and chafing, and loading for a volley of pebbles and oaths together.

I kneeled down and kissed her hand. It was the happiest moment of my life! “Now,” said I, “au revoir, my sweet Margaret,” and in a moment I was in the lane.

“Gentlemen, be pleased to fall back!—further yet,—a few paces farther! Stalwart Kern, in buckskin, be pleased to lay down your cat-o'-nine-tails!—Old knight of the plush jerkin, ground your poker!—So, fair damsel with the pitchfork, you are too pretty for so rude an encounter!—Most miraculous Magog, with the sledge-hammer, flit!—Sooty Cupid, with the link, light me from Paphos.—Ha! tall friend of the barrel-organ, have you turned staff-officer? Etna and Vesuvius!—wild fire and wit!—blunderbusses and steam!—Ay, Ha! have I not burgundy in my brain, murder in my plot, and a whole train of artillery in my coal-pocket.” Right and left the ranks opened for my egress, and in a few minutes I was alone on the road, and whistling “Hilli-bullero.”

This was my first folly. I looked at the lock of hair often, but I never saw Margaret again. She has become the wife of a young clergyman, and resides with him on a small living in Staffordshire. I believe she is very happy, and I have forgotten the colour of her eyes.

WINTHORP MACKWORTH PRAECE.

KATHARINE AND BAPTISTA.

[Of all Shakspeare's comedies, that of the *Taming of the Shrew* is most frequently presented on the stage. It is a favourite with players and playgoers because of its humour, and the diversity of moods in which the heroine appears. The heroine—

"Katharine the curst!"

A title for a maid of all titles the worst,"

is, after all, mischievous rather than vicious; but her spirit of mischief and fits of passion earn for her the reputation of being "an unknown, brawling wold," "a shrew," "a wild cat," and she is as famous for a scolding tongue as is her sister, Bianca, for beatuous modesty. The father, Baptista Minola, distressed by the ill condition of his elder daughter, resolves that until she has found a husband, his youngest shall not wed, although many suitors seek her. He thereupon offers Katharine to either of two friends who may be bold enough to win her. Katharine, vexed by this indignity, as she deems her father's anxiety to dispose of her, and somewhat envious of her sister's favour, torments the maid, Bianca, to confess which of the suitors has won her heart. She ties her hands, and endeavours to compel her to reveal the lover's name.

Bian. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself, To make a bondmaid and a slave of me; That I disdain; but for these other gawds, Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself, Yes, all my raiment, to my poniard; Or what you will command me will I do, So well I know my duty to my elders.

Kath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell Whoso thou lovest best: see that discernible not.

Bian. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive I never yet beheld that special face Which I could fancy more than any other.

Kath. Minion, thou dost. Is not Hortensio?

Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

Kath. O then, belike, you, fancy ridges more: You will have Hortensio to keep you fair.

Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so? Nay then you jest, and now I well perceive You have but jested with me all this while: I prithee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so.

[Strikes her.]

Enter BAPTISTA.

Bapt. Why, how now, damsel whence grows this insu-
lence?

Bianca, stand aside. Poor girl! she weeps. Go thy way; meddle not with her. For shame, thou hilding¹ of a devilish spirit, Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee? When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be revenged.

[Flies after Bianca.]

¹ *Hilding*, a man-spirited person.

Bapt. What, in my sight? Bianca, get thee in.

[Exit Bianca.]

Kath. What, will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see She is your treasure, she must have a husband; I must dance bare-foot on her wedding-day And for your love to her last apes in hell.² Talk not to me: I will go sit and weep Till I can find occasion of revenge.

[Exit.]

Bapt. Was ever gentleman thus grieved as I?

The artist has selected the foregoing scene for illustration, and the positions of the father and daughters are admirably suggestive of their different characters.]

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.³

[Charles Lamb, born in Crown Office Row, Temple, London, 18th February, 1775; died at Edmonton, 27th December, 1834. At the age of eight years he was placed in the school of Christ's Hospital, where Coleridge was his companion. On leaving school he obtained a situation in the India House, where he remained for thirty-six years, and then retired on a pension. Meanwhile he had earned popularity as a poet, a critic, and a humorist. His first verses were issued in 1797, in a volume which he published in conjunction with his friends Coleridge and Charles Lloyd. The first series of the famous essays of Elia appeared in the *London Magazine* between 1800-22; and the second series, between 1823-25. Although he enjoyed the privilege of frequent communion with the most gifted spirits of his age, his life was a sad one, and he describes himself as "writing a playful essay with tears trickling down his cheeks." His sister, Mary Anne Lamb, was subject to occasional attacks of insanity, and in one of these fits she destroyed the life of her mother. Charles Lamb was appointed her guardian, and he faithfully discharged the trust. His sister survived him twelve years. He had an enthusiastic love for his native city; believing that its human interests presented greater charms than any the country could offer; and all his inspiration and pleasures were drawn from its associations.]

Katharine, the Shrew, was the eldest daughter of Baptista, a rich gentleman of Padua. She was a lady of such an ungovernable spirit and fiery temper, such a loud-tongued scold, that she was known in Padua by no other name than Katharine the Shrew. It seemed very unlikely, indeed impossible, that any gentleman would ever be found who would venture to marry this lady, and therefore Baptista was much blamed for deferring his consent to many excellent offers that were made to her gentle sister Bianca, putting off all Bianca's suitors with this excuse, that when the eldest sister was fairly off his hands, they should have free leave to address young Bianca.

² A proverbial expression applied to old maids.

³ From Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare*.

It happened, however, that a gentleman, named Petrucio, came to Padua purposely to look out for a wife, who, nothing discouraged by these reports of Katharine's temper, and hearing she was rich and handsome, resolved upon marrying this famous termagant, and taming her into a meek and manageable wife. And truly none was so fit to set about this herculean labour as Petrucio, whose spirit was as high as Katharine's, and he was a witty and most happy-tempered humorist, and without so wise, and of such a true judgment, that he well knew how to feign a passionate and furious deportment, when his spirits were so calm that himself could have laughed merrily at his own angry feigning; for his natural temper was careless and easy; the boisterous airs he assumed when he became the husband of Katharine being but in sport, or, more properly speaking, affected by his excellent discernment as the only means to overcome, in her own way, the passionate ways of the furious Katharine.

A courting then Petrucio went to Katharine the Shrew; and first of all he applied to Baptista, her father, for leave to woo his gentle daughter Katharine, as Petrucio called her, saying archly, that having heard of her bashful modesty and mild behaviour, he had come from Verona to solicit her love. Her father, though he wished her married, was forced to confess Katharine would ill answer this character, it being soon apparent of what manner of gentleness she was composed, for her music-master rushed into the room to complain that the gentle Katharine, his pupil, had broken his head with her lute, for presuming to find fault with her performance; which when Petrucio heard, he said, "It is a brave wench; I love her more than ever, and long to have some chat with her;" and, hurrying the old gentleman for a positive answer, he said, "My business is in haste, Signior Baptista, I cannot come every day to woo. You knew my father: he is dead, and has left me heir to all his lands and goods. Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love, what dowry you will give with her." Baptista thought his manner was somewhat blunt for a lover; but being glad to get Katharine married, he answered that he would give her twenty thousand crowns for her dowry, and half his estate at his death: so this odd match was quickly agreed on, and Baptista went to apprise his shrewish daughter of her lover's addresses, and sent her in to Petrucio to listen to his suit.

In the meantime Petrucio was settling with himself the mode of courtship he should pursue;

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and he said, "I will woo her with some spirit when she comes. If she rails at me, why then I will tell her she sings as sweetly as a nightingale; and if she frowns, I will say she looks as clear as roses newly washed with dew. If she will not speak a word, I will praise the eloquence of her language; and if she bids me leave her, I will give her thanks as if she bid me stay with her a week." Now the stately Katharine entered, and Petrucio first addressed her with "Good morrow, Kate; for that is your name, I hear." Katharine, not liking this plain salutation, said disdainfully, "They call me Katharine who do speak to me." "You lie," replied the lover; "for you are called plain Kate, and bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the Shrew; but, Kate, you are the prettiest Kate in Christendom, and therefore, Kate, hearing your mildness praised in every town, I am come to woo you for my wife."

A strange courtship they made of it; she in loud and angry terms showing him how justly she had gained the name of Shrew, while he still praised her sweet and courteous words, till at length, hearing her father coming, he said (intending to make as quick a wooing as possible), "Sweet Katharine, let us set this idle chat aside, for your father has consented that you shall be my wife, your dowry is agreed on, and whether you will or no, I will marry you."

And now Baptista entering, Petrucio told him his daughter had received him kindly, and that she had promised to be married the next Sunday. This Katharine denied, saying she would rather see him hanged on Sunday, and reproached her father for wishing to wed her to such a mad-cap ruffian as Petrucio. Petrucio desired her father not to regard her angry words, for they had agreed she should seem reluctant before him, but that when they were alone he had found her very fond and loving: and he said to her, "Give me your hand, Kate; I will go to Venice to buy you fine apparel against our wedding-day. Provide the feast, father, and bid the wedding guests. I will be sure to bring rings, fine array, and rich clothes, that my Katharine may be fine; and kiss me, Kate, for we will be married on Sunday."

On the Sunday all the wedding guests were assembled, but they waited long before Petrucio came, and Katharine wept for vexation to think that Petrucio had only been making a jest of her. At last, however, he appeared, but he brought none of the bridal finery he had promised Katharine, nor was he dressed himself like a bridegroom, but in strange disordered attire, as if he meant to make a sport of the serious business he came about; and his ser-

vant, and the very horses on which they rode, were in like manner in mean and fantastic fashion habited.

Petrucio could not be persuaded to change his dress; he said Katharine was to be married to him, and not to his clothes; and finding it was in vain to argue with him, to the church they went; he still behaving in the same mad way, for when the priest asked Petrucio if Katharine should be his wife, he swore so loud that she should, that, all amazed, the priest let fall his book, and as he stooped to take it up, this mad-bruined bridegroom gave him such a cuff that down fell the priest and his book again. And all the while they were being married he stamped and swore so that the high-spirited Katharine trembled and shook with fear. After the ceremony was over, while they were yet in the church, he called for wine, and drank a loud health to the company, and threw a sop which was at the bottom of the glass full in the sexton's face, giving no other reason for this strange act than that the sexton's beard grew thin and hungry, and seemed to ask the sop as he was drinking. Never sure was there such a mad marriage: but Petrucio did but put this wildness on, the better to succeed in the plot he had formed to tame his shrewish wife.

Baptista had provided a sumptuous marriage feast; but, when they returned from church, Petrucio, taking hold of Katharine, declared his intention of carrying his wife home instantly; and no remonstrance of his father-in-law, or angry words of the enraged Katharine, could make him change his purpose; he claimed a husband's right to dispose of his wife as he pleased, and away he hurried Katharine off; he seeming so daring and resolute that no one dared attempt to stop him.

Petrucio mounted his wife upon a miserable horse, lean and lank, which he had picked out for the purpose, and himself and his servant no better mounted; they journeyed on through rough and miry ways, and ever when this horse of Katharine's stumbled, he would storm and swear at the poor jaded beast, who could scarce crawl under his burden, as if he were the most passionate man alive.

At length after a weary journey, during which Katharine had heard nothing but the wild ravings of Petrucio at the servant and the horses, they arrived at his house. Petrucio welcomed her kindly to her home; but he resolved she should have neither rest nor food that night. The tables were spread, and supper soon served; but Petrucio, pretending to find fault with every dish, threw the meat

about the floor, and ordered the servants to remove it away: and all this he did, as he said, in love for his Katharine, that she might not eat meat that was not well dressed. And when Katharine, weary and supercless, retired to rest, he found the same fault with the bed, throwing the pillows and bed-clothes about the room, so that she was forced to sit down in a chair, where, if she chanced to drop asleep, she was presently awakened by the loud voice of her husband, storming at the servants for the ill-making of his wife's bridal-bed.

The next day Petrucio pursued the same course, still speaking kind words to Katharine, but when she attempted to eat, finding fault with everything that was set before her, throwing the breakfast on the floor as he had done the supper; and Katharine, the haughty Katharine, was fain to beg the servants would bring her secretly a morsel of food; but they being instructed by Petrucio, replied, they dare not give her anything unknown to their master. "Ah," said she, "did he marry me to famish me? Beggars that come to my father's door have food given them; but I, who never knew what it was to entreat for anything, am starved for want of food, giddy for want of sleep, with oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed; and that which vexes me more than all, he does it under the name of perfect love, pretending that if I sleep or eat, it were present death to me." Here her soliloquy was interrupted by the entrance of Petrucio: he, not meaning she should be quite starved, had brought her a small portion of meat, and he said to her, "How fares my sweet Kate? Here, love, you see how diligent I am, I have dressed your meat myself. I am sure this kindness merits thanks. What, not a word? Nay, then, you love not the meat, and all the pains I have taken is to no purpose." He then ordered the servant to take the dish away. Extreme hunger, which had abated the pride of Katharine, made her say, though augered to the heart, "I pray you let it stand." But this was not all Petrucio intended to bring her to, and he replied, "The poorest service is repaid with thanks, and so shall mine before you touch the meat." On this Katharine brought out a reluctant "I thank you, sir." And now he suffered her to make a slender meal, saying, "Much good may it do your gentle heart, Kate; eat apace! And now, my honey love, we will return to your father's house, and revel it as bravely as the best, with silken coats and caps and golden rings, with ruffs and scarfs and fans and double change of finery;" and to make her believe he really intended to give

her these gay things, he called in a tailor and a haberdasher, who brought some new clothes he had ordered for her, and then giving her plate to the servant to take away before she had half satisfied her hunger, he said, "What, have you dined?" The haberdasher presented a cap, saying, "Here is the cap your worship bespoke;" on which Petruco began to storm afresh, saying, the cap was moulded on a porringer, and that it was no bigger than a cockle or walnut shell, desiring the haberdasher to take it away and make a bigger. Katharine said, "I will have this; all gentlewomen wear such caps as these." "When you are gentle," replied Petruco, "you shall have one too, and not till then." The meat Katharine had eaten had a little revived her fallen spirits, and she said, "Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak, and speak I will: I am no child, no babe; your betters have endured to hear me say my mind; and if you cannot, you had better stop your ears." Petruco would not hear these angry words, for he had happily discovered a better way of managing his wife than keeping up a jangling argument with her; therefore his answer was, "Why, you say true; it is a pafty cap, and I love you for not liking it." "Love me, or love me not," said Katharine, "I like the cap, and I will have this cap or none." "You say you wish to see the gown," said Petruco, still affecting to misunderstand her. The tailor then came forward, and showed her a fine gown he had made for her. Petruco, whose intent was that she should have neither cap nor gown, found as much fault with that, "O mercy, Heaven!" said he, "what stuff is here! What, do you call this a sleeve? it is like a demi-cannon, carved up and down like an apple-tart." The tailor said, "You bid me make it according to the fashion of the times;" and Katharine said she never saw a better fashioned gown. This was enough for Petruco, and privately desiring these people might be paid for their goods, and excuses made to them for the seemingly strange treatment he bestowed upon them, he with fierce words and furious gestures drove the tailor and the haberdasher out of the room; and then, turning to Katharine, he said, "Well, come, my Kate, we will go to your father's even in these mean garments we now wear." And then he ordered his horses, affirming they should reach Baptista's house by dinner-time, for that it was but seven o'clock. Now it was not early morning, but the very middle of the day, when he spoke this; therefore Katharine ventured to say, though modestly, being almost overcome

by the vehemence of his manner, "I dare assure you, sir, it is two o'clock, and will be supper-time before we get there." But Petruco meant that she should be so completely subdued, that she should assent to everything he said, before he carried her to her father; and therefore, as if he were lord even of the sun, and could command the hours, he said it should be what time he pleased to have it, before he set forward; "For," said he, "whatever I say or do, you still are crossing it. I will not go to-day, and when I go it shall be what o'clock I say it is." Another day Katharine was forced to practise her newly found obedience; and not till he had brought her proud spirit to such a perfect subjection that she dared not remember there was such a word as contradiction, would Petruco allow her to go to her father's house; and even while they were upon their journey thither, she was in danger of being turned back again, only because she happened to hint it was the sun, when he affirmed the moon shone brightly at noonday. "Now, by my mother's son," said he, "and that is myself, it shall be the moon, or stars, or what I list, before I journey to your father's house." He then made as if he were going back again; but Katharine, no longer Katharine the Shrew, but the obedient wife, said, "Let us go forward, I pray, now we have come so far, and it shall be the sun, or moon, or what you please; and if you please to call it a rush candle henceforth, I vow it shall be so for me." This he was resolved to prove, therefore he said again, "I say, It is the moon." "I know it is the moon," replied Katharine. "You lie, it is the blessed sun," said Petruco. "Then it is the blessed sun," replied Katharine; "but sun it is not, when you say it is not. What you will have it named, even so it is, and so it ever shall be for Katharine." Now then he suffered her to proceed on her journey, but further to try if this yielding humour would last, he addressed an old gentleman they met on the road as if he had been a young woman, saying to him, "Good morrow, gentle mistress;" and asked Katharine if she had ever beheld a fairer gentlewoman, praising the red and white of the old man's cheeks, and comparing his eyes to two bright stars; and again he addressed him, saying, "Fair lovely maid, once more good day to you!" and said to his wife, "Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake." The now completely vanquished Katharine quickly adopted her husband's opinion, and made her speech in like sort to the old gentleman, saying to him, "Young budding virgin, you are fair, and fresh, and sweet:

whither are you going, and where is your dwelling? Happy are the parents of so fair a child." "Why, how now, Kate?" said Petruccio, "I hope you are not mad. This is a man, old and wrinkled, faded and withered, and not a maiden, as you say he is." On this Katharine said, "Pardon me, old gentleman, the sun has so dazzled my eyes, that everything I look on seemeth green. Now I perceive you are a reverend father: I hope you will pardon me for my mad mistake." "Do, good old grand-sire," said Petruccio, "and tell us which way you are travelling. We shall be glad of your good company, if you are going our way." The old gentleman replied, "Fair sir, and you my merry mistress, your strange encounter has much amazed me. My name is Lucentio, and I am going to visit a son of mine who lives at Padua." Then Petruccio knew the old gentleman to be the father of Lucentio, a young gentleman who was to be married to Baptista's younger daughter, Bianca, and he made Lucentio very happy by telling him the rich marriage his son was about to make; and they all journeyed on pleasantly together till they came to Baptista's house, where there was a large company assembled to celebrate the wedding of Bianca and Lucentio, Baptista having willingly consented to the marriage of Bianca when he had got Katharine off his hands.

When they entered, Baptista welcomed them to the wedding feast, and there was present also another newly-married pair.

Lucentio, Bianca's husband, and Hortensio, the other new-married man, could not forbearly jest, which seemed to hint at the shrewish disposition of Petruccio's wife, and these fond bridegrooms seemed highly pleased with the mild tempers of the ladies they had chosen, laughing at Petruccio for his less fortunate choice. Petruccio took little notice of their jokes till the ladies were retired after dinner, and then he perceived Baptista himself joined in the laugh against him: for when Petruccio affirmed that his wife would prove more obedient than theirs, the father of Katharine said, "Now, in good sadness, son Petruccio, I fear you have got the veriest shrew of all." "Well," said Petruccio, "I say no, and therefore for assurance that I speak the truth, let us each one send for his wife, and he whose wife is most obedient to come at first when she is sent for, shall win a wager which we will propose." To this the other two husbands willingly consented, for they were quite confident that their gentle wives would prove more obedient than the headstrong Katharine; and they proposed a wager of twenty crowns, but Petruccio merrily

said, he would lay as much as that upon his hawk or hound, but twenty times as much upon his wife. Lucentio and Hortensio raised the wager to a hundred crowns, and Lucentio first sent his servant to desire Bianca would come to him. But the servant returned and said, "Sir, my mistress sends you word she is busy and cannot come." "How," said Petruccio, "does she say she is busy and cannot come? Is that an answer for a wife?" Then they laughed at him, and said, it would be well if Katharine did not send him a worse answer. And now it was Hortensio's turn to send for his wife; and he said to his servant, "Go, and entreat my wife to come to me." "Oh, ho! entreat her!" said Petruccio. "Nay, then, she needs must come." "I am afraid, sir," said Hortensio, "your wife will not be entreated." But presently this civil husband looked a little blank when the servant returned without his mistress; and he said to him, "How now! Where is my wife?" "Sir," said the servant, "my mistress says you have some goodly jest in hand, and therefore she will not come. She bids you come to her." "Worse and worse!" said Petruccio; and then he sent his servant, saying, "Sirrah, go to your mistress, and tell her I command her to come to me." The company had scarcely time to think she would not obey this summons, when Baptista, all in amaze, exclaimed, "Now, by my hollidam, here comes Katharinet!" and she entered, saying meekly to Petruccio, "What is your will, sir, that you send for me?" "Where is your sister and Hortensio's wife?" said he. Katharine replied, "They sit conferring by the parlour fire." "Go, fetch them hither!" said Petruccio. Away went Katharine without reply to perform her husband's command. "Here is a wonder," said Lucentio, "if you talk of a wonder." "And so it is," said Hortensio; "I marvel what it bodes." "Marry, peace it bodes," said Petruccio, "and love, and quiet life, and right supremacy; and to be short, everything that is sweet and happy." Katharine's father, overjoyed to see this reformation in his daughter, said, "Now, fair bairn thee, son Petruccio! you have won the wager, and I will add another twenty thousand crowns to her dowry, as if she were another daughter, for she is changed as if she had never been." "Nay," said Petruccio, "I will win the wager better yet, and show more signs of her new-built virtue and obedience." Katharine now entering with the two ladies, he continued, "See where she comes and brings your froward wives as prisoners to her womanly persuasion. Katharine, that cap of yours does not become

you; off with that banble, and throw it under foot." Katharine instantly took off her cap, and threw it down. "Lord!" said Hortensio's wife, "may I never have a cause to sigh till I am brought to such a silly pass!" And Bianca, she too said, "Pie, what foolish duty call you this?" On this Bianca's husband said to her, "I wish your duty were as foolish too! The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca, has cost me a hundred crowns since dinner-time." "The more fool you," said Bianca, "for laying on my duty." "Katharine," said Petruccio, "I charge you tell these headstrong women what duty they owe their lords and husbands." And to the wonder of all present, the reformed shrewish lady spoke as eloquently in praise of the wifelike duty of obedience, as she had practised it implicitly in a ready submission to Petruccio's will. And Katharine once more became famous in Padua, not as heretofore as Katharine the Shrew, but as Katharine the most obedient and dutious wife in Padua.

THE SHEEP AND THE GOAT.¹

The thousand streets of London gray
Repel all country sights;
But bar not winds upon their way,
Nor quench the scent of new-mown hay
In depth of summer nights.

And here and there an open spot,
Still bare to light and dark,
With grass receives the wanderer hot;
There trees are growing, houses not—
They call the place a park.

Soft creatures, with ungente guides,
God's sheep from hill and plain,
Flow thitherward in fitful tides,
There weary lie on woolly sides,
Or crop the grass amain.

And from dark alleys, yard, and den,
In ragged skirts and coats,
Troop hither tiny sons of men,
Wild things, untaught of word or pen—
The little human goats.

In Regent's Park one cloudless day,
An overdriven sheep,
Arrived from long and dusty way,
Throbbing with thirst and hotness lay,
A panting woollen heap.

¹Works of Fancy and Imagination. By George MacDonald, LL.D. London: Stanhope and Co.

But help is nearer than we know

For ill's of every name:
Ragged enough to scare the crow,
But with a heart to pity woe,
A quick-eyed urchin came.

Little he knew of field or fold,
Yet knew what ailed; his cap
Was ready cup for water cold;
Though rumpled, stained, and very old,
Its rents were small—good-hap!

Shaping the rim and crown he went,
Till crown from rim was deep.
The water gushed from pores and rent;
Before he came one half was spent—
The other saved the sheep.

O little goat, born, bred in ill,
Unwashed, half-fed, unshorn!
Thou to the sheep from breezy hill
West bishop, pastor, what you will,
In London dry and lone.

And let priests say the thing they please,
My hope, though very dim,
Thinks he will say who always sees,
In doing it to one of these
Thou didst it unto him.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

SONG OF THE FLOWER-GIRLS.

FROM THE SECOND PART OF GOETHE'S "FAUST."

Girls of Florene, come we in
To your German Court so bright;
Your sweet praises all to win,
We have decked us out to-night.

Flowerly wreath and flowerly spray
On brown looks we lightly show;
Here alise their parts must play—
Silken thread and silken bow.

Meritorious work we know
Of some praise is well secure;
Flowers we bring that by art's glow
All the varied year endure.

By its colour each bit took
What was its symmetric place;
Pleasing is the whole in look,
Though the parts have not your grace.

Pretty are we, fair of feature,
Garden girls, with lightsome heart;
The deepest that's in woman-nature
Is so very like to art.

H. A. R.

COUSIN MARY.

About four years ago, passing a few days with the highly educated daughters of some friends in this neighbourhood, I found domesticated in the family a young lady, whom I shall call, as they called her, Cousin Mary. She was about eighteen, not beautiful perhaps, but lovely certainly to the fullest extent of that loveliest word—as fresh as a rose; as fair as a lily; with lips like winter berries—dimpled, smiling lips; and eyes of which nobody could tell the colour, they danced so incessantly in their own gay light. Her figure was tall, round, and slender; exquisitely well proportioned it must have been, for in all attitudes (and in her innocent gaiety she was scarcely ever two minutes in the same) she was grace itself. She was, in short, the very picture of youth, health, and happiness. No one could see her without being prepossessed in her favour. I took a fancy to her the moment she entered the room; and it increased every hour in spite of, or rather perhaps for, certain deficiencies, which caused poor Cousin Mary to be held exceedingly cheap by her accomplished relatives.

She was the youngest daughter of an officer of rank, dead long ago; and his sickly widow having lost by death—or that other death, marriage—all her children but this, could not, from very fondness, resolve to part with her darling for the purpose of acquiring the commonest instruction. She talked of it, indeed, now and then, but she only talked; so that, in this age of universal education, Mary C. at eighteen exhibited the extraordinary phenomenon of a young woman of high family, whose acquirements were limited to reading, writing, needle-work, and the first rules of arithmetic. The effect of this let-alone system, combined with a careful seclusion from all improper society, and a perfect liberty in her country rambles, acting upon a mind of great power and activity, was the very reverse of what might have been predicted. It had produced not merely a delightful freshness and originality of manner and character, a piquant ignorance of those things of which one is tired to death, but knowledge—positive, accurate, and various knowledge. She was, to be sure, wholly unaccomplished; knew nothing of quadrilles, though her every motion was dancing; nor a note of music, though she used to warble like a bird sweet snatches of old songs, as she skipped up and down the house; nor of painting, except as her taste had been formed by a

minute acquaintance with nature into an intense feeling of art. She had that real extra sense, an eye for colour, too, as well as an ear for music. Not one in twenty—not one in a hundred of our sketching and copying ladies could love and appreciate a picture where there was colour and mind, a picture by Claude, or by our English Claudes Wilson and Hoffland, as she could—for she loved landscape best, because she understood it best—it was a portrait of which she knew the original. Then her needle was in her hands almost a pencil. I never knew such an embroidress—she would sit “printing her thoughts on lawn,” till the delicate creation vied with the snowy tracery, the fantastic carving of hoar-frost, the richness of Gothic architecture, or of that which so much resembles it, the luxuriant fancy of old point-lace. That was her only accomplishment, and a rare artist she was—muslin and net were her canvas. She had no French either, not a word; no Italian; but then her English was racy, unbackneyed, proper to the thought to a degree that only original thinking could give. She had not much reading, except of the Bible and Shakespeare, and Richardson's novels, in which she was learned; but then her powers of observation were sharpened and quickened in a very unusual degree by the leisure and opportunity afforded for their development, at a time of life when they are most acute. She had nothing to distract her mind. Her attention was always awake and alive. She was an excellent and curious naturalist, merely because she had gone into the fields with her eyes open; and knew all the details of rural management, domestic or agricultural, as well as the peculiar habits and modes of thinking of the peasantry, simply because she had lived in the country, and made use of her ears. Then she was fanciful, recollective, new; drew her images from the real objects, not from their shadows in books. In short, to listen to her and the young ladies her companions, who, accomplished to the height, had trodden the education mill till they all moved in one step, had lost sense in sound, and ideas in words, was enough to make us turn masters and governesses out of doors, and leave our daughters and grand-daughters to Mrs. C.'s system of non-instruction. I should have liked to meet with another specimen, just to ascertain whether the peculiar charm and advantage arose from the quick and active mind of this fair Ignorant, or was really the natural and inevitable result of the training; but, alas! to find more than one unaccomplished young lady in this accomplished age is not to be

hoped for. So I admired and envied; and her fair kinswomen pitied and scorned, and tried to teach; and Mary, never made for a learner, and as full of animal spirits as a school-boy in the holidays, sang, and laughed, and skipped about from morning to night.

It must be confessed, as a counterbalance to her other perfections, that the dear Cousin Mary was, as far as great natural modesty and an occasional touch of shyness would let her, the least in the world of a romp! She loved to toss about children, to jump over stiles, to scramble through hedges, to climb trees; and some of her knowledge of plants and birds may certainly have arisen from her delight in these boyish amusements. And which of us has not found that the strongest, the healthiest, and most flourishing acquirement has arisen from pleasure or accident; has been in a manner self-sown, like an oak of the forest? Oh she was a sad romp! as skittish as a wild colt, as uncertain as a butterfly, as uncatchable as a swallow! But her great personal beauty, the charm, grace, and lightness of her movements, and, above all, her evident innocence of heart, were bribes to indulgence which no one could withstand. I never heard her blamed by any human being. The perfect unrestraint of her attitudes, and the exquisite symmetry of her form, would have rendered her an invaluable study for a painter. Her daily doings would have formed a series of pictures. I have seen her scudding through a shallow rivelet, with her petticoats caught up just a little above the ankle, like a young Diana, and a bounding, skimming, enjoying motion, as if native to the element, which might have becomea Naiad. I have seen her on the topmost round of a ladder, with one foot on the roof of a house, flinging down the grapes that no one else had nerve enough to reach, laughing, and garlanded, and crowned with vine-leaves, like a Bacchante. But the prettiest combination of circumstances under which I ever saw her, was driving a donkey-cart up a hill one sunny windy day in September. It was a gay party of young women, some walking, some in open carriages of different descriptions, bent to see a celebrated prospect from a hill called the Ridges. The ascent was by a steep, narrow lane, cut deeply between sand-banks, crowned with high, feathery hedges. The road and its picturesque banks lay bathed in the golden sunshine, whilst the autumnal sky, intensely blue, appeared at the top as through an arch. The hill was so steep that we had all dismounted, and left our different vehicles in charge of the servants below; but Mary, to whom, as

incomparably the best charioteer, the conduct of a certain nondescript machine, a sort of donkey curricle, had fallen, determined to drive a delicate little girl, who was afraid of the walk, to the top of the eminence. She jumped out for the purpose, and we followed, watching and admiring her as she won her way up the hill, now tugging at the donkeys in front, with her bright face towards them and us, and springing along backwards—now pushing the chaise from behind—now running by the side of her steeds, patting and caressing them—now soothing the half-frightened child—now laughing, nodding, and shaking her little whip at us—darting about like some winged creature—till at last she stopped at the top of the ascent, and stood for a moment on the summit, her straw bonnet blown back, and held on only by the strings; her brown hair playing on the wind in long natural ringlets; her complexion becoming every moment more splendid from exertion, redder and whiter; her eyes and her smile brightening and dimpling; her figure in its simple white gown, strongly relieved by the deep blue sky, and her whole form seeming to dilate before our eyes. There she stood under the arch formed by two meeting elms, a Hebe, a Psyche, a perfect goddess of youth and joy. The Ridges are very fine things altogether, especially the part to which we were bound, a turfey breezy spot, sinking down abruptly like a rock into a wild foreground of heath and forest, with a magnificent command of distant objects;—but we saw nothing that day like the figure on the top of the hill.

After this I lost sight of her for a long time. She was called suddenly home, by the dangerous illness of her mother, who, after languishing for some months, died; and Mary went to live with a sister much older than herself, and richly married in a manufacturing town, where she languished in smoke, confinement, dependence, and display (for her sister was a match-making lady, a *maneuvre*), for about a twelve-month. She then left her house and went into Wales—as a governess! Imagine the astonishment caused by this intelligence amongst us all; for I myself, though admiring the untaught damsel almost as much as I loved her, should certainly never have dreamed of her as a teacher. However, she remained in the rich baronet's family where she had commenced her vocation. They liked her apparently,—there she was; and again nothing was heard of her for many months, until, happening to call on the friends at whose house I had originally met her, I espied her fair blooming face, a rose

amongst roses, at the drawing-room window, and instantly with the speed of light was met and embraced by her at the hall-door.

There was not the slightest perceptible difference in her deportment. She still bounded like a fawn, and laughed and clapped her hands like an infant. She was not a day older, or graver, or wiser, since we parted. Her post of tutress had at least done *her* no harm, whatever might have been the case with her pupils. The more I looked at her the more I wondered; and after our mutual expressions of pleasure had a little subsided, I could not resist the temptation of saying—"So you are really a governess?" "Yes." "And you continue in the same family?" "Yes." "And you like your post?" "O yes! yes!" "But, my dear Mary, what could induce you to go?" "Why, they wanted a governess, so I went." "But what could induce them to keep you?" The perfect gravity and earnestness with which this question was put set her laughing, and the laugh was echoed back from a group at the end of the room, which I had not before noticed—an elegant man in the prime of life showing a portfolio of rare prints to a fine girl of twelve, and a rosy boy of seven, evidently his children. "Why did they keep me? Ask them," replied Mary, turning towards them with an arch smile. "We kept her to teach her ourselves," said the young lady. "We kept her to play cricket with us," said her brother. "We kept her to marry," said the gentleman, advancing guilty to shake hands with me. "She was a bad governess, perhaps; but she is an excellent wife—that is her true vocation." And so it is. She is, indeed, an excellent wife; and assuredly a most fortunate one. I never saw happiness so sparkling or so glowing; never saw such devotion to a bride, or such fondness for a step-mother, as Sir W. S. and his lovely children show to the sweet Cousin Mary.

Mrs MIRFORD.

SONG.

Tell me, maiden—maiden dear!
Tell me what is love?
In thy brown eyes shining clear:
On thy lips, O maiden dear,
Can I see it now?

It is two hearts, two hearts true,
Two hearts with one beat;
Two souls shining, sighting through
Lips and eyes of morning dew,
With one wish between the two,
And that wish to meet.

ISA CRAIG-KROX.

REAL MOURNERS.

Rev. George Crabbe, born in Aldeburgh, Suffolk, 24th December, 1754; died in Trowbridge, 3d February, 1832. His parents were in humble circumstances, but they managed to afford their son a good education. He was apprenticed to a surgeon, but not liking the profession he determined to try his fortune in literature. With a few pounds, which he had borrowed, he worked his way on board a ship to London. The *Candidote* was published in 1780, but the bookseller failed, and Crabbe gained nothing from the work. After enduring much distress he wrote to Edmund Burke, who at once afforded him generous help and encouragement. Burke's influence secured the publication by Dobsey of *The Library* and *The Village*, and by his advice Crabbe entered the Church, and was ultimately (1813) appointed rector of Trowbridge, Wiltshire. *The Newspaper* appeared in 1785; *The Parish Register*, *Sir Eugene Grey*, and various sheet poems, in 1807. In 1819 Mr. Murray gave him for his *Tales of the Hall*, and the remaining copyright of his previous works, £3000. The most prominent characteristics of his poetry are simplicity and faithful description of men and nature. Byron in the *Burke* says he was, "Though nature's sternest painter, yet the best."

Yes! there are real Mourners—I have seen
A fair sad girl, mild, suffering, and serene;
Attention, through the day, her duties claim'd;
And to be useful as resign'd she aim'd;
Neatly she dress'd, nor vainly soon'd t' expect
Pity for grief, or pardon for neglect;
But when her wearied parents sunk to sleep,
She sought her place to meditate and weep;
Then to her mind was all the past display'd,
That faithful Memory brings to Sorrow's aid:
For then she thought on one regretted youth,
Her tender trust, and his unquestion'd truth;
In ev'ry place she wander'd, where they'd been,
And sadly-sorred held the parting scene
Where last for 'gan he took his leave—that place
With double interest would she nightly trace.

Happy he sail'd, and great the care she took,
That he should softly sleep and sweetly look;
White was his better linen, and his cheek
Was made more trim than any on the deck;
And every comfort men at sea can know,
Was hers to buy, to make, and to bestow:
For he to Greenland sail'd, and much she told,
How he should guard against the climate's cold;
Yet saw not danger; dangers he'd withstand,
Nor could she trace the fever in his blood:
His messmates smiled at flushings in his cheek,
And he too smiled, but seldom would he speak;
For now he found the danger, felt the pain,
With grievous symptoms he could not explain.

He call'd his friend, and prefaced with a sigh
A lover's message—"Thomas, I must die:

Would I could see my Sally, and could rest
My throbbing temples on her faithful breast,
And gazing go!—If not, this trifte take,
And say, till death I wore it for her sake:
Yes! I must die—blow on, sweet breeze, blow
on!

Give me one look before my life be gone,
Oh! give me that! and let me not despair,—
One last fond look!—and now repeat the prayer."

He had his wish, had more: I will not paint
The lovers' meeting: she beheld him faint—
With tender fears, she took a nearer view,
Her terrors doubling as her hopes withdrew;
He tried to smile; and, half succeeding, said,
"Yes! I must die"—and hope for ever fled.

Still long she nursed him; tender thoughts
meantime
Were interchanged, and hopes and views sublime.
To her he came to die, and every day
She took some portion of the dread away;
With him she pray'd, to him his Bible read,
Soothed the faint heart, and held thronching head.
She came with smiles the hour of pain to cheer;
Apart she sit'd; alone she shed the tear;
Then, as if breaking from a cloud, she gave
Fresh light, and girt the prospect of the grave.

One day he lighter seem'd, and they forgot
The care, the dread, the anguish of their lot;
They spoke with cheerfulness, and seem'd to think,
Yet said not so:—"Perhaps he will not sink."
A sudden brightness in his look appear'd,
A sudden vigour in his voice was heard;—
She had been reading in the Book of Prayer,
And led him forth, and placed him in his chair.
Lively he seem'd, and spoke of all he knew,
The friendly many, and the favourite few;
Nor one that day did he to mind recall,
But she has treasured, and she loves them all;
When in her way, she meets them, they appear
Peculiar people—doubt has made them dear.
He named his friend, but then his hand she
press'd,
And fondly whisper'd, "Thou must go to rest."
"I go," he said: but, as he spoke, she found
His hand more cold, and fluttering was the sound;
Then gazed affrighten'd; but she caught a last,
A dying look of love, and all was past!—

She placed a decent stone his grave above,
Neatly engrav'd—an offering of her love;
For that she wrought, for that forsook her bed,
Awake alike to duty and the dead;
She would have grieved had friends presumed
to spare
The least assistance—'twas her proper care.

Here will she come, and on the grave will sit,
Folding her arms, in long abstracted fit;

But if observer pass, will take her round,
And careless seem, for she would not be found;
Then go again, and thus her hour employ,
While visions please her, and while woes destroy.

THE STRANGER GUEST.¹

A considerable portion of my youth, and some intervals in my subsequent life, were spent in the country; and when my professional pursuits fixed my residence in the metropolis, I often looked back upon the hours I had passed amongst rural scenes, with blended sensations of pleasure and regret; while one of my principal excitements for pressing forward in the path I had chosen was supplied by the hope of some day arriving at that point from which I might diverge into the peaceful haunts of my childhood.

I was ever an interested spectator of the occupations of husbandry, and not unfrequently mingled in the society of those who pursued them. The British farmer is one of the most useful members of the middle rank of life, and the character which he generally sustains places him among the most honourable. He is not exactly the description of person which existed under that name a hundred years ago, nor is it very likely that he should be; and I confess I could never join in the general clamour, and pronounce those effects of a refined state of society, which are termed improvements in other classes of men, degeneracy in him. The peasantry, too, of England, in the majority of instances where they have regular employment, I have found to be a very contented and well-ordered race; although, it may be, they do not possess the spirit and intellectually ascribed by modern tourists to the denizens of the Alps and the Abruzzi, whose fingers, by the way, are more familiar with the trigger of a musket than the handle of a plough.

There was in my neighbourhood a farmhouse which was remarkable, as well for the peculiarity of its structure as the very beautiful country by which it was surrounded. It was a very extensive building, and of a style of architecture quite distinct from any that prevails in houses of that description. It presented (I know not if I shall make myself understood by the terms I use) the appearance of three gables in front, on the centre one of which rose a staff or spire, very much resembling a sceptre. Hence, I suppose, originated

¹ From *Tales of a Physician*. By W. H. Harrison. London, 2 vols.

a tradition current in the country, that the structure was formerly the residence of a Saxon prince. I am not sufficient of an antiquarian to venture an opinion upon the correctness of the hypothesis, but certain it is, the building was a very ancient one. The principal apartment on the ground-floor was a spacious brick-paved hall, extending from the front of the house to the back, and communicating with other rooms on either side. It was decorated with the horns of the stag and the buck, which had grown black with age, and the smoke proceeding from a very large fire-place, graced by brand-irons, to support the wood which was the only description of fuel consumed throughout the house. The upper rooms opened into a long gallery or corridor, ornamented by some very antique and curious carved work in black oak, of which the panels and flooring were generally composed. The surrounding buildings, appropriated as barns and stables, were of comparatively recent erection. There were two fish-ponds, apparently of ancient formation, within a few hundred yards of the house: one of them was tolerably stocked, the other was nearly dry. The circumjacent scenery was chiefly of a silvan character, occasionally opening into vistas of an undulating and highly cultivated country; the effect of which was considerably heightened by the windings of a rapid and clear stream, celebrated for the fineness and abundance of its trout.

The farm was of considerable extent, and formed part of the estate of a nobleman who had large possessions in the county, but who rarely visited them. As a young man, he was conspicuous for the generosity of his disposition, a nice sense of honour, and the mildness and affability of his manners. His classical and intellectual attainments were of a high order; and his wit, like *Yorick's*, was wont to "set the table in a roar." He formed an attachment to a young lady, who, a month before the day fixed for their union, suddenly, and without assigning a reason for the alteration in her sentiments, married a nobleman of higher rank. He received the intelligence of her faithlessness without uttering a syllable, or betraying an indication of anger or sorrow; nor was he ever known to allude to the subject: but from that hour he was a changed man. He withdrew entirely from female society, and became a member of a fashionable club, where a great portion of his time was passed. He engaged for a season in play; but although his losses were insignificant, he soon grew disgusted with the pursuit and his companions. He then plunged deeply into politics, and was

constant in his attendance at the House; but the vacuum in his mind was too vast to be filled by such expedients. He then quitted England, and travelled rapidly through France, Italy, and Germany, but could not outstrip the phantom that pursued him. At length he took up his residence entirely on the Continent, and thus his talents were lost to his country, whose senate he had so often charmed by his eloquence and enlightened by his wisdom.

The management of his estates, in the meantime, was confided to his steward, Mr. Giles Jenkins; a man who, although he would have made a grenadier among Lilliputians, was but a Lilliputian among grenadiers, being in stature exactly five feet two inches. His sallow complexion and forbidding aspect were by no means improved by an obliquity of vision and a red nose, which latter decoration was obtained at the expense of his temperance. He had been originally bred to the law, to the tortuosities of which his mind was admirably adapted. Diminutive as was his person, there was room enough in his bosom for the operation of some of the fiercest passions that deform humanity. His indomitable arrogance, grasping avarice, and insatiable revenge, made him the terror of all who were subjected to his influence, particularly of the tenants, among whom he exercised the most tyrannical sway. He was, moreover, a consummate hypocrite, and, as far as regarded his master, a successful one.

The farm, at the period of which I am writing, was tenanted by Andrew Hedson, whose ancestors had cultivated the same soil for more than a century.

Andrew had passed his fiftieth year; but the temperance of his habits, and the healthful nature of his employment, had protected him, in a great degree, from the invasions of time, and gave him the appearance of being much younger. His complexion exhibited the ruddy hue of health; and, although naturally fair, was imbrowned by the sun of many summers. His hair, as I have often remarked in persons engaged in agricultural pursuits, was somewhat scanty; a circumstance which, as it imparted a semblance of greater expansiveness to his forehead, improved rather than detracted from the general effect of his fine countenance. He was tall and well formed, although, probably from having in his early days taken an active share in the labours of the field, he had contracted a slight stoop in his shoulders. His eye, though of a light blue, which is generally considered indicative rather of vivacity than sense, was not deficient in intelligence; while it added to the expression of that benevolence

which had its home in his heart. His usual dress was a gaberdine or linen frock, which was, however, laid aside on a Sunday for more befitting habiliments.

Andrew's wife, who had been pretty, and was then a very comely dame, was somewhat younger than himself. Her domestic virtues and acquirements were admirably adapted for a farmer's wife; and although a shrewd, she was a very kind-hearted woman. They had two children, a son and a daughter; the former about one-and-twenty, and the latter two years younger.

Frank Hodson, very like his father in person, was an industrious, good-humoured lad; and, when dressed in a smart green riding-frock, light cordury breeches, and long leather gaiters, or leggings, as they are called, was a very likely object to draw a second look from the village maidens, or even from dames of higher degree, as, mounted on his rough-coated forester, he passed on his way to the market town.

Of Amy Hodson, I fear I shall be able to give but an inadequate description. I am, at best, but a sorry hand at depicting female beauty, and I know I shall fail in the portraiture of hers. Although I have not a larger share of modesty than my neighbours, I know not how it is, but I never could look a lady long enough in the face to catch such an idea of her beauty as to bring a description of it within anything like an approximation to the original. I am not, it would seem, altogether singular in this particular, with regard to Amy Hodson; for even the sun, who, by his heathen *alias*, was not conspicuous for the unobtrusive quality I have named, had not turned his glances with sufficient pertinacity on her countenance, to sully the delicacy of the lily which nature had there planted by the rose.

Those who, in their estimate of a rustic belle, are unable to separate the idea of vulgarity from the character, would do gross injustice to Amy Hodson, both as regards the style of her beauty, and the gentleness of manner by which it was graced. Nature is no respecter of persons, and in the formation of our race has little reference to the stations we are destined to fill; since she as often bestows the fair heritage of beauty on the child of a peasant as on the heiress of a peer. Nor am I aware of anything in the habits or occupation of a farmer's daughter which has not a tendency rather to improve than to impair the symmetry of the form. Amy rose with the lark, breathing as sweet a hymn to the portals of heaven, and returning the first glance of

Aurora with an eye as bright and a smile as rosy as her own. Nor is nature always aristocratic in dispensing understanding, and Amy's was an excellent one, on which the few advantages she had derived in point of education had not been thrown away.

The family, parents and children, were bound together, not only by links of the strongest affection, but by the firmer bands of religion, of which they had all a deep and influential sense. The voice of contention was never heard in their dwelling.

Andrew Hodson for many years had prospered in the world, but on the expiration of the lease, which had descended to him from his father, a reluctance to quit a spot which so many recollections had endeared to him, induced him to take the farm at a rent above its value; so that, instead of saving money every year as he was wont to do, he began to find it a losing concern. At length, however, the failure of a provincial banker deprived him of the few hundreds he had laid by, and placed him in circumstances of much difficulty. Thus it happened, that, in lieu of having his homestead surrounded by wheat-stacks, the growth of former years, his sheaves were transferred directly from the harvest-field to the thrashing-floor, and the produce was sent to market, under all the disadvantages of a forced sale, to meet his Michaelmas rent. Again, if a horse died, or was worn out, he was unable, for want of money, to supply its place; and thus the strength on his farm became gradually so much reduced, that many acres of his land, which might have been made productive, remained uncultivated.

Andrew and his family met this reverse of fortune as became them, by the sacrifice of very many comforts, in which, under more prosperous circumstances, they were warranted in indulging. The old man exchanged his favourite hackney for a cart-horse, and superintended the operations on his farm on foot. Frank gave up his forest gallop to the harrow and light plough; and poor Amy's pony was sold to a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who had taken a fancy to it for his daughter. The privation, however, which they most lamented was the necessity of contracting, not only the scale of their hospitality, but the sphere of their charity. It is true the wayfaring man never passed their door unrefreshed, nor the houseless wanderer unrelieved; and their hearth still shed its genial warmth upon the poor dependant, whom they had not the heart to displace from his seat in the chimney-corner; but there were many who were left bitterly

to regret that the liberal hand should ever be closed by the pressure of calamity.

Under the influence of all these inauspicious events, they had sources of comfort of which the world could not deprive them. The sound of the dance and the voice of innocent hilarity were no longer heard in their hall, but the still small voice of an approving conscience consoled them for the loss. Where a family are thus united, their home, although it were a hovel, cannot be desolate. Instead of sitting down in despair under their misfortune, each strove to cheer and support the other beneath its weight. They had all been early taught to look up to their God, and to put their trust in his mercy and wisdom under every dispensation; nor, at the morning and evening sacrifice, were their hearts less fervent in their thanksgivings for the blessings which were left to them, than when they were showered down with a profuse hand. Another source of consolation was supplied to them in the uniform respect of those around them, who regarded their calamity with that silent sympathy which is worth all the condolence that proud prosperity ever dinged into the ears of the unfortunate. Often would the neighbouring farmers, aware of the difficulties he laboured under for want of strength upon his land, club together, each contributing a horse, and thus furnish him with the use of a team for several days, in the busy seasons of seed-time and harvest.

One evening, towards the close of the summer, as Andrew Hodson and his family were sitting at the window, they observed a horseman riding along the road which lay within a few yards of the house. Frank, whose admiration of a fine horse was in no degree diminished by the circumstance of his no longer possessing one, exclaimed to his sister, "Look, Amy! is not that a fine creature? what action he has! and see how he throws his feet out; a little ewe-necked, to be sure, but that is a sign of blood."

In the meantime, the traveller had arrived nearly opposite to the house. He was rather tall, somewhat in years, but sat very erect on his horse, whose appearance justified the encomiums which Frank had bestowed on it. The gentleman's dress consisted of a blue coat, not remarkable for its lustre, and of a fashion almost coeval with the wearer; it was buttoned close up to his throat. His legs were encased in riding-boots, and his intermediate habiliment was of buckskin, which however did not fit its present proprietor quite so tightly as it did its deceased one.

"I wish, Frank," said the farmer, "you would keep that dog tied up," alluding to a small terrier which ran out at the gate, and barked at the heels of the traveller's horse. The animal reared in consequence, and then, in plunging, one of its feet alighted on a rolling-stone; it stumbled and fell, throwing its rider to the ground with considerable violence. The steed was soon on its legs again; its master rose more slowly, approached his horse, passed his hand over its knees, and then attempted to remount, but in vain, and he was compelled to lean against the saddle for support.

By this time all the family were at his side, expressing much regret for the occasion of the accident, and apprehensions for the consequences. The stranger was with difficulty conducted into the house, and placed upon a sort of couch, where he remained for some minutes without uttering a word, although his countenance was sufficiently indicative of his feelings, in which vexation appeared to predominate over pain. On his making a movement, which those around him interpreted into an attempt to rise, he was earnestly entreated not to think of quitting the house until the following day. He replied, in no very conciliatory tone: "No, no, you have me safe enough; I shall be your guest for some time to come, to my comfort, and no doubt to yours; and if that abominable ear be not hanged or shot, I think your house stands a fair chance of becoming an hospital." Frank expressed himself deeply concerned for the accident, but alleged that the dog had been tied up, and had broken its chain. He added, however, that the animal should not commit a similar offence, and, taking a gun from over the chimney-piece, declared his intention of destroying the culprit immediately. "I pray you, young gentleman, forbear," said the stranger; "what warrant have I that the animal is not mad? He may have bitten my horse, and my horse may go mad also, and bite me. No, no, sir, tie the brute up again, securely, if you please, and when he foams at the mouth, you may shoot him and the horse together." Perceiving that the gentleman was in great pain, the farmer inquired if he would prefer being conducted to bed to remaining on the couch. He replied, "Yes; and the sooner you take me there the better, if you wish to have the assistance of my legs in transporting me, for they are growing confoundedly stiff, I can tell you."

As soon as the difficulty of conveying him to bed was surmounted, Frank, borrowing a neighbour's horse, rode off to the village for

the assistance of Mr. Blandford, the only surgeon within some miles. He unfortunately being from home, Frank applied to me, supposing that a physician would answer the same purpose. It was a case scarcely within my province, but conceiving I might be of some use, I put a lancet in my pocket, and accompanied the messenger on his way back to the farm. I ascended to the apartment which the stranger occupied, and found him stretched upon the bed, apparently suffering very much from the effects of his accident. He regarded me for some seconds with a most airmurous expression of countenance, and answered the questions which I found it necessary to put to him, at the least possible expense of words; differing very much, in this particular, from the generality of patients who have come under my notice. Every allowance, however, was to be made for his temper, the equilibrium of which, it must be confessed, such a tumble as he had met with was very likely to derange. I bled him, as a proscriptive measure, and ordered some simple applications to his ankle, which had been severely sprained, and was much swollen. After assuring him that he need not entertain any apprehensions for the result of his accident, for that a few days' confinement would be the extent of the inconvenience, I promised to call on him again in a few days, and took my leave.

On descending to the hall I found the family assembled at their frugal supper, mingling their expressions of regret for the unpleasant occurrence with conjectures as to the quality of the guest it had so unexpectedly procured them. Frank, who valued himself upon the knowledge he had acquired in his visits to the neighbouring market towns, and an excursion he had once made to the metropolis, pronounced him to be a *beggar*, the provincial appellation for a character which the language of modern refinement has dignified by the more imposing title of a "commercial gentleman." They all, however, concurred in allowing that it mattered very little to them who or what he was; through their remissness, in not having had the dog better secured, the accident had occurred, and therefore it behoved them to see that he did not want for any attention or comfort while in their house, of which it was more his misfortune than theirs that he was an inmate.

Agreeably to my promise I called again at the farm, and found the stranger much improved, both in health and temper, although he was then very lame. He entered into conversation upon indifferent topics, in the course of which he dropped, as if incidentally, some

questions regarding the character and circumstances of his host; in answering which, I bore testimony to the high respectability and worth of the one, and expressed my regret at the change which had occurred in the other.

The unremitting assiduity with which he was waited on by the family, combined perhaps with the improvement in his health, appeared to have wrought a material change in his behaviour towards them. His manner was more conciliating, particularly to Amy, who was frequently in attendance upon him. He never made the remotest allusion to his accident, until, one day when the unlucky cur whose freak had occasioned it happened to intrude into his apartment, he smiled, and remarked in reference to his own danger and the sentence which had so nearly been executed on the dog, that their acquaintance had nearly proved fatal to both of them. He never mentioned his name, or dropped the slightest hint as to his quality, although there were some points in his conduct which did not altogether accord with the rank assigned to him by Frank. As soon as he could walk about without pain he mingled freely with the family, and apparently took an interest in their concerns, and the business of the farm. The only suspicious circumstance connected with him was his uniformly retiring on the approach of strangers, so that, in fact, he was never seen by any but the family and their domestics.

The reader will not be surprised on learning that Amy had a lover; nay, he would rather marvel, perhaps, that she had not half a dozen, which by the way she might have had, for aught that I know to the contrary. Certain it is, however, she had but one favoured lover, and he was Robert Hawkhurst, the only son of an opulent freeholder in the neighbourhood, who farmed his own land. Robert was a tall, good-looking young man—Amy thought him handsome—and his general bearing and habits of life were adapted to the wealth, rather than to the occupation, of his father, who had bestowed on him a fair education, kept him a horse, and extended to him other indulgences, which, it is but justice to add, were well merited by his son. His father, who did not at first oppose the intimacy between Robert and Amy, had no wish, when he saw how matters were going with the Hodsons, that his son should involve himself in their misfortunes, and therefore had of late disengaged him, although he did not altogether forbid his visits. But the prudent caution of age and the generous devotion of youth are somewhat opposite counsellors; and Robert, if he had not been too

affectionately attached to Amy, possessed too honourable a mind to desert her when the tide of her family's prosperity was turning. On the contrary, it was his pride and pleasure to show to those around him that the change in her circumstances had produced no alteration in his love. He always called for her on his way to church, and left her at the farm on his return. He would frequently put a side-saddle on his horse, a high-couraged but temperate animal, and take her for a ride; and he often observed, that he loved his bonny bay the better for carrying his Amy so safely. In fact, it was remarked that his attentions increased as the fortunes of the family were verging towards the crisis of ruin.

It was within a few days of the period which the stranger had fixed for his departure, and while he was sitting with Andrew Hodson and his family, that the steward was observed approaching, on horseback; when their guest, as was his custom, retired to his room, and, by accident or design, left the door-communicating with the apartment he had quitted partially open. The visit of the steward was on no very agreeable errand, as may be imagined, its object being to demand payment of the rent due at the preceding quarter-day, the amount of which Andrew had used every exertion to raise, but in vain. The steward became pressing, and affected to lament the necessity imposed on him by the orders of his lordship, to distrain for the money, if it were not immediately forthcoming. The farmer, on the other hand, pleaded for a delay of a few weeks, alleging the hardness of the times for agriculturists, the very high rent at which he stood, and finally the severe loss he had sustained by the failure of the banker. The other, in reply, merely stated that the instructions of his master were imperative, and admitted neither of modification nor delay. "Alas!" said the distressed Andrew, "is there no method by which the sacrifice of my farming stock and furniture can be prevented?" "There is one way, Master Hodson," rejoined the steward, "at which I have hinted pretty strongly upon more than one occasion, but you either could not or would not understand me. You know I have long loved your daughter Amy, and if you will effectually favour my suit, I need scarcely tell you that I would strain a point rather than that my father-in-law should be degraded in the eyes of the world by an execution being served upon his premises, and himself ejected from the farm." "What, Master Jenkins, you marry my daughter Amy!" said the honest farmer. "Ay, that I will!" re-

sponded the condescending steward, evidently mistaking an exclamation of surprise for an interrogatory. "Stop, stop, Master Jenkins," rejoined Andrew, "not quite so fast. Have you ever said anything to Amy about the matter?" "Why, yes," said the other, hesitatingly, "I have, but it is some time since." "Well, and what did she say?" "Nothing very favourable, I must confess," continued the steward, "or I should have had but to ask your sanction instead of the exercise of your interest, and, if necessary, your authority, on the occasion." "What! I persuade Amy to marry a man she does not like! Are you mad, Master Jenkins?" "Not quite," was the reply; "but I think you are, or you would not so hastily reject my offer. Come, come, Andrew, see your own interest, and favour my views, and I will not only at once advance the money for the arrears of rent, but use my influence with my lord to cancel the present lease, and grant you a new one on more easy terms." "No!" said the farmer, "not if you were to offer me the freehold instead of a new lease. I will not sell my daughter to you, or any man; no, not if he was the king." "Then take the consequences, obstinate fool!" exclaimed the steward, throwing off the mask; "before you are three days older you shall be left without a wisp of straw that you can call your own;" and he quitted the house breathing vengeance upon the devoted farmer and his family.

It occurred that on the same evening, the stranger, pleading increased lameness, kept his apartment, into which Amy carried his tea. He remarked that her air was that of deep dejection, and that she had recently been in tears. On one occasion their eyes met, and she beheld him gazing upon her with an expression of kindness and sympathy, of which she had scarcely believed his rigid countenance susceptible. "What has happened, my pretty maid, that you look so sorrowful?" said he, in a tone of almost paternal tenderness. "Alas, sir!" said the afflicted girl, "my poor father has long been struggling with hard times and a heavy rent, and being unable to raise the sum due at the last quarter, they are going to put an execution, I think they call it, on the premises, and turn him out of the house. I do not care so much for myself, but for my poor father and mother to be cast upon the wide world, in their old age, without a shilling, and, it may be, without a friend to help them—oh, sir! it is hard, it is very hard!" and she burst into tears.

The stranger drew out his handkerchief, and,

passing it over his face, complained of the closeness of the evening, and walked to the window for air; then, returning to Amy, he took her hand. "Nay, my poor girl," continued he, "be comforted; things may not come to so bad a pass as you anticipate; your landlord, from all that I know and have heard of his character, is not a man to push matters to extremities with so old and honest a tenant as your father." "Alas, sir!" rejoined Amy, "the landlord, though they say he is far from being a bad-hearted man, lives abroad, and cannot, at that distance, know an honest tenant from a dishonest one. Besides, he leaves everything to his steward, and he is a very wicked man, sir."

She was proceeding unreservedly to describe to him the situation of her father, and the motives and conduct of the steward, when the door was opened, and Robert Hawkhurst entered the room. He started on perceiving the stranger seated by the side of his Amy, holding her hand, and wiping the tears from her cheeks with his handkerchief. "I beg pardon, I intrude," said the young man, as his brow became flushed, and he was precipitately quitting the room, when the stranger exclaimed, "Step, sir!" in a tone of voice which startled Amy, while it arrested Robert in his progress towards the door.

The stranger walked across the room with a firmness of step which did not quite agree with his recent plea of increased lameness, and taking the young man by the arm, he drew, or rather dragged him towards the window, and said, "I pray you, sir, to take the benefit of the little daylight that is left, and tell me if you do not think me a very likely personage to inspire the tender passion in the heart of a pretty damsel of nineteen. No, no, sir, my limbs are too old and too stiff, to lead so young a partner down the dance of life." Then, perceiving that the young gentleman was somewhat ashamed of the unfounded, though very natural suspicion that had crossed his mind, the senior added, "Go to, thou jealous-pated boy! surely an old man may offer consolation to a fair maiden in her distress, although he may not be so successful in the attempt as a young one whom I could name. Come, come, I know all about it: the next time you make love under my window, do not talk quite so loudly as you did the other night."

The stranger then quitted the room, pleading a desire to breathe a little fresh air before he retired to bed. On his return, in passing through the hall, he saw Andrew Hodson upon his knees, with an open book before him, and

his fine countenance lifted towards heaven in the act of prayer, while his family and domestics were kneeling around him. Unwilling to disturb them, the stranger did not advance into the room so as to be seen; but as he contemplated the group, he could not help thinking that there must surely be something more in religion than his philosophy had ascribed to it, since it could inspire with calmness, and even thankfulness and resignation, a family who were upon the brink of ruin, and who might on the morrow, like the Saviour in whom they trusted, have not where to lay their heads. "And these," thought he, "are they whom, under circumstances in which I should rather have been grateful to Providence for the preservation of my life, I stung with reproaches for what they could neither foresee nor prevent."

As he was passing out towards his bed-room, at the conclusion of the prayers, the farmer came up to him, and informed him of the calamity which was impending, intimating that it would be advisable for the stranger to depart early in the morning, as his horse would be included in the seizure which was expected to be made under the execution, about noon. "I thank you, Mr. Hodson," was the reply, "for your friendly caution, but never mind the horse. You sheltered me in my misfortune, and I will not desert you in yours. I cannot help you out in the payment of your rent, for my purse, you see," continued he, producing it, "is somewhat of the lightest; but I will wait the event, and if I cannot avert the storm, I will try to comfort you under it. By the way, farmer, a word with you: these retainers of the law will make clean work of it when they come. That steward, if report belie him not, has the eye and the rapacity of a hawk. They will not leave you so much as a wooden ladle. Now I see you have some valuable articles of plate;—that vase, for instance. "Sir!" exclaimed Andrew inquiringly, having never before heard of such a thing. "I mean the cup and cover there," explained the other. "Ay," replied Andrew, "it was won by my grandfather at a ploughing match; it will grieve me to part from it." "No doubt it would," said the stranger; "there are those tankards, too,—that ladle,—those massive old-fashioned spoons: they are all very portable." "Well, sir!" said the farmer, not understanding the stranger's drift. "How dull you are!" rejoined the other, touching him with his elbow. "How easy would it be to get these things out of the way. You could confide them to some friend, or relative—your mother earth, for instance—until the sweeping hurricane of

the law has blown over. You understand me now, do you not?" "Sir," replied the farmer, "you mean well enough, I dare say, but you do not know old Andrew Hodson, or you would not have made such a proposal to him." "Tush, man! the thing is done every day." "I am sorry for it, sir, because the world must be much worse than I took it to be. The debt is just, though my creditor is a hard one, and I will pay him as far as the things will go." "But I maintain that the debt is not a just one. Is not the rent much higher than is warranted by the value of the land?" said the stranger. "No matter, I agreed to pay it." "You are too scrupulous by half." "Now, what do you suppose, sir, my neighbours would think of me, if I were to follow your advice?" "Tut, tut, who will know anything of the matter but you and I?" "God Almighty, sir!" said the farmer. "But consider, my good man," continued the stranger, "there may be enough to pay your rent without these articles, the value of which would set you up in the world again; for remember, these harpies will take everything away from you." "No, they won't; they can't take my wife, nor my children, nor my good name; and I would not part with one of them for all the gold that was ever coined." "You will not be guided by my counsel, then, and remove the plate?" said the stranger. "No, not a teaspoon of it," was the positive reply. "Then I can only say," added the other, snatching up his candle, and hastening to bed, "that you are, without exception, the most obstinate, impracticable, honest old man I ever met with, and I must forswear your company."

The morning arrived on which the storm, which had been so long gathering, was to break over the heads of the devoted farmer and his family, who were stirring unusually early. In fact, the expectation of the catastrophe had allowed them to sleep but little, as their looks, when they assembled at the breakfast-table, plainly indicated. The stranger also had quitted his bed an hour before his wot, and betrayed great restlessness in his manner, for he walked to the window, which commanded the road, every five minutes, as if watching for the arrival of the expected but unwelcome visitors.

Giles Jenkins was in advance of his myrmidons a quarter of an hour's march, and, taking the farmer apart, said to him, "Master Hodson, I did not threaten you without the power to execute. The officers will be here in a few minutes, which you will do well to use in reconsidering my proposal. Give me your daughter, and not only shall everything about

you remain as it is, but the possession of it shall be secured to you for many years." The farmer, losing his patience at the repetition of the insulting proposal, shook off the tempter (who in his earnestness had taken him by the arm), and said, "Villain, do your worst, for not for all you are going to take away from me—no, not for all your master's money, twice told, will I sell my lamb to the wolf." "Lordard," rejoined the steward, "you have pronounced your doom, and I go to fulfil it;" and, quitting the farmer, he conferred with his followers, who by this time had joined him, and they proceeded in their duty by taking an inventory of the farming stock, before they began upon the household furniture.

Robert Hawkhurst arrived shortly afterwards, and assisted the stranger in his endeavours to console the afflicted family. One of the domestics at length informed them that the officers were coming into the house to finish their task, when the stranger betrayed some little agitation, and retired to that part of the room in which he was least likely to attract observation. He had scarcely time to effect this before the steward and his retainers entered, and proceeded in their ungracious office without the slightest respect to the feelings of the sufferers. Giles Jenkins, in particular, appeared to exult in the exercise of his authority, and to take a pleasure in witnessing the distress which his cruelty had occasioned. The silver vase, before alluded to, was standing on a kind of sideboard in the apartment. The steward, who was about to remove it, had no sooner laid his fingers on it, than the voice of the stranger was heard exclaiming, "Mr. Jenkins, I'll thank you to let that cup alone, for I like it very well where it is."

The steward withdrew his hand from the vessel, as if it had been of heated iron. He turned as pale as death, his red nose, like a live ember on a heap of ashes, adding to the ghastliness of his countenance. In the language of the poet,

"*Stotem nutquo comm, et vox fauca hiscit;*"

and he looked about in all directions, as if he thought the person from whom the voice proceeded was as likely to drop from the clouds, or start out of the earth, as to make his appearance from any other quarter. The stranger at last arose from his seat, and with a dignity which none of the family had before observed him to assume, he advanced into the middle of the room and confronted the steward; who, somewhat recovering from his surprise, and glancing at the other's bandaged leg, said, with

an affectation of great concern, "My lord, I grieve to see your lordship so lame." "You mistake, you abominable old hypocrite and measurless liar," said the earl; "fortnight's residence in this house has cured me of my lameness, and my blindness too, and having recovered the use of my own eyes, I shall have no further occasion for yours." "My lord!" stammered the steward. "Your lord no longer," said the earl, interrupting him: "how dared you, sir, for the gratification of your diabolical passions, abuse the powers with which I intrusted you, and oppress this worthy man, in direct contravention of my injunction that you should, on no account, distract upon a tenant, unless he were a fraudulent one. Now, be pleased to relieve me of your presence, taking with you these two worthy associates; and, do you hear me, sir, let your accounts be made up with all despatch, for I shall shortly reckon with you." Then, addressing himself to the farmer, he continued: "Mr. Hodson, I am very sorry for the trouble which this unfortunate affair has occasioned you. It was necessary, however, that I should have such evidence of that man's baseness. For yourself, I can only say, that your arrear is remitted, your present lease shall be cancelled, and substituted by another, at such a rent that it shall not be my fault if you do not thrive again. I owe you thus much for the lesson you have taught me of resignation under unmerited calamity, as well as for the instance you have given me of uncompromising integrity, under circumstances of temptation that very few would have withstood. I pray you to forgive me for the experiment I made on your honour in the matter of the plate. It is refreshing to me, in my old age, to meet with such examples in a world which I fear I have hitherto regarded on the darker side. Your kindness, Mrs. Hodson, and yours, Amy, to a petulant old man, I shall not forget; nor your honourable adherence to your mistress and her family in their adversity, Mr. Robert. Of you, Frank, I have a favour to beg: you must give me that terrier of yours, to which I am primarily indebted for my introduction to this house, and for the advantages which have resulted to me from it."

The earl, after taking a kind leave of the circle he had thus made happy, mounted his horse and departed to his mansion, from which he had been so long absent, and to which he was returning when he met with the accident already related. The occurrences which followed so inauspicious an event produced a most beneficial effect upon his mind: he became a better, and consequently a happier man. His

lordship took up his permanent residence on the estate, to the great joy of the tenantry, and to the discomfiture of Mr. Jenkins, who, it is almost needless to add, was dismissed in disgrace.

I know it will be considered a somewhat trite termination if I finish my story with a marriage; and yet, should any of my readers be curious upon the subject, I cannot deny that such an event took place, and that Amy forgot all her past sorrows in the *sepenthe* of her Robert's affections.

W. H. HARRISON.

THE INCHCAPE ROCK.

[An old writer¹ mentions a curious tradition which may be worth quoting. "By smt the Isle of May," says he, "twelve miles from all land in the German sea, lies a great hidden rock, called Inchcape, very dangerous for navigators, because it is overflowed, evene tide. It is reported in old times, upon the said rocke there was a bell, fixed upon a tree or timber, which rang continually, being moved by the sea, giving notice to the saylers of the danger. This bell or clocke was put there and maintained by the Abbot of Aberbrothok, and being taken down by a sea private, a yearre thereafter he perished upon the same rocke, with ship and goodes, in the righteous judgement of God."—STRANDANT'S *Records of Scotland*.]

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea;
The ship was still as she could be;
Her sails from heaven received no motion,
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock
The waves flow'd over the Inchcape Rock;
So little they rose so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The Abbot of Aberbrothok
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the Rock was hid by the surge's swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell;
And then they knew the perilous rock,
And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven was shining gay,
All things were joyful on that day;
The sea-birds scream'd as they wheel'd round,
And there was joyance in their sound.

¹ See a *Brief Description of Scotland, &c.*, by J. M., 1633.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen
A darker speck on the ocean green;
Sir Ralph the Rover walk'd his deck,
And he fix'd his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring,
It made him whistle, it made him sing;
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape Float;
Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lower'd, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the bell from the Inchcape Float.

Down sunk the bell with a gurgling sound,
The bubbles rose and burst around;
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the
Rock
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph the Rover sail'd away,
He scour'd the seas for many a day;
And now grown rich, with plunder'd store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky
They cannot see the sun on high;
The wind hath blown a gale all day,
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand,
So dark it is they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar?
For methinks we should be near the shore."
"Now, where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish we could hear the Inchape Bell."

They hear no sound, the swell is strong;
Though the wind hath fallen they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock—
"Oli Christ! it is the Inchape Rock."

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,
He curst himself in his despair;
The waves rush in on every side,
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But even in his dying fear
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear,
A sound as if, with the Inchape Bell,
The devil below was ringing his knell.

ROSENT SOUTHEY.

STATE OF THE WORLD AT THE COMING OF CHRIST.¹

Augustus was emperor.

From the Atlantic to the Euphrates—from where the legions were arrested by the snows of Sarmatia northward, and the sands of Libya southward, the world was a Roman farm; and, with all its lovely islands and fruitful shores, the Mediterranean was a Roman lake. Mauritania and Numidia, Egypt, Palestine, Syria, —the countries now known as Turkey, Germany, Spain, France, Belgium, Holland, Britain—all received their laws from the Italian capital, and all sent it their tribute. With its hundred and twenty millions of subjects, this region included the whole of the old world's intelligence, and nearly all its wealth; and though many of the conquered nations were fierce and strong, they had been effectually subdued, and were now overawed by an army of 300,000 men. With its beak of brass and its talons of steel, the great eagle had grappled and overcome the human race; and the whole earth trembled, when, from his seven-hilled eyrie, he flapped his wings of thunder.

There was nearly universal peace. By the courage and consummate generalship of Julius Caesar the most formidable nations had already been vanquished; and since the death of Pompey, and the conclusion of the civil war, the empire, undivided and undisputed, was swayed by a single autocrat.

The pagan culture had culminated. The exquisite temples of Greece had begun to go to ruin, and in that land of sages there arose no new Pythagoras—no second Socrates. But the genius of Rome had scarcely passed the zenith. Seneca was born in the same year with John Baptist. Thousands still lived in whose ears the musical wisdom of Cicero lingered, and who had read, when newly published, the sublime speculations of Lucretius. It was but the other day that the sweet voice of Virgil had fallen mute, and only eight years since the tomb of Maecenas had opened to admit the urn of Horace. Under its sumptuous ruler Rome was rapidly becoming a mountain-pile of marble palaces—baths, temples, theatres—the proudest on which sunbeams ever sparkled; and, with his enormous wealth and all-commanding absolutism, the Roman citizen was the lordliest mortal whom luxury ever pampered—the most supercilious demi-god who ever exacted the adulation of his fellows.

¹ From *Lessons from the Great Biography*.

Yet, amidst all this civilization, it was a time of fearful depravity. In regions so remote as Britain and Germany, it was scarcely surprising that dark superstitions should prevail, and that hecatombs of little children should be immolated by the fiends of the forest. But in Rome itself, under all the outward refinement, coarse tastes and fierce passions reigned; and the same patrician who, at a false note in music, would writhé with graceful agony, could preside imperturbable over the tortures of a slave or a prisoner; and, to see him overnight shedding tears at one of Ovid's epistles, you would not guess that he had all the morning been gloating on the convulsions of dying gladiators. Busts of Cato adored the vestibule, but brutality and excess ran riot through the halls; and it was hard to say which was the most abandoned—the multitude who still adored divinities the patrons of every crime, or the scholars who laughed at superstition and perpetrated crimes worthy of a Mars or Jupiter.

This was the time which the Most High selected for the greatest event of human history. On the one hand, it was a time of tranquillity. The wars of long centuries had ceased. Men's minds were not absorbed in the contests of dynasties, nor agitated by the burning of their capitals and the desolation of their homes. And a lull like this was favourable for the commencement of a moral movement which concerned the whole of Adam's family. On the other hand, the world was old enough. For four thousand years the great experiment had been going on, and man had been permitted to do his best to retrieve the ruin of the Fall. It seemed, however, as if every struggle were only a deeper plunge; and betwixt the exploded nostrums of philosophy, and the corruption of the times, the world had grown weary of itself. A dry-rot had got into the ancient faith, and idolatry and hero-worship tottered on their crumbling pillars. Satiety or disgust was the prevailing mood of the wealthy; revenge and despair gnawed the heart of the down-trampled millions. For tribes which had lost their nationality, and for citizens who had sold their hereditary freedom, there was no spell in the past; and amongst a people who had lost faith in one another, there remained nothing which could inspire the fervour of patriotism. It was felt, that if extircation ever came, it must come from above; and even in heathen lands, hints gathered from the Hebrew Scriptures, or prophetic particles floated down on the muddy tide of pagan mythology, began to be carefully collected and exhibited in settings of the richest

poetry, till the bard of Mantua sang of a virgin, and an unprecedented offspring descended from high Heaven, who should efface the traces of our crimes, and free from its perpetual fears the world—in whose days the lion would be no terror to the ox, and the deadly serpent should die. Betwixt the general peace which prevailed, the hopeless wickedness, and the general wearying for a change, "the road was ready, and the path made straight." "The fulness of time was come, and God sent forth his Son."

JAMES HAMILTON, D.D.

MARY LEE'S LAMENT.

A GALLOWAY BALLAD.

I dinna like the Meg-a-mony-feet,
Nor the braunet Conochworm,
Quoth Mary Lee, as she sat and did greet,
A-dadding wi' the storm.
Nowther like I the yellow-wymed ask,
'Neath the root o' yon aik-tree;
Nor the hairy adders on the fog that hask;
But *saur* I like Robin-a-Ree.

Hatefu' it is to hear the whut-throat chark
Frae out the auld taff-dike;
And wha likes the e'enig singing lark,
Or the auld moon-bowing tyke?
I hate them—and the ghaist at e'en!
That points at me, puri Mary Lee!
But ten times waur hate I, I ween,
That vile shield, Robin-a-Ree.

Sourer than the green bullister
Is a kiss o' Robin-a-Ree,
And the milk on the taed's back I wad prefer
To the poison on his lips that be.
Oh! ance I lived happily by yon bonny burn—
The wold was in love wi' me;
But now I manu sit 'neath the cauld drift and
mourn,
And curse black Robin-a-Ree.

Then whudder awa, then bitter-biting blast,
And sough thro' the scurvy tree,
And smoor me up in the snaw fu' fast,
And ne'er let the sun me see!
Oh! never melt awa, thou wreath o' snaw,
That's sae kind in gravine me;
But hide me aye free the snaw and guffaw
O' villains like Robin-a-Ree!¹

¹ From the *Galloway Dictionary*, by T. M'Taggart.

NED M'KEOWN.¹

Who within the parish, whether gentle or simple, man or woman, boy or girl, did not know Ned M'Keown and his wife Nancy, joint proprietors of the tobacco-shop and public-house at the cross-roads of Kilruddan? Honest, blustering, good-humoured Ned was the indefatigable merchant of the village; ever engaged in some ten or twenty pound speculation, the capital of which he was sure to extort, perhaps for the twelfth time, from the savings of Nancy's frugality, by the equivocal test of a month or six weeks' consecutive sobriety; and which said speculation he never failed to wind up by the total loss of the capital for Nancy, and the capital loss of a broken head for himself. Ned had eternally some bargain on his hands: at one time you might find him a yarn-merchant, planted upon the upper step of Mr. Birnie's hall-door, where the yarn-market was held, surrounded by a crowd of eager country-women, anxious to give Ned the preference—first, because he was a well-wisher; secondly, because he hadn't his heart in the penny; and thirdly, because he gave sixpence a spangle more than any other man in the market. There might Ned be found, with his twenty pounds of hard silver jingling in the bottom of a green bag, as a decoy to the customers, laughing loud as he piled the yarn in an ostentatious heap, which, in the pride of his commercial sagacity, he had purchased at a dead loss. Again you might see him at a horse-fair, cantering about on the back of some sleek but broken-winded jade, with spavined legs, imposed on him as "a great bargain entirely," by the superior cunning of some rustic sharper;—or standing over a hog-head of damaged flax-seed, in the purchase of which he shrewdly suspected himself of having overreached the seller, by allowing him for it a greater price than the prime seed of the market would have cost him. In short, Ned was never out of a speculation, and whatever he undertook was sure to prove a complete failure. But he had one mode of consolation, which consisted in sitting down with the fag-end of Nancy's capital in his pocket, and drinking night and day with this neighbour and that whilst a shilling remained; and when he found himself at the end of his tether, he was sure to fasten a quarrel on some

friend or acquaintance, and to get his head broken for his pains. None of all this blustering, however, happened within the range of Nancy's jurisdiction. Ned, indeed, might drink and sing, and swagger and fight—and he contrived to do so; but notwithstanding all his apparent courage, there was one eye which made him quail, and before which he never put on the Hector;—there was one, in whose presence the loudness of his song would fall away into a very awkward and unmusical quaver, and his laughing face assume the visage of a man who is disposed to anything but mirth. The fact was this: whenever Ned found that his speculation was *gone a shayvar*, as he termed it, he fixed himself in some favourite public-house, from whence he seldom stirred while his money lasted, except when dislodged by Nancy, who usually, upon learning where he had taken cover, paid him an unceremonious visit, to which Ned's indefensible delinquency gave the colour of legitimate authority. Upon these occasions Nancy, accompanied by two sturdy servant-men, would sally forth to the next market-town, for the purpose of bringing home "graceless Ned," as she called him. And then you might see Ned between the two servants, a few paces in advance of Nancy, having very much the appearance of a man performing a pilgrimage to the gallows, or of a deserter guarded back to his barrack, in order to become a target for the muskets of his comrades. Ned's compulsory return always became a matter of some notoriety; for Nancy's excursion in quest of the "graceless" was not made without frequent denunciations of wrath against him, and many melancholy apologies to the neighbours for entering upon the task of personally securing him. By this means her enterprise was sure to get wind, and a mob of all the idle young men and barefooted urchins of the village, with Bob McCann, "a three-quarter clift," or mischievous fellow, half-knave, half-fool, was to be found a little below the village, upon an elevation of the road, that commanded a level stretch of half a mile or so, in anxious expectation of the procession. No sooner had this arrived at the point of observation, than the little squadron would fall rearward of the principal group, for the purpose of extracting from Nancy a full and particular account of the capture.

"Indeed, childher, id's no wondher for ye to enquire! Where did I get 'im, Dick?—musha, an' where wad I get 'im but in the ould place, a-hagur; wid the ould set; don't yees know that a decent place or decent com-

¹ From *Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry*. Dublin, 2 vols. 12mo.

pany wudn't serve Ned?—nobody bud Shane Martin, an' Jimmy Tague, an' the other black-guarda."

"An' what will ye do wid 'm, Nancy?"

"Och! thin, Dick, avourneen, id's myself that's jist tired thinkin' iv that; at any rate, consumin' to the loose foot he'll get this blessed month to come, Dick, agra!"

"Troth, Nancy," another mischievous monkey would exclaim, "if ye hadn't great patience entirely, ye cudn't put up wid such threathment at all at all."

"Why thin, God knows, id's throu for ye, Barney. D'y'e hear that, 'graceless'—the very childher makin' a laughin'-stock an' a may-game iv ye?—bud wait till we get under the roof, any how."

"Ned," a third would say, "isn't id a burnin' shame for ye to brake the poor erathur's heart this a-way? Troth, but ye ought to hould down yer head, sure enough—a decent woman! that only for her wudn't have a house over ye, so ye wudn't."

"An' throth an' id's goin', Tim," Nancy would exclaim, "an' whin id goes, let 'im see thin who'll do for 'm; let 'im thiry if his blackguards 'll stan' to 'im, whin he won't have poor foolish Nancy at his back."

During these conversations Ned would walk on between his two guards with a dogged-looking and condemned face, Nancy behind him, with his own cudgel, ready to administer the restorative of an occasional bang whenever he attempted to slacken his pace, or throw over his shoulder a growl of dissent or justification.

On getting near home the neighbours would occasionally pop out their heads, with a smile of good-humoured satire on their faces, which Nancy was very capable of translating.

"Ay," she would say, "I've caught 'im—he is to the fore. Indeed ye may well laugh, Katy Rafferty; not a wan iv myself blames ye for id. Ah, ye mane erathur," turning to Ned, "iv ye had the blood iv a hen in ye, ye wudn't have the neighbours brakin' their hearts laughin' at ye in sich a way;—an' above all the people in the world, them Rafferty's, that got the decree agin iz at the last sessions, although I offered to pay within fifteen shillings of the differ—the grubs!"

Having seen her hopeful charge safely deposited on the hob, Nancy would throw her cloak into this corner, and her bonnet into that, with the air of a woman absorbed by the consideration of some vexatious trial; she would then sit down, and, lighting her *doo-deen*, exclaim,

"Wurrah, wurrah! id's me that's the heart-scalded erathur wid that man's four quarters! The Lord may help me, an' grant me patience wid him, any way!—to have my little, honest, hard-arsed penny spint among a pack o' vagabonds, that din't care him an' me war both down the river, so they cud get their bellyiv iv dhrink out iv 'im. No matter, agra! things can't long be this a-way;—but what did Ned care?—give him dhrink an' fightin', an' his blackguards about 'im, an' that's his glory. There now's the lan'lord comin' down upon us for the rint, an' 'cept he takes the cows out iv the byre, or the bed from underther iz, what in the wide arth is there for 'im?"

The current of this lecture was never interrupted by a single observation from Ned, who usually employed himself in silently playing with "Bunty," a little black cur, without a tail, and a great favourite with Nancy; or, if he noticed anything out of its place in the house, he would arrange it with great apparent care. In the meantime Nancy's wrath generally evaporated with the smoke of the pipe—a circumstance which Ned well knew;—for, after she had sucked it until it emitted a shrill-bubbling sound, like that from a reed, her brows, which wore at other times a habitual frown, would gradually relax into a more benevolent expression—the parenthetical curves on each side of her mouth, formed by the irascible pursing of her lips, would become less marked—the dog or cat, or whatever else came in her way, instead of being kicked aside, or pursued in an underfit of digressional pereverness, would be put out of her path with a gentler force—so that it was, in such circumstances, a matter of little difficulty to perceive that conciliation would soon be the order of the day. Ned's conduct on these critical occasions was very prudent and commendable; he still gave Nancy her own way, never "jawed back to her," but took shelter, as it were, under his own patience, until the storm had passed, and the sun of her good humour began to shine again. Nancy herself, now softened by the fumes of her own pigtail, usually made the first overtures to a compromise, but without departing from the practice and principles of higher negotiators—always in an indirect manner; as, "Judy, avourneen, maybe that erathur ate nothing to-day; ye had better, agra, gut 'm the could bacon that's in the cupboard, and warm for 'im, upon the greeshaugh, them yellow-legs¹ that's in the colindher, though God he knows it's ill my cominon—but no

¹ A kind of potato.

matter, a hagar, there's enough sed, I'm thinkin'—give 'em to 'im."

On Ned seating himself to his bacon and potatoes, Nancy would light another pipe, and plant herself on the opposite hob, putting some interrogatory to him, in the way of business—always concerning a third person, and still in a tone of dry ironical indifference; as,

"Did ye see Jimmy Connolly on yer thravels?"

"No."

"Humph! Can ye tell iz if Andy Morrow sowld his cow?"

"He did."

"Maybe ye have gumption enough to know what he got for 'im?"

"Fifteen ginnneys."

"In troth, an' id's more nor a poor body would get; bud, any way, Andy Morrow deserves to get a good price: he's a man that takes care of his own business, an' minds nothin' else. I wish that filly of ours was doekt; ye ought to speake to Jim M'Quade about id: id's time to make her up—ye know we'll want to sell her for the rint."

This was an assertion, by the way, which Ned knew to have everything but truth in it.

"Never heard the filly," Ned would reply, "I'll get Charley Lawdher to dock her—bud id's not her I'm thinkin' iv: did ye hear the news about the tobacky?"

"No, but I hope we won't be long so."

"Well, any how, we war in look to buy in them three last rowls."

"Eh? in look! death-alive, how, Ned?"

"Sure there was three ships iv id lost last week on their way from the kingdom of Switzerland, in the Asto Indians, where id grows: we can rise id thrupence a-pound now."

"No, Ned! you're not in arrest?"

"Faith, bud ye may say I am; an' as soon as Tom Loan comes home from Dublin he'll tell id all about id; an' for that matter, maybe, id may rise sixpence a-pound: faith, we'll gain a lob by id, I'm thinkin'."

"May I never stir! bud that's look: well, Ned, ye may thank me for that, any way, or not a rowl we'd have in the four corners iv the house—an' ye wanted to persuade me agin buyin' thim; bud I knew better—for the tobacky's always sure to get a bit iv a hitch at this time a year."

"Bodad, you can do id, Nancy; I'll say that for ye—that's an' give ye yer own way."

"Eh! can't I, Ned?—an' what was better, I hate down Pether M'Entee three-hs'pence a-pound after I bought them."

"Ha! ha! ha! by my sannies, Nancy, as to market-makin' they may all throw their caps at ye; ye thief o' the world, ye can do them nately!"

"Ha! ha! ha! Stop, Ned, don't drinuk that wather—id's not from the rock well; but I'll just mix a sup iv this last stuff we got from the mountains till ye taste id: I think id's not worse nor the last—for Hugh Traynor's an' old hand at makin' id."

This was all Ned wanted; his point was now carried: but with respect to the rising of the tobacco, the less that is said about that the better for his veracity.

WILLIAM CARLETON.

THE DEAD TRUMPETER.

Wake, soldier! wake! thy war-horse waits,

To bear thee to the battle buck;—

Thou slumberest at a foeman's gates;—

Thy dog would break thy bivouac;—

Thy plume is trailing in the dust,

And thy red falchion gathering rust!

Sleep, soldier! sleep! thy warfare o'er,—

Not thine own bugle's loudest strain

Shall ever break thy slumbers more,

With summons to the battle plain;

A trumpet-note more loud and deep

Must rouse thee from that leaderen sleep!

Thou need'st not helm nor cuirass now,

Beyond the *Grecian* hero's horst,—

Thou wilt not quail thy naked brow,

Nor shrink before a myriad host,—

For head and heel alike are sound,

A thousand arrows cannot wound,

Thy mother is not in thy dreams,

With that wild, widowed look sh'p wore

The day—how long to her it seems!—

She kissed thee at the cottage door,

And sickened at the sounds of joy

That bore away her only boy!

Sleep, soldier!—let thy mother wait

To hear thy bugle on the blast;

Thy dog, perhaps, may find the gate;

And bid her home to thee at last;—

He cannot tell a sadder tale

Than did thy clarion, on the gale,

When last—and far away—she heard

Its lingering echoes fail.

T. K. HENRY.

THE GOLDSMITH OF PADUA.

In the end of the fifteenth century, when the cities of Italy were rendered rich by their trades to the Indies, Padua was one of the most flourishing of its towns, and possessed a body of merchants, and particularly goldsmiths, jewellers, and dealers in silk, with whom Venice itself could scarcely bear a comparison. Amongst these goldsmiths and jewellers there was one more eminent than his brethren. His dwelling was upon the bridge, and Padua was scarcely more universally known in Italy than Jeronimo Vincente was known for one of its citizens. "It never rains but it pours," says a northern proverb; "riches beget riches," says an Italian one. Jeronimo found the truth of both these sayings. He was already rich enough to satisfy a dozen merchants, and to make a score of German princes. Fortune, however, did not yet think that she had done enough for him; every day some traveller was arriving at Padua, in the exchange of whose foreign money for the coin of Padua he obtained some good bargains, and added to his overflowing coffers. Few died without relatives but that he was appointed their executor. Many paid tribute to his wealth and reputation by leaving him their heir. The city of Padua gave him all their public contracts; and he almost sunk under the weight of trusts, offices, &c., not merely offered, but obtruded and imposed on him.

Who could be more happy than Jeronimo Vincente? So he thought himself as he walked on the bridge of Padua one beautiful summer's evening. A coach of one of the nobles passed at the same moment: no one noticed it. On the other hand, every one who passed him saluted him.—"Such have been the effects of my industry, my dexterity of business, and my assiduous application. Yes, Jeronimo, others have to thank their ancestors; you have to thank only yourself. It is all your own merit."

And with these reflections his stature, as it were, increased some inches higher, and assuming a peculiar port, and a self-satisfied step, he walked in vanity, and almost in defiance of everything and every one to his own house. He fell asleep in the same mood, and dreamed that the ancient fable of Jupiter was repeated in his house, and that the heavens opened, and descended upon him in a shower of ducats and pistoles. In all this soliloquy of Jeronimo, the reader will observe, there was not a word or thought of any one but himself; he did not

attribute his plenty to the blessing of God; he felt no gratitude to him who had showered down upon him his abundance; his mind, his spirit, and his vanity were that of Nebuchadnezzar; and the fate of Nebuchadnezzar was nearer to him than he imagined. It is a part of the wise economy of Providence to vindicate the honour and duty which belong to him; it is a part of his mercy to humble those who in forgetting him are about to lose themselves. He sends them prosperity as a blessing; they abuse it, and convert it to a curse. He recalls the abused gift, and sends them adversity to bring them to their duty. Such was the course of divine government in the early ages of the world, such it is to the present day, and such did Jeronimo find it much sooner than he expected.

On a sudden, without any apparent cause, he saw, to his astonishment, the universal respect to his wealth and reputation on a manifest decrease. Some who had before nearly kissed the ground on his presence, now looked crestly in his face, and kept their straightforward course, without giving him the honourable side of the path; others kept their bonnets as if they were nailed to their heads; two or three recalled their trusts; others happening to call for accounts of such trusts, when he was not at home or busy, spoke in a peremptory tone, dropped hints of the laws of the country, and the duty of guardians. In plain words, he gradually discovered himself to be as much avoided as he had heretofore been sought. No one was punctual in their attendance but those to whom he paid their weekly or monthly pensions. If there could be any doubt that something extraordinary had happened, Jeronimo had at length sufficient proof; for having put himself in nomination for one of the offices of parochial intendant, and of the great church and treasury of Padua, a competitor was preferred, less wealthy than himself by some thousands.

Jeronimo returned home much confounded at this unexpected defeat. In vain he examined himself and his situation for the cause.

"Am I not as rich as ever?" said he. "Have I defrauded any one?—No. Have I suffered any one to demand their payment of me twice?—No. What then can be the cause of all this?"

This was a question he could not answer, but the fact became daily and hourly so much more evident, that he shortly found himself as much avoided, and apparently condemned in every respectable company, as he had formerly been courted and honoured.

It is time, however, to give the reader some

information as to the actual cause. A whisper was suddenly circulated that Jeronimo had not acquired his wealth by honest means. It was reported, and gradually universally believed, that he was an utterer, if not a coiner, of base money. He had the reputation, as has been before said, of being the most able workman in Padua, in gold, silver, and lace; "And surely," said the gossips of Padua, "he does not wear his talent in a napkin. He employs his dexterity to some purpose."—"Are you not speaking too fast," said another neighbour; "I have always held Jeronimo to be an honest man."—"And so have I hitherto," said the other. "But do you see this ducat?"—"Yes; and a very good one it is."—"So I thought," said the other; "till I assayed it: this ducat I received from Jeronimo; let us prove it at your assay, and you will allow that I did not speak without some good foundation." The proposal was accepted, the trial made, and the ducat found to be base in the proportion of one-third copper, to two-thirds silver.

The name of this neighbour of Jeronimo, who had defended him, was Guiseppe Cognigerio, a very worthy and honest man; not one of those who found a triumph in the downfall of another, though above him in wealth and honour. Guiseppe, as he had said, had always held Jeronimo to be a respectable worthy citizen. He had many dealings with him, and had always found him just and punctual to the lowest coin. "Is it possible," said he to himself, "that after such a long course of honesty and reputation, he has so far forgotten himself as to become a common cheat? I will not believe it. But this fact of the base ducat? Well; but my friend may be mistaken, he might not have received this ducat from Jeronimo. I am resolved I will make a trial of him myself, before I give in to the belief of these reports in the teeth of so fair a character for so many years. Guiseppe was a shrewd man, and never fixed on a purpose but when he had the ingenuity to find the means of executing it. He went immediately to his home, and taking a hundred ducats from his private store, went with them to the house of Jeronimo.

"Signor Jeronimo," said he, "here are a hundred ducats which I wish to keep secret for a certain purpose. I have just embarked in a speculation of great extent, the result of which no one can foresee. I wish to keep this sum as a deposit, in the event of the failure of my hopes, if you will do me the favour to take the custody of it." Jeronimo, pleased at a confidence to which he was now not much accustomed, very willingly accepted the charge,

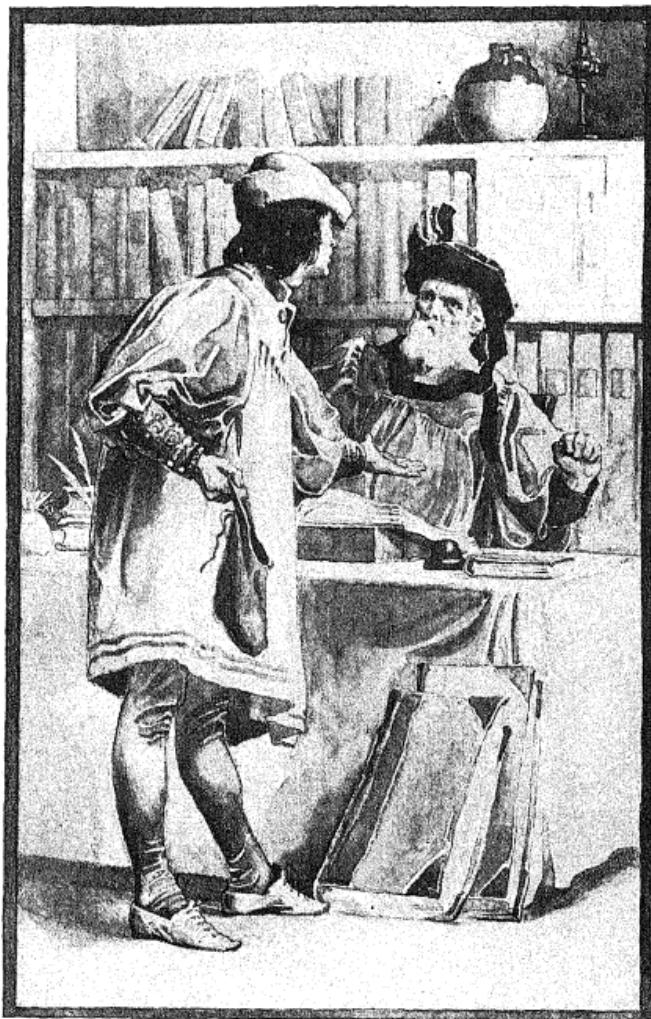
and Guiseppe took his leave in the full persuasion that the trial would correspond with his expectations, and that report would be proved to be false and malicious.

In the course of a few days, Guiseppe, according to the plan concerted in his own mind, called suddenly on Jeronimo.—"My dear friend," said he, "I sincerely rejoice that I have found you at home; a sudden demand has fallen upon me, and I have an expected occasion for the hundred ducats which I deposited with you."—"My good friend," said Jeronimo, "do not preface such a trifle with such a serious apology. The money is yours." And at the same time opening a private drawer:—"You see here it is, just as I deposited it. Take your money, my friend, and you may always have the same or any other service from me." Saying this, he gave Guiseppe the same bag in which he had brought the ducats to him.

Guiseppe hastened home, counted and examined the ducats. Their number was right, their appearance seemed good; he sounded them singly. One sounded suspiciously, he assayed it, it was base.—"Well," said he, "this may be an accident; I could almost swear, indeed, that every ducat I gave him was good; but this I might perhaps have overlooked." He sounded another, his suspicions increased; another—he was now determined to assay them all. He did so; and to his confusion (for the honest man was truly grieved and confounded at the detection of his neighbour's dishonesty) he found thirty bad ducats out of the hundred.

He now hastened back to Jeronimo.—"These are not the ducats, sir, I deposited with you; here are thirty bad ducats out of the hundred."—"Bad or good," replied Jeronimo, indignantly, "they are the same which you deposited; I took them from your hands, put them in the drawer, and they were not moved from thence till you re-demanded them." Guiseppe insisted, and at length severely reproached Jeronimo. Jeronimo commanded him to leave his house. "Can you suspect me of such a pitiful fraud?" said he.—"Indeed, I never should," replied he, "unless upon this absolute evidence. But there must be a fraud somewhere. Either I am attempting to defraud you, or you to cheat me. It is incumbent upon both our reputations that this matter should be cleared up. I shall go to the magistrates."—"Go where you please," said Jeronimo; "but go without delay."

Guiseppe immediately hastened to the president of justice. He demanded a summons for Jeronimo. It was granted. He complained,

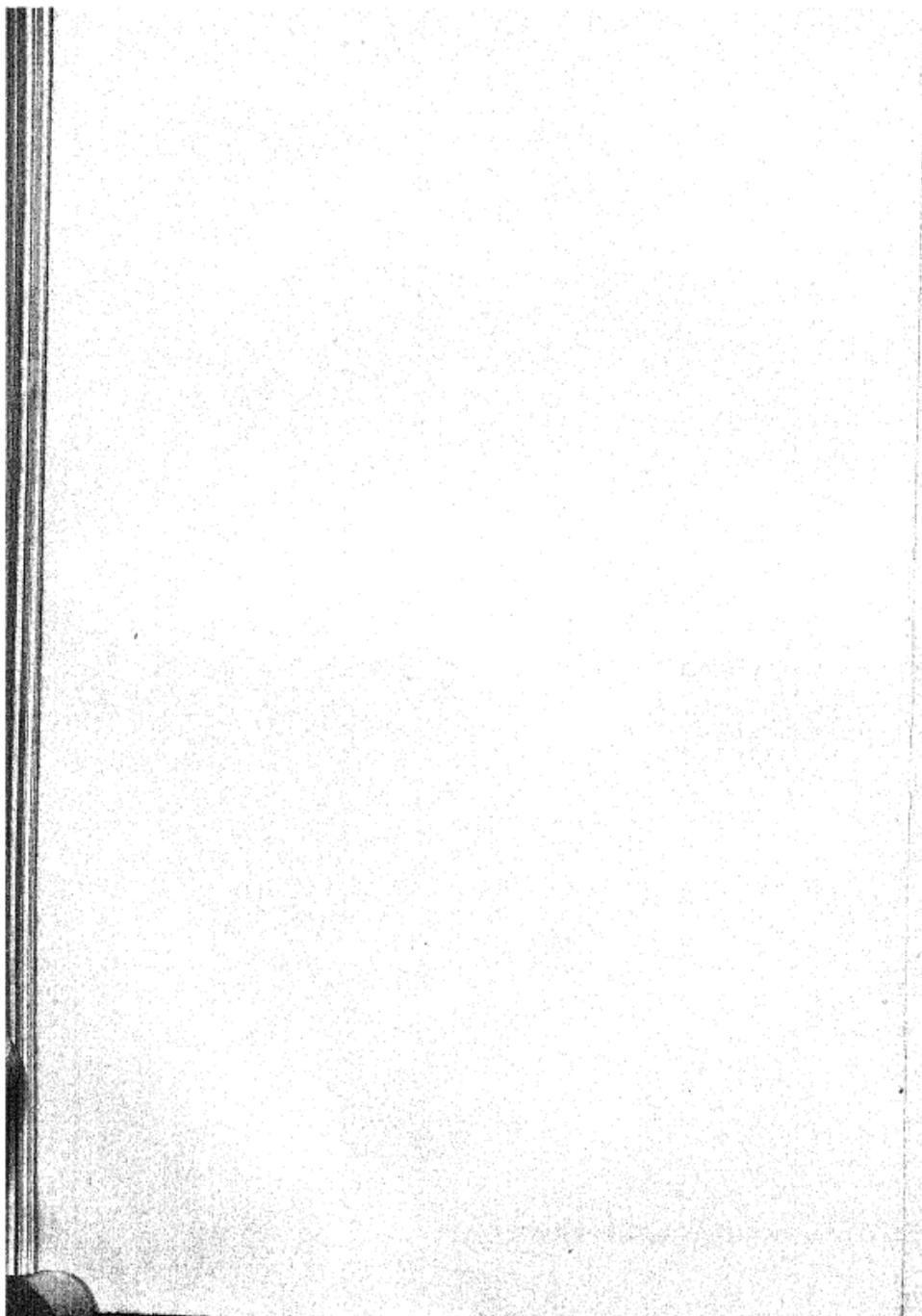


HERBERT J. DRAPER.

16

"HERE ARE THIRTY BAD DUCATS OUT OF THE HUNDRED."

Vol. II, page 168.



without reciting the particulars, that Jeronimo had paid him back a deposit, and, in a hundred ducats, had given him thirty bad. Jeronimo denied it.—“I gave him back the same which he deposited with me.” There was a law at Padua termed the “law of wager.” The substance of this was, that the party accused had it in his option to clear himself by an oath of his innocence. “Will you take your wager?” said Guiseppe. “Yes,” replied Jeronimo. The holy evangelists were accordingly presented to him, and Jeronimo swore upon them that he had not touched, still less changed, the ducats, since they were deposited with him. The president accordingly gave judgment in his favour, being compelled thereto by the laws of Padua. And Guiseppe, with horror at the united fraud and perjury of the man whom he had hitherto deemed honest and respectable, left the court and withdrew to his own house.

This trial excited a universal interest and rumour in Padua. The president of the law had acquitted Jeronimo; not so, however, public reputation. Guiseppe was a man of established character, Jeronimo’s fame had been long blemished. The previous reports, therefore, were now considered as fully confirmed into certainty. The magistrates accordingly deemed it necessary to put the attention of the police to him and to his future dealings; and Jeronimo thereafter became a marked character. The police of Padua was administered with that discreet cunning for which the Italians are celebrated. Some of its officers very shortly contrived, in the disguise of foreign merchants, to make a deposit of good and marked money with Jeronimo, and shortly after redeemed it back. The money was restored as required. It was immediately carried, as before, in the case of Guiseppe, to the public assay, and the result was, that the greatest part of the number of the coins was found to be base.

Jeronimo was next day arrested and thrown into prison. His house was searched in the same instant. The search most fully confirmed what indeed now required but little confirmation. In the secret drawers were found all the instruments of coining, as well as all the materials of adulteration. An immense quantity of base coin was likewise found in different parts of the house. All Padua was now in arms. They clamorously demanded justice on a man who had not the temptation of poverty to commit crimes; here is a man, said they, who has raised his head above all of us, and lived in luxury and splendour, year after year,

upon the fruit of his crimes. He has even sat on the public bench of magistrates, and administered the laws of Padua; if justice be not made for the rich, if its object be the defence of all, let him now be brought to trial, and meet with the punishment which he so well merits. The magistrates, in obedience to this popular clamour, and at the same time acknowledging its justice, somewhat hastened the trial of Jeronimo. He was brought forward, accused, and the witnesses examined; he had nothing to allege which could weigh a single grain against the mass of evidence produced against him. He was accordingly unanimously condemned. The trial was held on the Monday; he was found guilty the same day, and ordered for execution in the public square on Friday following; the interval being granted for religious preparations.

Who was now so unhappy as Jeronimo de Vincente, and what a vicissitude in his fortune and reputation had a very short time produced! Within these few months he had been the wealthiest and most respected man in Padua. The noblest families sought his only daughter in marriage; his wife was the pattern and exemplar of all the ladies of the city and neighbourhood; his house was full of the richest furniture and paintings in Italy. Now the officers of justice were in possession of it, and performed the vilest offices in the most magnificent chambers; whilst, with the ordinary insolence of such ruffians, they scarcely allowed a corner of the house to his unhappy wife and daughter. And where was Jeronimo himself? In the public prison of the city; in a cell not four feet square, and under orders for execution on the next following day. Was not this enough to reduce Jeronimo to his senses? It was; he humbled himself before God, and implored his pity; and it pleased the infinite Goodness to hear his prayers, and to send him relief where he least expected it.

Jeronimo had a confidential clerk, or managing man, of the name of Jacobo. On the day preceding that ordered for his master’s execution, he was going upstairs to attend some message from his unhappy mistress, when his foot slipped, and he fell from the top to the bottom. His neck was dislocated by the fall, and he died without uttering a word. This miserable man had a wife in the last month of her pregnancy; the intelligence of this disaster being carried to her, occasioned an immediate labour, and she was pronounced to be in the most imminent danger. She repeatedly requested, during the night, that Jeronimo’s wife might be sent for to her, as she had some-

thing very heavy at her heart to communicate to her. Jeronimo's wife accordingly came very early on the following morning. The unhappy woman, after having summoned up the small remnant of her strength, and requested Jeronimo's wife to hear what she had to say, but not to interrupt her till she had concluded, thus addressed her:—"Your husband is innocent, mine was guilty. Fly to the magistrates, inform them of this, and save my husband's soul from adding to his other crimes the guilt of innocent blood. Thy husband——." She was about to proceed, but death arrested her words.

Jeronimo's wife, thinking that her husband was now effectually saved, flew to the president of the magistracy, and demanded immediate admission, and related the confession she had just received. The president shook his head. "Where is the woman that made the confession?"—"She is dead."—"Then where is the party accused instead of Jeronimo?"—"He is dead likewise."—"Have you any witnesses of the conversation of the dying woman?"—"None; she requested every one to leave the chamber, that she might communicate to me alone."—"Then the confession, good woman, can avail you nothing; the law must have its course." Jeronimo's wife could make no reply; she was carried senseless out of the court, and the president, from a due sense of humanity, ordered her to be taken to the house of one of his officers, and kept there till after the execution of her husband.

The finishing of this catastrophe was now at hand. Already the great bell of the city was tolling. The hour at length arrived, and Jeronimo was led forth. He was desired to add anything which he had to say, without loss of time. He satisfied himself with the declaration of his innocence, and with recommending his soul to his Maker, then knelt down to receive the destined blow; but scarcely was he on his knees before the whole crowd was thrown into motion, by some of the marshals of justice rushing forward and exclaiming to stop the execution. The marshal at length made his way to the scaffold, and delivered a paper with which he was charged, to the presiding officer. The officer, upon reading it, immediately stayed the farther progress of the execution, and Jeronimo was led back to his prison. "What is all this?" exclaimed the crowd. "Have the friends of Jeronimo at length raised a sum of money which our just judges have required of them; and is his punishment thus bought off? Happy inhabitants of Padua, where to be rich is to be able to commit any crime with impunity."

It is time, however, to inform the reader of the true cause. Jeronimo was scarcely led to execution when the confessor of the prison demanded access to the president, and immediately laid before him the confession of a prisoner who had died under a fever the preceding night. The wretched malefactor hereupon acknowledged that he was one of a party of coiners, who had carried on the trade of making false money to a very great extent; that Jeronimo's clerk was at the head of the gang; that all the false money was delivered to this clerk, who immediately exchanged it for good money from his master's coffers, to all of which he had private keys, and in which coffers, on the apprehension of Jeronimo, he had deposited the instruments of coining, lest they should be found in his own possession. The confession terminated with enumerating such of the gang as were yet living, and pointing out their places of asylum and concealment.

The execution of Jeronimo, as has been related, was in its actual operation. The first step of the president, therefore, was to hurry one of the officers to stop its progress, and in the same moment to send off two or three detachments of the city guard to seize the accused parties before they should learn from public report the death of their comrade. The guards executed their purpose successfully; the malefactors were all taken and brought to the tribunal the same evening. The result was, that one of them became evidence against his comrades, and thus confirmed the truth of the confession, and the innocence of Jeronimo.

The president, in order to make all possible atonement, ordered a public meeting of all the citizens of Padua to be summoned on the following day. Jeronimo was then produced, upon which the president, descending from his tribunal, took him by the hand, and led him up to a seat by the side of him, on the bench of justice; the crowd then proclaimed silence. Upon which the president rose, and read the confession of the malefactor who died in the prison, and the transactions of the others; concluding the whole by declaring the innocence of Jeronimo, and restoring him to his credit, his fortune, and the good opinion of his fellow-citizens.

Thus ended the misfortunes of a man who had provoked the chastisement of Heaven by his vanity and self-glory.—The course of Providence is uniform in all ages of the world; when blessings are contumely, they are withdrawn—when the man unduly elevates himself, the moment of his humiliation is at hand.

O'CONNOR'S CHILD;
OR, THE
“FLOWER OF LOVE LIES BLEEDING.”

(Thomas Campbell, born at Glasgow, 27th July, 1777; died at Boulogne, 15th June, 1844. He was little more than twenty-one when the *Plagues of Hose* was first published. The success which attended the appearance of this poem determined Campbell to abandon the laborious profession of a tutor for the no less laborious one of letters. He proceeded to London, and in spite of indifferent health worked hard as journalist, critic, and historian; whilst at intervals he gave to the world new poems which confirmed the reputation he had already won. In 1805 government awarded him a pension of £200 a year. He was editor of the *New Monthly Magazine* for ten years (1810-20), and in 1830 he started the *Metropolitan Magazine*, which afterwards fell into the hands of Captain Marryat. Except his essays on English and Scottish poetry, and notes of the poets' lives, Campbell's prose works are not now extensively read, although on their first issue the *Annals of Great Britain, from the Accession of George III. to the Peace of Amiens, the Life of Mrs. Siddons, the Life and Times of Petrarch, Letters from the South (Algiers), and Frederich the Great*, were received with considerable favour. His poems, however, retain much of their popularity; and it will be interesting to general readers to know Lord Jeffrey's estimate of the poet:—“There are but two noble sorts of poetry—the pathetic and the sublime; and we think he (Campbell) has given us very extraordinary proofs of his talents for both.”]

Oh! once the harp of Innisfail!
Was strung full high to notes of gladness;
But yet it often told a tale
Of more prevailing sadness.
Sad was the note, and wild its fall,
As winds that moan at night forlorn
Along the isles of Fion-Gall,
When, for O'Connor's child to mourn,
The harper told how lone, how far
From any mansion's twinkling star,
From any path of social men,
Or voice, but from the fox's den,
The lady in the desert dwelt;
And yet no wrongs, no fear she felt:
Say, why should dwell in place so wild,
O'Connor's pale and lovely child?

Sweet lady! she no more inspires
Green Erin's hearts with beauty's power,
As, in the palace of her sires,
She bloom'd a peerless flower.
Gone, from her hand and bosom gone,
The royal brooch, the jewell'd ring,
That o'er her dazzling whiteness shone,
Like dews on lilles of the spring.

¹ Ireland.

Yet why, though fall'n her brother's kerne²
Beneath De Bourgo's battle stern,
While yet in Leinster unexplored
Her friends survive the English sword;
Why lingers she from Erin's host,
So far on Galway's shipwreck'd coast;
Why wanders she a huntress wild—
O'Connor's pale and lovely child?

And fix'd on empty space, why burn
Her eyes with momentary wildness;
And wherefore do they then return
To more than woman's mildness?
Dishewell'd are her raven locks;
On Connacht Moran's name she calls;
And oft amidst the lonely rocks
She sings sweet madrigals.
Placed 'midst the foxglove and the moss,
Behold a parted warrior's cross!
That is the spot where, evermore,
The lady, at her shield³ door,
Enjoys that, in communion sweet,
The living and the dead can meet:
For, lo! to love-lorn fantasy,
The hero of her heart is nigh.

Bright as the bow that spans the storm,
In Erin's yellow vesture clad,
A son of light—a lovely form,
He comes and makes her glad;
Now on the grass-green turf he sits,
His tassel'd horn beside him laid;
Now o'er the hills in chase he flies,
The hunter and the deer a shade!
Sweet mourner! these are shadows vain
That cross the twilight of her brain;
Yet she will tell you she is bless'd
Of Connacht Moran's tomb possess'd
More richly than in Aghrin's bower,
When bards high praised her beauty's power,
And kneeling pages offer'd up
The morat in a golden cup.

“A hero's bride! this desert bower,
It ill befits thy gentle breeding:
And wherefore dost thou love this flower
To call—‘My love lies bleeding?’
This purple flower my tears have nursed:
A hero's blood supplied its bloom:
I love it, for it was the first
That grew on Connacht Moran's tomb.
Oh! hearken, stranger, to my voice!
This desert mansion is my choice!
And bless'd, though fitful, be the star
That led me to its wilds afar;
For here these pathless mountains free
Gave shelter to my love and me;

² Kerne, the ancient Irish foot-soldiery.

³ Rustic hut or cabin.

And every rock and every stone
Bare witness that he was my own.

"O'Connor's child! I was the bnd
Of Erin's royal tree of glory;
But woe to them that wrapp'd in blood
The tissue of my story!
Still as I clasp my burning brain
A death-scene rushes on my sight;
It rises o'er and o'er again,
The bloody feud—the fatal night,
When, chafing Connacht Moran's scorn,
They called my hero basely born;
And bade him choose a meeker bride
Than from O'Connor's house of pride.
Their tribe, they said, their high degree,
Was sung in Tara's psaltry;¹
Witness their Earth's victorious brand,
And Cathal of the bloody hand;
Glory (they said) and power and honour
Were in the mansion of O'Connor:
But he, my loved one, bore in field
A humbler crest, a meeker shield.

"Ah, brothers! what did it avail
That fiercely and triumphantly
Ye fought the English of the Pale,
And stemm'd De Bourgo's chivalry?
And what was it to love and me
That barons by your standard rode,
Or bead-fires² for your jubilee
Upon a hundred mountains glow'd?
What though the lords of tower and dome
From Shannon to the North Sea foam,—
Thought ye your iron hands of pride
Could break the knot that love had tied?
No: let the eagle change his plume,
The leaf its hue, the flower its bloom;
But ties around this heart were spun
That could not, would not be undone!

"At leasting of the wild watch-fold
Thus sung my love:—‘Oh! come with me:
Our bark is on the lake; behold
Our steeds are fasten'd to the tree.
Come far from Castle-Connor's clans:
Come with thy belted foresters,
And I, beside the lake of swans,
Shall hunt for thee the fallow-deer;
And build thy hut, and bring thee home
The wild-fowl and the honey-comb;
And berries from the wood provide,
And play my clarshiech³ by thy side.
Then come, my love.’ How could I stay?
Our nimble stag-hounds track'd the way,
And I pursued, by moonless skies.
The light of Connacht Moran's eyes.

¹ The psalter of Tara was the great national register of the ancient Irish.

² Fires lighted on May-day on the hill tops by the Irish.

³ The harp.

"And fast and far, before the star
Of day-spring, rush'd we through the glade,
And saw at dawn the lofty bawn⁴
Of Castle-Connor fade.

Sweet was to us the hermitage
Of this unplough'd, unbroken shore,
Like birds all joyous from the cage,
For man's neglect we loved it more.
And well he knew, my huntsman dear,
To search the glens with hawk and spear;
While I, his evening food to dress,
Would sing to him in happiness.
But oh! that midnight of despair,
When I was doom'd to rend my hair:
The night, to me, of shrieking sorrow!
The night, to him, that had no morrow!

"When all was hush'd, at eventide:
I heard the baying of their bangle;
Be hush'd! my Connacht Moran cried,
‘Tis but the screaming of the eagle.
Alas! 'twas not the eyrie's sound;
Their bloody bands had track'd us out;
Up-listning starts our enchant hound—
And bark! again that nearer shout
Brings faster on the murderers.
Spare—spare him—Irazil—Desmond fierce,
In vain—no voice the adder charms;
Their weapons cross'd my sheltering arms;
Another's sword has laid him low—
Another's and another's;
And every hand that dealt the blow—
Ah me! it was a brother!
Yes, when his mannings died away,
Their iron hands had dug the clay,
And over his burial turf they trod,
And I beheld—Oh God! oh God!
His life-blood oozing from the sod!

"Warm in his death-wounds sepulchred,
Alas! my warrior's spirit brave
Nor mass nor ullu-ullu⁵ heard,
Lamenting, soothe his grave.
Dragg'd to their hated mansion back,
How long in thralldom's grasp I lay
I knew not, for my soul was black,
And knew no change of night or day.
One night of horror round me grew;
Or if I saw, or felt, or knew,
‘Twas but when these grim visages,
The angry brothers of my race,
Glared on each eye-ball's aching throb,
And check'd my bosom's power to sob,
Or when my heart with pulses drear
Beat like a death-watch to my ear.

"But Heaven, at last, my soul's eclipse
Did with a vision bright inspire:
I woke and felt upon my lips
A prophetess's fire.

⁴ Ancient fortification.

⁵ The Irish lamentation for the dead.

Thrice in the east a war-drum beat,
I heard the Saxon's trumpet sound,
And ranged, as to the judgment-seat,
My guilty, trembling brothers round.
Clad in the helm and shield they came;
For now De Bourgo's sword and flame
Had ravaged Ulster's boundaries,
And lighted up the midnight skies.
The standard of O'Connor's sway
Was in the turret where I lay;
That standard, with so dire a look,
As ghastly shone the moon and pale,
I gave, that every bosom shook
Beneath its iron mail.

"And go! (I cried), the combat seek,
Ye hearts that unapalled bore
The anguish of a sister's shriek,
Go!—and return no more!
For sooner guilt the ordeal brand
Shall grasp unhurt, than ye shall hold
The banner with victorious hand,
Beneath a sister's curse unroll'd.
O stranger! by my country's loss!
And by my love! and by the cross!
I swear I never could have spoke
The curse that sever'd nature's yoke;
But that a spirit o'er me stood
And fired me with the wrathful mood;
And frenzy to my heart was given
To speak the malison of Heaven.

"They would have cross'd themselves, all
mute;
They would have pray'd to burst the spell;
But at the stamping of my foot
Each hand down powerless fell!
And go to Athunree!¹ (I cried),
High lift the banner of your pride:
But know that where its sheet unrolls
The weight of blood is on your souls!
Go where the havos of your kerue
Shall float as high as mountain fern!
Men shall no more your mansion know;
The nettles on your hearth shall grow!
Dead, as the green oblivious flood
That mantles by your walls, shall be
The glory of O'Connor's beld!
Away! away to Athunree!
Where, downward when the sun shall fall,
The raven's wing shall be your pall!
And not a vassal shall unlace
The vizor from your dying face!

"A bolt that overhung our dome
Suspended till my curse was given,
Sooth as it pass'd these lips of foam,
Peal'd in the blood-red heaven.

Dire was the look that o'er their backs
The angry parting brothers threw:
But now, behold! like cataracts,
Come down the hills in view
O'Connor's plumed partisans;
Thrice ten Kilmagorvian clans
Were marching to their doom:
A sudden storm their plumage toss'd,
A flash of lightning o'er them cross'd,
And all again was gloom!

"Stranger! I fled the home of grief,
At Connacht Moran's tomb to fall;
I found the helmet of my chief,
His bow still hanging on our wall,
And took it down, and vow'd to rove
This desert place a huntress bold;
Nor would I change my buried love
For any heart of living mould.
No! for I am a hero's child;
I'll hunt my quarry in the wild;
And still my home this mansion make,
Of all unheeded and unheeding,
And cherish, for my warrior's sake—
'The flower of love lies bleeding.'"

THE LOST CHILD.²

Lucy was only six years old, but bold as a fairy; she had gone by herself a thousand times about the braes, and often upon errands to houses two or three miles distant. What had her parents to fear? The footpaths were all firm, and led through no places of danger, nor are infants of themselves incautious, when alone in their pastimes. Lucy went singing into the coppice-woods, and singing she reappeared on the open hill-side. With her small white hand on the rail, she glided along the wooden-bridge, or lightly as the owlz tripped from stone to stone across the shallow streamlet. The creature would be away for hours, and no fears be felt on her account by any one at home—whether she had gone with her basket under her arm to borrow some articles of household use from a neighbour, or merely for her own solitary delight wandered off to the braes to play among the flowers, coming back laden with wreaths and garlands. With a bonnet of her own sewing to shade her pretty face from the sun, and across her shoulders a plaid in which she could sit dry during an hour of the heaviest rain beneath the smallest beld, Lucy passed many long hours in the daylight, and thus knew, without thinking of it, all the

¹ Athunree, the battle fought in 1314, which decided the fate of Ireland.

² From *The Foresters*, by Professor Wilson (Christopher North). Blackwood and Sons.

topography of that pastoral solitude, and even something of the changeful appearances in the air and sky.

The happy child had been invited to pass a whole day, from morning to night, at Ladyside (a farm-house about two miles off), with her playmates, the Maynes; and she left home about an hour after sunrise. She was dressed for a holiday, and father and mother, and Aunt Isobel, all three kissed her sparkling face before she set off by herself, and stood listening to her singing, till her small voice was lost in the murmur of the rivulet. During her absence the house was silent but happy; and the evening being now far advanced, Lucy was expected home every minute, and Michael, Agnes, and Isobel went to meet her on the way. They walked on and on, wondering a little, but in no degree alarmed, till they reached Ladyside; and heard the cheerful din of the inmates within, still rioting at the close of the holiday. Jacob Mayne came to the door—but on their kindly asking why Lucy had not been sent home before daylight was over, he looked painfully surprised, and said that she had not been at Ladyside.

Agnes suddenly sat down, without speaking one word, on the stone seat beside the door, and Michael, supporting her, said,—"Jacob, our child left us this morning at six o'clock, and it is now near ten at night. God is merciful, but perhaps Lucy is dead." Jacob Mayne was an ordinary, commonplace, and rather ignorant man, but his heart leaped within him at these words, and by this time his own children were standing about the door. "Yes, Mr. Forrester—God is merciful—and your daughter, let us trust, is not dead. Let us trust that she yet liveth—and without delay let us go to seek the child." Michael trembled from head to foot, and his voice was gone; he lifted up his eyes to heaven, but it seemed not as if he saw either the moon or the stars. "Run over to Raeshorn, some of you," said Jacob, "and tell what has happened. Do you Isaac, my good boy, cross over to a' the towns on the Inverlethen-side, and—oh! Mr. Forrester—Mr. Forrester, dinna let this trial overcome you sae sairly"—for Michael was leaning against the wall of the house, and the strong man was helpless as a child. "Keep up your heart, my dearest son," said Isobel, with a voice all unlike her usual, "keep up your heart, for the blessed bairn is beyond doubt somewhere in the keeping of the great God, yea, without a hair of her head being hurt. A hundred things may have happened her, and death not among the number.—Oh! no—no—

surely not death—that would indeed be too dreadful a judgment." And Aunt Isobel, oppressed by the power of that word, now needed the very comfort that she had in vain tried to bestow.

Within two hours a hundred people were traversing the hills in all directions, even to a distance which it seemed most unlikely that poor Lucy could have reached. The shepherds and their dogs all night through searched every nook—every stony and rocky place—every little shaw—every piece of taller heather—every crevice that could conceal anything alive or dead,—but no Lucy was there. Her mother, who for a while seemed inspired with supernatural strength, had joined in the search, and with quaking heart looked into every brake, or stopped and listened to every shout and hollo reverberating among the hills, if she could seize on some tone of recognition or discovery. But the moon sank, and then all the stars, whose increased brightness had for a short time supplied her place, all faded away, and then came the gray dawn of morning, and then the clear brightness of the day, and still Michael and Agnes were childless. "She has sunk into some mossy or miry place," said Michael to a man near him, into whose face he never looked. "A cruel, cruel death for one like her! The earth on which my child walked has closed over her, and we shall never see her more!"

At last a man who had left the search and gone in a direction towards the high-road, came running with something in his arms towards the place where Michael and others were standing beside Agnes, who lay apparently exhausted almost to dying on the sward. He approached hesitatingly; and Michael saw that he carried Lucy's bonnet, clothes, and plaid. It was impossible not to see some spots of blood upon the frill that the child had worn round her neck. "Murdered—murdered—" was the one word whispered or ejaculated all around; but Agnes heard it not, for, worn out by that long night of hope and despair, she had fallen asleep, and was perhaps seeking her lost Lucy in her dreams.

Isobel took the clothes, and narrowly inspecting them with eye and hand, said with a fervent voice, that was heard even in Michael's despair, "No—Lucy is yet among the living. There are no marks of violence on the garments of the innocent—no murderer's hand has been here. These blood-spots have been put there to deceive. Besides, would not the murderer have carried off these things? For what else would he have murdered her? But oh! foolish

despair! What speak I of? For wicked as this world is—ay, desperately wicked—there is not, on all the surface of the wide earth, a hand that would murder our child! Is it not plain as the sun in heaven that Lucy has been stolen by some wretched gipsy-beggar, and that, before that sun has set, she will be saying her prayers in her father's house, with all of us upon our knees beside her, or with our faces prostrate upon the floor?"

Agnes opened her eyes and beheld Lucy's bonnet and plaid lying close beside her, and then a silent crowd. Her senses all at once returned to her, and she rose up—"Ay, sure enough drowned—drowned—drowned—but where have you laid her? Let me see our Lucy, Michael, for in my sleep I have already seen her laid out for burial. The crowd quickly dispersed, and horse and foot began to scour the country. Some took the high-roads, others all the by-paths, and many the trackless hills. Now that they were in some measure relieved from the horrible belief that the child was dead, the worst other calamity seemed nothing, for hope brought her back to their arms. Agnes had been able to walk to Bracken-Braes, and Michael and Isobel sat by her bed-side. Lucy's empty little crib was just as the child had left it in the morning before, neatly made up with her own hands, and her small red Bible was lying on her pillow.

"Oh! my husband—this is being indeed kind to your Agnes, for much it must have cost you to stay here; but had you left me, my silly heart must have ceased to beat altogether, for it will not lie still even now that I am well nigh resigned to the will of God." Michael put his hand on his wife's bosom, and felt her heart beating as if it were a knell. Then ever and anon the tears came gushing, for all her strength was gone, and she lay at the mercy of the rustle of a leaf or a shadow across the window. And thus hour after hour passed on till it was again twilight.

"I hear footsteps coming up the brae," said Agnes, who had for some time appeared to be slumbering; and in a few moments the voice of Jacob Mayne was heard at the outer door. It was no time for ceremony, and he advanced into the room where the family had been during all that trying and endless day. Jacob wore a solemn expression of countenance, and he seemed, from his looks, to bring them no comfort. Michael stood up between him and his wife, and looked into his heart. Something there seemed to be in his face that was not miserable. If he has heard nothing of my child, thought Michael, this man must care

but little for his own fireside. "O speak, speak,"—said Agnes, "yet why need you speak? All this has been but a vain belief, and Lucy is in heaven."—"Something like a trace of her has been discovered—a woman with a child that did not look like a child of hers was last night at Clovenfard—and left it by the daw'ing—"Do you hear that, my beloved Agnes?" said Isobel, "she'll have tramped away with Lucy up into Ettrick or Yarrow, but hundreds of eyes will have been upon her, for these are quiet but not solitary glens, and the hunt will be over long before she has crossed down upon Hawick. I knew that country in my young days. What say ye, Mr. Mayne? there's the light o' hope on your face." "There's nae reason to doubt, ma'am, that it was Lucy. Everybody is sure o't. If it was my ain Rachel, I should ha'e nae fear o' seeing her this blessed nicht."

Jacob Mayne now took a chair, and sat down, with even a smile upon his countenance. "I may tell you, noo, that Watty Oliver kens it was your bairn, for he saw her limping after the limmer at Galla-Brigg, but ha'eing nae suspicion, he did na tak' a second leuk o' her—but he leuk is sufficient, and he swears it was bonny Lucy Forrester." Aunt Isobel by this time had bread and cheese, and a bottle of her own elder-flower wine, on the table. "You have had a long and hard journey, wherever you have been, Mr. Mayne—tak' some refreshment,"—and Michael asked a blessing. Jacob saw that he might now venture to reveal the whole truth. "No—no—Mrs. Irvine, I'm ower happy to eat or to drink. You are a' prepared for the blessing that awaits you—your bairn is no fur aff—and I myself—for it was I mysel' that found her,—will bring her by the han' and restore her to her parents." Agnes had raised herself up in her bed at these words, but she sunk gently back on her pillow. Aunt Isobel was rooted to her chair, and Michael, as he rose up, felt as if the ground were sinking under his feet.

There was a dead silence all around the house for a short space, and then the sound of many joyful voices, which again by degrees subsided. The eyes of all then looked, and yet feared to look towards the door. Jacob Mayne was not so good as his word, for he did not bring Lucy by the hand to restore her to her parents; but, dressed again in her own bonnet, and her gown, and her own plaid, in rushed their child, by herself, with tears and sobs of joy, and her father laid her within her mother's bosom.

PROFESSOR W.—

"HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD
NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX."¹

[16—.]

[Robert Browning, born in Camberwell, London, 1812; died 1889. His first important publication was *Parecclaeus*, 1836. In the following year his tragedy of *St. Irvyne* was performed at Drury Lane, and the *Blot on the Scapulæ* about six years later. *King Victor and King Charles* and *Colombæ's Birth-day* were afterwards produced at the Haymarket Theatre; but none of his plays obtained much favour on the stage. His chief subsequent works were *Sordello*; *Christmas Eve; Men and Women*; *the Ring and the Book*; a poem in four vols.; *Dramatis Personæ; Prince Hohenstiel-Schönhausen; Fofie at the Fair; Red Cotton Night-cap Country; Bateman's Adventure; Aristophane's Apology; The Inn Album; Preghiarolo; Jocovaria; Feridulka's Fancies; Partying with certain People of Importance in their Day, and Abdun*. Many portions of these poems, notably of *Sordello*, were unintelligible to the majority of readers by reason of the frequent obscurity of the allusions, the rapid transitions of the poet's thought, and his elliptical and condensed phraseology. But in intellectual range, in power to analyse character, in original force, and in philosophic humour, he stands pre-eminent among the Victorian poets, while in developing the dramatic monologue he has given to the age its one novel literary form. He has justified Landor's statement that, with the exception of Shakespeare,

"Sipos Chaucer was alive and hale,
No man has walked along our roads with step
So active, so inquiring eye, or tongue
So varied in discourse."

I spring to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirök galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;

At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düsseldorf, 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mechelin church-steeple we heard the half-chime,
So Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,

To stare thro' the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray:

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back

For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;

And one eye's black intelligence, —ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!

And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon

His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirök groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!

Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,

We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick wheeze

Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,

And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff;

Till over by Dalhem a domo-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!" —and all in a moment his roar.

Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight

Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,

With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,

And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let fall,

Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,

¹ From *Dramatic Lyrics*, by Robert Browning. London: Chapman & Hall.

Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet name, my horse with-
out peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise,
bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and
stood.

And all I remember is, friends flocking round
As I sate with his head 'twixt my knees on the
ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of
mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of
wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good
news from Ghent.

THE FIRST AND LAST RUN.

Delay there, my hearties, and ease off your crack,
Come, have up your anchor, make sail on your tack;
And tip us a yarn of peril and spars,
While the grog round the table in oceans flows free,
Brave boys!

"Och hone agra, Denis, mavourneen, is it
kilt ye are? Spake to the poor ould mother
that bore ye. Och, may the curse of the widy
and the childless light on the villain that
fetcht ye that wife athwart yer brow; and if
I catch the murtherin' thase, I'll set my tin
commands on 'im, by tare and ountry I will.
Alas! alas! yer gon from me intirely now!
Ye'll never more grasp the tiller, or rin out
another reef in this world; but it's ye that
shan't want a mass t' help ye in the next, tho'
I should never whiff another cauboon for it;
yer sowl to glory, amin. Dry your peepers,
Rose, ma-colleen. Weepin' I'll do 'im no good,
that lies there dead and gon."

"Oh, Nancy! I can't help it when I see
him stretched so, and when I think that he'll
never more smile on his poor Rose, never
again; but hasn't Ned gone for the doctor?"

"True for ye, a cussilam a chree; he maybe's
there by this, tho' I'm mightily fraid his life-
lines are cut away, and he must be stowed
under the boord like his father afore 'im.
Och wirra athrew my poor boy! Och the
blessings on yer face, doether, avourneen, it's
me that ain't glad to see ye mayhap," said the
old woman to the doctor as he entered the room
of the hut in which they were; and while he is
doing his best to bring his patient to, we'll say

a few words to our readers in explanation of
the above.

The small town or fishing village of F—, on the south-east coast of England, was, at the time of our story, one of the chief and most noted haunts of the smugglers of that wild coast. The whole of the population, from their infancy up, were taught, both by precept and example, to consider the free trade as the chief and most glorious end of their lives. The house of each person was, in some manner, adapted for escape or concealment. Steps for the feet, and holds for the hands, were cut in several of the chimneys, and on the roofs several planks were always kept in readiness, to be placed from the ledge of one house to another, in order to facilitate escape, which was the more easily managed, as the streets were narrow, and the top story of each domicile jutted out in the old-fashioned style of the architecture of the time in which they were built. The floors likewise of the rooms could all be taken up, discovering large spaces capable of holding many a bale of silk and tobacco.

Among so many hardy and reckless men there was always some one who held a kind of tacit authority over the rest, won by many a deed of skill and daring. For many years Matthew, or Big Mat Smith, as he was generally called, had been their leader. To a frame of iron he added a mind fearless and unshrinking, and fertile in every expedient necessary to insure success in their undertakings. He was now sinking into the "sere and yellow leaf," and the only prop of his declining days was his fair-haired, blue-eyed daughter Rose. Of five stalwart sons not one now remained to him: two perished in the storm, the rest fell fighting by his side. Success full often awaited on the smuggler's undertakings, and many a whisper of hoarded shot in his locker was rife in the town. 'Twas no wonder that the doctor and the apothecary thrived, for hardly a Saturday night passed without numerous broken heads; for Rose, to no small share of beauty, added the more substantial charms of Plutus; and this, combined with the almost certainty that whoever was the favoured one would in all probability succeed to the skipperhead of the place, caused such a flow of blood to the fingers of the free-traders, that when not busy in breaking the pates of the sharks, they were fully employed in toasting the pretty Rose, and giving each other striking proofs of their admiration of the "pride of F—." After much drinking, dancing, and fighting, Denis M'Carthy at last opened a pretty clear road for

himself by beating all his opponents, and lighting a little bit of a spark in Rose's breast, which he was not the boy to let go out for want of fanning; and old Mat himself saw with pleasure his child fixing on Denis for her future pilot through life—for the young Irishman had always borne himself spiritedly and well, both afloat and ashore, and had once even saved the old man's life by flinging himself before him, and receiving the stroke of a man-of-war's cutlass intended for Mat. Denis, being young and of a harty constitution, soon recovered, and became prime favourite with his Rose's father.

"Tis mighty odd intirely," said his mother to him one night as they sat croonin' over their bright fire and clean-wiped hearth, "what confidence that same thaft, love, puts into the most fearful little colleen of us all. Faix, not more nor a month agone, there was that same Rose couldn't lift up her peepers from the grund and ax a crathur, 'How d'y'e do?' but now she'll go hangin' on yer oxter the whole day, an' look into your face too as bold as brass. The blessin's on her! Och, but ye're the boy for 'em, Deny alanna! Luff up to that port, ma bouchal, for it's it that's a warm un."

Nancy and her husband had left Ireland soon after they were married, and after being tossed here and there, at last came to anchor for good at F——. M'Curthy soon joined the smugglers, and plied his vocation with the greatest muiduity, having, as he himself said, "not the laste bit of objection in the world at all at all agen it." Working away thus, he managed to get on pretty well for about three years, when, one fine moonlight night, as he was pacing the deck of the *Speed*, which was going at a glorious rate before the wind, with the spray dashing like falling snow over her bows, he was most unluckily met by a leaden messenger from a cruiser, which ran across their bows, and which just gave him time to exclaim, "D——d unjuthemanly behaver this, by the big pipes of Leinst—" when death stepped in, and cut his soliloquy short. Nancy was now left "a poor lone widy on the wide world, wid a poor faderless bit of a gossoon to provide for;" and nobly she did her duty towards her orphan boy. Many a cruise did Nancy take "wid the boys," and many a run did she lend a by no means useless hand in, till at last "ould Nancy was well to do, plase God, and thrivin'." Such was the state of affairs on the morning of the day on which our "veritable historie" commences.

The pier, the harbour, the town, and all the manifold objects therein, had just begun to

emerge from the dim obscurity of night, and to stand broad out in the rays of the rising moon, which, kissing the crests of the dancing waves, glanced on and illuminated with one blaze of purple light the "eternal cliffs," and gradually faded away into the distant sea, showing, in one *coup d'œil*, the grand superiority of nature over the works of the sojourners of earth. From every house, street, and alley the people now began to issue, hurrying fast to the pier. Mat Smith's beautiful new schooner, the *Rose*, was that morning to make her first trip. All was ready on board for sailing, and nought delayed her but the absence of Denis and the skipper. On all sides cries of approbation and delight arose. "What a tight little hooker! What clean run along the bends; and then her yards and spars so all a tauto! If she don't take the conceit out o' the sharks, why, I'm blowed, that's all. Here they come! here they come! Good luck attend you, Mat, 'tis you that's the glory of us! Ah, Denis! I give you joy; here's success to you, my lad."

Many more uproarious congratulations of the same sort followed the *Rose*, even till she was far out of the harbour. Night came on, and found her about eleven knots to the southward of F——. The opposite coast had been made, and the run as yet had been quite successful. Mass after mass of fleecy clouds flitted across the moon, their edges rendered luminous as they came within the influence of her rays. The wind was fast lulling; and the gentle undulating motion of the water scarce rippled against the sides of the schooner as she lay in the light of a small bay about three hundred yards from the shore, casting her huge shadow to the foot of the hoary cliffs themselves. The stillness of the scene added greatly to its beauty. On her starboard side stretched the sea in its broad expanse to the gay shores of France. One sheet of radiance tapering from the extreme verge of the horizon, and gradually extending itself into one broad mellow light, fell across it, till it was stopped by the schooner, looking as she lay, her sides all silvered with the glowing beams, "the forest queen of the deep." On the larboard rose a high range of cliffs, which girt in almost the whole of the coast. Here and there some twinkling lights shone in the distance, marking the place where stood some lowly hamlet or more lordly tower.

"I say, Denis, my hearty," began Mat, soon after the schooner took up the berth we have described, "I can't say as how I feel particularly pleasant this 'ere night, like as if somethin' had ta'en me quite aback, and

almost, as it were, cut my life-lines adrift. Some harm 'll lay us aboard, I'm thinkin'. I wish those lubberly shore-haulers would bear in sight, and we'd this cargo safe stowed, and us alongside o' Rose snug moored by a blazer, with a prime in our mauleys—eh, boy?"

"Can't say as how, Mat, but that 're prime wouldn't be after being mighty agreeable, or I'm thunderstruck. But what is keeping them shore-goin' spalpeens? Thunder an' oun's, no one han't turned the snitch, an' peached—oh, Mat?"

"Hope not, boy; but may I go to Davy this moment if that ain't the signal! All hands ahoy, and stir about, every mother's son of ye! Stop your pipe, ye snivelin' powder-monkey, or I'll stop it with a rope, and be d—d to ye! Dost want to bring the lobsters on us?"

The signal had been made from the shore that the party there were ready for the cargo, and for starting; and in a few moments they were all standing on the edge of the shore prepared for their share of the business. A number of strong roadsters stood by, ready to be off to the interior as soon as they were loaded. Most of the group were armed with some weapon or another, chiefly of a rustic kind. "Here, Neptune, here," shouted one who acted as leader of the land party; and a fine large Newfoundland dog, with a rope attached to his collar, bounded into the water, and swam straight for the schooner. A number of kegs and bales, well fastened and tarred to prevent the water getting in, were fastened to it, and immediately drawn ashore. The dog made two or three trips, and a great quantity of goods were thus landed. The ship's boats in the meantime were not idle, and in an incredibly short time the whole of the cargo, and Mat and Denis, were safely landed, and the schooner then stood out to sea. Six of the best-armed men mounted, and took up their position in front, as the avant-guard. Mat, Denis, and four more, formed the rear. The rest, with the cargo, were in the centre. The word was given to advance, and the party were just in motion when the look-out, who was stationed up the glen, through which they had to pass, came running in at the top of his speed, roaring out, "The sharks are on us, and the lobsters with 'em!" No time was to be lost.

"Away with ye, every sowl!" thundered Mat and Denis together, "away!" And in a moment the whole were flying in every direction, still, however, retaining a hold of their loads, with the exception of our two friends, and the ten men with them, all bold and re-

solute fellows, and determined to the last to cover the retreat of their goods. In cases like this, when the free-traders were met by the bloodhounds of the law, they were accustomed to separate, and by the thousand cross-roads and hill-paths, to make the appointed place of rendezvous, which was always previously agreed upon. Thus, though a few might be taken, still the greater part escaped with the share of the run assigned to them. As the flying party disappeared one by one, in different directions, the picked or head men moved steadily onward. On reaching the mouth of the glen they were stopped by about twenty man-of-war's men, ranged in line, and commanding the passage.

"On, my lads, on for your own sakes!" cried Mat, putting spurs to his horse, and galloping forward, followed close by his men. On they went, and the pistols of the king's men were discharged in a volley, but fortunately, owing to the moon that instant having veiled her light behind an obliging old gentleman in the shape of a dark cloud, the shots passed harmlessly over their heads, and before the smoke could clear away, horse and men were mixed together in the *mélée*. Oaths, shouts, and excretions in every shape, from the simple d—a upwards, flew fast and furious. The free-traders seldom, if they could help it, used their fire-arms, and consequently they were always at it hand to hand, tooth and nail. The kicking and plunging of the horses soon bore fright and dismay among the sharks. They began to waver, and Denis, that moment rising in his stirrups to make a cut, sang out with the whole force of his stentorian lungs, "Give it 'em, my jewels! give 'em the lasta taste in the world of the steel shillay! At 'em, my Roses, asth—!" he said no more, for a back-handed stroke of one of his antagonists that instant brought him to the ground.

When the dawning light of sense and perception returned and resumed her wonted seat, Denis found himself in the house of Smith, with Rose holding one hand, and his mother kissing and crying over the other.

"Och hubhabo! mother, what's the row? What are you aither, keenin' over me that way for, agn?"

"Och, Denis, avourneen, hould yer tongue, and don't speake, for the doothur says ye'll kill yourself if ye do so. Aisy now, dear, and Rose, the darlin', 'll till ye all about it; eternal blasphem's rest on her and hers, for it wasn't her maybe that watched ye all alongst!"

The free-traders had been triumphant, and had beat the sharks off. Denis was carefully

raised up, the cutlass-cut aross his brow bound up, and he was then carried to Mat's house in a state of insensibility. The operation for trephine was performed upon him, and for a month he was delirious. He then recovered, and, to use his own expression, "bore up from the lee shore of sickness, with every sail he could crowd, for the port of health and spicestation." A short time after Rose and Denis became one, and two or three of the mayors of F. — were the lineal descendants of the Irish smuggler and his pretty Rose. The intervention of the king's men was owing to a rejected rival of Denis having betrayed them. He was discovered, and met the fate of a traitor. One misty night, soon after the run, he fell from a cliff seven hundred feet high. Not one atom of his body was found in its original shape. Rose had influence enough over her commander and father to prevail on them not to tempt the peril of the free-trade again, and accordingly her namesake was sold. And thus ended the *Rose's "First and Last Run;"* and now the web of our yarn is wove, and, to conclude with the words of the oriental sage, kind and gentle reader, who hast followed us thus far, "may your shadow never be less."

—*East Lothian Journal.*

TO A YOUNG GIRL.

Sweetest! if thy fairy hand
Calls for me the latest flowers,
Smiling hear me thus demand
Blessings for thy early hours:

Be thy promised spring as bright
As its opening charms foretell;
Graced with beauty's lovely light,
Modest virtue's dearer spell.

Be thy summer's matron bloom
Bless'd with blossoms sweet like thee;
May no tempest's sudden doom
Blast thy hope's fair nursery!

May thine autumn, calm, serene,
Never want some lingering flower,
Which affection's hand may glean,
Though the darkling mists may lower!

Sunshine cheer thy wintry day,
Tranquill conscience, peace, and love;
And thy wintry nights display
Streams of glorious light above.

MRS. THOM.

THE BURIED LIFE.

[Matthew Arnold, born at Lalham, near Skaines, Middlesex, 24th December, 1822; died at Liverpool, 15th April, 1888. He was a son of Dr. Thomas Arnold, the eminent head-master of Rugby School, and was from 1851 till 1858 an Inspector of Schools under the Council of Education. From 1857 till 1867 he was professor of poetry at Oxford. It was as an essayist that Mr. Arnold exercised most influence upon his age, although as a poet he won many laurels. His poems are for the most part reductive, and are characterized by earnest thought and profound sympathy with the hopes and efforts of his fellow. The *Edinburgh Review* said: "For combined culture and fine natural feeling in the matter of versification, Mr. Arnold has no living superior." A complete edition of his poetical works in three volumes was published by Macmillan (1881-2), from the second volume of which the following extract is made. Amongst his prose works are: *Essays in Criticism; Schools and Universities on the Continent; and A French Eton, or Middle-Class Education and the Stats.*]

Light flows our war of mocking words, and yet,
Behold, with tears mine eyes are wet!
I feel a nameless sadness o'er me roll.
Yes, yes, we know that we can jest,
We know, we know that we can smile!
But there's a something in this breast
To which thy light words bring no rest,
And thy gay smiles no anodyne;
Give me thy hand, and hush awhile,
And turn those limpid eyes on mine,
And let me read there, love, thy innocent soul!

Alas, is even love too weak
To unlock the heart, and let it speak?
Are even lovers powerless to reveal
To one another what indeed they feel?
I knew the mass of men conceal'd
Their thoughts, for fear that if reveal'd
They would by other men be met
With blank indifference, or with blame reproved;
I knew they lived and moved
Trick'd in disguises, alien to the rest
Of men, and alien to themselves!—and yet
The same heart beats in every human breast.

But we, my love—doth a like spell benumb
Our hearts?—our voices?—must we too be dumb?

Ah! well for us, if even we,
Even for a moment, can get free
Our heart, and have our lips unchain'd;
For that which seals them hath been deep ordain'd!

Fate, which foresaw
How frivolous a baby man would be,
By what distractions he would be possess'd,
How he would pour himself in every strife,

And well-nigh change his own identity;
That it might keep from his capricious play
His genuine self, and force him to obey
Even in his own despite his being's law,
Bade through the deep recesses of our breast
The unregarded river of our life
Pursue with indiscernible flow its way;
And that we should not see
The buried stream, and seem to be
Eddying at large in blind uncertainty,
Though driving on with it eternally.

But often, in the world's most crowded streets,
But often, in the din of strife,
There rises an unspeakable desire
After the knowledge of our buried life,
A thirst to spend our fire and restless force
In tracking out our true, original course;
A longing to inquire
Into the mystery of this heart which beats
So wild, so deep in us,—to know
Whence our thoughts come and where they go.
And many a man in his own breast then delves,
But deep enough, alas, none ever mines!
And we have been on many thousand lines,
And we have shown, on each, spirit and power;
But hardly have we, for one little hour,
Been on our own line, have we been ourselves!
Hardly had skill to utter one of all
The nameless feelings that course through our
breast,
But they course on for ever unexpress'd!

And long we try in vain to speak and act
Our hidden self, and what we say and do
Is eloquent, is well—but 'tis not true!
And then we will no more be rack'd
With inward striving, and demand
Of all the thousand nothings of the hour
Their stamping power;
Ah yes, and they benumb us at our call!
Yet still, from time to time, vague and forlorn,
From the soul's subterranean depth upborne
As from an infinitely distant land,
Come airs, and floating echoes, and convey
A melancholy into all our day.

Only, but this is rare!
When a beloved hand is laid in ours,
When, jaded with the rush and glare
Of the interminable hours,
Our eyes can in another's eyes read clear,
When our world-deafen'd ear
Is by the tones of a loved voice caress'd—
A bolt is shot back somewhere in our breast,
And a lost pulse of feeling stirs again.
The eye sinks inward, and the heart lies plain,
And what we mean, we say, and what we would,
we know!

A man becomes aware of his life's flow,
And hears its winding murmur, and he sees
The meadows where it glides, the sun, the breeze.

And there arrives a lull in the hot race
Wherein he doth for ever chase
That flying and elusive shadow, rest,
An air of coolness plays upon his face,
And an unwanted calm pervades his breast.
And then he thinks he knows
The hills where his life rose,
And the sea where it goes.

ENGLISH MARRIAGES.

BY A PARISH CLERK.

It would not, perhaps, be unamusing to describe the vast changes in fashion which have taken place during the forty years that I have officiated as parish clerk; but though I am not an inattentive observer of dress, I have looked beyond the bridal robes, and my chief delight has been to scrutinize, I hope not impertinently, the conduct of the parties. I was much interested by the appearance of a lady who came in a splendid carriage, and attended by her friends, to our church. She was richly and elegantly attired in white lace and white satin; but no one who looked upon her countenance would ever cast a thought upon her dress again. Her form was so thin and fragile, it seemed a mere shadow; her face was of lily paleness, and she wore a look of such deep and touching melancholy, that the heart melted at the piteous sight. There was, however, no violence in her grief; her eyes were tearless, and her manner was calm. I understood that she was a great heiress, who had lately changed her name for a large fortune, and that she was of age, and her own mistress, therefore there could be no constraint employed in inducing her to approach the altar. My ears are rather quick, and I could not help overhearing a part of this lady's conversation with her bride's-maid as they walked up and down the aisle together. "I was wrong to come here," she said, in a mournful tone, "wrong to allow any persuasion to tempt me to violate the faith I have plighted to the dead. Can an oath, so sacred as that which I have sworn, ever be cancelled? I scarcely dare glances my eyes towards those dark and distant corners lest I should encounter his reproaching shade: it seems as though he *must* rise from the grave to upbraid me with my broken vow."

The friend endeavoured to combat these fantastical notions, urged the duty she owed to the living, and the various excellencies of the man who now claimed her hand. "I know it all," returned the fair mourner, "but still I cannot be persuaded that I have not acted lightly in accepting the addresses of another. My faith should be buried in the tomb with my heart and my affections. I fear me that he who now receives my vows will repent those solicitations which have induced me to break that solemn promise which made me the bride of the dead."

Pulling down her veil, she passed her hand across her eyes, and sighed heavily. Not wishing to appear intrusive, I withdrew to the vestry-room; and shortly afterwards the bridegroom entered, accompanied by a gentleman whom he introduced as a stranger, saying that the relative who was to have attended him as the groom's-man had been suddenly taken ill, and his place unexpectedly supplied by a friend newly arrived from the Continent. He then inquired for the bride, entered the church, and led her to the altar. The clergyman opened his book, the ceremony commenced, and the lady, raising her drooping downcast head, fixed her eyes upon the stranger who stood by her intended husband's side, and uttering a wild scream, fell lifeless on the ground. We carried her immediately into the vestry, and, after many applications of hartshorn and water, she at length revived. In the interim an explanation had taken place; and I learned that in early life the bride had been engaged to the gentleman whose appearance had caused so much agitation, and whom she had long mourned as one numbered with the dead. The bridegroom did not urge the conclusion of the ceremony; and indeed the spirits of the lady had sustained too severe a shock for the possibility of going through it. Her tremor was so great that there was some difficulty in conveying her to the carriage, and the whole party retired, looking very blank and dejected.

About three months afterwards the same lady came to church again to be married, and never in my life did I see so astonishing a change as that which had taken place in her person and demeanour. She had grown quite plump; a sweet flush suffused her face, and her eyes, instead of being sunk and hollow, were now radiantly brilliant. She stepped forward with a cheerful air, and her voice sounded joyously. If my surprise was great at this alteration, it was still greater when I looked at the bridegroom, and saw that he was the very same gentleman who came before. I thought, to be

sure, that the lady who had grieved so deeply was now going to be united to her first love; but no such thing; and I was told afterwards that the young heiress was so shocked by the inconstancy of the faithless friend—for it seems that he was not aware of the report of his death, and had long ceased to trouble himself about her—that her attachment was quite cured, and she had determined to bestow her hand and fortune upon the man who best deserved them.

There was something very remarkable about the next couple who came to be married. The lady was old, and the gentleman young—a mere boy of one-and-twenty going to link himself with sixty-five. And such a vinegar aspect as the bride possessed was surely never before exhibited at a wedding. She seemed conscious that she was about to do a foolish thing, and was angry that the world thought so too; the bridegroom looked sheepish, and kept his eyes on the ground, while he rapped his shoe with his cane, much to the discomfiture of the lady, who was compelled to put herself forward as he hung back, and to take his arm instead of waiting to be led to the altar. She could not conceal her mortification at the neglect she experienced, but she bridled, and tossed, and cast such bitter glances upon those who seemed disposed to smile, that all the party stood awe-struck; and when the ceremony commenced, it was rather curious to hear the bridegroom whispering his part of the service, while the sharp shrill voice of the bride was actually startling in the solemn silence of a large and nearly empty church. The contrast between this antiquated bello's yellow parchment visage and her snowy drapery was so striking that it increased her ugliness. I could think of nothing but an Egyptian mummy tricked out in white satin; and there were some sly looks amid the company when her restless fiery eyes were for a moment withdrawn, which seemed to say that some such idea was gliding through their heads. I suppose that she had a good deal of money, for by the poor lad's manner I should think that nothing else would have induced so young a man to link himself with such a withered, and, I may say, pestilient creature.

I have seen, to be sure, many unwilling bridegrooms in my time. One, I remember, was evidently brought to church through fear of the brothers of his bride: they came, three of them, to escort the lady, as fierce as dragoon officers; and I believe one of them was in the army, for he clattered in with long spurs, and wore a brave pair of mustaches on his upper lip. The other two were stout athletic men,

with an air of great resolution; while the bridegroom, who was strong enough to have coped with any one of them, but who in all probability disliked the chances of a bullet, looked dogged and sullen, taking especial care to show that the slight civility which he displayed was extorted from him by compulsion. I felt for the poor girl, for she met nothing but stern glances. The rising tears were checked by a frown from some of her three brothers, who watched her narrowly; and there was little consolation to be drawn from the countenance of her intended husband; if ever he looked up there was a scowl upon his brow. She could only hope to exchange three tyrants for one, and there seemed too great a probability that the last would revenge upon her the treatment which he had received from her kinsmen. The ladies of the party shook their heads and were silent; and, altogether, I never saw more evil angury, although the termination was not so disastrous as that which I once witnessed upon a nearly similar occasion.

The lady, according to custom, came first. She had many of her friends about her; and the whole company showed more joy than is generally exhibited by the polite world, even on these happy events. There appeared to be a sort of congratulation amongst them, as though they had brought some fortunate circumstance to pass of which they had despaired; and amid them also was a tall, bluff-looking brother, who seemed very well pleased with the success of his exertions. The bride, too, was in high spirits, and talked and smiled with her bride's-maid, arranged her dress at the glass, and carried her head with an air. So much were the party occupied with their own satisfied feelings, that they did not appear to observe the wild and haggard look of the bridegroom. I was shocked and alarmed at the pale and ghastly countenance which he presented: he was dressed in black, and though somebody took notice of this circumstance, it was only to joke about it. To me he seemed under the influence of brandy or of laudanum, for he talked strangely, and laughed in such a manner that I shuddered at the sound. Nobody, however, appeared to regard it; and the wedding party entered the church as gaily as possible. During the ceremony the bridegroom's mood changed; as if struck by its solemnity, he became grave; a shade of inexpressible sadness passed over his wan, cold brow; and large drops of perspiration chased each other down his face. The nuptial rite ended, he stooped forward to kiss the bride, and just as the clergyman turned to leave the altar, drew a pistol

from his bosom, and shot himself through the heart before an arm could be raised to prevent him. Down dropped the new-married couple together, for this unhappy gentleman entangled himself in his wife's drapery, and dragged her with him as he fell. It was a horrid sight to see the dead and the living stretched in this fearful embrace upon the ground. Paralyzed by the report of the pistol, we stood aghast, and a minute elapsed before even I could stretch out my hand to extricate the bride from her shocking situation. She had not fainted, and she could not weep; but her eyes were glazed, her features rigid, and her skin changed to a deep leaden hue. Her satin robe was in several places stained with blood; and surely never was any spectacle half so ghastly. Her friends repressed their tears and sobs, and, gathering round her, attempted to convey her away. She submitted as if unwittingly; but when her foot was on the threshold of the portal, she burst into long and continued shrieks. The whole church rang with the appalling cry; and it was not until she had completely exhausted herself by her screams, and had sunk into a sort of torpor, interrupted only by low moans, that she could be taken from the fatal spot. A coroner's inquest sat in the vestry, and a sad tale of female levity, and of the weakness and libertinism of man, came out. But the subject is too painful to dwell upon, and I gladly turn to pleasanter recollections.

We had a very fine party shortly afterwards, who arrived in two or three carriages. The bride was young and fair, but she held her head down, and seemed greatly agitated. It was very easy to perceive that her heart had not been consulted in the choice of a husband. The father, a tall, heavy-browed man, cast severe and threatening glances upon his trembling daughter; but the mother, though she seemed equally bent upon the match, interceded for a little cessation of hostilities, and when the shrinking girl asked to be allowed to walk for a moment with one friend in the church, in order to collect her scattered thoughts, leave was granted. As she passed out of the door she dropped her white satin reticule, and it clanked heavily against the steps—a sound not at all like that of a smelling-bottle, and I must confess that my curiosity was strongly excited. I endeavoured to pick it up; but before I could bend my arm, which is a little stiff with the rheumatism, she had whipped it off the ground, and down the side-aisle she went, leaning upon her companion's arm. This aisle is long, and rather dark, terminating in a heavy oaken screen, which conceals

the green baize door leading to the front portal. She passed behind this screen and was seen no more. I thought it very odd, but it was not my place to speak, so I returned into the vestry-room, that I might not be questioned. Presently the bridegroom arrived, and an ill-favoured gentleman he was, with a fretful discontented countenance; and he began complaining of having been detained at home by some fool's message. After he had grumbled for a few minutes the bride was called for; she was not to be found. The father stormed. "Is this a time," he exclaimed, "to play such childish tricks? she has hidden herself in some corner." And away we all hastened in search of her. The church-doors were shut and locked, but as I passed up the gallery stairs I observed that the bolts were withdrawn from that which led from the side-aisle. I did not, however, feel myself compelled to publish this discovery, though I shrewdly suspected that the reticule which had rung so loudly as it fell contained a key; and so it proved. Some time was wasted in examining the organ-loft, and indeed every place in which a mouse might have been concealed. At last somebody hit upon the truth, and a little inquiry placed the elopement beyond a doubt. We learned that a carriage had been in waiting at a corner of the street opposite to the church, and that a gentleman had been seen loitering under the portico, who, the instant that two ladies popped out, conducted them to his equipage, which moved leisurely away, while we were engaged in our unsuccessful search. Upon strict examination it came out that a pew-opener had furnished the means of obtaining a false key. It would be impossible to describe the rage and dismay of the disappointed parties: the mother went off in hysterics, the bridegroom looked sorer than ever, the father raved and swore bitterly; and the clergyman, after vainly attempting to pacify him, read him a lecture upon intemperate conduct. All those who were not related to the parties slunk away, perhaps to have their laugh out; and I take shame to myself to say that I could not help enjoying the scene, so thoroughly unamiable did those persons appear with whom the fair bride was unfortunately connected. I was anxious about the young couple, and heard with great pleasure that they got safe to Scotland.

Another young lady, forced by her parents to the altar, did not manage matters quite so cleverly. They had dressed her out, poor thing! in a ball-room attire; her beautiful hair fell in ringlets from the crown of her head down

a swan-like neck as white as snow, and these glossy tresses were wreathed with long knots of pearl, which crossed her forehead twice, and mingled in rich loops with the clustering curls. Her white arms were bare, for her gloves had been lost in the coach, and the veil had slipped from her head and hung in disorder over her shoulders. Before the carriage reached the church I saw her fair face thrust out of one of the windows as if in expectation of seeing somebody. She paused for an instant on the steps, and, unmindful of the gazing crowd, cast hurried glances up and down the street; and even in the vestry-room, and in the church, she searched every corner narrowly with her eyes, turning round quickly at the slightest sound. Hope did not forsake her until the very last moment, when the bridegroom appeared—a tall, prim personage, who drew on his gloves very deliberately, not seeing or heeding the agonizing perturbation of his intended bride. Her movements became more hurried as her expectation of a rescue decreased. She suffered herself, as if bewildered, to be led to the communion-table, her head all the time turned over her shoulder, still watching for the arrival of some too tardy friend. But when she stood by the rails, and the actual commencement of the ceremony struck upon her ear, she seemed to awaken to a full sense of her dangerous situation; and throwing up her beautiful white arms, and tearing away the long curls from her brow, she exclaimed, with much vehemence, "No! no! no!" Her bosom heaved as though it would have burst through the satin and lace which confined it; her dark flashing eyes seemed starting from her head; her cheek was now flushed with the hue of crimson, and now pale as death, and every feature was swelled and convulsed by the tumultuous emotions which shook her frame. The tall, prim gentleman looked astounded: there was a gathering together of friends, but the bride was not to be appeased—she still continued her half-frizzed exclamation, "No! no! no!" A slight scuffle was heard outside the church, and in the next moment a fine-looking young man dashed in through the vestry-room, scarcely making two steps to the afflicted fair, who, uttering a piteous cry of joy, rushed into his outstretched arms.

The clergyman shut his book, astounded by the indecorum of these proceedings; the tall, prim gentleman opened his eyes, and seemed fumbling in his waistcoat pocket for a card; and the lovers, careless of everything but each other, clasped in a fervent embrace, had sunk down upon one of the free seats in the middle

aisle, the youth swearing by heaven and earth that his beloved should not be torn from his grasp, and the lady sobbing on his shoulder. The parents of the bride, confounded and amazed at this unexpected catastrophe, had nothing to say. They at length attempted to soothe the bridegroom; but he had elevated his eyebrows, and, looking unutterable things, was evidently preparing to walk off; and, this resolution taken, he was not to be stayed. He seized his hat, placed it solemnly under his arm, faced about, and, perceiving that his rival was wholly engrossed in wiping away the tears from the loveliest pair of eyes in the world, he pursed up his mouth to its original formality, and marched straight out of the church. An arrangement now took place between the intruder and the crest-fallen papa and mamma. The latter was left with her daughter, while the two gentlemen went in quest of a new license. The young lady, a little too wilful, it must be owned, pouted and coaxed till the old lady's brow relaxed, and all was harmony. Again the curate was called upon to perform his office, and now radiant smiles played upon the lips of the bride; a soft confusion stole over her cheek, and scarcely waiting until the conclusion of the ceremony, as if she feared a second separation, she clung to her husband's arm, not quitting it even while signing her name in the book.

There was nothing extraordinary about the next couple who joined their hands in our church, excepting their surpassing beauty. It seemed a question which could be styled the handsomer, the lady or the gentleman: both were tall, and both had that noble aspect which one is apt to fancy the exclusive gift of high birth. The bridegroom was a man of rank, and the bride little inferior in family connection. The friends of each party, magnificently arrayed, graced the ceremony: altogether it seemed a most suitable match, and was one of the grandest weddings that had taken place for a long time. The whole affair was conducted with the greatest propriety; hearts, as well as hands, appeared to be joined, the lady smiling through the few tears which she seemed to shed only because her mother and her sisters wept at parting from her, and the rapturous delight of the gentleman breaking the cold and guarded forms prescribed by fashion.

I was much amazed to see the same lady only five years afterwards come again to our church to be married. The same she certainly was, but still how different! Wrapped in a plain dishabille; attended by a cringing fe-

male, who bore the stamp of vulgarity in face, dress, and demeanour; her cheeks highly rouged, and the elegant modesty of her manners changed into a bold recklessness, which seemed to struggle with a sense of shame. I could scarcely believe my eyes; the widow of a nobleman would not surely have been in this degraded state. I was soon convinced of the truth of the surmise which flushed across my mind: she answered to the responses in her maiden name—she had been divorced—and the man to whom she now plighted the vow so lately broken, was he worthy of the sacrifice? I should say, No! He was, I understand, one of the wits of the day; but in person, bearing, and breeding, sadly, wretchedly beneath her former lord. She seemed to feel her situation, notwithstanding all her efforts to shake off the painful recollections that would arise. I saw her press her hand once or twice upon her heart; and when her eyes glanced around, and caught those well-known objects which she had gazed upon in happier days, she heaved deep and frequent sighs. There was less of solemn earnestness than usual about the clergyman who officiated, and he seemed to hurry over the service as though the holy rite were profaned in joining guilt and shame together. But though the marriage ceremony was cut short, it had already detained this dishonoured pair too long: as they were leaving the altar the vestry-door opened, and a gay bridal party descended the steps. It was the divorced lady's deserted husband leading a beautiful young creature, the emblem of innocence and purity, by the hand, and surrounded by a host of friends splendidly attired. A start, and almost a scream of recognition, betrayed the emotion which the wretched woman, who had forfeited her rank in society, sustained at this unexpected and most unwished-for meeting. She had many mortifications to undergo before she could get away. During the ceremony of signing her name several individuals made excuse to enter the vestry in order to stare at her; while the ladies, in passing by, shrank away as though they feared contamination; and she was obliged to walk half-way down the street, amid a line of gaping menials, before she could reach her shabby carriage, which had drawn off to make room for the coroneted coaches of the noble company in the church.

There was something I thought exceedingly strange about another wedding which took place nearly at the same period. One chariot contained the whole party, which consisted of an elderly and a young gentleman, and the bride, a very pretty girl, not more than seven-

teen or eighteen at the utmost. She was handsomely dressed, but in colours, and not with the precision and neatness of a bride; her clothes, though fashionable and expensive, were certainly not entirely new, bearing slight tokens of having been worn before. Neither did she show anything like timidity or bashfulness; asking a hundred questions, as if totally ignorant of the forms and ceremonies usually observed at weddings, laughing heartily at the idea of a set of demure bridesmaids, and exclaiming continually, "La, how ridiculous!" The bridegroom lounged upon the chair and benches, and said it would be a fine addition to a parson's income if he could unmarry the fools who were silly enough to slip into his noose; and the old gentleman listened to this idle conversation with a grieved and mortified air. The young couple, it seems, had not very long returned from a journey to Scotland, and were now reunited, to satisfy the scruples of the bride's father, although both appeared as if they would have been as well pleased to have been left at liberty to seize the facilities offered in the north for the annulling, as well as the celebrating, of contracts, too often hastily performed and speedily repented.

There was a gentleman, a sort of Blue-beard I must call him, who, having his town-house in our parish, came five times to be married; and I observed that in all his five wives he seemed to make a pretty good choice, at least as far as beauty went. The first was a blooming country nymph, who, except that her hair was powdered, and she wore high-heeled shoes, might have passed, with her large curls pinned stiffly in a row, in immense hat, and spreading furbelows, for a belle of the present day: and a mighty comely pair she and the 'squire made. The second wife was a languishing lady of quality, who, annoyed at the bridegroom's old-fashioned prejudice against a special license, kept her salts in her hand, said that the church smelled of dead bodies, and that she should catch some disease and die: and so she did. Then came the third, buttoned up in a riding-habit, which was an ugly fashion adopted at weddings some fifteen or twenty years ago, with a man's hat upon her head, and a green gauze veil: her partner, then a little inclining to the shady side of life, affected the fooleries of the times, and was dressed in the very tip of the mode. She looked as though she would see him out; but he came again. And the fourth—a pale, pensive, lady-like woman, apparently far gone in a consumption, who seemed, poor thing! as though she had been crossed in love, and now married only for a maintenance, did not

last long. The fifth time we had three weddings: the old gentleman and his son espoused two sisters; the former taking care to choose the younger lady, and his daughter married the uncle of her father's bride. It was a droll exhibition; and I think that the elder Benedict would have done well to remain in his widowed state, for he appeared to have caught a Tartar at last, and would have some difficulty in carrying things with the high hand which he had done with his former wives. I have not heard of his death, but I still retain the expectation of seeing his widow.

LINES.

In the thick city's smoke, can beauty find
A charm,—a solace for the charms resign'd?
When at soft noon, the river,—that had glowed
A flood of sunshine, dazzling as it flowed,
Bent, where the wood-hung rocks its course forbid,
Sinks into sweeter shade, oft seen, oft hid;
And airs so fresh are flowing, that on high
Their very breath would toll of winter's night;
While through the air a thousand warlings run,
And many a wing is glittering to the sun;
And on some shelter'd slope, where hillocks meet,
Glad echo answers to the lamb's fond bleat;
Or loves she rather than such gloom, as falls
Where the same windows front the same dull walls,
To see new weary idlers tread once more
The mud or dust which crowds had trod before,—
Or the gay chariot loiter, as it waits
Some fool she scorns, or envious flite she hates,—
Or in the park, where slow-drawn canches pass,
And all is worsted-hay, and trees, and grass,
Of dusty verdure 'twixt bright livery green,
Just snatch enough to know that groves are green.

Yet sometimes, not forgetful of the shade,
She calls my blooms her feeble pomage to add,
Then from the hall, gay bower the myrtle weaves,
And powder'd lackey's half are los in leaves;
Through full saloons, or where the dancer flies,
And a fair world of chaff in chains dies,
The towering orange flames, with roses mix'd,
And gems and nodding feathers flash betwixt,
Vain artific'd em'lynes, or on the steamy board,
'Mid encens'd crowds, or on the steamy board,
Rosal the simple vale, where violets drink
Sweet dews, and glisten o'er the runnel's brink?

DR. THOMAS BROWNE.¹

¹ From the *Beau of Spring*, with other poems, by the author of the *Paradise of Coquette*.

THE BALLAD OF CARMILHAN.¹

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

I.

At Stralsund, by the Baltic Sea,
Within the sandy bar,
At sunset of a summer's day,
Ready for sea, at anchor lay
The good ship Valdemar.

The sunbeams danced upon the waves,
And played along her side,
And through the cabin-windows streamed
In ripples of golden light, that seemed
The ripple of the tide.

There sat the captain with his friends—
Old skippers brown and hale—
Who smoked and grumbled o'er their grog,
And talked of iceberg and of fog,
Of calm, and storm, and gale.

And one was spinning a sailor's yarn
About Klaboterman,
The Kobold of the sea; a sprite
Invisible to mortal sight,
Who o'er the rigging ran.

Sometimes he hammered in the hold,
Sometimes upon the mast,
Sometimes abeam, sometimes abaft,
Or at the bows he sang and laughed,
And made all tight and fast.

He helped the sailors at their work,
And toiled with jovial din;
He helped them hoist and reef the sails,
He helped them stow the casks and bales,
And leave the anchor in.

But woe unto the lazy louts,
The idlers of the crew;
Them to torment is his delight,
And worry them by day and night,
And pinch them black and blue.

¹ This poem of "the first poet of America," published about ten years before his death, is among the best of his later productions. Longfellow is as great a favourite in England as he can be in his native land, and this acknowledgment of his power, from *Blackwood*, will be interesting: "We are thankful that the present age is graced by such a poet as Mr. Longfellow, whose extraordinary accomplishment, and research, and devotion to his high calling can scarcely be overrated. His productions must always command our deep attention, for in them we are certain to meet with great beauty of thought and very elegant diction."

And woe to him whose mortal eyes
Klaboterman behold;
It is a certain sign of death!—
The cabin-boy here held his breath,
He felt his blood run cold.

II.

The jolly skipper paused awhile,
And then again began:
"There is a Spectre Ship," quoth he,
"A Ship of the Dead, that sails the sea,
And is called the Carmilhan."

"A ghostly ship, with a ghostly crew,
In tempests she appears;
And before the gale, or against the gale,
She sails without a rag of sail,
Without a helmsman steers."

"She haunts the Atlantic north and south,
But mostly the mid-sea,
Where three great rocks rise bleak and bare,
Like furnace-chimneys in the air,
And are called the Chimneys Three."

"And ill betide the luckless ship
That meets the Carmilhan;
Over her decks the seas will leap,
She must go down into the deep,
And perish mouse and man."

The captain of the Valdemar
Laughed loud with merry heart.
"I should like to see this ship," said he;
"I should like to find these Chimneys Three,
That are marked down in the chart."

"I have sailed right over the spot," he said,
"With a good stiff breeze behind,
When the sea was blue, and the sky was clear—
You can follow my course by these pinholes here—
And never a rock could find."

And then he swore a dreadful oath,
He swore by the Kingloms Three,
That should he meet the Carmilhan,
He would run her down, although he ran
Right into Eternity!

All this, while passing to and fro,
The cabin-boy had heard;
He lingered at the door to hear,
And drank in all with greedy ear,
And pondered every word.

He was a simple country lad,
But of a roving mind;
"O, it must be like heaven," thought he,
"Those far-off foreign lands to see,
And fortune seek and find!"

But in the fo'castle, when he heard
The mariners blaspheme,
He thought of home, he thought of God,
And his mother under the churchyard sod,
And wished it were a dream.

One friend on board that ship had he;
'Twas the Klaboterman,
Who saw the Bible in his chest,
And made a sign upon his breast,
All evil things to ban.

III.

The cabin-windows have grown blank
As eyekalls of the dead;
No more the glancing sunbeams burn
On the gilt letters of the stern,
But on the figure-head;

On Valdemar Victorious,
Who looketh with disdain,
To see his image in the tide
Dismembered float from side to side,
And reunite again.

"It is the tide," those skippers cried,
"That swings the vessel so;
It is the tide; it rises fast,
Tis time to say farewell at last,
Tis time for us to go."

They shook the captain by the hand,
"Good luck! good luck!" they cried;
Each face was like the setting sun,
As broad and red, they one by one
Went o'er the vessel's side.

The sun went down, the full moon rose,
The tide was at its flood;
And all the winding creeks and bays
And broad sea-meadows seemed ablaze,
The sky was red as blood.

The south-west wind blew fresh and fair,
As fair as wind could be;
Bound for Odessa, o'er the bar,
With all sail set, the Valdemar
Went proudly out to sea.

The lovely moon climbs up the sky
As one who walks in dreams;
A tower of marble in her light,
A wall of black, a wall of white,
The stately vessel seems.

Low down upon the sandy coast
The lights begin to burn;
And now uplifted high in air
They kindle with a fiercer glare,
And now drop far astern.

The dawn appears, the land is gone,
The sea is all around;
Then on each hand low hills of sand
Emerge and form another land;
She steereth through the Sound.

Through Kattegat and Skager-rack,
She flitteth like a ghost:
By day and night, by night and day,
She bounds, she flies upon her way
Along the English coast.

Cape Finisterre is drawing near,
Cape Finisterre is past;
Into the open ocean stream
She floats, the vision of a dream
Too beautiful to last.

Suns rise and set, and rise, and yet
There is no land in sight;
The liquid planets overhead
Burn brighter now the moon is dead,
And longer stays the night.

IV.

And now along the horizon's edge
Mountains of cloud uprose,
Black, as with forests, underneath,
Above, their sharp and jagged teeth
Were white as drifted snows.

Unseen behind them sank the sun,
But flushed each snowy peak
A little while with rosy light,
That faded slowly from the sight,
As blushes from the cheek.

Black grew the sky, all black, all black;
The clouds were everywhere;
There was a feeling of suspense
In nature, a mysterious sense
Of terror in the air.

And all on board the Valdemar
Was still as still could be;
Save when the dismal ship-bell tolled,
As ever and anon she rolled,
And lurched into the sea.

The captain up and down the deck
Went striding to and fro;
Now watched the compass at the wheel
Now lifted up his hand to feel
Which way the wind might blow.

And now he looked up at the sails,
And now upon the deep;
In every fibre of his frame
He felt the storm before it came,
He had no thought of sleep.

Eight bells! and suddenly abaft,
With a great rush of rain,
Making the ocean white with spume,
In darkness like the day of doom,
On came the hurricane.

The lightning flashed from cloud to cloud,
And tore the dark in two;
A jagged flame, a single jet
Of white fire, like a bayonet,
That pierced his eyeballs through.

Then all around was dark again,
And blacker than before;
But in that single flash of light
The captain saw a fearful sight,
And thought of the oath he swore.

For right ahead lay the Ship of the Dead,
The ghostly Carmilhan!
Her masts were stripped, her yards were bare,
And on her bowsprit, poised in air,
Sat the Klaboterman.

Her crew of ghosts was all on deck,
Or clambering up the shrouds;
The boatswain's whistle, the captain's hail,
Were like the piping of the gale,
And thunder in the clouds.

And close behind the Carmilhan
There rose up from the sea,
As from a foundered ship of stone,
Three bare and splintered masts alone;
They were the Chimneys Three!

And onward dashed the Valdemar,
And leaped into the dark;
A denser mist, a colder blast,
A little shudder, and she had passed
Right through the Phantom Barque!

She cleft in twain the shadowy hulk,
But cleft it unaware;
As when, careering to her nest,
The sea-gull sever'd with her breast
The unresisting air.

Again the lightning flashed; again
They saw the Carmilhan,
Whole as before in hull and spar;
But now on board of the Valdemar
Stood the Klaboterman.

And they all knew their doom was sealed;
They knew that death was near;
Some prayed who never prayed before;
And some they wept, and some they swore,
And some were mute with fear.

Then suddenly there came a shock,
And louder than wind or sea
A cry burst from the crew on deck,
As she dashed and crashed, a hopeless wreck,
Upon the Chimneys Three.

The storm and night were passed, the light
To streak the east began;
The cabin-boy, picked up at sea,
Survived the wreck, and only he,
To tell of the Carmilhan.¹

THE MILLER OF CALDER.

[The Misses Corbett were the joint authors of the *Cabinet for Youth*—a series of sketches and anecdotes; *Lessons for the Heart*—a selection of the best examples for the improvement of the young; and of *Illustrations of Interesting Passages in the Sacred Volume*, drawn from the works of the most eminent commentators and travellers. Miss M. Corlett produced in 1841 the *New Happy Week, or Holidays at Beechwood*, which, at the time of publication, obtained considerable attention from parents desirous of placing in the hands of their children a book that was at once amusing and instructive.]

One fine evening towards the end of harvest, as Robin Baillie, the miller of Calder, was sitting at his cheerful fireside, a gentle knock was heard at the door. "Rise, my bairn," said the miller, "and see wha that is." Peggy, who was busy at her wheel, put it aside, and went to the door.

The miller continued to pore over an old almanac, till roused by his wife saying she wondered what had become of Peggy,—that the porridge was ready to be dished—and the milk was not brought from the milk-house.

"Is Peggy no come back?" said the miller. "I dinna like outgangings at night. If it's ony decent acquaintance Peggy kens she's welcome to bring them in."

"Hout, guideman," said his wife, "ye maunna be sic strict. Mind ye were ance young yourself; besides, Peggy is sic douce, we may maist leave her to her ain guidance."

Their conference was here interrupted by the appearance of the subject of it. "Wha was that at the door?" said the miller.

"It was Willie Stewart," said Peggy, in a hesitating voice.

"My certie," said Robin, "but he's no blate to come rapping at my door, after the ill turn he did me no sic lang ago! What did he want?"

"Oh, father!" said Peggy, "will ye never learn no to be sic hasty? Ye ken Willie threeps he never did such a thing, and that somebody

¹ From the *Atlantic Monthly Magazine*.

that wanted to make mischief between you and him made ye believe that story. But I will shut the door, and tell ye what brought him here."

So saying, Peggy fastened the door, and sat down beside her father. "Willie bids me tell ye that the Laird of Calder has got word that ye haes smuggled whisky hid in the corn-stack, and that twa gaugers will be here soon the morn to look for it, and that, if any be found, ye'll be what they ca' exchequered, and haes to pay a dreadful fine, and maybe haes the tack o' the mill ta'en frae ye."

"And wha," cried the wife, "could tell such an evendown lie? Your father, Peggy, has mair sense than to do such a thing."

"Whisht, godewife," said the miller; "it's over true."

"Preserve us a'" said Janet; "I canna believe it. Robin, it's no like you."

"Indeed," said Robin, "I did it out o' nae ill: but twa pair devils came to me the other night, just as I was locking up the mill, and asked me to let them hide four bit kegs o' whisky, as the gaugers had got scent o't; and that, if I wouldna agree to it, they would be ruined, and they had sma' families. To make a lang story short, they wrought upon me to let them put it into the corn-stack; but it was no to benefit me. Wha could tell surprises me, for Andrew was in the stable."

"He was nae such thing," said Peggy. "He was nearer than ye thought, and heard every word; and to be revenged on you for no letting him to the last fair, he gave information to the laird's grieve, Saunders M'Ilhose, and he to the excisemen. Now, father," continued Peggy, "William is waiting at the back of the laigh dike, to see what ye mean to do. He says he kens a cozie place to hide it in; but he advises you to get Andrew out of the way first."

Andrew, having given the miller's horse his supper, now came in for his own; and the miller having reverently asked a blessing, they all sat down to their evening meal. When they had finished, the miller drew out his large silver watch, which had descended for many generations from father to son, and said, "Andrew, I quite forgot to send poor Nelly Morrison her twa pecks o' meal, and she will be ill aff for a pickle to mak her bairns' parritch in the morning. It's no very late, and the night's fine, so ye may just step down with it."

"She wsnsa to get her meal till Monday," said Andrew, not very well pleased at the thought of being sent out at night, to which he had a great aversion, unless it were on his own errands.

"Will ye tell me," cried the miller, "that ye ken my affairs better than I do myself? I wonder how ye would like to want your parritch in the morning? No very weel, I'm thinking."

"I saw Nelly," said Andrew, "twa days since, and she told me she wdnna want the meal till Monday, and I'll stand to it."

"Dinna gang to argle-bargle wi' me," said the miller, in a rage. "If ye refuse to obey your master's lawfu' commands, I'll bring ye before the justices the first court-day."

"Ither folks as weel as me may be there before they reckon on't."

"Do you mean to threaten me?" cried the miller, raising his voice.

Andrew, now finding that he had gone quite far enough, thought it prudent to draw in a little, and said he did not absolutely refuse to take the meal, but that it was very hard to be sent out at night after working all day. He then threw the bag across his shoulder, and set off in a very bad humour, consigning Nelly, the meal, and the miller, to the bottom of the Clyde.

As soon as Andrew was out of sight, the miller desired Peggy to bring in William, that he might consult with him as to what was best to be done before Andrew's return,—an order which Peggy obeyed with the greatest alacrity. "Come awa, Willie," said the miller, "you has been a true friend to me this night, and ye shall find that Robin Baillie is no the man to forget a good turn."

"You are welcome, miller," said William mildly, "to ony good turn I can do ye. I will tell ye some other time how I found out what was brewing against ye; but let us work first, and get the whisky out o' the way."

The miller having assented, they each took a large sack, and having made an equal division of the kegs, they pursued their way silently and cautiously to the magnificent ruins of Calder Castle. As they approached it the moon shone forth in unclouded majesty, giving to their view a scene of desolate sublimity.

William, having asked the miller whether he would enter the ruins with him or wait without till he had deposited the whisky, on finding he greatly preferred the last proposal, went in alone, and having concealed the kegs, returned to the miller, and they both rapidly retraced their steps.

Early next morning the family was roused by a loud knocking at the door. "Wha's there?" cried the miller; in reply to which question a voice was heard demanding admittance on the authority of a warrant—"It's a strange thing," said the miller, "to hear speak

o' a warrant at this door; but take time, and it shall be opened to you."—The miller and his family being now dressed, Robin set the door wide open, and civilly asked his visitors to walk in.

Two excisemen now entered, one a tall, grim-looking personage, the other a little, good-humoured, smiling body, who took upon himself the office of spokesman.—"He was sorry," he said, "to disturb Mr. Baillie and his family; but having received instructions to search his premises for smuggled whisky, they were under the necessity of doing their duty."—The miller, feeling very much at his ease, accompanied them through his house, opened every door and every press; and when they were satisfied all was right within, they proceeded to the mill, the stable, and the byre; but nothing like a keg was to be seen.

"Miller," said the tall man, "giving a glance at his little companion, "we have seen nothing here but what an honest man should have; but you'll be no angry if we look into your stack. We heard some clavers that there was more than corn there;—not," continued he, with a look of ill-concealed triumph, "that we believe the half of the stories we hear, but we must neglect nothing."

"Wi' a' my heart," cried Robin. "I'll help you to tak it down."

The excisemen did not understand this; but to work they went. Great was the astonishment of Andrew, when, on looking out of the stable-window, he saw the miller laughing away with the two excisemen. Greater still was his dismay on finding the stack strictly examined, but no whisky found. The excisemen, seeing there was no hope of a seizure here, now offered to take their departure; but the miller invited them in to take their breakfast; to which proposal, on consulting their appetites, they willingly assented.

On entering the kitchen the little man seated himself near the fire, and amused himself by watching Peggy's motions, who twirled the sprule in the porridge-pan in a most dexterous manner. He could not resist complimenting her upon her comely face and neat figure, and we must do Peggy the justice to say that she accepted his homage with all the nonchalance of a thorough-bred beauty.

"Miller," said the little man, "your daughter is a blythe creature, and bonnie too." "She's well enough," said Robin; "but dinna be putting nonsense in her head." "My head will carry it a' brawly. Do you think, father, I dinna ken already that I'm bonnie, when every ane says I'm your very picture?" "Weel

done, lassie," said her little admirer. "I see you ha'e aye your answer ready." "Peggy," said her mother, gravely, "dish the parrich, and bring ben the milk."

Peggy, having first covered the table with a snow-white table-cloth, began to set out the breakfast, of which a sweet-milk cheese, scones and bunnocks, and excellent oatmeal porridge, formed the principal part. "We have not got into the fashion of taking tea yet," said the miller: "so ye must just do without it for a morning." Both these important personages declared that, although they generally breakfasted on tea, the more substantial articles now before them would be a pleasant change.

The miller now desired Peggy to call in Andrew,—a summons he obeyed very rapidly, being extremely anxious to know how matters stood with their new visitors. He drew in his stool to the table, but kept a profound silence, and lifted his eyes as seldom as possible. When breakfast was finished, and the miller had returned thanks, the excisemen prepared to depart; but the miller forbid them to stir till they had tasted his whisky, which he assured them, with a hearty laugh, was not smuggled. The miller took a bumper himself, and, after drinking to their better acquaintance, he handed the bottle to his guests, who pledged him with great good-will.

The miller, understanding that they were going to the other side of the river, offered to take them across the ford in his cart, as he was going that way for coals, and it would save them going round by the bridge. His offer was most gratefully accepted, and Andrew was sent to put plenty of straw in the cart, and to harness the horse; which being done, the miller and his companions took their way to the ford.

On coming to the edge of the water the miller jumped down, saying his horse was not very fond of the water, and that he would lead him; and desiring the men to sit well down to the bottom of the cart, they proceeded very smoothly till they reached the deepest part of the stream, when Robin quietly took out the pin which held down his vehicle. Up went the cart into the air—down went the excisemen into the water! The tall gentleman caught hold of the wheel of the cart;—the little one was not so fortunate: the current hurried him rapidly down; and if the miller had not seized his coat, there is no saying how this exploit might have terminated. He drew him to the bank, and laid him on the grass, to give him an opportunity of refunding the liquid he had swallowed.

Many were the exclamations of the miller at this mishap. He abused his horse for an auld, doited, stumbling brute, no worth ca'ing out o' a kail-yard. The tall exciseman, who had now joined them, cut his compliments of condolence short, by roundly charging him with an intent to drown them. "Drown you!" said Robin; "I wonder what good that would do to me? There would aye be plenty of sic like to the fore. Drown you! Indeed, I am like to get sma' thanks for my civility."

The little man took no part in the debate; but, rising, he told his companion he was now able to walk; and after favouring the miller with some threatening glances, they departed.

Robin allowed them to be at a considerable distance before he replaced his plin; and then, giving way to his mirth, he laughed till the woods resounded. As he drove along he met his old crone, Jamie Barnes. "How are ye, miller? Ye look as gleg as if ye had got a prize in the lottery."

"No, no," said Robin; "I ha' neen been sae lucky; but I ha' come frae maist drowning a bit gauger body. O man! if ye ha' seen him,—how he gaped and bocked up the water,—ye would ha' laughed as muckle as I ha' done. I dare say he'll no be able to bide the sight o' water for a twalmouth. Somebody," continued Robin, "sent them on a gowk's errand, to look for smuggled whisky in my house; but the chield gaed aff as wise as they cam." "I can believe that," said Jamie; "ye're no the man, Robin, to meddle wi' ony sic thing."

"Good day to ye," said the miller, "for I'm gaun to the hill for coals;" and the miller having given his horse a gentle hint with his whip to make haste, they were both soon out of sight.

"I wonder," said Mrs. Baillie to her daughter, "that Robin didn't tell me about the whisky. He might haen been sure I wadna haes spoken about it." "He maybe forgot," said Peggy. "I dinna think that's very likely," rejoined her mother. "However, we are muckle obliged to Willie Stewart; for if the whisky had been found, it would ha' raised an awfu' soug in the country side. But I'll step down to Annie Colquhoun's, and see if the yarn is ready." "There's a dozen o' fresh eggs, mother," said Peggy; "you may leave them at Mrs. Stewart's as ye pass her door." "Do ye keep count, Peggy, how many she gets?" "I'll see to that," replied her daughter. "Take care o' the doors," said Mrs. Baillie; "for there are a wheen randy tinklers gaun about the country."

As soon as Mrs. Baillie had left her, Peggy set to work, and made the kitchen like a new plin, washed her own handsome face, smoothed

down her flaxen curls, and, as she surveyed herself in the small looking-glass which hung above her chest of drawers, she seemed to be pretty well satisfied with her appearance. These operations happily completed, she was just beginning to prepare materials for the broth, when a well-known voice asked for admittance. "Is that you, Willie?" "Yes," was the reply; "will you let me in?" "You are welcome," said Peggy; "but my father's no at home; he's awa' for coals." "Weel," said Willie, "I maun just pit up wi' you till he comes back." "Nae doubt," said Peggy, "but that's a great hardship." "Peggy," said Willie, "I ha' heard bad news the day."

"What's that?" "Saunders M'Ilhose, the laird's grieve, has given my mother and me notice that we must quit our house at the term; and to leave that bonnie place will break my mother's heart, to say naething o' my ain."

"Dear me," said Peggy, while a pretty blush coloured her cheek, "I am very sorry to hear this; but maybe ye'll hear o' another house by the term that will suit you." "That's no likely," replied William, "for the laird intends to take down the haill raw, as he does nae like to see them frae the Hall windows." "There are queer folk in this world, I wonder what ill it does his e'en to look at a raw o' bonnie cottages, wi' gardens afore the doors? But," said she, after a pause, "if you think our wee bit cottage down at the mill-dam would suit your mother and you, I am sure my father would make you heartily welcome. Nobody has lived in it since Janet Macfarlane left it. Her laddies were very mischievous, and my father was glad to get quit of them." "I think it would suit us finely," said William; "there's no a place in the country I would like half sae weel."

"Leave the management o' the business to me, then," said Peggy; "and as you seem to be idle, there's a knife, you may divert yourself mincing the carrots and turnips till I bring in some greens."

Peggy had been gone but a few minutes, when she came running back, saying,—"That glowering body, Saunders M'Ilhose, is coming up the road. I wonder what brings him here? But he will be a clever man if he gets his nose in here the day." So saying, she bolted the door, and closed the window-shutters—"Now, William," said she, "dinna speak a word for your life." "Do you recollect," said William, "that there is a back-door as well as a front?" "That's weel minded. Run, Willie, and turn the key;" which being done, the lovers sat down, and awaited in silence the attack.

In a few minutes Saunders gave a loud knock. He waited a little while, and then knocked louder. "Rap away," said Peggy softly. "Mrs. Baillie," cried Saunders in a loud key, "are you in?" Still no reply. He then tried the back-door, but was just as unsuccessful. Saunders thought this very odd, as he was sure that he had seen a female figure in the garden at the back of the house, as he came up. On returning to the front Saunders observed the mill-door open, and he proceeded to see who was there.

He found only Andrew, who appeared to be extremely busy. "What's come o' a' the family?" said Saunders; "I has been rapping at the door this half hour, and nobody has answered." "I ken naething about them," replied Andrew; "I have enough to do here, without putting off my time glowering after them." "There's nae need, man," cried Saunders, "to be sae short. I asked but a civil question. Heard ye if the excisemen were here this morning?" "Yes, they were here," said Andrew, in a sulky tone. "And did they get the whisky?" "Deil a drap, but wha took it away is a wonder to me; for I can gie my aith it was in the stack twa days ago." "I hope, friend," said Saunders, in a chiding tone, "ye'll no tell the miller that I had any hand in giening information to the laird? I wadna like to get his ill-will." "As little wud I," said Andrew. "Did you ever see him in a real passion?" "No," replied Saunders. "A rampaging bear is naething to him."

The sound of Robin's cart now broke off the conference, and Saunders went out to meet the miller. "Preserve us a'" cried Peggy, "if there's no my father, and Saunders wi' him! I must open the door now."

Before doing so, however, she let William out at the back-door, and then putting on her bonnet, as if she had just come in, she opened the door to her father. "What for is the door bolted at this time o' day?" said the miller.

"My mother bid me; she said there were sae mony idle folk going about." (Here Peggy cast a glam look at Saunders.) "I fancy," said Saunders, "ye were out, for I rappit a langwhile baith at the foreand the back door."

To this observation Peggy did not deign the least reply; but deliberately taking off her bonnet, she laid it aside, and began to prepare the dinner. "Is the broth ready?" said Robin. "No," answered Peggy; "it's hardly time yet." "Sit down, Saunders, at the fire-side," said the miller; "ye maun stay and tak your kail wi' us. When I has put the horse in the stable I will come back to you."

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Peggy, pretending to be busy in the spence, left Saunders to his own meditations. To provoke him she struck up the old song of "The Carle he came o'er the Craft;" and he observed, with no very pleasant feelings, that she laid a particular emphasis on the words, "Hout awa, I wi'na hae him." This would have daunted most lovers; but Saunders, having great faith in the effects of patience and perseverance, still continued his suit, for Peggy was worth the winning. She was the bonniest lassie in the parish,—lively, active, and good-humoured,—an excellent housewife, excelled by none in the management of the dairy;—and, to sum up all, she was the miller's only child, and would have a good tocher. Possessed of so many attractions, it will easily be believed that pretty Peggy had many lovers. Saunders, seeing that Peggy was inclined to favour William Stewart, had contrived to set him and the miller at variance; and after having accomplished this point, he spoke to the miller of his great love for Peggy,—promised to ask no tocher down, and to keep two servants for her, that she might sit like a lady, and never wet her finger; and he would dress her as fine as any woman in the parish. To all these proffers of preferment Peggy turned a deaf ear. She balanced for a moment—a cotton gown with William Stewart, or a silk one with Saunders M'Ilhose. On these occasions Saunders, in spite of his superior weight, invariably kicked the beam.

As the laird of Calder Hall was rather a fractious personage, and as Saunders had a good deal of influence with him, Robin thought it as well to be on good terms with the grieve, and he had positively enjoined Peggy to be civil to him; and Peggy, not wishing to irritate her father, had avoided everything like open war; but, woman-like, she contrived to give him much uneasiness, whilst she was apparently treating him with the respect due to so great a personage.

The miller, having returned to the kitchen, now called on Peggy to come and give them their dinner; and just as all was ready, Mrs. Baillie entered. "How are ye, Mr. M'Ilhose?" said she. "There has been a fine day for getting in the corn." "No that ill, no that ill, Mrs. Baillie; but ye've been out; it's no often that you tak the road." "I has ower muckle to do at home. Our servant Annie has gane to see her friends, and we didna think it worth while to get ony body in her place for a' the time."

Peggy having summoned Andrew, they all drew their seats to the table, Peggy taking

care to keep on the opposite side from Saunders.

"Have ye heard," said the miller, addressing Saunders, "o' the folk that were here this morning?" Saunders adroitly evaded a direct reply by asking who they were. "Nae less than two excisemen, wi' a warrant frae your master." "Preserve me!" said Saunders, "I never heard the like o' that." "Puir bodies," said Robin, with grin of delight, "they got nae whisky, but they got plenty o' water. I gied them a cast across the ford, and some way the carts gaed agae, and they baith fell into the water; twa puir drookit-like bodies they were when they came out. It's a wonder to me," continued the miller, "that the laird maks a fool o' himself, believing a' the clashes that gowks carry through the country. I am sure, Saunders, if ye had kent o't, ye could ha'e telt him that Robin Baillie's no the man that would cheast the king, honest man, o' a brass farthing."

"The laird does nae aye consult me," replied Saunders.

"I'll lay my lugs," said Robin, "that before a week gang ower, I'll find out wha this talypt is."

Andrew, finding his seat rather uneasy, hastily finished his dinner; and before going out he told Robin he wanted to go down to the village in the evening to see a friend. "Ye may gang," said Robin; "but see that ye come hame in timeous hours; for if ye diana, ye'll ne'er get into my house;—mind I have warned you."

The miller, having desired his wife to set down the whisky-bottle and leave them to their own cracks, Peggy put on her bonnet, and telling her mother she was going out, and would bring home the cows, she took the key of the house at the mill-dam, and went down to examine it. There was but little accommodation—two small rooms, and a kitchen; but it was in good repair, and she knew that William would spare no trouble to render it comfortable for his mother.

Having satisfied herself as to the house, she next proceeded to the little garden. All here was desolate and forlorn; the paling was broken down, and the few flowers that were left were choked up with weeds. A few sticks, thought Peggy, will mend the paling, and I'll make Saunders ask the gardener at the Hall to give me some cuttings of white and red roses; and the little plot must be edged with daisies. Both Mrs. Stewart and William are fond of flowers. As she ascended the slope Peggy looked back upon the cottage, and was perfectly

satisfied that it was well suited to the friends she hoped soon to see established there.

On her return to the house she found Saunders about to take his departure. "Mr. M'Ilhose," said she, in a soft tone, as she stood at the door, "I have a small favour to ask of you." Saunders, quite enchanted at this unexpected change in her manner, answered quickly, "Say what it is, my jo; and if it is in the compass of my power you shall have it." "I would be much obliged to you," replied Peggy, "if you would ask the gardener at the Hall for some white and red rose-bushes." "That I will," said Saunders, delighted at being able to oblige Peggy, particularly as it was to cost him nothing. "Is there anything else you have a notion of? Would you like some slips of apple-ringy, or tansy, or thyme, or gardener's garters, or bachelor's buttons?" "Thank you," said Peggy; "anything the gardener can spare;" and on saying this she gave Saunders a most winning smile, and wished him good-night. Saunders now walked off in high spirits, little dreaming that the flowers he was so anxious to procure were intended by Peggy to ornament the garden of his detested rival.

From the combined effects of whisky and a good fire Robin had fallen fast asleep. His wife mended his stockings, and Peggy sat down to her wheel. By-and-by Mrs. Baillie said, "Peggy, have you put on the potatoes?" "No, mother," replied she, "only white and red roses." "What's that ye are saying, lassie, about roses? I was asking if ye had put on the potatoes." "No," said Peggy, "but I will do it in a moment."

Peggy put the potatoes into the pan, filled it with water, and was carrying it hastily towards the fire, when, coming in contact with the miller's foot, down went the pan, with all its contents, upon Robin's legs.

"The deil's in the lassie," said the miller, wakened suddenly out of a sound sleep (under which provocation we have seen more placid men than the miller was losse their temper);—"can ye no tak better care? It's a mercy," continued he, "that the water was cauld instead of warm, or I wadna ha'e been able to walk this month." "I ken," said Peggy, "you would rather ha'e the cauld water on your legs than in your stomach."

The miller was diverted with this remark; but he checked a smile, and said, "My corties, but ye speak up to your father crossly! It's a pity," said Robin, with a sigh, "that ye weren't a laddie! What's to come o' the tack o' the mill?" "A son-in-law is next best,"

replied his daughter. "Nae doubt," said Robin; "but ye ken, Peggy, ye hae been very doon to Saunders, and look like the far end o' a fiddle at him." "Is there no another man in the world but Saunders? I wudna tak him if he were the laird o' Calder Hall, far less the grieve." "But, Peggy, ye ken, Saunders has a great regard for me." "He gied a bonnie proof o' that last night, when he informed upon you to the laird." "I dinna believe a word o' that. He telt me, no half an hour ago, that he wold do a' he could to mak his maister gie me a lease o' the Moss Flat farm." "Aweel, father, you'll maybe find out some day wha are your friends, and wha no; but name o' us should forget what Willie Stewart did for us last night. If it hadna been for him, whare would ye hae been by this time? no sitting sae blithely at your ain fireside, I'm thinking. Poor Mrs. Stewart! my heart's wan for her."

"What's the matter wi' her?" cried the miller.

"Matter!" said Peggy; "hae ye no heard that she and Willie are to be turned out o' their house at the term? And Willie says he thinks it will break his mother's heart to be obliged to leave this part o' the country."

"Maybe," said Janet, "another house may cast up by that time."

"There is sma' prospect o' that," replied Peggy; "the laird seems to like better to pu' houses down than to big them up."

"We maun see," said Robin, "what's to be done in this business. Andrew Thomson is leaving his house."

"That will never do for them, for the rent is far over high. Maybe," said Peggy, as if the thought had that moment struck her, "maybe our ain bit cottage doon at the mill-dam would do for them. They would be quiet neebours, and you would be sure o' your rent. Besides," continued she, seeing her father hesitate, "ye ken a' good turn deserves another."

"That's true, so I haes nae objections to their getting the house; but mind, Peggy, I'll mak it a bargain that they are neither to keep ducks nor hens to be coming scarting up my seeds, and fleeing into the mill. I'm thinking, Peggy, ye hae ower mony o' tha' gentry yoursell; ye maun either sell some o' them, or throw their neeks."

"Ony thing to please you," said Peggy, delighted at having carried her point. "I promise you a fine dish o' cockyleekie to your dinner on Sabbath."

"I think," said Janet, "less might sair. I daresay ye would get eighteenpence for the

cock." "Hout, mother, what's eighteenpence in comparison of pleasuring my father!" "Ye hae an unco tongue, lassie," said her mother. "Ye can maist persuade folk that black's white." "I hope," replied Peggy, "that you are persuaded that naebody likes you half sae weel as I do. But I see the potatoes are ready." So saying, she dished them neatly, and then ran out for the milk. "I think, Janet," said Robin, "that that lassie's cast glamour in our een."

After their supper was finished, the miller took down the large Bible, and read a chapter; after which they all joined in the hundredth psalm, and the goodman ended with a short prayer.

"What ails ye, Robina?" said Janet, next day; "ye look fashed like." "Andrew and I," said Robin, "has had some words, and he's gane aff the night, and I'm vexed at it, as I'm sae thrang, the folk crying for new meal before I can get it ready. I maan gang down to some o' the neebours, and see if they ken o' anybody that will do till the term, for I cannae do without some ane—the thing's impossible." Peggy, seeing her father ready to stumble over her plants, hastily snatched them up, and carried them into a corner o' the byre. "Cry me in," said Robin, "when the dinner's ready."

"It's an unco pity," said Janet, "that Andrew's gane awa', and Robin sae thrang." "Hout," said Peggy, "men are no sae scarce; nae fear but he will get somebody or other. Mother, I am going down to Mary Murdoch's for some thread. I'll no stay lang." Her mother answered that there was plenty of thread in her upper drawer; but Peggy took care not to hear her.

"That's a new road to Mary Murdoch's," thought Janet, as she saw Peggy with a light and rapid step proceed in a contrary direction. "Is William in?" said Peggy to the little girl who opened the door of Mrs. Stewart's cottage. "No," answered Annie; "he got a letter last night, and he was aff this morning to Carnside before daylight; but will ye no gang ben? Mrs. Stewart will be blythe to see ye." "I haenae time to stop just now; but take in these eggs to Mrs. Stewart, and say I'll call some day soon."

Peggy now hastily retraced her steps homewards, wondering who this letter could be from, and so deeply was she absorbed in these meditations, that the subject of them was close to her before she observed him. "Where are you going in such a hurry, Peggy?" said Willie. "Were you really going to pass me without speaking?" "Who expected to see you?" said

Peggy. "I was up at the house, wanting to see you, and Annie said you were away to Carnside." "Well, but, now we are met, tell me your errand." "It was naething worth speaking about;" for it now struck Peggy that William might not like to take Andrew's place. "Well," said William, "though you have nothing to say to me, I have something to say to you; so let us turn down the burn here."

Peggy permitted herself to be led into the sheltered walk which bordered the little stream, but all the while protesting that she could not stay, as her father was fashed about Andrew's going away. "Never let your honest father vex himself about that, as long as I have strength and health. Tell him I will be at the mill by daylight. Much would I do for Robin Baillie as an honest man and a good neighbour; but far more for him as the father of my Peggy, now my bonnie bride, but soon, I hope, my wedded wife."

"Preserve us! Willie," said Peggy, disengaging herself from the arms of her lover, "are you daft a' thegither? You must not think, far less speak, of such a thing." "Did you no promise me, Peggy, that you would marry me as soon as I could stock a farm, and give you a comfortable home?" "That I did, Willie. Ye ken weel that I would rather wait for you, than marry the richest earl in the parish."

Her lover gazed upon her for a few moments with sparkling eyes, and then proceeded to inform her that he had, the night before, received a letter from a writer in Carnside, telling him that he had recovered for him the sum of £700, which had been a debt due to his father, but which all his family had long ceased to hope would ever be paid. But paid it was; and it is difficult to say which of the youthful lovers rejoiced most in the unexpected circumstance.

"That lassie's daft," said Janet. "I canna think what's come ower her. She said she would be no time, and the dinner's done. The broth's as cauld as lead, and her father's away to the mill again. What, in a' the world has come ower ye, Peggy?" said her mother, in a displeased tone. "Does Mary Murdoch's shop lie up the burn? I dinna like this kind o' hiddling wark." "Oh! mother," said Peggy, "dinna be angry. I just gaed up to Mrs. Stewart's to see Willie, and he is to come and help my father till he gets somebody else in Andrew's place." "Weel, my bairn, could ye no haes said sae? But I'm no angry," added she, as she saw Peggy's eyes fill with tears. "Sit down, and take your dinner wise-like."

"I'm no hungry," faltered Peggy. "Nonsense! sit down and eat something. I haes put on the broth, and they will be warm in a moment."

To please her mother, Peggy tried to eat, but she made little progress in her occupation. After forcing down a few mouthfuls, she began to put the kitchen in order. Willie Stewart came up in the evening to offer his services in the mill, which put Robin into such glee, that he desired Janet to put down the whisky-bottle.

"I haes some nice new-kirned milk," said Janet; "it's far mair wholesome, and no sae heating in this warm weather." "Take away your watery trash," said the indignant miller. "Kirned milk may do very weel for women and bairns, but men that work frae daylight till e'en need something stronger to keep up their hearts."

Janet found it would be as well to comply with a good grace; so, setting the bottle on the table, she retired to count some yarn she had just got from Annie Colquhoun,—a precaution extremely necessary to be observed, as it is no uncommon circumstance for the reels of country wives to check too soon. Finding her mother deeply engaged in banks, heers, and spindles, Peggy also retired, leaving William to open the important business, which he did in the following words:—

"I have no doubt, Mr. Baillie, but ye must have observed that Peggy and I have long had a great regard for one another; but I could not think of speaking to you till I had some prospect of maintaining a wife. I have just heard that I am seven hundred pounds richer the day than I was yesterday. I have recovered a debt that was owing to my father: I can now give your daughter a proper home; and I hope ye will let her share my lot—I wish it was ten times better for her sake. I think of taking a farm; and ye ken it's no in nature for a farmer to do without a wife."

"Aweel," said Robin, "I fancy I maunna say no, or I would get baith Peggy and you on my tap. I haes nae doubt, Willie, but you'll be kind to my bairn, for there's no a better in a' the parish; but I've just this to say,—I maun see you secured in a farm, wise-like, before Peggy and you come thegither. Ha ye ony farm in view?" William mentioned one of Mr. Berriedale's. "Weel," said Robin, "as I am mair up to the ways of the world than you are, leave the making o' the bargain to me."

William gratefully accepted the miller's offer. Robin then filled his glass to the brim, and

drank to the health of William and Peggy. "O man," said he to William, "I think my heart and my een are as ready to rin ower as this glass; but see that ye make a good husband to her, Willie; for though she has a daffing way with her, she could never bide a hard word a' her days." It will easily be believed that William made abundance of fine promises to the miller, and, what is perhaps a little singular, he actually intended to fulfil them.

As soon as William could get away from Robin, he hastened into the West Park, where he found Peggy driving home the cows to be milked. "My dearest Peggy," cried William, "I am the happiest man in the world. Your father has given his consent to our marriage, as soon as I am settled in a farm. I am anxious to remain in this part of the country, among our own folk; so your father is to see and get me a lease of Cross Hill farm. There is a very poor house upon it, but Mr. Berriedale has agreed to build a new one when he lets the farm. But, Peggy, if it should be long of being ready, your father will surely no put off our marriage for that? I am sure there is plenty of room in your own house; we might stay there for a while."

"That's just the gate of you men," answered Peggy; "give you an inch, and you'll take an ell; but never think, Willie, that I will consent to any such thing. One man is enough in a house, and whilsts over muckle. A bonnie kippage I would be in if my father and you had ony east-out! Ye ken, Willie, I would ha'e to take part with you; for right or wrong, a woman must aye side with her guideman."

"I hope, Peggy," said William, "you do not think I have a quarrelsome temper?"

"I have seen waair," said Peggy, gaily; "but let us take time, and look about us. I dinna care how weel our house is; but I would aye like a place I could ea' my ain; for, though we are a' very coonthy the noy, naebody can tell how long it will last. But dinna think, dear Willie," said she, observing his disappointed look,—"dinna think I want to draw back of my word, for 'there's my thumb, I'll ne'er beguile thee.'"

"You must," said William, "have everyt'ing your own way now; but mind, Peggy, my time's coming."

"I ken that bravely," said his fair companion; "but there's nae need to brag o'it."

Their conversation was here interrupted by Janet, who had come to the head of the brae, and now demanded why the cows were not brought home. Hawky had given many and-

ible hints that it was past milking time; but the lovers were too much occupied with their own concerns to pay the least attention to her. Her loud lowing had at last reached the careful ears of Mrs. Baillie, who, almost as fond of her cow as of her daughter, was not pleased at finding her neglected in this manner. Mrs. Baillie's summons quickened Peggy's steps homewards, and Willie also walked off to his mother's cottage, half a convert to Peggy's opinion that it would be better to have a house of their own.

"What taigled ye sae lang, Peggy?" asked her mother. "Did ye no hear Hawky making a routin enough to deuve a body? I wonder ye could stand and hear her." "I wonder at that too," answered Peggy; "but she is a camsteery brute, and manan ha'e her ain gate." "Dinna gang to abuse Hawky," said Janet; "there's no such another cow in the parish." "For routin," answered the incorrigible Peggy. "No, for butter," said her mother; "but ye dinna think sae muckle o' her as ye should do." "Aweel, mother, ye make up for it; I think ye like Hawky better than me." "Gude preserve us, lassie! what's that ye are saying? Do ye think I would prefer a dumb brute to my ain bairn? Na, na, that's no to be thought o'; but bring the milking pail, for ye ken a cow should aye be milked at the same hour."

William Stewart having gained the miller's consent to his marriage with Peggy, hastened to communicate to his mother the joyful intelligence. Mrs. Stewart was calmly knitting a stocking, when, accidentally looking up, she saw Willie hastening rapidly to the house. She was at first alarmed; but one glance at his face, beaming with joy, quieted her fears. "Come away, my dear bairn, it makes me young again to see you so blithe. Have you got a prize?" "Yes, dear mother, a prize for life. I am sure you will rejoice in my happiness. What will ye say when I tell you I am thinking of marrying?" "I will say it is a wise step, if you have made a proper choice." "Do not doubt that," said William; "there will not be a better wife in Scotland; and for temper, mother, I never saw her equal, and she is so clever and active." "And so pretty?" said his mother, smiling. "Peggy Baillie, my dear William, makes an excellent daughter, and there can be no better security that she will make a good wife." "How did you find out, dear mother, that it was Peggy that I meant?" "Oh, my dear son, what feeling of your heart can escape a mother's anxious eye? Who have I to think of, to watch over, to guide, but you, my dear William?—my

support, my best earthly comfort. But take my blessing, my son, and I pray that your filial kindness to me may be repaid, even in earthly happiness, tenfold."

William now spent most part of his time at the mill. He assisted Robin very materially in his labours for the good of the public; in short he was his right-hand man, and a great favourite; and there never had been a hasty word between them, except once, when William was flirting a little with Peggy, while Robin was in a great hurry to get some meal sent off, and which he could not manage by himself. "Come awa, come awa, Willie," said Robin in a hasty tone; "there's a time for a' thing, and there's to be nae daffing when there's such a thrang." "Peggy is right again," thought William; "we maun hae a hame o' our ain."

One evening Robin could not help remarking Peggy's unusual gravity. "Nae wonder," said Janet; "I'm wae to see her." "What's the matter?" cried Robin hastily. "Willie hasna been ower discreet to her." "What's that I hear?" replied the miller, in great wrath, and reaching down his blue bonnet. "No discreet to my bairn?" Peggy, who was in the garden, hearing her father speaking in an angry tone, came running in, and seeing him preparing to go out, asked him where he was going; to which the miller gave no answer. "Mother," said Peggy, "will ye no tell me where my father's going?" "He is going to Willie," said Janet, "to ken the meaning o' his behaviour." "Stand out my road, and let me past, my bairn."

Robin spoke with tenderness on observing the tears flowing fast from Peggy's eyes, who had placed herself between her father and the door. "Ye maunna gang, dear father," said she, taking hold of his hand. "I'm in the fault, and Willie's no to blame. I was very saucy to him, and nae wonder he was angry. So sit down," said she, trying to smile through her tears; and, taking off her father's bonnet, she hung it on its accustomed pin. "Ye are an unco lassie," said the miller; "ye mak us a' do just what ye like; but are ye sure that ye were in the fault?" "Quite sure," replied Peggy. "Now Peggy," said Janet, "ye ken that——" "Hout, mother, what's the use o' coming ower auld clatter the now? Do you hear Hawky rousing to be milked, poor beast?" The necessity of milking Hawky put an end to the conversation, to the great relief of Peggy.

Next morning the miller went about his usual occupations, and Peggy was sent by her mother down to the village. William's anger

having almost evaporated, he determined to go to the mill and see in what kind of humour his fair Peggy now was. Mrs. Baillie only was in.

"Gude day to ye, Maister William," said she in a dry tone. "Ye haes been a great stranger at the mill."

"Indeed, Mrs. Baillie," replied he, "I haes much to blame; and I cannot rest till I haes made it up with Peggy."

"Aweel," said Janet, "it's better that you and her should red this quarrel, than that Robin should meddle with it; for, as he heard ye had no been civil to Peggy, he was on his road down to ye last night; but the silly lassie held him by the coat, and woudna let him, and telt him that she had provoked ye, and that ye had gude reason to be angry wi' her; and she took a' the wyte on herself." "Did she indeed?" cried William. "Troth did she," replied Janet; "and maybe it was as weel; for if Robin had gane down in a'c o' his camsteery fits, there's nae saying what might haes happened." "Weel, Mrs. Baillie, I can only say, I wish my tongue had been cut out before I vexed her." "Vexed her!" replied Janet; "there's little doubt that she was vexed. She hasna eat as muckle these three days as would haes served a sparrow. She has nae heart even to lift the kirk-staff. I sent her down to Mary Murdoch's for a pennyworth o' needles, just to divert her."

On receiving this intelligence William immediately took leave of Mrs. Baillie, and stationed himself at a part of the road which he knew Peggy must pass in her way home. He waited till, his patience being almost exhausted, his thought of going down to the village to meet her, when a sudden scream startled him. He looked round, and saw his beloved Peggy flying across a field, pursued by an enraged bull. William leaped over the wall, and in another moment he was at her side. He then, tearing a branch from a tree, kept the animal at bay till Peggy had scrambled over the wall; and as soon as he saw her in safety he vaulted over also. She then said, "Dear William, are you hurt?" "Not in the least; but why did you go through the park, in place of coming by the road?" "Just because I saw you there." "I did not think that I was sae fearsome." "I haes seen uglier men," said Peggy, with one of her heartsome smiles.

As might be expected, they parted at the foot of the brae, more in love than ever.

"I kent," said Janet, "that ye would be the better o' the calmer air. Your cheeks are like twa roses; but where's the needles?"

Peggy was confounded at the demand, and paused to consider where she could have lost them. "Indeed, mother, I am thinking that I drappit them in the East Park." "And what took ye there? Did ye want that rampaging brute to kill ye?" "I thought," said Peggy, "that he wouldna notice me, for he was feeding at the other end of the park; but if it hadna been for Willie Stewart, I daresay he would ha'e sticket me." "Never," said Janet, "gang in there again. Mind I forbid ye. And to think o' a' the gude needles wasted, and there's no one in the house that will let in worsted—and see mony o' your father's stockings needing mending!" Peggy rummaged her repositories, and happily succeeded in finding a needle of the proper dimensions.

"Dear me!" cried Janet, some days afterwards, "what's making Willie Stewart flee up the brae that gate? I think he'll break his neck." Peggy ran out to meet him. In a moment he was at her side, and taking her in his arms, he gave her a hearty kiss.

"If ever I saw the match o' that impudence!" said Peggy angrily. "Gie me joy, Peggy," said William. "Gie ye joy! It would set me better to gie ye a gude thrashing." "If ye scold me again, Peggy, I'll hae anither. Do ye no ken, woman, that ye're speaking to the new grieve o' Calder Hall?" "It's no possible!" said Peggy. "It's true," said William, "and I ran here directly to claim my bride." "Here, then, dear William, take my hand—ye ken weel ye ha'e lang had my heart."

After a little farther parley the happy lovers returned to the house.

"I am come, Mrs. Baillie," said William, "to claim Peggy and Hawky's calf." "Ye had better take the calf, Willie," said Peggy, laughing; "for ye ken, if ye should ever be angry, it canna speak back like some folk." "Baith's best," said William, gaily, and then proceeded to narrate to Mrs. Baillie that the laird of Calder Hall had appointed him grieve, in the room of Saunders M'Ilhose, who had been detected in several speculations.

"My word, but ye are a lucky lad! I think, Peggy, ye will be weel lodged." William, after making them promise that they would come down in the evening to his mother's, now departed to gladden her maternal heart with this delightful news.

As soon as Robin returned from the village Mrs. Baillie made him acquainted with William's good fortune, and his haste to claim Peggy. "We shall miss her sair," replied

honest Robin, "for she's a bit gude lassie; but I maun see and gie them something out o' my pock-neuk to begin wi'." "Dinna gie them ower muckle at first," cried Janet. "Young creatures like them are unco thoughtless." "Wha would I gie to, if I dinna gie to my ain bairn? Willie's no greedy, but that's nae reason why I shouldna gie her some teocher. Come hen, my bairn," cried the miller, "and take my blessing."

Peggy, with tears in her eyes, threw her arms round the neck of her worthy father, who tried to pass off the tear on his cheek for one of Peggy's pearly drops.

They proceeded, in the evening, to Mrs. Stewart's, where they met a most hearty welcome. "Aweel, Mrs. Stewart," said Robin, "our hairs are wishing to leave us, and get a house o' their ain. I maun gie them something wise-like to begin wi'." "I dare say, Mr. Baillie," said Mrs. Stewart, "there will be naething wanting on your part to make them comfortable." "I hope sae," replied Robin; "and we maun gie them a grand weddung." "I dinna want ony sough about it," rejoined Peggy. "Hont, lassie," said Robin, "do ye think that I will let ye be married in ony hiddling way, as if ye were some sma' cottar's dochter? It happens but aine in a life, and I maun hae my ain way; so say me mair about it. The Baillies had aye grand hobbleshows at their weddings, and I like to keep up gude auld fashions." "Indeed," said Janet, in a low voice, to Mrs. Stewart, "I am something o' Peggy's mind, to put it over in a quiet, orderly manner; for such a heap o' folk as Robin is speaking o' asking will raise an unco rippet, besides making a great waste o' meat and drink." Mrs. Stewart evaded giving any opinion on this debated point by asking Mrs. Baillie to take another cup of tea.

The whole country side rang with the preparations which were making at the mill for Peggy's marriage. Robin had ordered half a cow to be salted, and had sent in a boll of his best meal to be baked into cakes. All this waste gave great annoyance to poor Mrs. Baillie, who thought she was doing no more than her duty when she subtracted a few pecks from the appointed quantity.

"I am sure," said Janet to Peggy, "I wish that you and Willie had put over your wedding soberly and quietly, without a' this stramash. Robin's clean gane aff at the nail about it."

"I am as vexed as ye can be about it, mother; but ye ken I canna help it. My father would

hae it sae." "I'm no blaming you, my bairn; but I wish it was weel ower, and that nae o' the daft callants may get broken banes riding the broose. That glaikit gomeril, Jamie Cartgill, wants Robin to lend him the gray mare; and Robin thinks he canna weel refuse him. I woudna wonder if the beast got some mischance." "Dear mother," said Peggy, her patience quite exhausted by her continued moans, "what for will ye gie yourself sae muckle vexation? Just leave it a' to me, and sit down and rest yourself; and as ye dinna like to be idle, ye may pooh the feathers out o' that hen." "Hech, sirs!" said Janet, "to think how many eggs this pair burdie has laid! But your father will be pleased now, 'for there's no a hen left about the house but auld Daidly, and she has gl'en ower laying. Wiser-like to hae drawn her neck." "And choked the folk!" said Peggy. "Nae fear o' them. I'll answer for them, their throats are no sae strait."

William's arrival was a happy relief to Peggy. She gave him a hint to divert her mother, and he good-naturedly drew in his chair beside her, and began to speak on her favourite topics of butter and cheese, and what profit a good milk cow should yield, &c. &c.; so that Janet, pleased with his sensible discourse, gradually recovered her good humour.

The day before Peggy's marriage Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell arrived at the mill in a neat plain gig, or, as Janet denominated it, a whisky. Mr. Caldwell was the son of a neighbour of Robin Baillie, and had lived long near the mill. He married Jeanie Johnston, a cousin of Mrs. Baillie, who accompanied her husband to Nottingham, where he became a stocking-weaver, and, being an industrious, frugal man, he had gradually amassed a moderate fortune. He had lately come to a neighbouring town on business, where, hearing of the rising importance of the Baillies, and of Peggy's intended marriage, they proffered a visit to Robin, which was kindly accepted.

"Come awa, Jeanie," said Mrs. Baillie, as she went out to welcome her cousin; "pon my troth, but ye are fat and fair; and Thomas, too, is no ill to mean."

"Just the auld thing, Mrs. Baillie," replied Thomas. "I have not forgot the jinkins we used to have about the mill; and your father was whiles very angry at our leaving the door open." "Nothing," said Mrs. Caldwell with an air of dignity, "can make Thomas forget his early days. I do not mind it amongst his old friends, but our English acquaintances are real genteel, and Thomas and I like

their ways, and have come into all their fashions."

Honest Robin, not approving of the air with which this was spoken, answered bluntly, "Aweel, I ken every country has its ain fashions, and Thomas and you may be very genteel, for ony thing I ken to the contrary; but I think, like my namesake, Robin Burns, that it's better to be at the head o' the commonality, than at the tail o' the gentry."

This rebuff silenced Mrs. Caldwell before Robin; but she determined to have ample amends when she got Mrs. Baillie and Peggy to herself. After dinner the female part of the company adjourned to Mrs. Caldwell's room, whence Peggy was called out to speak with an errand-boy. "What do ye want wi' me, my wee man?" said Peggy, kindly. "There's something for ye frae Mrs. Elphinstone o' Calder Hall. She was gaun to send up Menie, but I asked her to let me bring it, and I promised to gie it into your ain hand." "But stop a minute, Donald, and tak a bit dinner." "I haen't time the now," said Donald. "I maun be thrang the night, for ye ken I'm to be ower here the morn to dance at your wedding; and John the coachman is to gie me the lend o' the wee black poney; and wha kens but I may win the broose." "Daft callant," said Peggy, as she returned to the room where her mother and Mrs. Caldwell were in close conversation.

"Upon my word," said the wife of the stocking-weaver, "you would be surprised to see how well the English live. They must have everything cooked to nicely. They would no more eat lamb without mint, or a goose without apple-sauce, than I would eat salt-beef without mustard." "I dinna ken how ye do, Jeanie," said Mrs. Baillie, "but I couldnae be fashed wi' sic fizery."

"Look, mother," said Peggy, interrupting this discussion, "only see what Mrs. Elphinstone has sent me in a present!" "I declare," said Janet, "if ever I saw the like o' that! A dozen o' bonnie real silver spoons."

She exhibited them to Mrs. Caldwell, and said, "Ye see, Jeanie, how muckle we are respeckit at the Ha'. Tak care, Peggy, that ye pit them by in a safe place." "I am sure," answered her daughter, "I wasna looking for ony present frae Mrs. Elphinstone, she has been sae kind to me already."

Mr. Caldwell now quickly opened a small trunk, from which he took out half a dozen pairs of fine cotton stockings, and, presenting them to Peggy, wished her health to wear them. Janet thought them much too fine ever to be

worn, and charged Peggy to lock them up beside the spoons.

As they were all to be up early next morning, the miller proposed that they should now retire to their apartments. After Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell had left them, the miller drew Peggy to him, and having kissed her, prayed for a blessing on her.

"Now that it's come to the bit," said Robin, "I am even mair loath to part wi' ye than I thought I would have been."

Peggy wiped away her tears and tried to smile. "Hont, father," said she, "think how often Willie and I will be up to see ye. We mean to come maist every night and crack wi' ye."

"Aweel, gude night, my dear bairn, and gang away to your bed, for your mother is wearied, and so am I. Is a' thing ready, Janet?" asked Robin. "Are ye sure ye hae plenty o' meat and drink for the morn?"

"Ay, and ower muckle too. We'll hae mair cauld meat in the house than we will be able to eat in a month."

"Weel, Janet, dinna distress yourself; we'll aye get plenty o' puir bodies that will be glad to help us: but where are ye gaun?"

"I forgot to wale out a skim-milk cheese. I hae put sweet-milk cheese on the principal table, but skim-milk is gude enough for the like o' Tibby and thaik kind o' folk."

"I'll hae nae distinction o' persons," said Robin angrily. "Keep the skim-milk cheese for ordinary times. It shall ne'er be said that there was skim-milk cheese at Peggy Baillie's wedding. What makes ye sic grudging, woman? Ane wad think we had as mony dochters as there's days in the year."

"Weel, Robin," said his helpmate calmly, "ye needna put yerself into any earfulls about the matter; ye shall hae it a' your ain gate." Contented with this assurance, Robin went to bed, and slept soundly.

Robin rose early, and proceeded to the barn to see that it was in readiness for the reception of his guests. Long boards, resting on blocks of wood, and covered with Mrs. Baillie's best table-cloths, were placed in the barn. All connected with the feast was in a state of forwardness. The very water in the boiler was popping up at a great rate, impatient, no doubt, for the arrival of the beef which it was to have the pleasure of boiling. In short, much activity was manifested in every department; and even the great Mrs. Caldwell laid her dignity and her new pelisse aside, and tendered her assistance. She wished to be allowed to make a few custards, whipped

cream, &c.; but Janet would by no means permit her. "I am sure," said Mrs. Caldwell, "it need not be for want of cream, for I saw your gudeman throwing the whole milk out of the boins, that he might fill them with whisky-punch." "The haint morning's milk!" said Janet, with an accent of despair. "Did ever my mortal hear the like o' that? Could he no ha' had the sense to put it into the kirk?"

William Stewart, accompanied by a number of his friends, now came up to the mill. He rode a stout, well-proportioned horse, and led by the bridle a pretty little brown pony, gaily caparisoned, which was his gift to Peggy. "It's a bonnie creature," said Janet, stroking down his long mane. "And a bonnie creature it has to carry," said wee Donald. "Hech, laddie," said Robin, "but ye are clever wi' your tongue. I hear you mean to win the broose." "If I can," replied Donald; "but, for o'ry sake, keep my mother out o' the road, for if she were to hear o' my riding, I would get nae peace night nor day."

The whole party now set forward to the minister's. Like a snowball, the cavalcade increased as it went along—horsemen and horsewomen joining them almost at every step. As they passed through the village, they found all the women at their doors, and the young fry were busy putting guns and pistols in order, to salute them on their return. They were joined near Calder Hall by Mr. Elphinstone, his lady having gone on before to the minister's, to wait for them. This mark of respect was highly prized by Robin, who sat upon his broad-backed nag with an air of greater pride than usual; and as he looked round him on his numerous friends, he was satisfied that the Baillies still kept up the character of having grand ploys at their weddings. Mr. Elphinstone rode beside Peggy, as the post of honour, and claimed the privilege of lifting her from her palfrey.

The worthy clergyman did not detain them long; the knot was soon tied; and the happy party turned their faces homewards. About a dozen of young men put spurs to their horses, and went off at the full gallop. Tom Anderson, in his haste to be of the advanced guard, ran against honest Robin, and nearly dismounted him. Robin's horse, resenting the indignity offered both to him and his master, made such a curvet as astonished the whole party. "Doitit devil!" said Robin, "I had maist been coupit."

On their entrance into the village they were saluted with a discharge of fire-arms. A mischievous boy slyly advanced, and fired off an

old rusty gun under the very nose of Mr. Caldwell's horse, which frightened the Nottingham courser so much, that he cleared a space for himself, and set off full speed, and in a moment Mr. Caldwell, his wife, Janet, and the whisky disappeared from the sight of the whole group. Janet roared to be set down—Mr. Caldwell tugged at the reins—Mrs. Caldwell screamed—and to all appearance the whisky and its contents were in a fair way of running the broose much against their inclinations. Donald, however, kept ahead of the party. Three only had been dismounted—the rest kept whipping and spurring—but all in vain; for, much to the mortification of the beaux, wee Donald reached the house first, and was declared victor. Most fortunately, no bones were broken—even the gray mare had escaped all injury, and the company sat down in great glee to a plentiful dinner.

There was a tappie-tourie of hens in the middle, a hundredweight of black puddings graced one corner, and an enormous ham another. A mountain of beef, encircled with a forest of greens, smoked at the end of the board where Robin sat, and a whole salmon was placed under the jurisdiction of Mrs. Baillie. A roasted pig, with an orange in its mouth, and a boiled jigot of mutton, figured as small side-dishes; while a fat haggis and beef-brose served as entremets.

The knives and forks were plied with persevering assiduity, and although there was neither a goose nor lamb with mint-sauce, Mrs. Caldwell managed to dine tolerably well. Even Janet had got into the spirit of the thing, and saw her very best cheeses hewed down with great indifference. The punch was baled out of the milk boins in pewter ladles, and we have every reason to believe that Robin did not spare his whisky.

The barn was just cleared for dancing when Mr. and Mrs. Elphinstone joined the party. The former immediately led out the bride, and desired William to stand up with Mrs. Elphinstone. Before setting off, Mr. Elphinstone, as in duty bound, kisped the bride, and the fiddles then striking up "The Merry Lads of Ayr," set them all in motion. The company all respectfully stood back, and when they had finished, a murmur of applause was heard.

The happy miller now drew Mrs. Caldwell into the middle of the barn, and desiring the fiddlers to strike up the "Cameronian's Rant," he boldly commenced an everlasting Jig, which he carried on with such spirit that the very rafters shook. Every now fling the miller

gave drew down thunders of applause. The firing off of pistols out of doors, and the snapping of fingers and shouts of commendation within, raised such a tempest of sound, as nearly drowned the efforts of the fiddlers to be heard. Distraining to be kept in the background, they moved near the scene of action, and rained upon the ears of the delighted rustics a succession of feet-stirring sounds.

Our remembrance of the rest of the revels is very imperfect. We can only recollect hearing the fiddlers playing every one upon a key of his own choosing, "Good night, and joy be wi' ye a."

ABJURATION.

There was a time—sweet time of youthful folly!—

Fantastic wos I courted, swinged distress;—
Wooing the veiled phantom, Melancholy,
With passion born, like Love, "in idleness."

And like a lover, like a jealous lover,
I hid mine idol with a miser's art
(Lest vulgar eyes her sweetness should discover)
Close in the innermost chamber of mine heart.

And there I sought her—oft in secret sought her,
From merry mates withdrawn, and mirthful play,
To wear away, by some deep silly water,
In greenwood lone, the livelong summer day:

Watching the flitting clouds, the finding flowers,
The flying rack abwart the wavy grous;
And murmuring oft, "Alack! this life of ours—
Such are its joys—so swiftly doth it pass!"

And then, mine ill tears (ah, silly maiden!)—
Bedropt the liquid glass, like summer rain;—
And sighs, as from a bosom sorrow-laden,
Heaved the light heart, that knew no real pain.

And then, I loved to haunt lone burial-places,
Past the churchyard earth with noiseless tread;—
To pore in new-made graves for ghostly traces,
Brown crumpling bones of the forgotten dead:

To think of passing bells of death and dying—
Methought 't were sweet in early youth to die,
So loved, lamented—in such sweet sleep lying,
The white shroud all with flowers and rosemary

Strewed o'er by loving hands!—But then 't would grieve
me
Too sore, forsooth! the scene my fancy drew;—
I could not bear the thought, to die and leave ye;
And I have lived, dear friends! to weep for you.

And I have lived to prove that fading flowers
Are life's best joys, and all we love and prize—
What chilling rains succeed the summer showers,
What bitter drops, wrung slow from elder eyes.

And I have lived to look on death and dying,
To count the sinking pulse—the shortening breath,—
To watch the last faint life-streak flying—flying,—
To stoop—to start—to be alone with—Death.

And I have lived to wear the smile of gladness,
When all within was cheerless, dark, and cold—
When all earth's joys seemed mockery and madness,
And life more tedious than "a tale twice told."

And now—and now, pale pining Melancholy!
No longer will'd for me your haggard brow
In pensive sweetnes—such as youthful folly
Fondly conceited—I abjure ye now!

Away—away! No longer now I call ye
"Divine Melancholy! mild, meek maid!"
No longer may your siren spells enthrall me,
A willing captive in your baleful shade.

Give me the voice of mirth, the sound of laughter—
The sparkling glance of Pleasure's roving eye.
The past is past.—Away, then dark hereafter!
"Come, eat and drink—to-morrow we must die!"

So, in his desperate mood, the fool hath spoken—
The fool whose heart hath said "There is no God."
But for the stricken heart, the spirit broken,
There's balm in Gilead yet. The very rod,

If we but kiss it, as the stroke despondeth,
Distilth balm to allay the inflicted smart,
And "peace that passeth understanding" blesseth
With the deep sighing of the contrite heart.

Mine be that holy, humble tribulation—
No longer foig'd distress—fantastic wan,—
I know my grief,—but then my consolation—
My trust, and my immortal hope, I know.

CAROLINE BOWLES (MRS. SOUTHEY).

A SIGH.

It was nothing but a rose I gave her,
Noshing but a rose
Any wind might rob of half its savor,
Any wind that blows,
When she took it from my trembling fingers
With a hand as chill—
Ah! the flying touch upon them lingers,
Staye, and taurils them still!
Withered, faded, pressed between the pages,
Crumpled fold on fold—
Once it lay upon her breast, and ages
Cannot make it old!

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

SONG OF THE STARS.

When the radiant morn of creation broke,
And the world in the smile of God awoke,
And the empty realms of darkness and death
Were moved through their depth by his mighty
breath,

And orbs of beauty, and spheres of flame,
From the void abyss by myriads came,
In the joy of youth, as they darted away,
Through the widening wastes of space to play,
Their silver voices in chorus rung,
And this was the song the bright ones sang:—

"Away, away, through the wide, wide sky,
The fair blue fields that before us lie;
Each sun with the world that round us roll,
Each planet poised on her turning pole,
With her isles of green and her clouds of white,
And her waters that lie like a fluid light.

"For the source of glory uncovers his face,
And the brightness overflows unbounded space;
And we drink, as we go, the luminous tides,
In our ruddy air and our blooming sides;
Lo, yonder the living splendours play!
Away, on our joyous path, away!

"Look, look through our glittering ranks afar,
In the infinite azur, star after star,
How they brighten and bloom as they swiftly pass;
How the vesture runs o'er each rolling mass;
And the path of the gentle wind is seen,
Where the small waves dance, and the young woods

leam.

"And see where the brighter day-beams pour,
How the rainbows hang in the sunny shower;
And the morn and the eve, with their pomp of hues,
Shift o'er the bright planets and sheet their daws,
And twixt them both, o'er the teeming ground,
With her shadowy cone, the night goes round.

"Away, away!—In our blossoming bowers,
In the soft air wrapping these spheres of ours,
In the seas and fountains that shine with morn,
See, love is brooding, and life is born,
And breathing myriads are breaking from night,
To rejoice, like us, in motion and light."

Glide on in your beauty, ye youthful spheres!
To weave the dance that measures the years.
Glide on in the glory and gladness sent
To the farthest wall of the firmament;
The boundless visible smile of him,
To the veil of whose brow our lamps are dim.

W. C. BRYANT.

BEN BLOWER'S STORY;
OR HOW TO RELISH A JULEP.

[Charles Frazee Hoffman, born in New York, 1806; died in 1884. He was known in America as a lyrical poet, but his novels and shorter tales have also obtained a measure of popularity. *Brigadier*, a romance of the Mohawk, was perhaps the most successful of his prose works. *Wild Scenes in Forest and Prairie* and *A Winter in the West* were his first important productions. He had nearly completed another romance entitled the *Red Spur of Ramapo*, but was interrupted by illness. His servant, arranging the author's study, burned the manuscript and carefully put away the "clean" paper. Mr. Hoffman's chief poetical works are: *The Vigil of Faith*, *The Echo*, *Logs of the Hudson*, and *Lore's Calendar*. He has been much occupied as the editor of various magazines and literary journals. Of his songs an American critic (H. T. Tuckerman) says, many of them, "from their graceful flow and tender feeling, are highly popular, although some of the metras are too like those of Moore not to provoke a comparison." Of his humour the following tale is an excellent example.]

"Are you sure that's the *Flame* over by the shore?"

"Certing, manny! I could tell her pipes across the *Mazoura*."¹

"And you will overhaul her?"

"Won't we though! I tell ye, stranger, so sure as my name's Ben Blower, that that last tar-bar'l I hove in the furnace has put just the smart chance of go-ahead into us to cut off the *Flame* from yonder pint, or send our boat to kingdom come."

"The devil!" exclaimed a by-stander who, intensely interested in the race, was leaning the while against the partitions of the boiler-room. "I've chosen a nice place to see the fun, near this infernal powder-barrel."

"Not so bad as if you were in it," coolly observed Ben as the other walked rapidly away.

"As if he were in it! in what? in the boiler?"

"Certing! Don't folks sometimes go into boilers, manny?"

"I should think there'd be other parts of the boat more comfortable."

"That's right; poking fun at me at once: but wait till we get through this brush with the old *Flame* and I'll tell ye of a regular fixin' scrap that a man may get into. It's true, too, every word of it, as sure as my name's Ben Blower." . . .

"You have seen the *Flame* then afore, stranger? Six year ago, when new upon the river, she was a raal out and outer, I tell ye. I was at that time a hand aboard of her. Yes, I belonged to her at the time of her great race with the *Go-blar*. You've heern, manah, of the blow-up by which we lost it. They made a great fuss about it; but it was nothing but a mere fiz of hot water after all. Only the springing of a few rivets, which loosened a biler-plate or two, and let out a thin spitting upon some niggers that hadn't sense enough to get out of the way. Well, the *Go-blar* took off our passengers, and we ran into Smasher's Landing to repair damages, and bury the poor fools that were killed. Here we laid for a matter of thirty hours or so, and got things to rights on board for a bran new start. There was some carpenters' work yet to be done, but the captain said that that might be fixed off just as well when we were under way—we had worked hard—the weather was sour, and we needn't do anything more jist now—we might take that afternoon to ourselves, but the next morning he'd get up steam bright and airy, and we'd all come out new. There was no temperance society at Smasher's Landing, and I went ashore upon a lark with some of the hands."

I omit the worthy Benjamin's adventures upon land, and, despairing of fully conveying his language in its original Doric force, will not hesitate to give the rest of his singular narrative in my own words, save where, in a few instances, I can recall his precise phraseology, which the reader will easily recognize.

"The night was raw and sleety when I regained the deck of our boat. The officers, instead of leaving a watch above, had closed up everything, and shut themselves in the cabin. The fire-room only was open. The boards dashed from the outside by the explosion had not yet been replaced. The floor of the room was wet, and there was scarcely a corner which afforded a shelter from the driving storm. I was about leaving the room, resigned to sleep in the open air, and now bent only upon getting under the lee of some bulkhead that would protect me against the wind. In passing out I kept my arms stretched forward to feel my way in the dark, but my feet came in contact with a heavy iron lid; I stumbled, and, as I fell, struck one of my hands into the 'man-hole' (I think this was the name he gave to the oval-shaped opening in the head of the boiler), through which the smith had entered to make his repairs. I fell with my arm thrust so far into the aperture that I received

¹ The name "Missouri" is thus generally pronounced upon the western waters.

a pretty smart blow in the face as it came in contact with the head of the boiler, and I did not hesitate to drag my body after it the moment I recovered from this stunning effect, and ascertained my whereabouts. In a word, I crept into the boiler, resolved to pass the rest of the night there. The place was dry and sheltered. Had my bed been softer I would have had all that man could desire; as it was, I slept, and slept soundly.

"I should mention though, that, before closing my eyes, I several times shifted my position. I had gone first to the farthest end of the boiler, then again I had crawled back to the manhole, to put my hand out and feel that it was really still open. The warmest place was at the farther end, where I finally established myself, and that I knew from the first. It was foolish in me to think that the opening through which I had just entered could be closed without my hearing it, and that, too, when no one was astir but myself; but the blow on the side of my face made me a little nervous perhaps; besides, I never could bear to be shut up in any place—it always gives a wild-like feeling about the head. You may laugh, stranger, but I believe I should suffocate in an empty church if I once felt that I was so shut up in it that I could not get out. I have met men afore now just like me, or worse rather, much worse—men that it made sort of furious to be tied down to anything, yet so soft-like and contradictory in their natures that you might lead them anywhere so long as they didn't feel the string. Stranger, it takes all sorts of people to make a world; and we may have a good many of the worst kind of white men here out west. But I have seen folks upon this river—quiet-looking chaps, too, as ever you see—who were so *totally curankterankterous* that they'd shoot the doctor who'd tell them they couldn't live when ailing, and make a die of it, just out of spite, when told they *must* get well. Yes, fellows as fond of the good things of earth as you and I, yet who'd rush like mad right over the gang-plank of life if once brought to believe that they had to stay in this world whether they wanted to leave it or not. Thunder and bees! if such a fellow as that had heard the cocks crow as I did—awakened to find darkness about him—darkness so thick you might cut it with a knife—heard other sounds, too, to tell that it was morning, and scrambling to fumble for that manhole, found it, too, black—closed—black and even as the rest of the iron coffin around him, closed, with not a rivet-hole to let God's light and air in—why—why—he'd a *swoonded*

right down on the spot, as I did, and I ain't ashamed to own it to no white man."

The big drops actually stood upon the poor fellow's brow, as he now paused for a moment in the recital of his terrible story. He passed his hand over his rough features, and resumed it with less agitation of manner.

"How long I may have remained there senseless I don't know. The doctors have since told me it must have been a sort of fit—more like an apoplexy than a swoon, for the attack finally passed off in sleep. Yes, I slept; I know that, for I dreamed—dreamed a heap o' things afore I awoke: there is but one dream, however, that I have ever been able to recall distinctly, and that must have come on shortly before I recovered my consciousness. My resting-place through the night had been, as I have told you, at the far end of the boiler. Well, I now dreamed that the manhole was still open, and, what seems curious, rather than laughable, if you take it in connection with other things, I fancied that my legs had been so stretched in the long walk I had taken the evening before that they now reached the whole length of the boiler, and extended through the opening.

"At first (in my dreaming reflections) it was a comfortable thought, that no one could now shut up the manhole without awakening me. But soon it seemed as if my feet, which were on the outside, were becoming drenched in the storm which had originally driven me to seek this shelter. I felt the chilling rain upon my extremities. They grew colder and colder, and their numbness gradually extended upward to other parts of my body. It seemed, however, that it was only the under side of my person that was thus strangely visited. I lay upon my back, and it must have been a species of nightmare that afflicted me, for I knew at last that I was dreaming, yet felt it impossible to rouse myself. A violent fit of coughing restored at last my powers of volition. The water, which had been slowly rising around me, had rushed into my mouth; I awoke to hear the rapid strokes of the pump which was driving it into the boiler!

"My whole condition—no—not all of it—not yet—my *present* condition flashed with new horror upon me. But I did not again swoon. The choking sensation which had made me faint when I first discovered how I was entombed gave way to a livelier though less overpowering emotion. I shrieked even as I started from my slumber. The previous discovery of the closed aperture, with the instant oblivion that followed, seemed only a part of my dream, and I threw my arms about and

looked eagerly for the opening by which I had entered the horrid place—yes, looked for it, and felt for it, though it was the terrible conviction that it was closed—a second time brought home to me—which prompted my frenzied cry. Every sense seemed to have ten-fold acuteness, yet not one to act in unison with another. I shrieked again and again—imploringly—desperately—savagely. I filled the hollow chamber with my cries, till its iron walls seemed to tingle around me. The dull strokes of the accursed pump seemed only to mock at, while they deadened, my screams.

"At last I gave myself up. It is the struggle against our fate which frenzies the mind. We cease to fear when we cease to hope. I gave myself up, and then I grew calm!

"I was resigned to die—resigned even to my mode of death. It was not, I thought, so very new after all, as to awaken unwonted horror in a man. Thousands have been sunk to the bottom of the ocean shut up in the holds of vessels—beating themselves against the battened hatches—dragged down from the upper world shrieking, not for life, but for death only beneath the eye and amid the breath of heaven. Thousands have endured that appalling kind of suffocation. I would die only as many a better man had died before me. I could meet such a death. I said so—I thought so—I felt so—felt so, I mean, for a minute—or more; ten minutes it may have been—or but an instant of time. I know not, nor does it matter if I could compute it. There was a time, then, when I was resigned to my fate. But, Heaven! was I resigned to it in the shape in which next it came to appal? Stranger, I felt that water growing hot about my limbs, though it was yet mid-log deep. I felt it, and in the same moment heard the roar of the furnace that was to turn it into steam before it could get deep enough to drown one!

"You shudder. It was hideous. But did I shrink and shrivel, and crumble down upon that iron floor, and lose my senses in that horrid agony of fear? No! though my brain swam and the life-blood that curdled at my heart seemed about to stagnate there for ever, still *I knew!* I was too harshe—too hopeless—from my previous efforts, to cry out more. But I struck—feebly at first, and then strongly—frantically with my clenched fist against the sides of the boiler. There were people moving near who must hear my blows! Could not I hear the grating of chains, the shuffling of feet, the very rustle of a rope—hear them all, within

a few inches of me? I did; but the gurgling water that was growing hotter and hotter around my extremities made more noise within the steaming cauldron than did my frenzied blows against its sides.

"Latterly I had hardly changed my position, but now the growing heat of the water made me plash to and fro, lifting myself wholly out of it was impossible, but I could not remain quiet. I stumbled upon something; it was a mallet!—a chance tool the smith had left there by accident. With what wild joy did I seize it—with what eager confidence did I now deal my first blows with it against the walls of my prison! But scarce had I intermitted them for a moment when I heard the clang of the iron door as the fireman flung it wide to feed the flames that were to torture me. My knocking was unheard, though I could hear him toss the sticks into the furnace beneath me, and drive to the door when his infernal oven was fully crammed.

"Had I yet a hope? I had; but it rose in my mind side by side with the fear that I might now become the agent of preparing myself a more frightful death. Yes; when I thought of that furnace with its fresh-fed flames curling beneath the iron upon which I stood—more frightful death even than that of being boiled alive! Had I discovered that mallet but a short time sooner—but no matter, I would by its aid resort to the only expedient now left.

"It was this. I remembered having a marline-spike in my pocket, and in less time than I have taken in hinting at the consequences of thus using it, I had made an impression upon the sides of the boiler, and soon succeeded in driving it through. The water gushed through the aperture—would they see it? No; the jet could only play against a wooden partition which must hide the stream from view; it must trickle down upon the decks before the leakage would be discovered. Should I drive another hole to make that leakage greater? Why, the water within seemed already to be sensibly diminished, so hot had become that which remained; should more escape, would I not hear it bubble and hiss upon the fiery plates of iron that were already scorching the soles of my feet? . . .

"Ah! there is a movement—voices—I hear them calling for a crowbar. The bulkhead cracks as they pry off the planking. They have seen the leak—they are trying to get at it! Good God! why do they not first dampen the fire? why do they call for the—the—

"Stranger, look at that finger: it can never

regain its natural size; but it has already done all the service that man could expect from so humble a member. *Sir, that hole would have been plugged up on the instant unless I had jammed my finger through!*

"I heard the cry of horror as they saw it without—the shout to drown the fire—the first stroke of the cold-water pump. They say, too, that I was conscious when they took me out—but I—I remember nothing more till they brought a julep to my bedside afterwards, *AND that julep!—*"

"Cooling, was it?"

"STRANGER!!!"

Ben turned away his head and wept—He could no more.

THE SHADOW.

Stand still, and I will read to thee
A lecture, love, on love's philosophy:
These three hours that we have spent
Walking here, two shadows went
Along with us, which we ourselves produced;
But now the sun is just above our head,
We do those shadows tread,
And to brave clearness all things are reduced.
So whilst our infant loves did grow,
Disguises did, and shadows flow
From us and our cares; but now 'tis not so.

That love hath not attain'd the high'ſt degree
Which is still diligent, lest others see;
Except our loves at this noon stay
We shall new shadows make the other way.
As the first were made to blind
Others, these which come behind
Will work upon ourselves and blind our eyes.
If your love's faint and westwardly decline,
To me, thou falsely thine,
And I to thee, mine actions shall disguise.
The morning shadows wear away,
But these grow longer all the day:
But oh, love's day is short, if love decay.

Love is a growing or full constant light,
And his short minute, after noon, is night.

DR. JOHN DONNE.

A LOVER'S THOUGHT.

Thou wert the morning star amongst the living,
Ere thy fair light had fled;
Now, having died, thou art, as Hesperus, giving
New splendour to the dead.

PLATO, translated by SHELLEY.

"THESE THREE."¹

[Isa Craig (Mrs. Knox), born in Edinburgh, 17th October, 1831. She obtained in 1859 the first prize for the best poem on the subject of Robert Burns. The poem was read by Mr. S. Phelps at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, to a vast audience collected to celebrate the centenary of the Scottish poet's birth. Since that date Mrs. Craig-Knox has produced various poems which have sustained the reputation she so suddenly achieved. *Duchess Agnes* is her chief poetical work. Much pathos and deep religious sentiment characterize many of her shorter poems. She has also written various stories that have been well received.]

No viewless angels by our side,
With wings, but women sweet and good;
"These Three," indeed, with us abide,
True types of womanhood.
Yea, I, in turn, have reached a hand
To each one of the blessed three,
In one fair group I've seen them stand—
Faith, Hope, and Charity.

My Faith hath misty hair,—and eyes,
You cannot fix their changing hue,
But all the world within them lies,
And all the soul looks through.
Her voice doth make divinely sweet
Each song of sorrow which she sings,
And saddest wisdom fills replete
With heavenly comfortings.

My Hope is ruddy with the flush
Of morning joy, that keeps its place,
Though day has darkened, and the rush
Of rain is on her face.
Her clear eyes look afar, as bent
On shining futures gathering in;
Nought seems too high for her intent,
Too hard for her to win.

My Love hath eyes as blue and clear
As clefts between the clouds of June,
A tender mouth whose smiles are near
To tears that gather soon.
Her best and loveliest she takes,
To light dark places;—wastes of life
She sows with precious seed that makes
All richest blessings rife.

Faith, when my soul in darkness dwells,
Shall sing her song throughout the night;
For each new effort life compels
Hope's clasp shall nerve with might.
Love shall divide each grief of mine,
Share every joy thus doubly given,
With each in turn life grows divine,
With all it tastes of heaven.

¹ From *Duchess Agnes*, &c. London: Strahan & Co.

THE CALTON HILL, EDINBURGH.

Edinburgh and its surrounding scenery have been celebrated by English and Scottish poets and prose writers; and their enthusiasm is acknowledged to be more than deserved by every one who gazes for the first time upon the site of the northern capital. The picturesque heights of Arthur Seat, the Castle Rock, and Calton Hill—which, according to Hugh Miller, once formed a group of islands covered by boreal vegetation—give the city a character that fully merits to-day as much as in Marion's time the eulogy of Scott—

"Still on the spot Lord Marmion stay'd,
For fairer scene he ne'er survey'd.
When anted with the martial show
That peopled all the plain below,
The wandering eye could o'er it go,
And mark the distant city glow
With gloomy splendour red;
For on the smoke wreath, huge and slow,
That round her sable turrets flow,
The morning beams were shed,
And tinged them with a lustre proud,
Like that which stretches a thunder-cloud,
Such dusky grandeur clothed the heights,
Where the huge Castle holds its state,
And all the steep slope down,
Whose ridge back heaves to the sky,
Piled deep and massy, close and high,
Mine own romantic town!
But northward far, with pawer base,
On Ochil mountains tell the rays,
As each heathy top they kind,
It gleam'd a purple amethyst.
Yonder the shores of Fife you saw;
Here Preston Bay, and Berwick Law;
And, broad between them roll'd,
The gallant Frith the eye might note,
Whose islands on its bosom float,
Like emeralds chased in gold.
Fife-Eustace' heart felt closely pent;
As if to give his impetuous vent,
The spur he to his charger lent,
And raised his bridle-hand,
And, making domi-volte in air,
Cried, 'Where's the coward that would not dare
To fight for such a land!'"

Burns, the Ettrick Shepherd, and Thomas Campbell (in his fragment *The Queen of the North*) pay their tribute to the beauty and grandeur of the scene that may be witnessed from any of its eminences; and all appeal with pride to its historical associations.

At the beginning of the present century the Calton Hill was a solitary eminence distinguished only by the Observatory and the Bridewell. A walk, little frequented save by strangers, wended round the verge of the

precipitous hill, and showed, in pleasing succession, a noble view of the Forth, with the mountains beyond it—of Leith and its shipping—of Musselburgh Bay and the fine eastern crescent of land, terminated so happily by North Berwick Law,—of Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags, with the towers of the old palace, and its huge quadrangular court, lying close under the eye of the spectator—of the massive and high-piled buildings of the Old Town, terminated by the castle, and backed by the blue range of the Pentland Hills,—and, finally, as the spectator returned towards the point from which he set out, he commanded a view of the New Town, with the turrets of the Register House and the grand arches of the North Bridge. The promenade was solitary, however, and little frequented until the daring spirit of modern improvement suggested the magnificent plan of leading the principal approach to Edinburgh from the eastward along the verge of this commanding eminence.

In 1815 the Calton Hill was rendered a thoroughfare by the formation of a road connecting the New Town directly with the eastern district of the country. A lofty bridge was thrown from the east end of Prince's Street to the western face of the hill; the corresponding road was cut, partly through primitive rocks, and partly through a burial-ground, which presented obstructions of a different, but not less difficult nature: there was also an immense hollow to be filled up. Nevertheless, the whole was in time perfected, so as to form one of the noblest approaches that any European city can boast of. Before this period the hill exhibited two solitary buildings of opposite enough character—the Bridewell, which somebody compared to a Bastile, and a monument to Lord Nelson, for which there were more ungracious comparisons. But pure Grecian architecture was now beginning to be studied in its best models, and as this craggy hill seemed to offer sites equal to the Athenian Acropolis itself, various structures of that kind have been erected upon it. First appeared an Observatory, of simple but elegant design, situated towards the top on the north-west side of the hill. At the south-east angle of the court inclosing the Observatory, there has been erected a monument to Professor Playfair, who was chiefly instrumental in obtaining for Edinburgh the benefits of this scientific structure. The monument is a square mass surrounded with columns, and altogether formed in pure Grecian taste.

It was now suggested that a monument should be erected to the many Scottish officers who had fallen in the war of the French Revolution

—a monument alike worthy of those heroes, and of their grateful country. The design met at first with so much encouragement that its immediate promoters considered it as affording an opportunity of restoring, on the Calton Hill of Edinburgh, the most beautiful of all the structures of Greece—the noble Parthenon itself. It was calculated that the work might be completed for £60,000, and for a time contributions were rendered with such liberality, not only in Scotland, but in every place where Scotsmen were to be found, that the strongest hopes were entertained of speedily obtaining the necessary sum. On the 27th of August, 1822, while King George the Fourth was in Edinburgh, the foundation-stone was laid, his majesty contributing, we believe, a thousand guineas towards the undertaking. Years passed on, and the design seemed in some danger of being neglected, when its managers unfortunately determined to commence the work with what money they had already collected, trusting that the appearance of the building, even in its first lineaments, would be the best means of drawing further contributions from the public. Twelve massive and beautiful columns, intended to form merely the support of the western pediment, were accordingly erected, at an expense of £13,000, and there the work stopped for want of funds. These twelve pillars of the National Monument form at least a noble ruin, situated on the crest of the hill.

The High School, erected on the lower part of the hill, is an institution of some antiquity (dating, we believe, from 1578); and its respectability as a seminary of classical instruction is coeval with the dignity of the city itself. When it is considered that many of the greatest men of the country have received the rudiments of their education at this school for the last two centuries, a sufficient idea must be formed of its pretensions to general consideration. The High School was formerly situated in an obscure and inconvenient part of the town. The present structure was commenced in 1825, and completed in 1829, part of the cost being contributed by individuals who had received their education at this seminary. The building was designed by Thomas Hamilton, architect, and is greatly admired as a work of art. Overlooking minor beauties, its charm decidedly lies in the bold mixture of light and shade produced in front. There is much also in the felicitous adaptation of the style to the situation, and something in the circumstance that the building is chiefly seen from a lower level than its base, which tends

to give the advancing lines of the central pediment and wings a peculiarly airy effect. After the High School the Calton Hill was adorned further by the monuments of Dugald Stewart and his friend Robert Burns. The monument of Dugald Stewart is the elegant circular temple immediately above the western wing of the High School. It was erected in 1831, after a design by Mr. Playfair, and is somewhat after the manner of an Athenian building known as the Lantern of Demosthenes. In the open circle within the columns there is a simple cinerary vase. Burns' Monument was finished in 1832, being from a design by Mr. Hamilton. It occupies a capital situation on a lower shoulder of the hill, where it is strikingly conspicuous in all directions except towards the north. This monument is in the form of a circular Grecian temple. The building is lighted in an ingenious manner, and within it was placed for many years Flaxman's statue of the poet, which is now in the National Gallery.

Seen from almost any place around Edinburgh, the Observatory, the High School, the National and the other monuments, give the whole scenery a Grecian aspect, calculated to remind the spectator of the temple-crowned steeps of Achala.

A POT OF GOOD ALE.¹

AN OLD ENGLISH SONG.

The poor man will praise it, so hath he good cause.

That all the year eats neither partridge nor quail,
But sets up his rest, and makes up his feast,
With a crust of brown bread and a pot of good ale.

And the good old clarke, whose sight waxeth dark,

And ever he thinks the print is too small,
He will see every letter, and say service better,
If he glaze but his eyes with a pot of good ale.

The poet divine that cannot reach wine,
Because that his money doth many times fail,

Will hit on the vein to make a good strain,
If he be but inspired with a pot of good ale.

¹ From *An Antidote against Melancholy*, 1661. Edited by Payne Collier.

THE ASTRONOMICAL ALDERMAN.

The pedant or scholastikon became
The butt of all the Grecian jokes;—
With us, poor Paddy bears the blame
Of blunders made by other folks;
Though we have certain civic sages
Term'd Aldermen, who perpetrate
Bulls as legitimate and great
As any that the classic pages
Of old Hievoles can show,
Or Mr. Miller's, commonly call'd Joe.

One of these turtle-eating men,
Not much excelling in his spelling,
When ridicul'd he meant to brave,
Said he was more PH. than N.
Meaning thereby, more *phœn* than *nose*,
Though they who knew our eunuing Thraso
Pronounced it flattery to say so.—
His civic brethren to express
His "double double toil and trouble,"
And bustling noisy emptiness,
Had christen'd him Sir Hubble Bubble.

This wight ventripotent was dining
Once at the Grocers' Hall, and lining
With calipee and calipash.
That tomb omnivorous—his paunch.
Then on the launch
Inflicting many a horrid gash,
When, having swallow'd six or seven
Pounds, he fell into a mood
Of such supreme beatitude,
That it reminded him of heaven,
And he began with mighty *bouhomic*
To talk astronomy.
"Sir," he exclaim'd between his bumpers,
"Copernicus and Tycho Brahe,
And all those chaps have had their day;
They've written monstrous lies, sir,—thumpers!—
Move round the sun?—it's talking treason;
The earth stands still—it stands to reason.
Round as a globe?—stuff!—humbug—fable!
It's a flat sphere, like this here table,
And the sun overhangs this sphere,
Ay—just like that there chandelier."

"But," quoth his neighbour, "when the sun
From east to west his course has run,
How comes it that he shows his face
Next morning in his former place?"

"Ho! there's a pretty question truly!"
Replied our wight with an unruly
Burst of laughter and delight,
So much his triumph seem'd to please him;
"Why, blockhead, he goes back at night,
And that's the reason no one sees him."

HORACE SMITH.

A FATHER'S FAREWELL.

—For thee are span
Around our heart such tender ties
That our own children to our eyes
Are dearer than the sun. WORDSWORTH.

Come near to me, my gentle girl,
And share a father's parting sorrow,
And weep with me those tears to-day
Nor thou nor I may weep to-morrow.

Come lean once more upon my breast,
As when a simple child caressing;
For another day and far away
Wilt thou be from thy father's blessing:

The wind blows fairly for the sea;—
The white waves round thy bark are swelling,
Thy lover sighs for the moon to rise,
And make thee a bride, my gentle Ellen.

Yet closer, closer round me cling,
Though another claim thy love to-morrow,
None, none are here to reprove the tear
That flows to-day for a father's sorrow.

Come gaze on me, thou darling child,
My fairest and my fondest cherished,
That I may trace in thy placid face
Thy mother's beauty ere she perished.

And let me hear thy mother's song
Yet once more from thy sweet lip swelling,
And none again shall sing that strain,
The last song of my gentle Ellen.

And say that when between us lie
Wide lands and many a mountain hillow,
Thy heart will tend to thine earliest friend,
And think in prayer of his aged pillow.

For my head is white with winter snow,
No earthly sun away may carry,
Until I come to my waiting home,—
The last home where the aged tarry.

Then lean once more upon my breast,
As when a simple child caressing,
For another day and far away
Wilt thou be from thy father's blessing

Ay,—closer, closer round me cling,
Though another claim thy love to-morrow,
None, none are here to reprove the tear
That flows to-day for a father's sorrow.

MISS JEWISON.²

1st "Phantasmagoria."

GETTING ON.¹

[Andrew Kennedy Hutchinson Boyd, D.D., born at Auchinleck, Ayrshire, in 1825, died in 1889; educated at the university of Glasgow; in 1851 appointed by the crown to the ministry of St. Andrews (Scotland), and, in 1890, elected moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. Although actively employed in parochial duties, he found time to contribute to *Prayer's Magazine*, under the signature A. K. H. B., a series of papers which have placed their author amongst the foremost of modern essayists. His essays are distinguished by a simple earnestness which is often eloquent, always attractive and impressive; the humour of a refined and cultivated mind; and a leisurely enjoyment of the outlook upon life and character. *Recreations of a Country Person*; *The Commonplace Philosopher*; *The Greater Thoughts of a Country Person*; *Leisure Hours in Town*; *Lessons of Middle Age*; *Content and Comfort from a City Pilgrimage*; *Changed Aspects of Unchanged Truths*; *Seaside Musings*; *Scotch Commonplace Sunday*; *Landscapes, Churches, and Moralities*; *From a Quiet Place*; *Twenty-five Years in St. Andrews*, are the titles of his chief works.]

It is interesting to look at the various arts and devices by which men have Got On. Ju-dicious puffing is a great thing. But it must be very judicious. Some people irritate one by their constant stories as to their own great doings. I have known people who had really done considerable things, yet who did not get the credit they deserved, just because they were given to vapouring of what they had done. It is much better to have friends and relatives to puff you, to record what a splendid fellow you are, and what wonderful events have befallen you. Even here, if you become known as one of a set who puff each other, your laudations will do harm instead of good. It is a grand thing to have relations and friends who have the power to actually confer material success. Who would not wish to be Down, that so he might be "taken care of?" You have known men at the bar, to whom some powerful relative gave a tremendous lift at starting in their profession. Of course this would in some cases only make their failure more apparent, unless they were really equal to the work to which they were set. There is a cry against Nepotism. It will not be shared in by the *Nepotes*. It must be a fine thing to be one of them. Unhappily, they must always be a very small minority; and thus the cry against them will be the voice of a great majority. I cannot but observe that the names of men who hold canonries at cathedrals, and

other valuable preferments in the church, are frequently the same as the name of the bishop of the diocese. I do not complain of that. It is the plain intention of Providence that the children should suffer for their fathers' sins, and gain by their fathers' rise. It is utterly impossible to start all human beings for the race of life on equal terms. It is utterly impossible to bring all men up to a rope stretched across the course, and make all start fair. If a man be a drunken blackguard, or a heartless fool, his children *must* suffer for it, *must* start at a disadvantage. No human power can prevent *that*. And on the other hand, if a man be industrious and able, and rise to great eminence, his children gain by all this. Robert Stephenson had a splendid start, because old George his father got on so nobly. Lord Stanley entered political life at an immense advantage, because he was Lord Derby's son. And if any reader of this page had some valuable office to give away, and had a son, brother, or nephew who deserved it as well as anybody else, and who he could easily think deserved it a great deal better than anybody else, I have little doubt that the reader would give that valuable office to the son, brother, or nephew. I have known, indeed, magnanimous men who acted otherwise; who in exercising abundant patronage suffered no nepotism. It was a positive disadvantage to be related to these men; they would not give their relatives ordinary justice. The fact of your being connected with them made it tolerably sure that you would never get anything they had to give. All honour to such men! Yet they surpass average humanity so far, that I do not severely blame those who act on lower motives. I do not find much fault with a certain bishop who taught me theology in my youth, because I see that he has made his son a canon in his cathedral. I notice, without indignation, that the individual who holds the easy and lucrative office of associate in certain courts of law bears the same name with the chief-justice. You have heard how Lord Ellenborough was once out riding on horseback, when word was brought him of the death of a man who held a sinecure office with a revenue of some thousands a year. Lord Ellenborough had the right of appointment to that office. He instantly resolved to appoint his son. But the thought struck him that he might die before reaching home; he might fall from his horse, or the like. And so the eminent judge took from his pocket a piece of paper and a pencil, and then and there wrote upon his saddle a formal appointment of his son to that wealthy place. And as

¹ From *The Commonplace Philosopher in Town and Country*. By the author of *The Recreations of a Country Person*, &c. London: Longmans & Co.

it was a place which notoriously was to be given, not to a man who should deserve it, but merely to a man who might be lucky enough to get it, I do not know that Lord Ellenborough deserved to be greatly blamed. In any case, his son, as he quarterly pocketed the large payment for doing nothing, would doubtless hold the blame of mankind as of very little account.

But whether you Get On by having friends who cry you up, or by having friends who can materially advance you, of course it is your luck to have such friends. We all know that it is "the accident of an accident" that makes a man succeed to a peerage or an estate. And though trumpeting be a great fact and power, still your luck comes in to say whether the trumpet shall in your case be successful. One man, by judicious puffing, gets a great name; another, equally deserving, and apparently in exactly the same circumstances, fails to get it. No doubt the dog who gets an ill name, even if he deserves the ill name, deserves it no more than various other sad dogs who pass scot free. Over all events, all means and ends in this world, there rules God's inscrutable sovereignty. And to our view, that direction appears quite arbitrary. "One shall be taken, and the other left." "Jacob have I loved, and Esau have I hated." "Hath not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honour, and another unto dishonour?" A sarcastic London periodical lately declared that the way to attain eminence in a certain walk of life was to "combine mediocrity of talent with family affliction." And it is possible that instances might be indicated in which that combination led to very considerable position. But there are many more cases in which the two things co-existed in a very high degree without leading to any advancement whatsoever. It is all luck again.

A way in which small men sometimes Get On is by finding ways to be helpful to bigger men. Those bigger men have occasional opportunities of helping those who have been helpful to them. If you yourself, or some near relation of yours, yield effectual support to a candidate at a keenly contested county election, you may possibly be repaid by influence in your favour brought to bear upon the government of the day. From a bishopric down to a headship I have known such means serve valuable ends. It is a great thing to have any link, however humble, and however remote, that connects you with a secretary of state, or any member of the administration. Political turgidation is a great thing. Judicious rating, at a critical period, will generally

secure some one considerable reward. In a conservative institution to stand almost alone in professing very liberal opinions, or in a liberal institution to stand almost alone in professing conservative opinions, will probably cause you to Get On. The leaders of parties are likely to reward those who among the faithless are faithful to them, and who hold by them under difficulties. Still, luck comes in here. While some will attain great rewards by professing opinions very inconsistent with their position, others by doing the same things merely bring themselves into universal ridicule and contempt. It is a powerful thing to have abundant impudence, to be quite ready to ask for whatever you want. Worthier men wait till their merits are found out: you don't. You may possibly get what you ask, and then you may snap your fingers in the face of the worthier man. By a skilful dodge A got something which ought to have come to B. Still A can drive in dignity past B, covering him with mud from his chariot-wheels. There was a man in the last century who was made a bishop by George III. for having published a poem on the death of George II. That poem declared that George II. was removed by Providence to heaven because he was too good for this world. You know what kind of man George II. was: you know whether even Bishop Porteus could possibly have thought he was speaking the truth in publishing that most despicable piece of toadism. Yet Bishop Porteus was really a good man, and died in the odour of sanctity. He was merely a little yielding. Honesty would have stood in the way of his Getting On; and so honesty had to make way for the time. Many people know that a certain bishop was to have been made Archbishop of Canterbury, but that he threw away his chance by an act of injudicious honesty. On one occasion he opposed the court, under very strong conscientious convictions of duty. If he had just sat still, and refrained from bearing testimony to what he held for truth, he would have Got On much farther than he ever did. I am very sure the good man never regretted that he had acted honestly.

Judicious obscurity is often a reason for advancing a man. You know nothing to his prejudice. Eminent men have always some enemies: there are those who will secretly hate them just because they are eminent: and no one can say how or when the most insignificant enemy may have an opportunity to put a spoke in the wheel, and upset the coach in which an eminent man is advancing to what would have crowned his life. While nothing can be more

certain than that if you know nothing at all about a man you know no harm of him. There are many people who will oppose a man seeking for any end just because they know him. They don't care about a total stranger gaining the thing desired; but they cannot bear that any one they know should reach it. They cannot make up their mind to *that*. You remember a curious fact brought out by Cardinal Wiseman in his *Lines of the Last Four Popes*. There are certain European kings who have the right to veto a pope. Though the choice of the conclave fall on him, these kings can step in and say, No. They are called to give no reason. They merely say, Whoever is to be pope, it shall not be that man. And the cardinal shows us that as surely as any man seems likely to be elected pope who has ever been Papal ambassador at the court of any of those kings, so surely does the king at whose court he was veto him! In short, the king is a man; and he cannot bear that any one he knows should be raised to the mystical dignity of the Papacy. But the monarch has no objection to the election of a man whom he knows nothing about. And as the more eminent cardinals are sure to have become known, more or less intimately, to all the kings who have the right to veto, the man elected pope is generally a very obscure and insignificant cardinal. Then there is a pleasant feeling of superiority and patronage in advancing a small man, a man smaller than yourself. You may have known men who were a good deal consulted as to the filling up of vacant offices in their own profession who made it their rule strongly to recommend men whose talent was that of decent mediocrity, and never to mention men of really shining ability. And if you suggest to them the names of two or three persons of very high qualifications as suitable to fill the vacant place, you will find the most vigorous methods instantly employed to make sure that, whoever may be successful, it shall not be one of these. "Oh, he would never do!"

It is worth remembering, as further proof how little you can count on any means certainly conducting to the end of Getting On, that the most opposite courses of conduct have led men to great success. To be the toady of a great man is a familiar art of self-advancement: there once was a person who by doing extremely dirty work for a notorious peer attained a considerable place in the government of this country. But it is a question of luck after all. Sometimes it has been the making of a man to insult a duke, or to bully a chief-

justice. It made him a popular favourite; it enlisted general sympathy on his side; it gained him credit for nerve and courage. But public feeling, and the feeling of the dispensers of patronage in all walks of life oscillates so much, that at different times the most contradictory qualities may commend a man for preferment. You may have known a man who was much favoured by those in power though he was an extremely outspoken, injudicious, and almost reckless person. It is only at rare intervals that such a man finds favour: a grave, steady, and reliable man, who will never say or do anything outrageous, is for the most part preferred. And now and then you may find a highly cultivated congregation, wearied by having had for its minister for many years a remarkably correct and judicious though tiresome preacher, making choice for his successor of a brilliant and startling orator, very deficient in taste and sense. A man's luck, in all these cases, will appear, if it bring him into notice just at the time when his special characteristics are held in most estimation. If for some specific purpose you desire to have a horse which has only three legs, it is plain that if two horses present themselves for your choice, one with three legs and the other with four, you will select and prefer the animal with three. It will be the best, so far as concerns you. And its good luck will appear in this, that it has come to your notice just when your liking happened to be a somewhat peculiar one. In like manner you may find people say, In filling up this place at the present time we don't want a clever man, or a well-informed man, or an accomplished and presentable man: we want a meek man, a humble man, a man who will take snubbing freely, a rough man, a man like ourselves. And I have known many cases, in which, of several competitors, one was selected just for the possession of qualities which testified his inferiority to the others. But then, in this case, that which was absolutely the worst was the best for the particular case. The people wanted a horse with three legs; and when such an animal presented itself, they very naturally preferred him to the other horses which had four legs. The horses with four legs naturally complained of the choice, and thought themselves duly used when the screw was taken in preference. They were wrong. There are places for which a rough man is better than a smooth one, a dirty man than a clean one, in the judgment (that is) of the people who have the filling up of the place. I certainly think their judgment

is wrong. But it is their judgment, and of course they act upon it.

As regards the attainment of very great and unusual wealth by business or the like, it is very plain how much there is of luck. A certain degree of business talent is of course necessary in the man who rises in a few years from nothing to enormous wealth: but it is Providence that says who shall draw the great prize; for other men with just as much ability and industry entirely fail. Talent and industry in business may make sure, unless in very extraordinary circumstances, of decent success; but Providence fixes who shall make four hundred thousand a year. The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, nor riches to men of understanding—that is, their riches are not necessarily in proportion to their understanding. Trickery and cheating, not crossed by ill luck, may gain great wealth. I shall not name several instances which will occur to every one. But I suppose, my friend, that you and I would cut off our right hand before we should Get On in worldly wealth by such means as these. You must make up your mind, however, that you will not be envious when you see the fine house, and the horses and carriages of some successful trickster. All this indeed might have been had, but you would not have it at the price. That worldly success is a great deal too dear which is to be gained only by sallying your integrity. And I gaily believe that I know many men whom no material bribe would tempt to what is mean or dishonest.

There is something curious in the feeling which many people cherish towards an acquaintance who becomes a successful man. Getting On gives some people mortal offence. To them success is an unpardonable crime. They absolutely hate the man that Gets On. Timon, you remember, lost the affection of those who knew him when he was ruined: but depend upon it, there are those who would have hated Timon much worse had he suddenly met some great piece of good fortune. I have already said that these envious and malicious people can better bear the success of a man whom they do not know. They cannot stand it when an old school-companion shoots ahead. They cannot stand it when a man in their own profession attains to eminence. They diligently thwart such an one's plans, and then chuckle over their failure, saying, with looks of deadly malice, "Ah, this will do him a great deal of good!"

But now, my reader, I am about to stop. Let me briefly sum up my philosophy of

Getting On. It is this: A wise man in this world will not set his heart on Getting On, and will not push very much to Get On. He will do his best, and humbly take, with thankfulness, what the hand above sends him. It is not worth while to push. The whole machinery that tends to earthly success is so capricious and uncertain in its action, that no man can count upon it, and no wise man will. A chance word, a look, the turning of a straw, may make your success or mar it. A man meets you on the street, and says, Who is the person for such a place, great or small: you suddenly think of somebody, and say, He is your man: and the thing is settled. A hundred poor fellows are disappointed. You did not know about them, or their names did not occur to you. You put your hand into a hat, and drew out a name. You stuck a hook into your memory, and this name came out. And that has made the man's fortune. And the upshot of the whole matter is, that such an infinitude of little fortuitous circumstances may either further or prevent our Getting On: the whole game is so complicated, that the right and happy course is humbly to do your duty and leave the issue with God. Let me say it again: "Seest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not!" It is not worth while. All your seeking will not make you sure of getting them: the only things you will make sure of will be fever and toil and suspense. We shall not push, or scheme, or dodge for worldly success. We shall succeed exactly as well; and we shall save ourselves much that is wearisome and degrading. Let us trust in God, my friend, and do right, and we shall Get On as much as he thinks good for us. And it is not the greatest thing to Get On—I mean, to Get On in matters that begin and end upon this world. There is a progress in which we are sure of success if we earnestly aim at it, which is the best Getting On of all. Let us "grow in grace." Let us try, by God's aid, to grow better, kinder, humbler, more patient, more earnest to do good to all. If the germ of the better life be implanted in us by the blessed Spirit, and tended by him day by day; if we trust our Saviour and love our God, then our whole existence, here and hereafter, will be a glorious progress from good to better. We shall always be Getting On.

FORTUNE.

Fortune, men say, doth give too much to many: But yet she never gave enough to any.

THE FATAL WHISPER.

A whisper stole upon the air,
A vague, uncertain sound;
Loosely it floated here and there,
Sailing and circling round,
Like those light spider-threads that stray
About on a calm summer's day.

Wherever two or three were met,
It, eddying, near them drew;
And then, as if in motion set
By their lips' breath, it flew
Away to others, that like these
Caught it, and sent it with the breeze.

And thus it sailed and circled on,
A faint and formless thing;
Yet many felt when it was gone
It left a trailing sting;
Such as the swimmer feels when he
Meets the medusa in the sea.

At length it lighted!—round the frame
Of a strong man it coiled:
His eyes, they flashed into a flame,
His bosom heaved and boiled;
His heart was seized with piercing pains,
His blood was poisoned in his veins.

Against this subtle foe he fought,
But fought without avail;
Its nature and its source he sought,
But only sought to fail:
Though many knew, yet none would speak,
To tell him where he was to seek.

Could he but trace from whence it came,
He there might find its cure;
A breath, a hint, a word, a name,
Might health and hope insure;
But name, or word, or hint, or breath
Comes not to shield his soul from death.

His spirits droop, his strength departs,
His flesh falls off his bones;
Awake, he stammers and he starts,
And in his sleep he moans:
He shuns the crowd; and, as he walks
Alone, unto himself he talks.

At last he sinks upon his bed,
Never to rise again;
One thought runs through his weary head,
And racks his wandering brain:
That Whisper faint, that vagrant sound,
Has brought the strong man to the ground!

The slander of a silly tongue
Broke down a spirit brave;
Its poisoned folds around him clung,
And dragged him to the grave:
While those who could have saved stood by,
And saw him perish by a lie!

REV. DR. M'GILLIVRAY.

INSCRIPTION

IN A BEAUTIFUL RETREAT CALLED FAIRY BOWER.

Airy spirits, you who love
Cooling bow'r, or shady grove;
Streams that murmur as they flow,
Zephyrs bland that softly blow:

Babbling echo, or the tale
Of the love-lorn nightingale;
Hither, airy spirits, come,
This is your peculiar home.

If you love a verdant glade,
If you love a noontide shade,
Hither, sylphs and fairies, fly,
Unobserv'd of earthly eye.

Come, and wander ev'ry night,
By the moonbeam's glimm'ring light,
And again at early day
Brush the silver dews away.

Mark where first the daisies blow,
Where the bluest violets grow:
Where the sweetest linnet sings,
Where the earliest cowslip springs.

Come, and mark within what bush
Builds the blackbird or the thrush;
Great his joy who first espies,
Greater his who spares the prize!

Come, and walk the hallow'd bow'r;
Chase the insect from the flow'r;
Little offices like these
Gentle souls and fairies please.

Mortals! form'd of grosser clay,
From our haunts keep far away;
Or, if you should dare appear,
See that you from vice are clear.

Folly's minion, fashion's fool,
Mad ambition's restless tool,
Slave of passion, slave of pow'r,
Fly, ah, fly! this tranquil bower!

Son of av'rice, soul of frost,
Wretch'd of Heav'n abhor'd the most,
Learn to pity others' wants,
Or avoid these hallow'd haunts.

Eye unconscious of a tear,
When affliction's train appear;
Heart that never heav'd a sigh
For another, come not nigh.

But ye darling sons of heav'n,
Giving freely what was giv'n;
You, whose lib'rn hands dispense
The blessings of benevolence;

You, who wipe the tearful eye;
You, who stop the rising sigh;
You, whose souls have understood
The luxury of doing good—

Come, ye happy virtuous few,
Open is my b'vr to you;
You these mossy banks may press;
You, each guardian fay shall bless.

MRS. HANNAH MORE.

THE LIFE OF A NATURALIST.¹

The adventures and vicissitudes which have fallen to my lot, instead of tending to diminish the fervid enthusiasm of my nature, have imparted a toughness to my bodily constitution, naturally strong, and to my mind, naturally buoyant, an elasticity such as to assure me that though somewhat old, and considerably denuded, in the frontal region, I could yet perform on foot a journey of any length, were I sure that I should thereby add materially to our knowledge of the ever-interesting creatures which have for so long a time occupied my thoughts by day, and filled my dreams with pleasant images. Nay, had I a new lease of life presented to me, I should choose for it the very occupations in which I have been engaged.

And, reader, the life which I have led has been in some respects a singular one. Think of a person, intent on such pursuits as mine, have been, aroused at early dawn from his rude couch on the alder-fringed brook of some northern valley, or in the midst of some yet unexplored forest of the West, or perhaps on the soft and warm sands of the Florida shores, and listening to the pleasing melodies of songsters innumerable saluting the magnificent orb, from whose radiant influence the creatures of many worlds receive life and light. Refreshed and reinvigorated by healthful rest, he

starts upon his feet, gathers up his store of curiosities, buckles on his knapsack, shoulders his trusty firelock, says a kind word to his faithful dog, and re-commences his pursuit of zoological knowledge. Now the morning is spent, and a squirrel or a trout afford him a repast. Should the day be warm, he reposes for a time under the shade of some tree. The woodland choristers again burst forth into song, and he starts anew to wander wherever his fancy may direct him, or the objects of his search may lead him in pursuit. When evening approaches, and the birds are seen betaking themselves to the retreats, he looks for some place of safety, erects his shed of green boughs, kindles his fire, prepares his meal, and as the widgeon or blue-winged teal, or perhaps the breast of a turkey or a steak of venison, sends its delicious perfumes abroad, he enters into his parchment-bound journal the remarkable incidents and facts that have occurred in the course of the day. Darkness has now drawn her sable curtain over the scene; his repast is finished, and kneeling on the earth, he raises his soul to Heaven, grateful for the protection that has been granted to him, and the sense of the divine presence in this solitary place. Then wishing a cordial good-night to all the dear friends at home, the American woodsman wraps himself up in his blanket, and closing his eyes soon falls into that comfortable sleep which never fails him on such occasions.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

THE HUMBLE-BEE

Aught unsavoury or unclean
Hath my insect never seen,
But violets and bilberry-bells,
Maple-sap and daffodils,
Clover catch-fly, adder's-tongue,
And brier-roses, dwelt among;
All beside was unknown waste,
All was picture as he passed.

Wiser far than human scor,
Yellow-breeched philosopher,
Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet,
Thou dost mock at fate and care,
Leave the chaff and take the wheat.
When the fierce north-western blast
Cools sea and land so far and fast,
Thou already slumberest deep;
Woe and want thou canst not sleep;
Want and woe which torture us,
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

R. WALDO EMERSON.

¹ From *Ornithological Biography*.

FAMOUS PRISONERS.

CASANOVA.

Among the most noteworthy and conspicuous personages of the eighteenth century, a man that might be called a fine bird if fine feathers make one, was the Signor Giovanni Giacomo Casanova di Seingault. Arrayed in the richest garments of the picturesque period and country in which he lived, garments that were never paid for, Casanova went from court to court of Europe, delighting everybody with his airy bravado and his graceful insolence, winning the hearts of the women and borrowing the money of the men, until there remained for him no longer a theatre for the practice of his arts and the display of his attractions. In biographical writings he is mentioned as the Don Juan of his time; but the Don Juan of the dramatic or the lyric stage was a modest and retiring person in comparison with the Venetian adventurer. He went to visit Voltaire at Ferney, and Frederick the Great at Sans Souci; he saw, but does not seem to have fascinated, Catherine II. at St. Petersburg, and gained some favour with Pope Benedict XIV. at Rome; he met George III. and the Chevalier d'Éon in London, and encountered Cagliostro at Aix—Cagliostro, who, alone of all his contemporaries, was altogether as accomplished and magnificent a charlatan and beggar as himself. From his social triumphs in such illustrious company, Casanova came down often to most ignoble straits, and was forced to sorry expedients, for so great a man, to make a living.

Perhaps the most respectable position he ever occupied, until the lettered close of his remarkable career, was as a member of the orchestra, in 1745, of the theatre of San Samuele in Venice. Here he played for some time, in one of his intervals of improvidence, until he could rift his wardrobe and organize his plans for another campaign. Such scamps rarely come to a good end, and yet the last twelve years of Casanova's life were spent in creditable—nay, honourable employment, as the librarian of Count Waldstein of Bohemia, in whose well-stored alcoves he wrote the *History of Poland*, and prepared a translation of the *Iliad*.

At daybreak on the morning of the 26th July, 1755, when Casanova was living as a man of fashion in Venice, the grand-master, acting under the orders of the much-dreaded council of ten, entered his chamber and bade

him instantly rise, dress himself, gather up all his manuscripts, and follow where he, the grand-master, should lead.

Upon questioning his authority and receiving for answer that it was on the part of the tribunal—a word which almost turned Casanova into stone—that the arrest was made, our fine gentleman put on a laced shirt, and his best habit, and otherwise obeyed. They got into a gondola and were carried to the house of the grand-master, from which Casanova was presently conveyed along the Grand Canal to the quay of the prisons, where, disembarking with the guard, he was made to enter a building, ascend several flights of stairs, traverse a gallery, and cross the canal, to another building opposite, by a bridge. It was the Bridge of Sighs.

On his way Casanova passed through the very hall of the council, and arriving upon the floor above it was confined in a small cell communicating with a great garret, where, with other prisoners, he was allowed at stated times to walk. It was that part of the prison which was known by the descriptive and memorable title of "Under the Leads."

It need hardly be said that with so fertile a mind and irrepressible a spirit as he possessed, Casanova entertained, from the very moment of his incarceration, the idea of escape. Fortune favoured him at the start. In wandering about the old garret he found an iron bolt, of the thickness of an ordinary walking-cane, and twenty inches in length, which he sharpened upon a piece of loose marble from the walls, into a sort of pike. With this he undertook to cut his way through the floor, which was of three thicknesses, into the apartment below.

It was a work of great difficulty. Fearing that the hole to be made under his bed would be discovered by the servants when they came to sweep his cell, he feigned a cough, and by a cut upon the finger stained his handkerchief with blood to corroborate his assertion of hemorrhage produced by the dust. In this way he obtained an exemption from the sweeping of the cells, and went to work with a will. It was only at night that he could proceed without fear of disturbance, and to work at night a lamp was indispensable. With a sancepan, the Lucca oil given him for his salad, and cotton wicks from the lining of his doublet, he improvised a lamp. But how to light it? Casanova was affected at times with an eruption upon his arm, and he brought it into immediate requisition for getting from the prison surgeon some flowers of sulphur. Then, under pretext of wishing a pumice-stone for

alleviating toothache by rubbing, he prevailed upon the keeper Laurent to give him instead a piece of flint, with which, and the steel buckle of his belt, he was able to produce a flame.

Thus provided, he went on cutting deeper and deeper into the floor, until he had almost reached the under surface, and he was able to fix upon the eve of the fete of St. Augustine, the 27th of August, as the time for his flight. But on the 25th a sad misfortune befel him. Laurent came suddenly into his cell, and informed him that he was to be immediately transferred to another cell. Casanova was in a measure consoled for the unhappy conclusion of his plan of escape in seeing that his armchair, in the bottom of which was concealed his iron pike, was to be taken to his new place of confinement.

Two hours after, Laurent, having discovered the opening in the floor of the cell just left vacant, broke in upon his prisoner with the bitterest taunts, demanding to know who it was that had supplied him with the tools with which he had cut through the planks. Casanova startled Laurent by the declaration that he himself had furnished all the materials requisite for the work, and promised to reveal everything in the presence of a secretary—an offer which the frightened jailer was prompt to decline, since a revelation of this sort might have caused him to be hanged for his carelessness.

Laurent was therefore to some extent in Casanova's power, and the latter, profiting by this advantage, and furthermore cajoling the jailer by presents of money to his wife, obtained many little favours, such as the loan of books belonging to other prisoners. By means of one of these books he conducted a correspondence with two gentlemen, Marin Balbi, a Venetian noble and monk, and the Count Andre Asquin, who were confined in the room immediately over his head. Their notes were secreted in the pocket formed between the parchment at the back and the body of the volume, and Casanova was even adroit enough to send his iron pike to Balbi in this way, by inducing Laurent to carry a pie to the monk in a dish which was placed upon the volume spread open in the middle, and used as a waiter.

Balbi, armed with the pike, began at once to cut into the floor by way of establishing a communication with the cell of Casanova, and was making excellent progress, when a fellow-prisoner was introduced into this latter apartment.

The new-comer was an ill-looking wretch, whose wife was the daughter of a secretary of the council, and had himself served as a spy in the employment of the grand-master, so that it was necessary to act towards him with great circumspection. Casanova worked upon his fears and his superstition, inducing him to believe that upon a certain night—the time agreed upon between Balbi and himself for effecting their escape—a messenger from Heaven would descend to deliver them from the prison. At length the night arrived, the monk overhead pierced the ceiling, and Casanova ascended to the next floor, taking with him his companion, who was in a condition of abject terror.

At the last moment, when an opening had been easily effected from the upper cell, directly under the leads, to the roof, the courage of the Count Andre Asquin failed him, and Casanova and Balbi, leaving also behind them the trembling ex-spy, made their way to the top of the building, armed with an iron pike and carrying long ropes, made of strips of clothing, with which they hoped to effect a descent to the ground. The roof was steep, and rendered slippery by a dense mist; the moon had gone down; far below them lay Venice, and as they crawled to the ridge pole, it was at the momentary risk of sliding off and being dashed to pieces against the pavement.

After vainly endeavouring to find some bolt or beam to which he might attach their cords, Casanova went on a voyage of exploration around the roof, peering across the blackness of the intervening space at the clock-tower of St. Mark's, which rose darkly above them, but finding no way by which they could get down from their dizzy elevation. When the effort seemed almost hopeless a garret window was discovered at an apparently inaccessible point below them. By means of a ladder left upon the roof, very perilously adjusted by them, the monk and the chevalier managed to gain an entrance by the window into the garret, from which they made their way, little by little, to the lower apartments, passing through the grand audience gallery, and at last, in the early morning, when the janitor came to open the building, walking leisurely down the grand staircase, unquestioned, into the open air.

Casanova met with many adventures on his way to the frontier (passing one night under the hospitable roof of a high officer of the police, who had left home in search of him), but at length gaining a place of safety without the jurisdiction of Venice, whence he went not

long afterwards to Paris, and recounted his hair-breadth 'scapes with great *éclat* in the drawing-rooms of that wonder-loving capital.

BARON TRENCK.

Frederick Baron Trenck was the son of a high officer in the Prussian army, and cousin-german of the famous Trenck, colonel of Pandours in the service of Maria Theresa. At the age of eighteen the baron became an officer of the body-guard of Frederick II., and was greatly in favour with that sovereign. Young, handsome, of approved courage, he had many enemies, among whom, unfortunately, he had soon to number the king himself. One reason that was given for the change in the royal disposition towards Trenck was that he had made himself acceptable in the eyes of the Princess Amelia, the king's sister. Carlyle altogether discredits this *affaire du cœur*; and, indeed, throughout his life of Frederick II., mentions Trenck only in most contemptuous Carlylesque, as a fraud, a babbling, conceited, empty fellow, who had not quite got his deserts. Whatever may have been the cause of Frederick's dislike, it is certain that it was manifested in a very decided way.

An imprudent correspondence with his cousin, the Austrian, was made the pretext of his earliest imprisonment in the castle of Glatz. Trenck, who could not conceive that a man of his rank and distinction should remain long in duress, wrote a somewhat bold letter to the King, demanding to be tried by a military tribunal. Frederick did not respond, and Trenck, seeing that his place in the royal body-guard had been given to another, after peace had been concluded, began to meditate upon escape.

His first attempt ended quickly in mortifying failure. He had won over many of the guards of the castle by a liberal use of money, with which he was abundantly supplied. Two of them agreed to aid him and accompany him in his flight, but the three most imprudently desired to carry off with them an officer who had been condemned to ten years' imprisonment in the same fortress.

When all their preparations had been made, this scoundrel, whom Trenck had loaded with favours, betrayed them, and received his pardon as the price of his perfidy. One of the officers was warned in time to save himself, and the other got off with a year's confinement, by dint of Trenck's money. As for the baron

himself, from this day forward he was more narrowly guarded. But years afterwards the villain who had sold them, meeting Trenck at Warsaw, received the chastisement he deserved, and, desiring satisfaction with weapons, was left dead on the spot.

The king was greatly irritated at the discovery of this plot, which seemed to him to confirm the imputations against the prisoner. Solicited a short time before by Trenck's mother to set her son at liberty, he had replied in terms that gave her reason to hope for his pardon after a year spent in prison. But Trenck had not been advised of this, and his more rigorous treatment drove him to fresh efforts to gain his freedom; efforts which the good nature or the well-paid complicity of his keepers greatly favoured.

Our hero's second attempt covered him at once with mud and ridicule. He was confined in a tower looking out upon the town.

By making a saw of a pocket-knife the baron was enabled to cut through three bars of his window-grating. An officer then procured him a file, with which he severed five more. Then, with a rope made of strips of leather cut from his portmanteau and of the coverlet of his bed, he slid down without accident to the ground. The night was dark and rainy, and all things favoured the fugitive. But an unexpected difficulty presented itself in a sewer, which he was compelled to cross in order to reach the town, and there the luckless baron floundered, being neither able to advance nor to retire, and was at last fain to call upon the sentinel to extricate him.

Eight days only had elapsed after this most absurd and unfortunate adventure, when Trenck, with unparalleled audacity, had nearly gained his liberty in a way wholly unpremeditated. The commandant of the castle made him a visit of inspection, and improved the opportunity of giving this desperate young fellow a lecture on his frequent attempts at escape, by which he said his crime had been seriously aggravated in the king's estimation.

The baron fired up at the word crime, and demanded to know for how long a term he had been consigned to the fortress. The commandant replied that an officer who had been detected in a treasonable correspondence with the enemies of his country could never expect the pardon of the king. The hilt of the commandant's sword was within easy and tempting grasp; there were only a sentinel and an officer of the guard in attendance; it seemed a golden moment; Trenck seized it, in seizing the sword, rushing rapidly from the room, hurling the

sentinel and the officer down the stairs, and cutting his way out of the building.

He leaped the first rampart and fell upon his feet in the fosse; he leaped the second rampart, a yet more daring and perilous venture, and again fell upon his feet, without so much as losing hold of the major's sword. There was not time for the garrison to load a piece, and no one was disposed to pursue the baron along the steep way he had chosen. It was a considerable detour from the interior of the castle to the outer rampart, and Trenck would have had a good half-hour's start of his pursuers had fortune, so far propitious, continued to favour him. A sentry with a fixed bayonet opposed him in a narrow passage; the baron cut him down.

Another sentry ran after him; Trenck attempted to jump over a palisade, but caught his foot between two of the timbers beyond all hope of extrication, seeing that the unreason-able sentry held on to it with dogged persist-ence until aid arrived, and thus our hopeful runaway was carried back to the castle and put under stricter surveillance than ever.

Lieutenant Bach, who every four days mounted guard near him, was a very quarrel-some fellow, and was always challenging and slashing his comrades. One day this terrible man, seated on Trenck's bed, was recount-ing to him how he had pinced Lieutenant Schell the evening before, when Trenck said to him:

"If I were not a prisoner, you should not wound me with impunity, for I know how to handle a sword myself."

Bach immediately had foils brought, and Trenck touched him on the chest. He left the room in a fury without saying a word, and presently came back with cavalry sabres, offer-ing one of which to Trenck, he said:

"Now, my hectoring blade, we shall see what you can do."

The baron protested against it; Bach insis-tered; they fought, and the baron gave Bach a wound in the right arm. Throwing aside his sabre, the disabled man instantly embrac-ed Trenck, crying out:

"You are my master, friend Trenck; you shall have your liberty as sure as my name is Bach."

Talking the matter over with him afterwards, he told the baron that it would be impossible for him to get away safely unless the officer of the guard went with him; that for himself he was ready to make any sacrifice for him short of his honour, and that to desert, being on guard, would be dishonourable. But he pro-

mised him every assistance, and the next day he brought to him Lieutenant Schell, saying, "Here's your man." Schell vowed perfect devotion, and the two immediately began to concert measures for getting off.

Their project was precipitated in conse-quence of Schell's having discovered that he had been betrayed to the commandant. A fellow-officer, Lieutenant Schröder, gave him the intelligence in full time for him to have saved himself, and even offered to accompany him; but Schell, faithful to Trenck, refused to abandon him. Unwilling to risk an arrest by delay, however, he went at once to Trenck's room, carrying him a sabre, and said to him:

"My friend, we are betrayed; follow me, and do not permit my enemies to take me alive." Trenck tried to speak, but he seized his hand, repeating, "Follow me, we have not a moment to lose."

Schell passed the sentinel with Trenck, say-ing to that soldier, "Remain here; I am to take your prisoner to the officers' quarters." They went rapidly in that direction, but sud-denly turned off in quite the opposite one, hoping to pass under the arsenal as far as the outer work, and then leap the palisades; but meeting two officers, they were compelled to jump from the parapet, which at that point was not very high. Trenck alighted with only a scratch of the shoulder. Schell was less for-tunate, and sprained his ankle.

Upon gaining the country the two fugitives were in a wretched case indeed. There was a thick fog and a frosty air; the ground was covered with a deep snow crusted over with ice. Schell soon began to experience great pain, and already they heard behind them the alarm-gun of the castle, and knew that the stir of pursuit was going on. Trenck managed to carry or drag his companion along, and swam with him across the freezing river Neisse, where, for a short distance, it was out of ford, and then for many weary hours they wandered in the cold and darkness, until morning found them on the verge of perishing from hunger and the frost.

There was no help for it but to apply at the nearest farm-house for food and some means of transportation. Accordingly, they invented a story that Trenck, whose hands Schell tied behind him, and who had smeared his face with blood, was a culprit Schell desired to take without delay to the nearest justice. He had killed Schell's horse, so the lieutenant's fiction ran, and caused him to sprain his ankle, notwithstanding which Schell had given him some

sabre cuts, disabling him, and had succeeded in pinioning him, and now what he wanted was a vehicle to convey them to town. The story Schell told with great gravity to two peasants at the door of their house, when the elder of them, a man advanced in years, called the lieutenant by name, informing him that they were well known for deserters, as an officer, the evening previous, had been at the house of a farmer near by, and had given their names and a description of the clothes they wore, narrating, at the same time, all the circumstances of their flight.

But the old peasant, who had known Schell from having seen him often at the village when he was there in garrison, and who besides had a son in the lieutenant's company, had no thought of informing upon them, and though he begged hard for his horses, he yet permitted the runaways to take two from the stable.

And now behold them mounted upon frantic steeds, bareback, without their hats, which they had lost in leaving the castle, and flying across the country at full speed. Their garments, their bare heads, their whole appearance told what they were; but it was Christmas Day, and the inhabitants were all at church as they galloped along through the villages, and thus they escaped observation.

On the very confines of Bohemia they ran a narrow risk of capture by a corps of hussars stationed upon the frontier; but a friendly brother officer, recognizing Schell, warned him of their danger, and they turned off upon another road. It was not long before they passed the boundary, and Trenck was at last free. His courage and resolution had at last been rewarded.

But the baron was far from being a happy man. Pursued by the vengeance of Frederick, and sorely beat by Prussian spies, who tried to kidnap him, he wandered miserably about for many months, and subsequently took service in the Austrian army. Finally, after many wonderful adventures, he was basely given up by the governor and authorities of the town of Danzig to the Prussian king. This sad mischance completely demoralized Trenck. Though many opportunities were afforded him to get away from the escort that convoyed him to Prussia, he had not the spirit to do so. Again he was consigned to prison. This time they took him to Magdeburg and locked him up in the citadel.

His subsequent life in the fortress of Magdeburg was but a repetition of his previous unremitting efforts at escape; but he never

again left the prison until he was released by order of the king. He lived many years after his liberation, and was guillotined at Paris in the Revolution, at the same time with André Chenier.

J. R. THOMPSON.¹

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.

[Lord Byron wrote this poem at a small inn in the village of Ouchy, near Lausanne, where the weather detained him for a couple of days. François de Bonnivard, the subject of the poem, was born in 1496. He studied at Turin, and in 1519 his uncle resigned to him the priory of St. Victor, on the outskirts of Geneva. He became the defender of the independence of Geneva against the Duke de Savoie and the bishop. The duke descended upon the town with five hundred men; Bonnivard fled, but was betrayed and imprisoned at Grullo for two years. His zeal was undimmed; he continued the struggle for liberty, and again in 1530 he was thrown into the prison of Chillon, where he remained for six years. He was then released by the victorious Bernois; the republic of Geneva heaped honours upon him as the defender of their liberties, and he died in 1570. During the latter and happier days of his life he established various important institutions; the college and library of Geneva are monuments to his memory; but Lord Byron's poem is the noblest monument that could be raised to a hero.²]

My hair is gray, but not with years,
Nor grew it white
In a single night,
As men's have grown from sudden fears;
My limbs are bow'd, though not with toil,
But rusted with a vile repose,
For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
And mine has been the fate of those
To whom the goodly earth and air
Are bann'd, and barr'd—forbidden fare;

¹ The information contained in these sketches is for the most part obtained from a French work on the subject by M. F. Bernard.

² The Chateau de Chillon is situated between Cluny and Villeneuve, which last is at one extremity of the Lake of Geneva. On its left are the estuaries of the Rhone, and opposite are the heights of Meillerie and the range of Alps above Boveret and St. Gingy. Near it, on a hill behind, is a torrent; below it, washing its walls, the lake has been fathomed to the depth of 300 feet (French measure); within it are a range of dungeons, in which the early Reformers, and subsequently prisoners of state, were confined. Across one of the vaults is a beam black with age, on which, it is said, the condemned were formerly executed. In the cells are seven pillars, or rather eight, one being half merged in the wall; in some of these are rings for the fetters and the fessel; in the pavement the steps of Bonnivard have left their traces—he was confined here several years.

But this was for my father's faith
I suffer'd chains and courted death;
That father perish'd at the stake
For tenets he would not forsake;
And for the same his lineal race
In darkness found a dwelling-place;
We were seven—who now are one,
Six in youth, and one in age,
Finish'd as they had begun,
Proud of Persecution's rage;
One in fire, and two in field,
Their belief with blood have seal'd;
Dying as their father died,
For the God their fons denied;
Three were in a dungeon cast,
Of whom this wreck is left the last.

There are seven pillars of Gothic mould,
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old,
There are seven columns, massy and gray,
Dim with a dull imprison'd ray,
A sunbeam which hath lost its way,
And through the crevice and the clift
Of the thick wall is fallen and left;
Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
Like a marsh's meteor lamp :
And in each pillar there is a ring,
And in each ring there is a chain;
That iron is a cankering thing,
For in these limbs its teeth remain,
With marks that will not wear away,
Till I have done with this new day,
Which now is painful to these eyes,
Which have not seen the sun so rise
For years—I cannot count them o'er,
I lost their long and heavy score
When my last brother droop'd and died,
And I lay living by his side.

They chain'd us each to a column stone,
And we were threes—yet, each alone :
We could not move a single pace,
We could not see each other's face,
But with that pale and livid light
That made us strangers in our sight :
And thus together—yet apart,
Fetter'd in hand, but joined in heart,
Twas still some solace, in the dearth
Of the pure elements of earth,
To hearken to each other's speech,
And each turn comforter to each
With some new hope, or legend old,
Or song heroically bold ;
But even these at length grew cold.
Our voices took a dreary tone,
An echo of the dungeon-stone,
A grating sound—not full and free
As they of yore were wont to be :
It might be fancy—but to me
They never sounded like our own.

I was the eldest of the three,
And to uphold and cheer the rest
I ought to do—and did my best—
And each did well in his degree.
The youngest, whom my father loved,
Because our mother's brow was given
To him—with eyes as blue as heaven,
For him my soul was sorely moved :
And truly might it be distress'd
To see such bird in such a nest;
For he was beautiful as day—
(When day was beautiful to me—
As to young eagles, being free)—
A polar day, which will not see
A sunset till its summer's gone,
Its sleepless summer of long light,
The snow-clad offspring of the sun !

And thus he was as pure and bright,
And in his natural spirit gay,
With tears for nought but others' ills,
And then they flow'd like mountain rills,
Unless he could assuage the woe
Which he abhor'd to view below.

The other was as pure of mind,
But form'd to combat with his kind ;
Strong in his frame, and of a mood
Which 'gainst the world in war had stood,
And perish'd in the foremost rank
With joy—but not in chains to pine :
His spirit wither'd with their clank,
I saw it silently decline—
And so perchance in sooth did mine ;
But yet I forced it on to cheer
Those relics of a home so dear.
He was a hunter of the hills,
Had follow'd there the deer and wolf ;
To him this dungeon was a gulf,
And fetter'd feet the worst of ills.

Lake Leman lies by Chillon's walls :
A thousand feet in depth below
Its massy waters meet and flow ;
Thus much the fathom-line was sent
From Chillon's snow-white battlement,
Which round about the wave enthralls :
A double dungeon wall and wave
Have made—and like a living grave
Below the surface of the lake
The dark vault lies wherein we lay,
We heard it ripple night and day ;
Sounding o'er our heads it knock'd ;
And I have felt the winter's spray
Wash through the bars when winds were high
And wanton in the happy sky ;
And then the very rock hath rock'd,
And I have felt it shake, unshock'd,
Because I could have smil'd to see
The death that would have set me free.

I said my nearer brother pined,
I said his mighty heart declined,
He loathed and put away his food;
It was not that 'twas coarse and rude,
For we were used to hunter's fare,
And for the like had little care:
The milk drawn from the mountain goat
Was changed for water from the moat,
Our bread was such as captive's tears
Have moisten'd many a thousand years,
Since man first pent his fellow-men
Like brutes within an iron den:
But what were these to us or him?
These wasted not his heart or limb;
My brother's soul was of that mould
Which in a palace had grown cold,
Had his free breathing been denied
The range of the steep mountain's side;
But why delay the truth?—he died.
I saw, and could not hold his head,
Nor reach his dying hand—nor dead—
Though hard I strove, but strove in vain,
To rend and gnash my bonds in twain.
He died—and they unlock'd his chain,
And scoop'd for him a shallow grave
Even from the cold earth of our cave.
I begg'd them, as a boon, to lay
His corse in dust whereon the day
Might shine—it was a foolish thought,
But then within my brain it wrought,
That even in death his freeborn breast
In such a dungeon could not rest.
I might have spared my idle prayer—
They coldly laugh'd—and laid him there:
The flat and turfless earth above
The being we so much did love;
His empty chain above it leant,
Such murder's fitting monument!

But he, the favourite and the flower,
Most cherish'd since his natal hour,
His mother's image in fair face,
The infant love of all his race,
His marty'd father's dearest thought,
My latest care, for whom I sought
To hoard my life, that he might be
Less wretched now, and one day free;
He, too, who yet had held untired
A spirit natural or inspired—
He, too, was struck, and day by day
Was wither'd on the stalk away.
Oh God! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood:
I've seen it rushing forth in blood,
I've seen it on the breaking ocean
Strive with a swoon convulsive motion,
I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
Of sin delirious with its dread:
But these were horrors—this was woe
Unmix'd with such—but sure and slow:

He faded, and so calm and meek,
So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
So fearless, yet so tender—kind,
And grieved for these he left behind;
With all the while a cheek whose bloom
Was as a mockery of the tomb,
Whose tints us gently sunk away
As a departing rainbow's ray—
An eye of most transparent light,
That almost made the dungeon bright,
And not a word of murmur—not
A groan o'er his untimely lot,—
A little talk of better days,
A little hope my own to raise,
For I was sunk in silence—lost
In this last loss, of all the most;
And then the sighs he would suppress
Of fainting nature's feebleness,
More slowly drawn, grew less and less:
I listen'd, but I could not hear—
I call'd, for I was wild with fear;
I knew 'twas hopeless, but my dread
Would not be thus admonished;
I call'd, and thought I heard a sound—
I burst my chain with one strong bound,
And rush'd to him:—I found him not,
I only stirr'd in this black spot,
I only lived—I only drew
The accursed breath of dungeon-dew;
The last—the sole—the dearest link
Between me and the eternal brink,
Which bound me to my failing race,
Was broken in this fatal place.
One on the earth, and one beneath—
My brothers—both had ceased to breathe:
I took that hand which lay so still,
Alas! my own was full as chill;
I had not strength to stir, or strive,
But felt that I was still alive—
A frantic feeling, when we knew
That what we love shall ne'er be so.

I know not why
I could not die,
I had no earthly hope but faith,
And that forbade a selfish death.

What next befell me then and there
I know not well—I never knew—
First came the loss of light, and air,
And then of darkness too:
I had no thought, no feeling—none—
Among the stones I stood a stone,
And was, scarce conscious what I wist,
As shrubless crags within the mist;
For all was blank, and bleak, and gray;
It was not night—it was not day;
It was not even the dungeon-light,
So hateful to my heavy sight,
But vacancy absorbing space,
And fixedness—without a place:

There were no stars—no earth—no time—
No check—no change—no good—no crime—
But silence, and a stirless breath
Which neither was of life nor death;
A sea of stagnant idleness,
Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless!

A light broke in upon my brain,—
It was the carol of a bird;
It ceased, and then it came again,
The sweetest song ear ever heard,
And mine was thankful till my eyes
Ran over with the glad surprise,
And they that moment could not see
I was the mate of misery;
But then by dull degrees came back
My senses to their wonted track;
I saw the dungeon walls and floor
Close slowly round me as before,
I saw the glimmer of the sun
Creeping as it before had done,
But through the crevices where it came
That bird was perch'd as fond and tame,
And tamer than upon the tree;
A lovely bird, with azure wings,
And song that said a thousand things,
And seem'd to say them all for me!
I never saw its like before,
I ne'er shall see its likeness more:
It seem'd like me to want a mate,
But was not half so desolate,
And it was come to love me when
None liv'd to love me so again,
And cheering from my dungeon's brink,
Had brought me back to feel and think.
I know not if it late were free,
Or broke its cage to perch on mine,
But knowing well captivity,
Sweet bird! I could not wish for thine!
Or if it were, in winged guise,
A visitant from Paradise;
For—Heaven forgive that thought! the while
Which made me both to weep and smile;
I sometimes deem'd that it might be
My brother's soul come down to me;
But then at last away it flew,
And then 'twas mortal well I knew,
For he would never thus have flown,
And left me twice so doubly lone,—
Lone—as the corse within its shroud,
Lone—as a solitary cloud,
A single cloud on a sunny day,
While all the rest of heaven is clear,
A frown upon the atmosphere,
That hath no business to appear
When skies are blue, and earth is gay.

A kind of change came in my fate,
My keepers grew compassionate;

I know not what had made them so,
They were inured to sights of woe,
But so it was:—my broken chain
With links unfasten'd did remain,
And it was liberty to stride
Along my cell from side to side,
And up and down, and then athwart,
And tread it over every part;
And round the pillars one by one,
Returning where my walk began,
Avoiding only, as I trod,
My brothers' graves without a sod;
For if I thought with headless tread
My step profaned their lowly bed,
My breath came gaspingly and thick,
And my crush'd heart fell blind and sick.

I made a footing in the wall,
It was not therefrom to escape,
For I had buried one and all
Who loved me in a human shape;
And the whole earth would henceforth be
A wider prison unto me:
No child—no sire—no kin had I,
No partner in my misery;
I thought of this, and I was glad,
For thought of them had made me mad;
But I was curious to ascend
To my burr'd windows, and to bend
Once more, upon the mountains high,
The quiet of a loving eye.

I saw them—and they were the same,
They were not changed like me in frame;
I saw their thousand years of snow
On high—their wide long lake below,
And the blue Rhone in fullest flow;
I heard the torrents leap and gush
O'er channel'd rock and broken bush;
I saw the white-wall'd distant town,
And whiter sails go skimming down;
And then there was a little isle,
Which in my very face did smile,

The only one in view;
A small green isle, it seem'd no more,
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor,
But in it there were three tall trees,
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
And by it there were waters flowing,
And on it there were young flowers growing,

Of gentle breath and hue.

The fish swum by the castle wall,
And they seem'd joyous each and all;
The eagle rode the rising blast,
Methought he never daw so fast
As then to me he seem'd to fly,
And then new tears came in my eye,
And I felt troubled—and would fain
I had not left my recent chain;
And when I did descend again,

The darkness of my dim abode
Fell on me as a heavy load;
It was as is a new-dug grave,
Closing o'er one we sought to save, —
And yet my glance, too much oppress'd,
Had almost need of such a rest.

It might be months, or years, or days,
I kept no count—I took no note,
I had no hope my eyes to raise,
And clear them of their dreary mote;
At last men came to set me free,
I ask'd not why, and rack'd not where,
It was at length the same to me,
Fetter'd or fetterless to be,
I learn'd to love despair.
And thus when they appear'd at last,
And all my bonds aside were cast,
These heavy walls to me had grown
A hermitage—and all my own!
And half I felt as they were come
To tear me from a second home:
With spiders I had friendship made,
And watch'd them in their sullen trade,
Had seen the mice by moonlight play,
And why should I feel less than they?
We were all inmates of one place,
And I, the monarch of each race,
Had power to kill—yet, strange to tell!
In quiet we had learn'd to dwell—
My very chains and I grew friends,
So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are—even I
Regain'd my freedom with a sigh.

ANACREONTIC.

What is a kiss? a herald fair
That marshalleth the way to love;
A fleeting breath of balmy air
Which o'er the lip doth rove:
An evanescent touch that thrills
The ardent lover's trembling frame,
A dew which on the heart distils
And kindles into flame.

What is a kiss? a lisping sound
Of language all unknown before;
The accent of one rapture found,
The whispered hope of more:
The bending of the boy-god's bow,
What time the string and arrow part;
The blissful signet to the vow
That yieldeth up the heart.

JAMES ROSE CALVERT.

VOL. II.

THE BAG OF GOLD.

There lived in the fourteenth century, near Bologna, a widow lady of the Lambertini family called Madonna Lucrezia, who in a revolution of the state had known the bitterness of poverty, and had even begged her bread, kneeling day after day like a statue at the gate of the cathedral, her rosary in her left hand, and her right held out for charity, her long black veil concealing a face that had once adorned a court, and had received the homage of as many sonnets as Petrarch has written on Laura.

But fortune had at last relented. A legacy from a distant relation had come to her relief; and she was now the mistress of a small inn at the foot of the Apennines, where she entertained as well as she could, and where those only stopped who were contented with a little. The house was still standing when in my youth I passed that way, though the sign of the White Cross, the Cross of the Hospitallers, was no longer to be seen over the door—a sign which she had taken up, if we may believe the tradition there, in honour of a maternal uncle, a grand-master of that order, whose achievements in Palestine she would sometimes relate. A mountain stream ran through the garden; and at no great distance, where the road turned on its way to Bologna, stood a little chapel, in which a lamp was always burning before a picture of the Virgin—a picture of great antiquity, the work of some Greek artist.

Here she was dwelling, respected by all who knew her, when an event took place which threw her into the deepest affliction. It was at noonday in September that three foot-travellers arrived, and seating themselves on a bench under her vine-trellis, were supplied with a flagon of Aleatico by a lovely girl, her only child, the image of her former self. The eldest spoke like a Venetian, and his beard was short and pointed after the fashion of Venice. In his demeanour he affected great courtesy, but his look inspired little confidence, for when he smiled, which he did continually, it was with his lips only, not with his eyes; and they were always turned from yours. His companions were bluff and frank in their manner, and on their tongues had many a soldier's oath. In their hats they wore a medal, such as in that age was often distributed in war; and they were evidently subalterns in one of those Free Bands which were always ready to serve in any quarrel, if

a service it could be called, where a battle was little more than a mockery, and the slain, as on an opera-stage, were up and fighting to-morrow. Overcome with the heat, they threw aside their cloaks, and with their gloves tucked under their belts, continued for some time in earnest conversation.

At length they rose to go. And the Venetian thus addressed their hostess:—“Excellent lady, may we leave under your roof for a day or two this bag of gold?” “You may,” she replied gaily. “But remember, we fasten only with a latch. Bars and bolts we have none in our village; and if we had, where would be your security?”

“In your word, lady.”

“But what if I died to-night? Where would it be then?” said she, laughing. “The money would go to the church, for none could claim it.”

“Perhaps you will favour us with an acknowledgment.”

“If you will write it.”

An acknowledgment was written accordingly, and she signed it before Master Bartolo, the village physician, who had just called by chance to learn the news of the day; the gold to be delivered when applied for, but to be delivered (these were the words) not to one, nor to two, but to the three—words wisely introduced by those to whom it belonged, knowing what they knew of each other. The gold they had just released from a miser’s chest in Perugia; and they were now on a scent that promised more.

They and their shadows were no sooner departed than the Venetian returned, saying, “Give me leave to set my seal on the bag, as the others have done;” and she placed it on a table before him. But in that moment she was called away to receive a cavalier, who had just dismounted from his horse; and when she came back it was gone. The temptation had proved irresistible; and the man and the money had vanished together.

“Wretched woman that I am!” she cried, as in an agony of grief she fell on her daughter’s neck, “what will become of us? Are we again to be cast out into the wide world? Unhappy child, would that thou hadst never been born!” and all day long she lamented; but her tears availed her little. The others were not slow in returning to claim their due; and there were no tidings of the thief; he had fled far away with his plunder. A process against her was instantly begun in Bologna; and what defence could she make; how release herself from the obligation of the bond? Wil-

fully or in negligence she had parted with it to one whom she should have kept it for all; and inevitable ruin awaited her!

“Go, Gianetta,” said she to her daughter, “take this veil which your mother has worn and wept under so often, and implore the counsellor Calderino to plead for us on the day of trial. He is generous, and will listen to the unfortunate. But if he will not, go from door to door; Monaldi cannot refuse us. Make haste, my child; but remember the chapel as you pass by it. Nothing prospers without a prayer.”

Alas! she went, but in vain. These were retained against them; those demanded more than they had to give; and all bade them despair. What was to be done? No advocate, and the cause to come on to-morrow!

Now Gianetta had a lover; and he was a student of the law, a young man of great promise, Lorenzo Martelli. He had studied long and diligently under that learned lawyer Giovanini Andress, who, though little of stature, was great in renown, and by his contemporaries was called the Arch-doctor, the Rabbi of Doctors, the Light of the World. Under him he had studied, sitting on the same bench with Petrarch, and also under his daughter Novella, who would often lecture to the scholars when her father was otherwise engaged, placing herself behind a small curtain, lest her beauty should divert their thoughts—a precaution in this instance at least unnecessary, Lorenzo having lost his heart to another.

To him she flies in her necessity; but of what assistance can he be? He has just taken his place at the bar, but he has never spoken; and how stand up alone, unpractised and unprepared as he is, against an array that would alarm the most experienced? “Were I as mighty as I am weak,” said he, “my fears for you would make me as nothing. But I will be there, Gianetta; and may the Friend of the friendless give me strength in that hour! Even now my heart fails me; but, come what will, while I have a loaf to share, you and your mother shall never want. I will beg through the world for you.”

The day arrives, and the court assembles. The claim is stated, and the evidence given. And now the defence is called for, but none is made; not a syllable is uttered. And after a pause and a consultation of some minutes, the judges are proceeding to give judgment, silence having been proclaimed in the court, when Lorenzo rises and thus addresses them:—

“Reverend signors. Young as I am, may I venture to speak before you? I would speak

in behalf of one who has none else to help her; and I will not keep you long. Much has been said; much on the sacred nature of the obligation—and we acknowledge it in its full force. Let it be fulfilled, and to the last letter. It is what we solicit, what we require. But to whom is the bag of gold to be delivered? What says the bond? Not to one, not to two, but to the three. Let the three stand forth and claim it."

From that day (for who can doubt the issue?) none were sought, none employed, but the subtle, the eloquent Lorenzo. Wealth followed fame; nor need I say how soon he sat at his marriage-feast, or who sat beside him.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

THE FORCE OF HABIT.

Dick Strype
Was a dear friend and lover of the pipe.
He used to say one pipe of Wishart's best
Gave life a zest.
To him 'twas meat, and drink, and physic,
To see the friendly vapour
Curl round his midnight taper,
And the black fume
Clothe all the room.

In clouds as dark as science metaphysic.
So still he smoked, and drank, and crack'd his
joke;
And, had he single tarried,
He might have smoked, and still grown old in
smoke:
But Richard married.

His wife was one who carried
The cleanly virtues almost to a vice,
She was so nice:
And thrice a week, above, below,
The house was scoured from top to toe,
And all the floors were rubbed so bright,
You dared not walk upright
For fear of sliding:
But that she took a pride in.

Of all things else Rebecca Strype
Could least endure a pipe.
She railed upon the filthy herb tobacco,
Protested that the noisome vapour
Had spoil'd the best chintz curtains and the
paper,
And cost her many a pound in stucco:
And then she quoted our King James, who
saith,
"Tobacco is the devil's breath."

When wives will govern, husbands must obey:
For many a day
Dick mourned and missed his favourite tobacco,
And often grumbled andly at Rebecca.

At length the day approached his wife must die.
Imagine now the doleful cry
Of female friends, old aunts, and cousins,
Who to the funeral came by dozens,
The undertaker's men and mutes
Stood at the gate in sable suits,
With doleful looks,
Just like so many melancholy rooks.
Now cakes and wine are handed round,
But Dick is missing—nowhere to be found.
Above, below, about—
They search'd the house throughout,
Each hole and secret entry,
From garret to the pantry,
In every corner, cupboard, nook, and shelf—
And some were fearing he had hanged himself.
At last they found him—Reader, guess you where,
"Twill make you start—
Perched on Rebecca's coffin, at his rest,
Smoking a pipe of Wishart's best.¹

LEISURE AND LOVE.

Sooth 'twere a pleasant life to lead,
With nothing in the world to do,
But just to blow a shepherd's reed
The silent seasons through;—
And just to drive a flock to feed, —
Sheep, quiet, fond, and few!

Pleasant to breathe beside a brook,
And count the bubbles—love-worlds—there;
To muse within some minstrel's book,
Or watch the haunted air;—
To slumber in some leafy nook,—
Or—idle anywhere.

And then, a draught of nature's wine,
A meal of summer's daintiest fruit;
To take the air with forms divine;
Clouds, silvery, cool, and mute;
Descending, if the night be fine,
In a star-parachute.

Give me to live with love alone,
And let the world go dine and dress;
For love hath lowly haunts—a stone
Holds something meant to bless,
If life's a flower, I choose my own—
"Tis "Love in Idleness!"

LAMAN BLANCHARD.

¹ From *Points of Misery*. By Charles Westmacott: with Designs, by Robert Cruikshank. London.

MATCH-MAKERS.

"Where are you driving the pig, Paddy?" "To Limerick, your honour." "Limerick! This is the Cork road." "Hush! speak low. I'm only pretending. If it knew I was wanting it to Cork, it would take the Limerick road."—*Matthews at Home*.

About two miles to the east of the old-fashioned burgh of Thrawntreppel, in the west of Scotland, the reader, from that point where the road turns northward, may have observed, at the bottom of a fine sweeping valley, a large ungainly building, of no particular style of architecture. If curiosity led him to take a nearer survey of it he would discover that it was occupied by weavers and their families; and from the innumerable batch of children puddling in its vicinity, and the hearty howl of a drawing ballad, heard even above the ceaseless clatter of the shuttle, he might, without much stretch of ingenuity, be led to conclude that the inhabitants originally belonged to the sister island. A slight glance, nevertheless, would persuade him that the building had seen better days; and, mutilated as it is by time and the alterations of successive proprietors, he might even stumble upon the supposition that it had been at one period a family residence of no mean repute. Such, indeed, was its former state; such now is its destination!

Even the name of the building has undergone an alteration—an alteration, however, in keeping with its appearance. It is not known when the appellation *Shieldhall* degenerated into *Shuttlehall*; but this much is certain, that the place is now recognized by the former title among a few only of the older peasantry. The ancient family of Shield held it in possession for two or three hundred years; but on the death of Sir Richard Shield, which happened about the middle of last century, it passed into a collateral line, by whom it was afterwards abandoned for a more elegant and better situated mansion.

Sir Richard (with whom our present story is connected) lived and died unmarried; and it was supposed that a disappointment in early life was the cause of his celibacy. This supposition, however, was not confirmed by his general character and conduct; for he was neither morose, cynical, nor recluse, but, on the contrary, all his life, cheerful, good-natured, and social. When young he had indulged in the various manly sports and exercises of the period; but as he advanced in

years his field passions left him, and he became an active burgh politician and county meeting attender, for which he was eminently fitted, being not only naturally speculative, acute, and public-spirited, but also something of a humourist and *bon-vivant*. Perhaps the principal reason for his remaining a bachelor was his attachment to his nephew, Charles Maitland, the only child of an only and beloved sister, whose memory Sir Richard held in deep and affectionate remembrance. Charles lost both his parents at the early age of twelve; and, on that event, his tutorage devolved upon his uncle, and a maiden aunt by the father's side, Miss Matilda Maitland of Kittlemeadows. These two guardians (as was foreseen and predicted by everybody) were not very harmonious on the subject of their charge, however harmonious they might be in their affection towards it: each aimed at exclusive possession and authority; their views regarding the education and conduct of their pupil were constantly clashing; bickerings, squabbings, and heart-burnings were the invariable consequences; and the result of all was, that Charles—approved and reproved, flattered and threatened, for the same action—commanded and countermanded in the same breath— instructed to pay no heed to his aunt, and instructed to pay no heed to his uncle—very naturally followed his own inclination, and grew up a self-willed and obstinate youth, which, however, was fully relieved by a naturally frank, confiding, and generous disposition. It so happened that Charles was just within a month of attaining his majority, and of being freed from the nominal authority of his guardians (for of virtual authority there was none), when Miss Matilda Maitland was gathered to her fathers, leaving him, all and whole, her estate of Kittlemeadows. Her death, which at an earlier period would have been to the last degree gratifying to Sir Richard, tended at this time to increase his perplexity, as it fully enabled Charles to indulge, whenever he pleased, in certain romantic notions, which he had not been backward in revealing, of visiting the celebrated countries where literature and the fine arts had originated or been fostered. Travelling in these days was much less a matter of course than now, and was in fact attended with many inconveniences and dangers to which the modern tourist is little liable. Sir Richard's affections were alarmed for his nephew; and of nothing was he more sensibly persuaded than that Miss Matilda Maitland had died, as she had lived—merely to vex him. He understood, however, the character of his nephew too

well to make any decided opposition to his intention, but rather endeavoured, by affecting an indifference in the matter, or, at the most, by intimating the propriety of deferring the journey for a short time, to delude Charles into the opinion that it was after all a point of no great moment, which he might put into execution whenever he found it perfectly convenient. By this means Charles was induced to remain at home for nearly two years after the death of his aunt, spending his time chiefly with his uncle, and studying the art of design with great enthusiasm, as well as making himself master of one or two of the modern languages of Europe.

It was towards the close of a lowering autumn day that Sir Richard Shield, sitting listlessly at his parlour window, descried an elderly personage riding down the avenue of Shield-hall upon a shambling pony. Dinner was just over; and Sir Richard, having (as it happened) no engagement for the afternoon, was beginning to meditate upon that distressing point, What shall I do with myself? when the appearance of this visitor roused him from his speculation. "Ha! old Provost Penny-croft," he said, with apparent satisfaction. "What brings him this way to-day? Some pawky burgh business, it is likely." And he hurried down to the court.

The character of the visitor generally affects his reception less than the seasonableness of the visit. Sir Richard welcomed old Mr. Penny-croft with great cordiality; and, ordering his pony to be attended to, led him into his snug supper apartment.

"I was thinking," he said, "of a stroll as far as Cricket Place, and a boat with the laird, or, as the afternoon was gaudy like, of a six-penny whist with Charles up-stairs; but, since you are come, we shall just content ourselves, in our own room, with a sober mug and crack. And there," he added, smashing an immense piece of coal with the poker, "there will make a noble blaze!"

"Na; I cannot stop, Sir Richard, for I must be home by ghaamin', having just a bit invitation to give you!"

"Pa—pa! Not a word more. It's gloaming already, man. You must stay till supper, and John will see you safe home. Maybe I'll give you a Scotch convoy myself."

"He-he-he! You mind, Sir Richard, how you filled me the last time? You maybe sooped me out o' the room wi' a besom for onything I ken. How I got home was a mystery: but I recollect that Margaret, silly thing, fell a greeting when she opened the door—and

nae wonder, for I was a' glaur and as white's a clout."

"And how is my pretty Rose? It is long since I kissed her fair brow. Could you not have brought her with you?"

"A-hem! 'Deed, I was thinking of that. But she'll be better acquaint, thinks I, after the supper. For, d'ye ken, Sir Richard, I have just come to invite you and your nephew, Mr. Charles, to a bit supper in my ain house on Friday night—naething much out o' the common, but just a bit social doing like, amang and friends."

"Friday night? Ay—unengaged. I do not see but I may come, and Charles too, for that matter. But what's in the wind? A new provostship already?"

"Na, na. Aince in a lifetime's enough. I meddle or fash little with the council now, as ye ken. But, as I was saying, you must bring Charles with you."

"I'll call him—but you can see him before you go. John, bring the Bordeaux, 33. Or you may prefer brandy? Both, John. Charles takes his own way in most matters. Have you got dinner, that's true?"

"Just before coming away."

—"And I cannot blame him, being inclined to do so myself. Yet he has nothing of me but my stubbornness; for when I was a young billy like him books I held in abhorrence, and my love of letters was confined to love-letters. Ha! what think you of that? Unpremeditated, I assure you. Nothing but rain could keep me within doors, and then I had a thousand things to do with my guns, my dogs, my flies, and my fishing-rods. Come away, John."

"I have heard say that love makes folk lanely ways. Maybe the young gentleman's in love?"

"Pa—pa! I do not say such a thing is impossible, but I don't believe it. Drink—you will find that good. Why, instead of settling on the excellent estate that his old aunt has left him, he is talking of disposing of it, and visiting foreign parts. He'll be off next spring, without fail. I wish the dog would fall in love; it would keep him at home."

"A-hem! He has seen my Margaret, I think?"

"Eh? No—yes. He may have seen her, but that is all. Believe me, sir, he is as free of love as yourself. Whew! Did not somebody tell me of a certain widow, who lives opposite you, provost, whom you are looking after? Ah, you wicked old sinner!"

"You're joking, Sir Richard, you're surely joking. But, after a', I acknowledge—that is

to say, I'se no deny—that I wadna be the waur of a helpmeet. It's seven years—at least, it's past the six—since the gadewife died, and Widow Waters is maybe as—

"I understand you. Not a word more. You have no need of a wife, sir. I tell you that to your face. Would it not be a crying sin to place a woman over your own daughter, Miss Margaret?"

"Deed, that's the thing that fashes me. And, to be candid with you, Sir Richard, I have an ettlin in this bit supper that you'll maybe no guess at. Your nephew, Charles, has now come of age; and naething, I was considering, could be more befitting than for him just to take a wife discreetly, and settle down in his auld auntie's yestate. Now, thinking of that, and other points connected with his weelfare, it occurred to me that Charles had never been in our house—whilk was very unsocial like, to say the least—and (whispering) if my daughter and him were getting acquaint, there's nae saying what might come about—at least (raising his voice) there's been mair wonders in our day and generation."

"O you pawkie rogue! This is too much. You wish Margaret married to make room for the widow! I see it all. What says the ballad?"

"—'Tis good to be merry and wise,
'Tis right to be faisfial and true;
'Tis good to be off with the old love
Before you are on with the new.'—

But, upon my word, there have been worse speculations than that in our day and generation, as you say. Margaret is a favourite of my own—and you would doubtless be hand-some with the tocher!"

"I would be reasonable, Sir Richard; there's nae doubt o' that!"—

"Reasonable! You are as rich as a Jew, sir."

"Weel, weel—we'e no quarrel about that. But, as I was saying—putting the widow out of the question—I think there's been waur speculations than that."

"I said so—not you. Only I would drive my point another way."

"I ken your meaning, Sir Richard."

"Do you? Let's hear."

"On—ye see—if you were setting heart and hand to the matter, you would push it on, nae doubt. For instance, supposing them to be thegither at supper, you would propose to drink Margaret's health, and wish her wae married; and I would say in a jocose manner to Charles, 'I'm thinking, Mr. Charles, auld

auntie's limmers wadna be the waur of a mistress to keep them in order. When she was living, honest woman, she kept them to their tasks; but a bachelor's house gangs aye to wrack.' And then he wad say, 'That's a sensible observ' of yours, Mr. Pennycroft,' or maybe 'Provost,' he wad call me; 'ye're aye like yourself. To say the truth, I was just thinking something o' the same, if I could get anybody to tak' me.' 'Tak' ye!' I wad say; 'deil the fears o' that, man! There's no aye ten miles round but wad jump at you like a cock at a grosset. But I would advise you, Mr. Charles, to be on your guard, and look about for a gude sonsie queen, like our Margaret there, wi' a gude tocher.' 'I'm obliged to you for your advice, Mr. Pennycroft,' he would say, or maybe 'Provost'—it's a' aye which—and dinna see that I could do better than just take Margaret herself.' 'Hoot! hoot!' I would say, giving him, maybe, a bit dunt wi' my elbow, 'that's no what I was meaning. But, Sir Richard (turning to you), you have not seen my fine cauliflower in the garden—or you have not seen my fine new cocket-hat, hinging, like a chandelier, in the other room! It's marvellous how I should have forgot that. Come awa', it's weel worth seeing.' And then I would tak' you out the room in a great hurry like, and we would leave the twa to begin their courtship."

"I used to think you somewhat pawkie, Provost!"—

"Isna that the thing, Sir Richard—he-he-he!"—

"But I have been mistaken. Such conduct, I declare, would make even Romeo and Juliet abhor each other. O heavens! what indelicacy is here! I'm a bachelor myself; but, trust me, a proceeding like that you have described would set the coarsest minded man or woman off at a tangent. See—here's my favourite folio. I will read you a passage for your instruction.

"Ah me! by all that ever I did learn,
Did ever read in tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth."

And wherefore? Master Shakespeare, who knew everything, would know that. To come at it, we might transpose his words:

"The course of smooth love never did run true."

Without obstacles, there would be no impetus in the current. But, not to speak generally, Charles is stubborn as a mule, though gentle as a lamb. I might lead him through the world, but I could not drive him an inch. He would be sure to take the different direc-

tion from that which I wanted him. No, no; there must be no supper in the matter, but rather an interdiction against all communication between them. I see it! Leave it to me, Provost, and I'll manage it."

"To be sure, everybody kens his ain ken; but maybe I can see as far through a millstane as my neighbours."

"Tut! tut! don't get out of humour, man. I tell you, I am pleased with your project, but would take other means of accomplishing it. Where's the man going?"

"I must be hame; I've stayed ower lang."

"Mr. Pennycoft!"

"Na, na; I manus awa'."

"Mr. Pennycoft!"—

"Na. Gude day to you."

"Mr. Pennycoft, I have just one word to say to you. I respect you as a sagacious man in business, well-meaning, and honest. But if you go away in that manner, merely because I have disapproved of your method of match-making, Charles Maitland shall never be your son-in-law while he breathes, and my acquaintance with you is closed."

As Sir Richard said this he held out his hand; and the provost, who was really too good-natured to retain his anger, as well as sensible enough of the consequences of doing so, after a moment's hesitation, accepted of it, and sat down. In a short time the two old gentlemen got gracious as ever; and before they parted the whole marriage-plot was laid, according to Sir Richard's theory, and to the entire satisfaction of both. It will be understood from what follows.

"Margaret, my dear," said the provost, when he had disengaged himself of his dreadnaught and galligaskins, and taken his seat in his own easy chair by his own fireside, "Margaret, my dear, I have been at Shieldhall, as I was telling you, and—you havena killed the turkey, I hope?"

"The turkey? No. Time enough for that surely."

"Time enough, as you say. It will be lang on Sir Richard darkens my door. Supper, quotha'!!! A bonnie story. Nae wonder he fired when I proposed such a thing."

"What's amiss, father?" said Margaret.

It was with difficulty that the provost could retain his gravity in the part he was about to perform; but he had faithfully promised Sir Richard to go through it, and he endeavoured to screw up his visage into portentous solemnity.

"Amis, said ye? Everything's amis. Sir

Richard is neither to bind nor to haud. He has discovered how his fine young gentleman of a nephew has been employing his precious time. Instead of studying humanity and the polite letters, like a sober young man, as he should be, what has my birkie been doing but inditing love sonnets, as he calls them—and wha to, think ye? Wha to? To aye no far aff, and sibber to me than I would wish to say."

"Pooh, father!" said Margaret, reddening like crimson, "I doubt you have been taking too much of Sir Richard's bottle, to speak such nonsense."

"To be sure, it's no right to tell you: only it's better, that you may be on your guard. But, indeed, that's neither here nor there now; for Sir Richard is going to pack him off to the Continent this very week, whilk will soon drive the crazy notion out o' him. And, Margaret, my dear, I have just as request to mak'. The young gentleman will be passing through the town the morn, on his way to Kettlemeadows, the yestate that his auld auntie has left him, to arrange matters before setting out on his travels; and it's to be feared he will make some errand or anither this way. I'll no be in myself, having to go to the council; but I have promised to Sir Richard that you shouldna show him ony countenance, and on no account invite him into the house. Do you hear me, Margaret?"

"Now, father, this is foolish. You know I scarcely ever spoke to the gentleman; and what makes you talk in this manner?"

"Ay, ay; I see how it is. You're just like your neighbours, Margaret. I'm sure I wish neither to meddle nor mak' in the matter; only, as I promised to Sir Richard, that if the young gentleman gaed wrang, it shouldna be your fault"—

"And neither it shall. You might know that, father. What have I to do with him?"

"That's a braw lassie, and spoken like your self. Naething to do with him, indeed! Only, as I was saying, ye needna be ower harsh to the poor gentleman either; for a braver and better-hearted callant is no to be found in the west, as you ken yourself, notwithstanding of his present foolishness, whilk will soon leave him, it is to be hoped. So, if he does happen to call, you can just say to him discreetly, 'I am sorry, sir, that my father is not in at this moment, being at present taken up by the council on some weighty matter, in the which his judgment is found to be indispensable; but I hope, sir, that you will take a tassie of wine by way of stirrup-cup'—or something o' that nature, a' in common civility, without re-

questing him to alight. And I'll to bed, I dare say, for I feel dijesket ways wi' the ride, and somewhat sleepy, whilk may be owing to Sir Richard's potation, as you observed just now."

While this scene was enacting in the burgh of Thrawntreppel, Sir Richard was no less actively employed at Shieldhall. However successful he had been in inducing Charles to protract his intended tour, he felt that he could not calculate on detaining him much longer; and the only alternative, to which he had been for some time back directing his attention, for effectually putting a stop to the proposed journey, lay, as he thought, in getting Charles respectably married and settled in life. This alternative would not, of itself, have been desirable to Sir Richard; but his fears of being parted from his nephew for any indefinite period, now that he was in the afternoon of life, were extreme, and he was ready to make any sacrifice to prevent such an occurrence. The provost's daughter might not be, in point of rank, an equal match; but she was, as he said himself, a favourite of his own, worthy in every other respect of Charles' hand, and her tocher was a matter of no inconsiderable moment to one who had the prospect of a title to support. With this mind Sir Richard readily seized on old Mr. Pennycroft's proposal; and being one of those who enter with prodigious activity into whatever they undertake, and, while the fit lasts, prosecute it with unabating vigour, he allowed no time to pass, after parting with the provost, in putting his plot into execution. The line of conduct, however, upon which he had determined to act was so bold, involving in its result not only his character as a man of shrewdness, but the fortunes and affections of his nephew, that it was not without hesitation that he entered the library, where he found his unsuspecting relative buried among his books."

"Charles," said he, "old Provost Pennycroft has been here. You may have seen him from the window on his sheltie?"

"He is renewing his youth, uncle."

"His wig only—ha, ha! You've seen him. Old fools—you know the proverb, Charles. But, in truth, it is no laughing matter that brought him."

"Has he been outvoted in the council, or has Diana Fair-trader gone to the bottom?"

"Something worse, and something more interesting to you."

"Me! What have I to do with the old fellow?"

"Nothing, perhaps; but you may—with his daughter."

"Pooh! That's your own lady-love, uncle; and I see you have been pledging her health."

"Come, come, Charles; this will not do. Has there nothing passed between you and Miss Margaret?"

"Is this a joke?"

"I am serious, Charles—serious as death."

"Nothing passed? I never spoke to the girl above once or twice in my life."

"Then I am sorry for her."

"As how?"

"Don't ask me to explain. All I have to say is, that I am most happy that you are not involved."

"I do not understand you."

"So much the better, and let us drop the subject. A-hem! There is a matter, Charles, of more moment, upon which I wish to speak to you at present, and which has been, perhaps, too long neglected. I mean your intended journey to the Continent. I need not remind you, Charles, how often I have insisted upon the absolute necessity that you should see something of the world, now that you are major!"—

"Sir Richard!"

"Eh? And particularly that you should visit foreign parts; for, let me tell you, sir, nothing tends more to improve a young man—to wear off his rust, or rather his rusticity, and to fit him for general society—than a practical acquaintance with the various manners and customs of"—

"Not to interrupt you, uncle. There is some mistake here. I have all along expressed a wish to travel, but I do not recollect of you having ever given an opinion on the subject before. On the contrary"—

"The boy's in a cresc! Was it not my own suggestion? Or think you it was ever otherwise likely to go farther? Have I not again and again told you how much I regretted that I myself did not, in my youth, take advantage of those opportunities which you now possess? And I must say, Charles, since you *will* force me to it, that I have been astonished and displeased at your procrastination. I do not see why the approach of winter should be a bugbear to a young man in good health and spirits. It argues an effeminacy, methinks, unworthy of one of my blood."

"Sir Richard Shield, who am I?"

"Who are you? None of your theatricals, sir? Am I not your natural guardian and adviser?"

"Sir, I will not be insulted. I am not—I

never shall be your dependent. I despise what you say, sir."

"Sir, you're a fool, and an ungrateful, rebellious dog, sir. And I know it, sir. And Margaret Pennyecroft is a fool also for caring a farthing about you, sir. She may break her heart if she please, sir; she deserves to do so for setting her affection on such as you, sir. You wish to thwart me, sir, by staying at home; but I will cut you off, sir, as my heir, sir, this very night, sir."

"Sir, you are in a passion. I know not what you allude to, sir. But I understand your threat. I beseech you to execute it. Think not to frighten me into your measure, sir, by such a despicable consideration."

"Sir, it is *you*, sir, who are in a passion, sir. I am cool as a cucumber, sir. And let me tell you, once for all, sir, that unless you pack off to the Continent immediately, sir, and promise never to see Margaret Pennyecroft, or in the slightest measure to countenance her foolish attachment to you, sir, you are no longer my heir, sir, nor my nephew, sir—and I have nothing farther to say, sir."

"The man does not breathe, he never breathed—who could *force* me to move one step, sir, beyond my inclination. What you have told of Miss Pennyecroft, sir—which I now see you would have hid but for your passion, sir—is new to me, sir!"

"I am in no passion, sir. But I will not be browbeaten, sir, in my own house, sir, by you, sir!"

"Hear me out, sir. Another day shall not pass over my head under this roof. I have but few arrangements to make; and before the sun rises, sir, you shall be quit of me for ever."

"Then go, sir—and unless you do, sir, as I have stated, sir, may I never see your face again. I would have you to understand, sir, that I will not be thwarted—I will not—I will not."

So saying, Sir Richard, with well dissembled rage, flung himself out of the room, banging the door behind him with a violence which might (to borrow a happy phrase) have raised the ghost of Lord Chesterfield, had such existed, and, rushing to his own apartment, sunk down upon a chair in a fit of immoderate laughter. "If that does not send him directly to Margaret Pennyecroft," he said, "I know not what will."

Meantime poor Charles paced his room in rage and wonder. Young, ardent, and sensitive, as well as proud and self-willed, he felt keenly the slightest encroachment upon his own dignity, or upon his own liberty of thought

and action; and the manner in which he had just been treated was so extraordinarily gross, that his astonishment at his uncle's conduct was equal to his indignation. "There is—there must be," he said, "something in all this. I dream? My ears deceive me? Sir Richard Shield is mad? My mother's brother raving? Pahaw! No such thing. I have only been a fool—a dotard—from the beginning. That is all. And he would keep me so! Something has alarmed him—some fear that I would marry old Pennyecroft's daughter—that is evident, clear, plain—and he would pack me off, forsooth, to the Continent at a day's notice! By heavens, it makes me dizzy. Am I his scullion that he should order me thus—or his grayhound? But he shall find himself in error! He has taken a clumsy way (rather) of accomplishing his purpose—if he knew it! The Continent! I shall go travel the Arabian desert first—I shall explore the Mountains of the Moon. I shall sooner wear off my 'rust' (that is it) among the Hotentots, and study the fine arts in an orang-outang academy. I could at this moment marry a hedge-side trull, were it but to 'thwart' him! That is his word. He shall feel its meaning by-and-by. And poor Margaret—it is strange what she sees in me. She was always a sweet girl—that must be admitted. But I shall not think of her—it cannot be—it cannot!"

The night had been bleak and stormy; but the sun was shining with peculiar richness and brilliancy, high in the heavens, as Charles Maithland, mounted on horseback, bade adieu to the mansion of his uncle, as he thought, for ever. He had employed himself to a late hour in arranging and packing up his papers, books, and other articles, and when he lay down to sleep, a variety of conflicting thoughts and passions kept him awake till daybreak, and he only fell into a slumber at the time he intended to get up. It was therefore with chagrin that he observed, when he rose, the morning far advanced; for he was anxious that he should not in any manner evince a want of promptness in resenting the insult which he considered himself to have received. At the same time, while he inwardly determined to be the last to indicate a wish of reconciliation, it did occur to him that his uncle might, in all probability, with the cool thoughts of the morning, endeavour to soothe and detain him; and it was not without surprise that he was told by one of the domestics that Sir Richard had been mounted and away long before him. "It has been

no hasty abullition, then," he thought. "He has allowed the sun to go down and rise upon his wrath. I needed but this conviction to make me renounce him for ever."

Charles had spent little of his time at Kittlemeadows since the death of his aunt; for after that event it had been undergoing a thorough repair, and his uncle's library and company were stronger inducements to reside at Shieldhall than Kittlemeadows afforded. To the latter place, however, he was now bound, without any definite determination as to his future proceeding; and as the road to it lay through the burgh of Thrawntappal, he could not approach that celebrated place without thinking of her who, he was led to believe, had thrown away her affections upon him. Nothing engenders love sooner than the conviction that we are beloved: and our readers will not, therefore, be surprised to learn, that the unjustifiable falsehoods of Sir Richard Shield and Mr. Pennycroft were speedily becoming absolute truths, both as regarded the provost's daughter and the knight's nephew. Margaret Pennycroft had spent an anxious and sleepless night, thinking of what her father had said, and of all the rare qualities of the young laird of Kittlemeadows and heir of Shieldhall. Charles' thoughts had been less bent on one subject, but he failed not to see the beautiful Margaret in his dreams, and his passion was increased by the pride of indulging it in the teeth, as he thought, of his uncle's desire. "I begin to wonder at myself," he said, "how I should have remained so long indifferent to such an interesting girl. The last time I saw her—when was it?—ay—she surely *was* fluttered somewhat, though I took no notice of it at the time, thinking, in my own ignorance, it arose from seeing at the moment a drunken slater fall from the roof of a house, as if *that* were a sufficient reason to discompose her! Well, I have been a blind ass—an imperturbable dolt—that is clear. Who knows but by this time she may be far gone in a consumption? Dear girl! I cannot do less than call on her. It would be savage to pass the house. She cannot possibly suspect my motive. I can pretend some trifling business with her father. I shall call on her, were it only that Sir Richard may know how little I respect his commands."

The provost's house—a substantial old mansion—stood at one extremity of the town. Charles approached it with considerable uneasiness; but, summoning fortitude, he reined in his horse, and rattling the rusp, which in these days served for knocker and bell, waited the event. The door was opened by the pro-

vest's man, Peter, as he was called, a chubby-faced leering little rogue. "Is your master within, sirrah?" Charles felt pleased on being answered in the negative; but it was not without hesitation that he requested to see "Miss Margaret." Margaret had barely contemplated the possibility of her father being right in his surmise regarding a visit from Charles; and was greatly agitated when Peter announced that the young laird of Kittlemeadows was at the door wanting her. Her father's story was no longer matter of doubt and speculation. The fact was now incontrovertible. Trembling all over, she hurriedly threw a veil over her head, and proceeded to the door.

"Mr. Pennycroft is not within, madam?" said Charles, taking off his hat, and bowing.

"He is gone to the council, sir.—I am sorry!"

There was a pause; and while Charles remarked an unusual trepidation in Margaret, Margaret did not fail to remark an unusual trepidation in Charles. "My uncle told the truth," thought the one. "My father told the truth," thought the other. "Poor dear girl!" inwardly ejaculated the one. "Poor dear gentleman!" inwardly ejaculated the other.

"I am on my way to Kittlemeadows," said Charles, "and have taken the liberty of calling."

"You may feel fatigued, sir," said Margaret, getting more and more confused, and in her confusion remembering vaguely her father's instructions:—"I shall, if you please, bring you a glass of wine." And without waiting Charles' answer she disappeared, and returned with a glass and a silver tassie of rich Burgundy.

Meanwhile (it can be hid no longer) Sir Richard Shield and Provost Pennycroft were perched at the garret window of Widow Waters' tenement, which commanded a full view of all that was going on. This had been concerted on the previous night; and (so confident was Sir Richard of the success of his plot) they had watched there that morning with patience for two hours the appearance of Charles. When he did appear, so intently were the old gentlemen in marking every movement, that there was some danger of this meeting of Charles and Margaret being signalized, like the former one, by a "melancholy accident," similar to that which befel the poor slater alluded to above.

"Provost, provost," said Sir Richard, "take care of yourself: you'll be over headlong. Do you expect to hear as well as see?"

"Look, look, Sir Richard," said the provost: "she brings him the tassie of wine, as I instructed her. Isna that a dutiful bairn?"

"With what a graceful modesty she pours it out! But back, back, for the love of heaven. That fat rogue of yours, who holds the bridle, has deserted us. If he breathes a word we are ruined."

"Never fear. I'll horsewhip Peter if he opens his mouth. But, see! Charles is dismounting, I protest, and gaun into the house—clean against orders! That beats a'!"

"Well—isn't it a stubborn dog! The blood of the Shields, I vow, is in his veins. This is all to thwart old uncle, as he thinks. But we must be down and interrupt them. Matters must not flow on so smooth at first."

"The deil's in Sir Richard!" said Widow Waters, coming from another window, where she had been enjoying a scene interesting to her as a gossip, but particularly so as the affianced wife of the provost. "Leave the puir things to their chit-chat a-wee. I would sooner advise you to enter the lion's den than gang bullying towards young mad-cap at this present. I ken frae my ain dear Thomas Waters, that's dead and gone."

"What," said Sir Richard, "do you think Charles durst kick the provost in his own house?"

"And you too, maybe," answered the widow. "Name o' ye's that young. And it would be fine sight for the folk o' Thrawntrappel to see Provost Pennycroft and Sir Richard Shield of Shieldhall tumbling out at the fore-door there on the point o' the young laird's shoe! Come, come, since he's entered the house, and out o' sight, here's a drap cordial for you baith. I declare, provost, it may be your dead o' cauld raxing your neck at an open window see lang. You look as blae's a bullister."

"Let us take a glass, then," said Sir Richard, "and give them time enough, after all, to make a declaration."

What length of time Sir Richard considered necessary to make a declaration cannot be correctly ascertained; but it was with great difficulty Widow Waters could persuade him ("kenning frae her ain dear Thomas Waters, now, slack! in the mools") to remain where he was a full half hour. "Young folks are unco shy at first," she said. "You should ken that, Sir Richard: you were ance young yourself."

"And am not so old yet, Lucky, as you may imagine," said Sir Richard; for many men of sense even, as well as women, dislike allusions to their age.

"Hoot!" answered the widow, "wasna that just what I was going to say?"—(a notorious lie)—"Na, I was just remarking to myself, that baith you and the provost were looking particularly hale and hearty the day"—(another)—"nobody would tak' ye to be beyond the forty"—(another)—"for my part I think thirty's liker it"—(another)—"deed, to speak the truth, I've seen mony a ane at twenty look aulder like"—(another)—"and, to give you my candid opinion, I canna bear your *overe* young men"—(another)—"they're perfectly disgusting," &c. &c.

"Stuff, stuff!" cried Sir Richard, laughing. "Forty, thirty, twenty! Sixty, seventy, eighty would be neares the mark. But old as I may be, I should not care to be half an hour older; for I am all impatience to know the result of our present adventure."

Slowly as the minutes seemed to move in the estimation of Sir Richard, how fleetly did they glide in the estimation of (what we may now call) the two young lovers! Charles was naturally bold, generous, and confiding; and when he found himself in the presence of a beautiful and interesting girl, rendered still more so by her agitation, and its apparent cause—when he considered the harsh treatment he had received from his uncle, and that *she*, who stood before him, was now the only individual in the world who cared for him, or for whom he cared—he could not long refrain from avowing his passion, and laying before her, with candour and fervour, his situation and feelings. He told her—but we shall not (we need not) attempt to describe the eloquence of that hour in which two young and affectionate hearts confess, for the first time, a mutual attachment, and, in "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," pour out the fulness of souls entranced and elevated by the feeling and conviction of loving and of being beloved. It was while Charles was kissing with rapture the fair hand of Margaret, that—the parlour-door suddenly burst open, and, accompanied by the provost, in stalked Sir Richard Shield, apparently fuming with rage! Margaret gave a faint shriek, and hid her head in her lap. Charles started to his feet: the blood rushed to his face, but in a moment left it pale as ashes.

"So, sirrah," said Sir Richard, striking the floor violently with his staff,—"Is this the manner you obey my orders? Have you soon forgot my commands, that you dare enter this house in my very teeth, and you, Miss?"

Charles gasped—reeled—and waved his hands; but his tongue refused utterance.

"You, Miss," continued the knight, "what sort of conduct is this, I ask?"

"Go—go—go away," said Charles at length, in a suffocating voice. "Speak not to this dear girl. She is mine by heaven and earth!"

"Yours, sirrah? Dare you say that to my face?"

"Go—go away, Sir Richard Shield: I beseech, I implore you, go! Tempt me no further. A desperate madness is in my brain. Yet I would not, for worlds, lay hands on you; for—were there nothing else—you are the brother of my sainted mother."

Sir Richard's muscles relaxed. He appeared not to have been prepared for this. He hesitated for a moment—then, flinging his staff from him, held out his hand; but, in his turn, it was some time before he could speak.

"And so—and so, Charles—and so I am!" he cried. "Elizabeth Shield was your mother! That is the truth. I can no longer oppose you—nor even attempt to oppose you. Pardon me, it was with good intention I did so."

Charles looked doubtfully at his uncle; but saw that he was considerably affected.

"Here, Margaret, my love," continued the good knight, "give him your hand. Take it, Charles—she refuses not. Bless you both!"

"Thanks, dearest Margaret!" said Charles, seizing her hand, and putting it to his lips with fervour. "Ten thousand thanks!—And you, Sir Richard, are still my old uncle?"

"Still, dear Charles, still—while Margaret Pennycroft is your wife," said Sir Richard.

"And Widow Waters mine," whispered the provost.

ALEXANDER WHITELAW.

SONNET.

Where lies the land to which you ship must go?
Festively she puts forth in trim array;
And vigorous as a lark at break of day:
Is she for tropic suns, or polar snow?
What hoots the inquiry?—Neither friend nor foe
She cares for; let her travel where she may,
She finds familiar names, a beaten way
Even before her, and a wind to blow.
Yet still I ask, what haven is her mark?
And almost as it was when ships were rare,
(From time to time, like pilgrims, here and there
Crossing the waters) doubt, and something dark,
Of the old sea some reverential fear,
Is with me at thy farewell, joyous bark!

WORDSWORTH.

AN APOLOGUE.

"Twas eight o'clock, and near the fire

My ruddy little boy was seated,
And with the titles of a sire
My ears expected to be greeted.
But vain the thought! by sleep oppressed,
No father there the child descried;
His head reclined upon his breast,
Or nodding rolled from side to side.

"Let this young rogue be sent to bed."

More I had scarce had time to say,
When the poor urchin raised his head,
To beg that he might longer stay.
Refused; away his steps he bent
With tearful eye and aching heart,
But claimed his playthings ere he went,
And took up stairs his horse and cart.

Still for dolny, though oft denied,
He pleaded,—wildly craved the boon;—
Though past his usual hour, he cried
At being sent to bed so soon!
If stern to him, his grief I shared,
(Unmoved who sees his offspring weep!)
Of soothing him I half despaired;
When all his cares were lost in sleep.

"Alas, poor infant!" I exclaimed,

Thy father blushes now to scan,
In all that he so lately blamed,
The follies and the fears of man.
The vain regret—the anguish brief,
Which thou hast known, sent up to bed,
Portrayed of man the idle grief,
When doom'd to slumber with the dead.

And more I thought, when up the stairs

With longing, lingering looks he crept,
To mark of man the childish cares,
His playthings carefully he kept,
Thus mortals on life's later stage,
When nature claims their perfect breath,
Still grasp at wealth, in pain and age,
And cling to golden toys in death.

"Tis morn, and see my smiling boy

Awakes to hail returning light;
To fearless laughter, boundless joy;
Forgot the tears of yesternight!
Thus shall not man forget his woe;
Survive of age and death the gloom;
Smile at the cares he knew below,
And, renovated, burst the tomb!

T. GASPET.

THE MYSTERIOUS WEDDING;¹

A DANISH STORY.

On the north-west of the Isle of Zealand stretches a small peninsular district, fertile and studded with hamlets, and connected with the mainland by a narrow strip of sandy waste. Beyond the only town which this little peninsula possesses the land runs into the restless waves of the Cattegat, and presents an awfully wild and sterile appearance. The living sands have here obliterated every trace of vegetation; and the storms which blow from all points of the wild ocean are constantly operating a change on the fluctuating surface of the desert, whose hills of sand rise and disappear with constant alternation, restless as the waves which roar around them. In travelling through this country I spent upwards of an hour in this district, and never shall I forget the impression which the scene made upon my mind.

While riding alone through the desolate region, a thunder-storm rose over the ocean towards the north,—the waves roared,—the clouds were driven along before the wind,—the sky grew every instant more gloomy, “menacing earth and sea,”—the sand began to move in increasing masses under my horse’s feet,—a whirlwind arose and filled the atmosphere with dust,—the traces of the path became invisible,—my horse floundered deeper and deeper in the sand,—while sky, earth, and ocean seemed mingled and blended together, every object being involved in a cloud of dust and vapour. I could not discern the slightest trace of life or vegetation,—the storm howled above me,—the waves of the sea lashed mournfully against the shore,—the thunder rolled in the distance,—and scarcely could the lurid lightning-flash pierce the heavy cloud of sand which whirled around me; my danger was evident and extreme, when a sudden shower of rain laid the sand, and enabled me to push my way to the little town. The storm I had just encountered was a horrid mingling of all elements. An earthquake has been described as the sigh which troubled Nature heaves from the depth of her bosom: perhaps not more fancifully this chaotic tempest might have typified the confusion of a wildly distracted mind, to which pleasure and even hope itself

have been long strangers,—the cheerless desert of the past revealing only remorse and grief,—the voice of conscience threatening like the thunder, while awful anticipations shed their lurid light over the dark spirit,—till at last the long dried-up sources of tears open a way to their powerful floods, and bury the anguish of the distracted soul beneath their waves.

In this desolate country lay, in former times, a village called Roerwig, about a mile distant from the shore. The moving sands have buried the village, and the inhabitants—mostly shepherds and fishermen—have removed their cottages close to the shore. A single solitary building, the village church, which is situated upon a hill, yet rears its head above the cheerless shifting desert. This church was the scene of the following mysterious transaction.

In an early part of the last century the venerable curé of Roerwig was one night seated in his study, absorbed in pious meditations. It was near midnight. The house lay at the extremity of the village, and the simple manners of the inhabitants were so little tinged with distrust that bolts and locks were unknown amongst them, and every door remained open and unguarded.

The night-lamp burned gloomily,—the sullen silence of that dark hour was only interrupted by the rushing noise of the sea, on whose waves the pale moon was reflected, when the curé heard the door below open, and, presently after, the sound of men’s steps upon the stair. He was just anticipating a call to administer the last holy offices of religion to some one of his parishioners on the point of death, when two foreigners, wrapped up in white cloaks, stepped hastily into the room. One of them approached him with politeness: “Sir,” said he, “you will have the goodness to follow us instantly. You must perform a marriage ceremony; the bride and bridegroom are already waiting your arrival at the church. This sum,” continued the stranger—exhibiting to the old man a purse full of gold—“will sufficiently recompense you for the trouble and alarm our sudden demand has given you.”

The curé stared in mute terror upon the strangers, who seemed to have something fearful—almost ghastly in their looks; the demand was repeated in an earnest and authoritative tone. When the old man had recovered from his first surprise, he began mildly to represent that his duty did not allow him to perform so solemn an action without some knowledge of the parties, and the intervention of those formalities required by law. The other stranger

¹ From *Foreign Tales and Traditions*, by George Godfrey Cunningham. This story forms the subject of two German novels and a Danish poem.

hereupon stepped forward in a menacing attitude: "Sir," said he, "you have your choice; follow us, and take the sun we now offer you, —or remain, and this bullet goes through your head." He levelled his pistol at the forehead of the venerable man, and waited his answer; whereupon the latter rose, dressed himself, and informed his visitors—who had hitherto spoken Danish, but with a foreign accent—that he was ready to accompany them.

The mysterious strangers now proceeded silently through the village, followed by the clergyman. It was a dark autumn night, the moon having already set; but when they emerged from the village, the old man perceived with terror and astonishment that the distant church was all illuminated. Meanwhile his companions, wrapped up in their white cloaks, stepped hastily on before him through the barren sandy plain. On reaching the church they bound up his eyes; a side-door opened with a creaking noise, and he felt himself violently pushed into a crowd of people; all around him he heard a murmuring of voices, and near to him a conversation carried on in a language quite unknown to him, but which he thought was Russian. As he stood helpless, blindfolded, pressed upon from every side, and in the utmost confusion, he felt himself seized upon by a man's hand and violently drawn through the crowd. At last it seemed to him as if the people fell back, the bondage was loosed, and he found himself standing with one of the two strangers before the altar. A row of large lighted tapers, in magnificent silver candlesticks, adorned the altar, and the church itself was splendidly illuminated by a profusion of candles. If before, while standing blindfolded, the murmur of the surrounding crowd had filled his soul with consternation, not less amazed was he now at the unbroken silence which reigned throughout the church; the side passages and all the seats were crowded to excess, but the middle passage was quite clear, and he perceived in it a newly opened grave, and the stone which had covered it leaning against a bench; around him he only saw male figures, but on one of the distant benches he thought he indistinctly perceived a female form. The silence lasted for some minutes, during which not a motion could be detected in that vast multitude. Thus, when a spirit is bent on deeds of darkness, a silent gloomy brooding of soul often precedes the horrid action.

At last a man, whose magnificent dress distinguished him from all the rest and bespoke his elevated rank, rose and walked hastily up

the empty passage; as he passed along, his steps resounded through the building, and every eye was turned upon him; he appeared to be of middle stature, with broad shoulders and strong limbs; his gait was commanding, his complexion of a yellowish brown, and his hair raven black, his features were severe and his lips compressed as if in wrath; a bold aquiline nose heightened the haughty appearance of his countenance; and dark shaggy brows lowered over his fiery eyes. He wore a green coat, with large golden braids, and a glittering star. The bride, who now kneeled beside him, was magnificently dressed. A sky-blue robe, richly trimmed with silver, enveloped her slender limbs, and floated in large folds over her graceful form; a diadem sparkling with diamonds adorned her fair hair; the utmost loveliness and beauty might be traced in her features, although despair now expressed itself in them; her cheeks were pale as those of a corpse,—her features unanimated—her lips were blanched—her eyes dimmed—and her powerless arms hung motionless beside her almost lifeless form. As she knelt before the altar, the picture of death itself, terror seemed to have wrapped her consciousness as well as her vital powers in a fortunate slumber.

The curé now discovered near him an old ugly hag, in a parti-coloured dress, her head covered with a blood-red turban, who stood gazing with an expression of fury and mockery on the kneeling bride; and behind the bridegroom he noticed a man of gigantic size and a gloomy appearance, whose eyes were fixed immovably upon the ground.

Horror-struck, the priest stood mute for some time, till a thrilling look from the bridegroom reminded him of the ceremony he had come thither to perform. But the uncertainty whether the couple he was now about to marry understood his language afforded him a fresh source of uneasiness. He ventured, however, to ask the bridegroom for his name and that of his bride: "Neander and Feodora," was the answer given in a rough voice.

The priest now began to read the ritual in faltering accents, frequently mistaking and stopping to repeat the words, without, however, either the bride or bridegroom appearing to observe his confusion, which confirmed him in the conjecture that his language was almost unknown to either of them. On putting the question, "Neander, wilt thou have this woman for thy wedded wife?" he doubted whether he should receive any answer; but, to his astonishment, the bridegroom answered in the affirmative with a loud and almost screaming

voice, which rung throughout the whole church, while deep sighs from the whole spectators accompanied the awful "yes;" and a silent quivering, like the reflection of a flash of distant lightning, threw a transitory motion over the death-pale features of the bride. The priest turned to her, speaking louder to raise her from her trance: "Feodora, wilt thou have this man for thy wedded husband?" The lifeless form before him at this question seemed to awake—a deep convulsive throb of terror trembled on her cheeks—her pale lips quivered—a passing gleam of fire shone in her eyes—her breast heaved—a violent gush of tears flooded the brilliancy of her eyes, and the "yes" was heard pronounced like the scream of anguish uttered by a dying person, and seemed to find a deep echo in the sounds of grief which burst from the surrounding multitude. The bride sank into the arms of the horrid old hag; some minutes passed in awful silence; the pale corpse-like female then kneeled again, as if in a deep trance, and the ceremony was finished. The bridegroom now rose and led the trembling bride to her former place, followed by the tall man and the old woman; the two strangers then appeared again, and having bound the priest's eyes, drew him with violence through the crowd, and pushed him out at the door, which they then bolted within.

For some minutes he stood endeavouring to recollect himself, and uncertain whether the horrid scene, with all its ghastly attendant circumstances, might not have been a dream; but when he had torn the bandage from his eyes, and saw the illuminated church before him, and heard the murmuring of the crowd, he was forced to believe its reality. To learn the issue, he hid himself in a corner of the building, and while listening here he heard the murmurings within grow louder and louder—then it seemed as if a fierce altercation arose, in which he thought he could recognize the rough voice of the bridegroom commanding silence—a long pause followed—a shot fell—the shriek of a female voice was heard, which was succeeded by another pause—then followed a sound of labour, which lasted about a quarter of an hour—the candles were extinguished—the murmuring arose again—the door was flung open, and a multitude of persons rushed out of the church, and ran towards the sea.

The old priest now arose from his hiding-place, and hastened back to the village, where he awoke his neighbours and friends, and related to them his incredible and marvellous adventure; but everything which had hitherto

fallen out amongst these simple people had been so calm and tranquil—so much measured by the laws of daily routine, that they were seized with a very different terror, they believed that some unfortunate accident had deranged the intellects of their beloved pastor, and it was not without difficulty that he prevailed on some of them to follow him to the church, provided with picks and spades.

Meanwhile the morning had dawned, the sun arose, and when the priest and his companions ascended the hill towards the church, they saw a man-of-war standing off from the shore under full sail towards the north. So surprising a sight in this remote district made his companions already hesitate to reject his story as improbable, and still more were they inclined to listen to him when they saw that the side-door of the church had been violently burst open. They entered full of expectation, and the priest showed them the grave which he had seen opened, in the night-time; it was easily perceived that the stone had been lifted up and replaced again; they put their implements in motion, and soon came to a new richly adorned coffin; the old man descended with almost youthful impatience into the grave, and others followed him, the cover was taken off, and the priest found all his awful forebodings confirmed. In the coffin lay the murdered bride—a bullet had pierced her breast right to the heart—the magnificent diadem she had worn had disappeared; but the distracted expression of deep grief had vanished from her countenance, and a heavenly calm seemed spread over her features as she lay there like an angel. The old man threw himself down on his knees near the coffin, and wept and prayed aloud for the soul of the murdered, while mute astonishment and horror seized his companions.

The clergyman found himself obliged to make this event instantly known, with all its circumstances, to his superior, the Bishop of Zealand; meanwhile, until he got further instructions from Copenhagen, he bound all his friends to secrecy by an oath. Shortly afterwards a person of high rank suddenly arrived from the capital; he inquired into all the circumstances, visited the grave, commanded the silence which had been hitherto observed, and stated that the whole event must remain forever a secret, threatening at the same time with a severe punishment any person who should dare to speak of it.

After the death of the priest a writing was found in the parochial register narrating this

event. Some believed that it might have some secret connection with the violent political changes which occurred in Russia after the death of Catherine and Peter I.; but to resolve the deep riddle of this mysterious affair will ever be a difficult, if not impossible task.

HENRY STEPPENS.

EVENING PRAYER AT A GIRLS'
SCHOOL.

Hush! 'tis a holy hour!—the quiet room
Seems like a temple, while you soft lamp sheds
A faint and starry radiance, through the gloom:
And the sweet stillness, down on bright young heads,
With all their clustering locks, untouched by care,
And boud'—as flowers are boud' with night—in prayer.

Gaze on, 'tis lovely!—childhood's lip and cheek,
Mantling beneath its earnest brow of thought!
Gaze, yet what seemst thou in these fair and meek,
And fragile things, as but for sunshine wrought?
—Then seek what grief must nurture for the sky,
What death must fashion for eternity.

O joyous creatures! that will sink to rest
Lightly, when these pure orisons are done,
As birds with slumber's honey-dew opprest'd,
Midst the dim folded leaves at set of sun;
Lift up your hearts! though, yet no sorrow lies
Dark in the summer-heaven of those clear eyes.

Though fresh within your breasts th' untroubled springs
Of hope make melody where'er ye trend,
And o'er your sleep bright shadows, from the wings
Of spirits visiting but youth, be spread;
Yet in these flute-like voices, mingling low,
Is woman's tenderness—how soon her woe!

Her lot is on you!—silent tears to weep,
And patient smiles to wear through suffering's hour,
And sunless riches, from affection's deep,
To pour on broken reeds—a wasted shower!
And to make idols, and to find them clay,
And to bewail that worship—therefore pray!

Her lot is on you! to be found untired,
Watching the stars out by the bed of pain,
With a pale cheek, and yet a brow inspir'd,
And a true heart of hope, though hope be vain!
Meekly to bear with wrong, to cheer decay,
And, oh! to love through all things—therefore pray!

And take the thought of this calm vesper-time,
With its low murmuring sounds and silvery light,
On through the dark days fading from their prime,
As a sweet dove to keep your souls from blight!
Earth will forsake—O! happy to have given
Th' unbroken heart's first fragrance unto Heaven!

Mrs. HEMANS.

LOVE AND FAME.

It had passed in all its grandeur, that sounding summer
shower
Had paid its pearly tribute to each fair expectant flower,
And while a thousand sparklers danced lightly on the
spray,
Close folded to a rose-bud's heart one tiny rain-drop
lay.

Throughout each severed petal had the heaven-brought
freshness gone,
They had mingled dew and fragrance till their very
souls were one;
The bud its love in perfume breathed, till its pure and
starry guest
Grew glowing as the life-line of the life it fondly pressed.

He dreamt away the hours with her, his gentle bride
and fair,
No thought filled his young spirit, but to dwell for ever
there,
While over bending wakefully, the head a fond watch
kept,
For fear the envious zephyr might steal him as he
slept.

But forth from out his tent of clouds, in burnished
armour bright,
The conquering sun came proudly in the glory of his
might,
And, like some grand enchanter, resumed his wand of
power,
And shed the splendour of his smile on lake, and tree,
and flower.

Then, peering through the shadowy leaves, the rain-
drop marked on high
A many-hued triumphal arch span all the eastern sky—
He saw his glittering comrades all wing their joyous
flight,
And stand—a glorious brotherhood—to form that bow
of light!

Aspiring thoughts his spirit thrilled—"Oh, let me join
them, love!
I'll set thy beauty's impress on yon bright arch above,
And, as a world's admiring gaze is raised to thy fair,
'Twill deem my own dear rose-bud's tint the loveliest
colour there!"

The gentle bud released her clasp,—swift as a thought
he flew,
And brightly mid that glorious band he soon was glow-
ing too,—
All quivering with delight to feel that she, his rose-bud
bride,
Was gazing, with a swelling heart on this, his hour of
pride!

But the shadowy night came down at last—the glittering bow was gone,
One little hour of triumph was all the drop had won;
He had lost the warm and tender glow, his distant bnd-
love's bnd,
And he sought her early sorrowing—a tear-dimmed
star of dew.

ANNA H. PHILLIPS.

HOW THE MISCHIEF ENDED.

(Edmond François Valentine About, born at Dijon, 14th Feb., 1828; died 17th Jan., 1883. As a journalist and politician he rendered good service to France; as a novelist he maintained a distinguished position amongst his contemporaries. Although not free from the vice which render the bulk of French works of fiction unsuitable for family reading, he has produced many faithful and effective sketches of character to which not even prudery can object. The following tale is an example; and it is the more interesting as it displays those qualities of acute observation and of epigrammatical writing which have won popularity for M. About in England and America as well as in France. The opening part of the story is slightly abridged.)

I.—THE MISCHIEF.

A tall and rather elegantly formed woman of about five-and-forty was hurrying along the Rue St. Dizier, at Nancy, at such a rate that her guide, a waiter from the Hotel de l'Europe, had some difficulty in following her. An August sun was beating full upon her head, for she brandished the umbrella in her hand like a javelin, instead of availing herself of its shade. From her dress and adornments it was plain to see that she was a stranger to the modes and fashions of city life.

"Madame! Madame Humblot!" cried the nearly exhausted servant. "One moment, if you please. You have passed the door. Here is the colonel's house."

Madame Humblot stopped, and looked about timidly.

"Already!" said she. "Where?"

"Just across the street," said the servant. "Don't you see the sentry?"

"Oh! yes, to be sure. I will remember it next time. What did you say his name was?"

"M. Vautrin. A fine man he is too, and he gives an elegant dinner every Sunday."

"Is he married?"

"Certainly, and has a daughter almost grown a young lady."

"Oh! I am so afraid Madame Vautrin will be out," said Madame Humblot.

"That we can soon find out," said the domestic.

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He crossed the street, exchanged a few words with the sentry, and returning reported the whole family of Colonel Vautrin at home.

To gain an interview with the colonel's wife, Madame Humblot would have confronted unheard-of dangers; but now that all difficulty of gaining access to her had disappeared, she felt her heart sink within her. She hesitated about entering the door which stood open before her; but the inquisitive look in the faces of her guide and the sentinel made her pluck up all her courage, and she soon found herself in a very large and comfortably-furnished parlour, in presence of the mother and the daughter. Madame Vautrin was very fat and very timid, and Mademoiselle Vautrin was very thin and not timid at all; and it was the latter of the two who reassured the matrons, and opened the conversation by requesting Madame Humblot to be seated, and to explain at her leisure the motives of her very kind visit.

Madame Humblot saw that retreat was now no longer possible; so she explained, in few words, that she was a widow, owning and managing herself a considerable estate in the town of Morana, and possessed of a daughter of nineteen, whom she desired to marry to a young officer of the garrison at Nancy. The young man, whom a curious succession of circumstances had brought her to look upon as the future husband of her dear Antoinette, seemed an admirable young man; but she was very insufficiently informed in relation to his character, his principles, and his habits, and she invoked the ancient freemasonry of motherhood in requesting from Madame Vautrin in a matter of such importance the plain and unvarnished truth.

This preamble seemed to interest Madame Vautrin, and to put her more at ease. She replied that she felt flattered by the confidence reposed in her, and would conscientiously enlighten Madame Humblot in so far as her retiring habits and very slight acquaintance with the officers composing the garrison would enable her. But if the young officer belonged to the regiment of her husband, "Colonel Vautrin, who knew all his men like Cesar!"

"But I do not know," interrupted Madame Humblot, "whether he has the honour to serve under Colonel Vautrin."

"If he is an infantry officer there can be no doubt of it, as ours is the only regiment of that arm at Nancy."

"But perhaps he is in the cavalry. We have never seen him in uniform."

"You astonish me. What is his rank?"

"Captain, I think, or at least lieutenant. He has never informed us of his rank."

"What an original he must be! What is his name, my dear madame?"

"Alas! madame, that is one of the matters upon which we hope to be informed by you."

Madame Vautrin stared with wonder at this announcement, and the young girl burst into a hearty laugh. Madame Humblot perceived that there seemed to be some question of the soundness of her wits, and continued, hastily:

"I will explain what has so much astonished you, my dear madame, and you will see that Providence or fate is more responsible than I am for what seems to you so very odd. But is not this charming young lady rather too young to listen to a story of a nature so very—complicated?"

"Madame," broke in the young girl abruptly, and with an air of great self-assertion, "I am nearly fifteen years old, and my mother has always discussed the gravest questions confidently in my presence. Do you desire me to leave you, mother?"

Madame Vautrin blushed deeply and stammered out, "Blanche—Blanchette—my darling treasure—you need not go away; but practise a little on your piano while we are talking—there's a good child." The spoiled child went to the piano and commenced an exercise, which she attacked furiously at first; but little by little her music became more subdued, and only served as a gentle accompaniment to the conversation, of which she did not fail to catch every striking or interesting feature, quite as distinctly as her tender mother.

The widow Humblot explained that it was whilst travelling from Morans to Baden with her daughter, Antoinette, that they had encountered the unknown gentleman at Commercy. He had entered the compartment they occupied in the train. He was in civilian dress, but the companions who escorted him to the platform were officers in uniform.

He was tall, dark, and about twenty-five or thirty years. There was only one seat unoccupied, and that was next her daughter. He was sorry to crowd the carriage, but he had been just in time to catch the train, and he was obliged to rejoin his regiment before his truancy for the day should be discovered.

His apologies led to conversation, and his frank, honest bearing won the confidence of the mother. Before long they were talking and laughing together as if they had been close friends for years. When he quitted the train at Nancy he said adieu in a few words which

expressed a great deal—sentiment, good-nature, and modesty.

The widow Humblot soon forgot this incident, and thought her daughter had forgotten it too. There were many suitors for Antoinette's hand, for it was known that she had an income of sixty thousand francs. But she would have none of them, and at length confessed her secret that she loved the young officer. The mother had combated this whim, as she at first regarded Antoinette's passion; but finding that it was no whim, and that her daughter persisted in thinking of the unknown, she had come with her to Nancy to find the lover, and, if he were worthy, to offer him a wife and a fortune.

"Very well, then," said Madame Vautrin; "all we have to do is to find the young man. Are you sure you should recognize him at the first glance?"

"Oh, among a thousand!"

"The search won't be either very long or very difficult. The garrison of Nancy is composed of our regiment: a couple of squadrons of cavalry, and a few officers of artillery, and the general staff. I am not myself very well acquainted with Colonel Vautrin's officers, but my daughter has a complete collection of their portraits in a photographic album. We will begin with that."

"A thousand thanks, my dear Madame Vautrin, for your aid and kind sympathy. May God reward you by granting to your dear girl the happiness you will confer upon mine!"

Whereupon the two mothers embraced tearfully, and Madame Vautrin called to her daughter:

"Blanche! Blanchette: my darling love? Eh, Blanchette!"

But the louder the mother called, the more violent and tremendous were Blanche's assaults upon the piano, which one would have thought was undergoing punishment for some fearful crime. When she condescended to give her attention, Madame Vautrin continued:

"I beg pardon for disturbing you. Won't you please bring us your album?"

"My album?"

"Yes, the album of the regiment."

"It is in my room. I will go for it."

She went out slowly, made a face at herself in the mirror as she passed it, and when she had reached her chamber closed the door after her and bolted it, took up an album bound in red leather with ivory ornaments, and began to turn over the leaves. At number five of the lieutenants of the second battalion she

stopped. Beneath the portrait was written the name *Paul Astier*. "It is he," said she, making a face. "It can't be any one else."

She slipped the card out of its frame, tore it into little bits, and put them into her pocket. Then reflecting that the vacant space would perhaps excite remark, she tore out the page which had served for a frame, and, when she had concealed its fragments, her little features were lighted up with a satanic joy as she muttered between her teeth:

"At last I have my revenge on an insolent fellow! I am a woman!"

She ran down with the album to her mother, who thanked her, kissed her forehead, and said:

"Now, my dear, you can stay with us; we have finished all our secrets."

And now only think how Madame Humblot's heart began to beat. She only glanced at the portraits of the superior officers, but when the captains began to desfile before her, she opened wide her eyes. The regiment was not wanting in fine-looking men, but she thought with pride that all were less handsome and distinguished-looking than her future son-in-law. Blanchette grinned as she listened to her remarks, and said to Madame Humblot:

"If these gentlemen could only hear you, they would pick a quarrel with the prince who so far eclipses them all."

When they had reached the last pages of the album the little wretch became more wicked and malicious than ever.

"There are only four left," said she. "Hope is in the bottom of the box. Ah! now I have an idea that this is the hero of the romance. No? You won't have Lieutenant Bouleau? But he's a brave soldier. Rose from the ranks; been in service twenty-seven years; seen eighteen campaigns; has the military medal and the cross; and see what a lovely scar he has between the eyes."

"It is all over," cried Madame Humblot. "He is not in the regiment, and I am the unhappiest of mothers."

"No, no," said Madame Vautrin; "if he is not in the regiment, he must be either in the cavalry or the staff. Are you anxious to have the matter settled at once?"

"Oh, so anxious! Only think how that dear angel is counting the minutes at our hotel."

"Well, then, I will take my hat and shawl and go out with you. Blanchette will keep house for me like a good child."

As soon as the two mothers were gone, Blanchette folded her two meagre arms, struck a stage attitude, then began to walk to and

from in the large parlour like a little panther in a cage. She was ugly without an ugly feature, just as one sees sometimes a very pretty face with hardly a pretty feature. Every physical and moral defect of her awkward age was in her shown in an exaggerated degree. Her thin arms and legs were shaped like drumsticks, her feet were very long, and her hands interminable. Her movements were without grace, and her colour dark and without freshness. Her nose, eyes, and forehead seemed to go ill together, although her nose was straight, her forehead shapely, and her eyes lustrous and with good lines. Perhaps it was only harmony that was wanting; but in a woman harmony is everything.

Blanche Vautrin would not probably lack admirers, for a well-dowried colonel's daughter, although ugly, could not fail of a husband; but she none the less was enraged at her lack of beauty, which she desired for herself alone.

Almost all her father's officers flattered her and treated her with as much consideration as if she had been Venus in person, though their cajoleries were always received with disgust and ill-humour. But though their flatteries, which she considered her due, brought her no pleasure, any omission of them was sure to provoke her still more; and while those who offered her this homage were treated with contempt, she hated those who refused it as rebellious and contumacious. The most bitterly execrated of all these rebels was Paul Astier.

He was a handsome, brave, and upright fellow, who had made his own way in life. The son of a forester in the wood of Ardennes, he had worked hard to acquire the rudiments of a good education, and at eighteen had enlisted as a common soldier at the beginning of the Crimean war. He had gone through the campaign without a wound, though a mine had exploded directly beneath his feet at the attack on the Malakoff. When he returned in 1856 he had been twice gazetted for gallantry, and had won his sub-lieutenant's epaulettes. In 1859 he had exchanged into Colonel Vautrin's regiment, in order to take part in the campaign of Italy, and had found among the privates of his company an old friend and playmate with whom in boyhood he had bound fagots in the Ardennes. Bodin, who could neither read nor write, attached himself like a dog to him, and would have sacrificed his life to serve him. So, in spite of their difference in rank, their old friendship remained unimpaired, and when off duty the greatest familiarity of manner existed between them.

The campaign of 1859 was short, as every-

body knows; yet Astier found time to gain a new grade, and at the close of the war went into garrison at Nancy with the rank of lieutenant.

From the very first he had not been pleased with Blanchette, and, as he was very little given to the arts of diplomacy, he had not taken pains to make himself agreeable to her. The child was the more annoyed at his indifference as she had found him much more pleasant to look at than any of the other officers. She endeavoured to attract his attention, but her attempts were as fruitless as they were awkward, for coquetry is an art demanding much time and practice to acquire perfectly. But the more failures and repulses she met with, the oftener she returned to the charge; like a gambler who persists in play, though he knows his ill luck must only result in his ruin. So things went from bad to worse, and her annoyances daily became more aggravating.

One day she said to him :

" Monsieur Astier, I am told you draw extremely well. Won't you please send me some of your sketches?"

Astier went straight to a toy-shop and bought a dozen illuminated baby books, which he gave to her.

" The joke seems to me in very bad taste," said Blanche.

" Mademoiselle, I have selected such as are given as rewards of merit to little girls who have behaved very well indeed. If you don't think you have deserved them, I will take them back again."

The words of these dialogues are nothing without the music. One should have heard the sharp and drawing tone of Mademoiselle Vautrin in contrast with the deep and frank voice of Astier. Blanche rarely got the advantage in their contests, and as weakness is always cruel, she came finally to the last degree of atrocity.

" Monsieur Astier, how does one manage to escape accidents in time of war?"

" Very easily; one has only to be very lucky."

" Or very prudent."

" Mademoiselle, I am grateful for the compliment; for the colonel, your father, has always denied me that quality."

" It seems to me that a soldier ought to get wounded, if only from coquetry. An officer without wounds always seems to me like an imperfect being."

" At the first opportunity, mademoiselle, I will endeavour to send you one of my arms or a leg."

" Arms and legs! What should I do with them? I am provided with them."

" Yes, but so slightly."

The least allusion to her scragginess put her quite beside herself; and she hated poor Bodin almost equally with Astier for some reflection she had heard he had made upon her tawny complexion.

II.—THE CONSEQUENCES.

Hatred has miraculous intuitions. The very moment Madame Humbot had begun to tell her story Blanche had thought of Lieutenant Astier. But she was not previously aware of his day's absence without leave the preceding month, and had never heard that he had friends among the officers at Commercy. How did it happen, then, that in the rose-tinted portrait of Madame Humbot she had at once recognized the person she always had represented to herself in the blackest colours? Her mind and hand had both acted so rapidly, and her little piece of villainy had been committed so quickly, that she was surprised at it herself.

She began to reflect when the two mothers had left her to herself, and to ask what would happen if the two ladies should chance to meet Astier on their walk. Recognition, emotion, astonishment. Madame Humbot, fainting, would fall into the lieutenant's arms, an explanation and a good understanding would follow. Mademoiselle Autoinette would come upon the stage, and soon—. Blanche felt not the slightest sympathy for this overgrown Autoinette.

He would marry her, but after, or even before the ceremony, all the little circumstances of the romance would be explained. Madame Humbot would not fail to tell that she had looked through the regimental album without finding her son-in-law, and the reason would be inquired into. What would Madame Vautrin, and what would her father, a man who admitted of no jesting in matters of personal honour, think and say? But what above all she dreaded and feared was the judgment of society. The suppression of the portrait was not only an odious act, but it was becoming a ridiculous one, because it effected nothing.

Now it seemed almost impossible to conceal the lieutenant from Madame Humbot's pursuit. In twenty-four hours the sixty thousand francs of income offered to the handsome unknown would be the talk of the town; and if Astier was not recognized by his friends, he would come forward and discover himself.

" There is no other way," thought the wicked

young woman; "Monsieur Paul Astier must disappear."

This was very much the reasoning and conclusion of highwaymen, who, for the sake of precaution, put out of the way the witnesses of their crimes; but it is not so easy to hide away, like a nutmeg, a big lieutenant. Blanquette thought over the matter, and after five or six very wild plans at last hit upon a good one.

She had obtained some time before, and with some trouble, one of Astier's sketches. It was a very funny caricature of one of the officers of the regiment, Major Sparrow, who commanded the second battalion. Paul had represented a sparrow eating a cherry, and the whole design, seen at a little distance, made an admirable likeness of the major and the major's nose; for this officer, a brave soldier and a good fellow, had, by his African habits, developed this feature to an unusual degree both of size and colour. Aside from this ridiculous defect, he was very much esteemed and respected by every one, and was on the best of terms with his subordinates. He had a high regard for Astier, who returned it fully, and for nothing on earth would have caused him pain; but youth and spirits and love of fun lead one oftentimes into malicious tricks, and when one has formed a good joke, he hasn't always the sense to keep it to himself.

So this sketch, tinted with water-colours, was brought one day to the mess-table of the subalterns, where it caused much laughter, and one of the other officers added to it an explanatory legend. After the dinner the matter was forgotten, and the sketch itself, in a damaged state, was left on one corner of the table. A friend of Astier, Lieutenant Foucault, picked up the sketch, folded it, and put it in his pocket, and, without thinking any harm, gave it to Mademoiselle Vautrin.

She returned to her chamber, opened a box, took the caricature, signed it with Paul's name in printed letters, put it in an envelope, printed upon it the address of Major Sparrow, and called her father's orderly from the door. "Old Schumacher," said she, "go and put this letter in the post-office, and let no one see or read the address. You won't read it yourself, I know; your education will forbid."

This second little crime weighed somewhat heavily upon her conscience. But then she excused herself by alleging the necessity of the act, and she knew that a duel between a major and a subaltern was quite impossible. The result of it will be, thought she, that Astier will get off with a week or fortnight of

close arrest, and that won't kill anybody. In a week Madame Humbot and her daughter will be tired of wearing out their shoes on the sharp pavements of Nancy. They will think they were dreaming, and will go back to their harvesting. If they only will go before the general inspection, everything will be saved."

She went back to her piano to occupy herself with her music until the ladies should return. Madame Vautrin came in alone, very tired, and evidently dejected.

"Well, mother."

"I don't understand it at all. We have turned over the cavalry, stared at the artillery, questioned the engineers, and passed in review the general staff. All the ladies have been so kind, and have aided us in every way, and shown the greatest interest in Madame Humbot. But we have been completely at fault. My head aches with it. Haven't you some idea of how it is?"

"Yes, mother."

"Tell me, then."

"I have an idea that these two innocent people have allowed themselves to be humbugged by some joker who is no more an officer than I am."

Madame Humbot and her daughter came in the evening, and the sight of Antoinette gave Blanche a bitter pang.

Fancy the rage of a child who knows she is ugly, who has passionately longed for beauty, and has even imagined for herself an ideal of grace and elegance. All at once she sees before her the very incarnation of her vague desires, the person she has always dreamed of being. Another possesses in full completeness all the graces of person, all the charms of feature she has so fondly hoped for. It seems to her almost as if she had been robbed of her own proper personality, and cast-off garments had been thrown to her in charity.

But the young woman exercised some restraint over her feelings, and repressed her first impulse, which was to tear out Mademoiselle Antoinette's eyes. They shook hands, smiled upon each other, and exchanged without apparent effort the customary civilities. Soon they began to be intimate, and the candour and expansiveness of the poor victim was without limit. She could not for a moment doubt the sincerity and truth of the young man, or believe that he had made the slightest false pretences.

Antoinette liked Blanche, and at once accepted her as a friend and confidant.

This is what had taken place toward the end of the day. As Astier was folding his napkin

after dinner he had been hastily summoned to the major's quarters. He had gone with pleasure, hoping that the major required some service of him which he would be only too happy to perform.

But as soon as he saw the old officer he perceived at once there was a storm brewing, for the nose was fairly blazing in the midst of his singularly pale countenance.

"Lieutenant," said the major, "have you ever had reason to complain of me when on duty?"

"Never, major."

"Or off duty?"

"Never."

"Have I ceased to deserve esteem among men, or to have a claim to the respect of young people?"

"Every one esteems and respects you, major."

"You haven't lost your wits by some accident?"

"Not that I know of."

"You haven't been drunk to-day?"

"No, that I am sure of."

"Then why the devil have you insulted me, *sacre bleu!*"

"I, major?"

"Who but you? I didn't address this blackguard thing to myself, I suppose. Do you recognize it?"

Paul recognized the sketch, which he had supposed destroyed long ago, and had quite forgotten.

"Major," said he, "when I drew this wretched caricature a year ago, I did a foolish and improper thing; but he who stole it, kept it, signed it with my name, and sent it to you, has done an infamous one. I ask your pardon for a fault which would have been a slight one if it had not come to your knowledge. As for the beggar who has taken the pains to turn a trivial joke into an insult, I will endeavour to find him out and to punish him as he deserves."

"Meantime," said the major, "since I should not have received this work of art unless you had executed it, you will be good enough to consider yourself under close arrest until further orders."

III.—AN AFFAIR OF HONOUR.

It is no great hardship for a civilian to remain in his lodgings, although quite alone, for a week or two; but for a young officer it is a severe punishment. Almost always very poor, there is nothing homelike or attractive

about the rooms they use only to sleep in. Paul Astier, like all infantry lieutenants, paid twenty francs a month for his quarters, sixty-five francs for his board, and for other necessary expenses the remainder of his pay, excepting the small sum of eleven francs per month, which he was at liberty to devote to cigars, to the coffee-house, to literature, to charity, or other extravagancies or superfluities.

He occupied a narrow and ill-furnished chamber in the oldest part of the city, but life had always smiled upon him, and he had dreamed pleasant dreams in his little den. A simple volunteer, he had advanced as far at his twenty-sixth year as the graduates of the military school of the same age. His name had already been three times presented at general inspection as a candidate for the cross of the Legion of Honour, and he hoped soon to be promoted to a captaincy. If he kept on at the same rate, it was certain he would gain the rank of a general officer before he reached the age of superannuation. In the meantime his poverty was not irksome to him, and he was content.

But the evening he returned to his lodgings under Major Sparrow's order it seemed to him as if his star had suddenly become eclipsed, and the little room seemed very dismal. He hardly touched his dinner, which the faithful Bodin had brought to him perfectly cold, and soon became absorbed in gloomy reflection. He was discontented with every one, himself included. He had given offence unintentionally to an excellent old man, and this event could not fail to be attended by unlucky consequences. The general inspection was approaching, and, for a fault of which he was only half guilty at the worst, he should run the risk of again failing to obtain the cross.

But Paul was less affected by the thought of losing his just rights than by the shame he felt at having such an accusation to make against a fellow-officer. The treachery was so base that he could not bear the thought of imputing it to a comrade. The first sensation of physical ill makes the new-born infant utter cries of pain; and a young man experiences something similar when he first opens his eyes to the existence of moral evil, and discovers that every one is not honest and kind like himself. Without undressing, Paul threw himself upon his little bed and cried.

His confinement lasted for a whole fortnight, and during this time of absolute solitude he had no other distraction than the sight of the street and the greasy novels which Bodin brought him from a neighbouring circulating

library. Several times he felt ashamed of his illness, and wished to shake off his torpor, and commence a work upon the military art over which he had long meditated. But he found with grief that his brain refused its services under these conditions, and his thought broke its wings against the wall of his chamber.

Meantime Madame Humbot and her daughter had taken again the road to Morans. The old lady was as much vexed as a sportsman who has failed to make a bag, and feels like shooting down pigeons and poultry rather than a return home empty-handed. Towards the end of her stay she had pointed out first one officer and then another to her daughter, and seemed to say to her, "Since the Phoenix has disappeared, let us take the best we have left."

But Antoinette's heart was not to be moved.

"If it be God's will that I ever marry," said she, "I shall find again him whom I have loved. But if this happiness is denied me, I shall know that it is His will to keep me to Himself."

Blanche Vautrin gloated over her despair like a little demon. She never quitted her victim, and tasted drop by drop each one of her innocent tears with ravenous appetite; then all of a sudden she would herself burst into tears without apparent motive, would embrace poor Antoinette with violence, and eagerly demand her favour and pardon. Antoinette hardly knew how to express her gratitude for such generous outbursts of sympathy, and could only exclaim:

"How good and kind you are! and how I love you!"

"Oh, no," Blanche would reply; "you must detest me, rather. I have a wicked heart, I am a monster!"

Three or four times she was just on the point of avowing everything, but something restrained her. It was neither jealousy nor the dread of blame, nor remorse for the lies she had told, but a kind of shamefaced pride.

The day Mademoiselle Humbot bade her good-by, with every demonstration of affection, she said to her:

"I do not ask your friendship, but your prayers. I am more unhappy than you, though you cannot understand it. My conscience is like a field of battle covered with the dead and wounded. I have done all I possibly could to aid you; and if you are not happy, there are others much more wretched than you."

No one sought for the explanation of this

enigmatical language. Nothing is astonishing in the mouth of a girl of fifteen.

Two days after the departure of the Humbot family, Paul Astier was released from confinement. The cause of his arrest was not made public, but it was known that he had treated his superior officer with disrespect. His name was stricken off the list of nominations for the cross, and that of Lieutenant Foucault put in its place. When he reappeared at the mess-table he received coldly the condolences of his comrades, and when at dessert a bottle of champagne was opened in honour of his return, he rose when his health was proposed.

"Gentlemen," he said, "before responding I have a question to ask. Do any of you recollect that about a year ago I showed one day at table a caricature of Major Sparrow?" He did not wait for an answer, but continued in a dry tone: "The dinner ended so gaily that I forgot to take my sketch with me. Did any of you happen to find it?"

"I did," said Foucault.

"Ah, indeed! was it you? The coincidence is disagreeable."

"Why?"

"Did you keep the drawing?"

"No. I thought it of no consequence, and I gave it away."

"Gave it or sent it?"

"Gave it directly."

"Foucault, tell me this instant to whom you gave it."

"I receive orders only from my superiors, Monsieur Astier."

"If you refuse to receive my orders you will take at any rate this glass of wine in your face."

The action followed the word. The others interfered to prevent a scuffle, and a duel was settled upon. The colonel could not interpose to prevent it, as the insult had been too flagrant. The next morning early they fought with regulation swords, and Paul Astier was run through the body. For two months he lay in the hospital just between life and death.

IV.—THE END OF IT.

About this time Blanche Vautrin fell into that languishing state of health which is often attributed to too rapid growth in girls of her age. She had fever, convulsions, and delirium, and several times was given up by the physicians; but she passed through the crisis, and began slowly to recover.

But her illness and convalescence wrought

a wonderful change in her appearance. Her friends, if she had any, would hardly have recognized the little homely Blanche in the tall, pale, and slender young girl, who was now, attended by her anxious mother, driven about in the sunshiny autumn days. Her eyes were now large and lustrous, her nose straight and thin, of Grecian outline, and her pale lips were bounded by lines of delicate and antique grace. The lack of harmony in her features was now no longer seen, and it seemed as if everything had been moulded anew by the cruel hands of suffering and distress.

Nor was this change confined to her external features. Her voice had acquired a sweeter tone and more sympathetic inflections, and her wit and judgment seemed to have lost their causticity and harshness.

She gradually recovered her strength, but her gaiety had quite forsaken her. It was thought she could hardly endure the winter of Lorraine, and it was arranged that she should spend the cold season in Palermo with her mother.

The day of their departure they met before the door of the station a tall and pale young officer, who was walking painfully along, one arm resting upon a cane, and the other on the shoulder of the faithful Bodin. He touched his cap to the colonel, who was in the carriage, then turned away with an indefinable expression of disdain. Blanche comprehended that an explanation with Lieutenant Foucault had taken place after the duel, and that Paul was no longer ignorant of the author of his misfortunes.

Madame Vautrin, always kind and tender-hearted, said to her daughter:

"There's a poor fellow who sorely needs a trip to Sicily too."

"Unluckily," replied the colonel, "he has only his pay to live on."

Blanche could not help thinking that except for her the young officer would be in good health, rich, and happy. Her remorse followed her to the land of the orange and myrtle. To a soul not utterly corrupt a bad action is a heavy burden. Hardly a day passed that Blanche did not think of Paul Astier, and ask herself, "Where is he now? what has become of him? He must feel the cold so cruelly, while I seek shelter from the warm sunbeams. Perhaps he may have had a relapse, perhaps he is dead, and I should know nothing of it! No one would inform me, and I, unhappy girl, have not even the right to ask a question concerning him!"

While she was passing her life in alternate

self-reproach and self-bewailings, the climate, the open air, exercise, and, above all, youth, had performed their work, and completely metamorphosed her little person.

At Palermo she was thought beautiful, and her mother passed hours and hours before her in rapturous contemplation. Indeed, it seemed as though base lead had been transmuted into shining silver; and after six months' absence Madame Vautrin brought back to Naney a Blanchette who was charming.

Paul Astier had completely recovered, and not only had resumed his military duty, but for two months had been hard at work at his quarters. He would not have allowed himself an hour of recreation a week if he had not been obliged to appear at the Monday evening receptions.

This necessity brought him several times into Mademoiselle Vautrin's presence, but he always affected not to know her. Beautiful or ugly, she was neither more nor less monstrous in his eyes; but still he did not fail to do justice to her beauty.

One evening when he was near her, though her back was toward him, she divined his presence, and, turning quickly upon him, said:

"Am I then so much changed, Monsieur Astier, that you have quite forgotten me?"

He replied, coldly:

"Always and everywhere, mademoiselle, no matter what changes may happen, you may be sure of my grateful remembrance."

Then turning away from her he left the room, lighted his cigar in the vestibule, and humming an air returned to his quarters, where his work was awaiting him. This was the execution of his long-considered plan of a new work upon the military art, which should revolutionize the whole system and organization of the army. He felt so sure he was right, and the fever of invention so wrought upon him, that without waiting for the necessary official permission to publish his work, he hurried with it to the printer, and had a first edition of fifteen hundred copies struck off at once. This involved an outlay of six thousand francs, of which he had not a single sou. But he felt so sure of success that he did not hesitate to incur this obligation in order to hasten it.

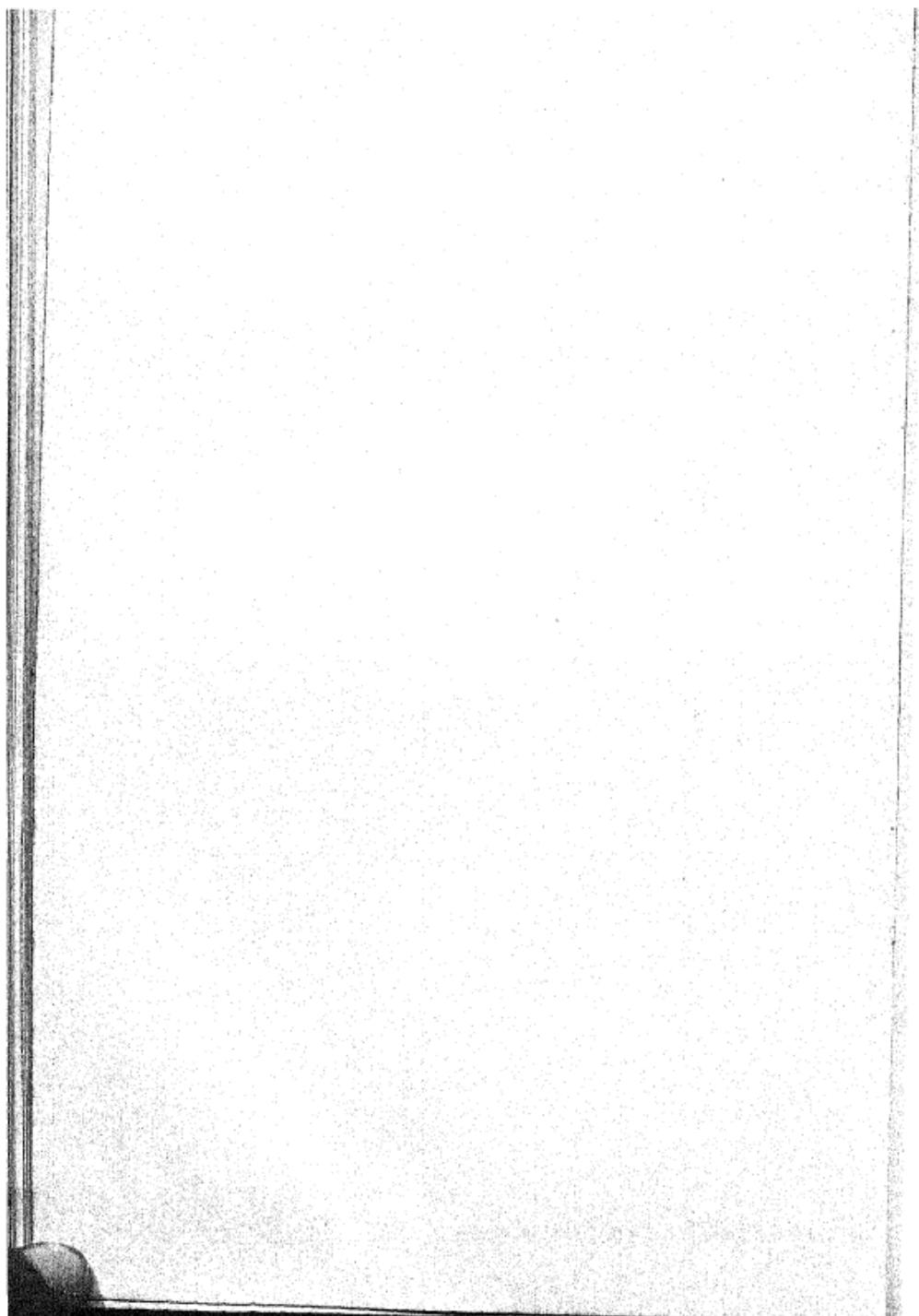
He sent the first ten copies to the bureaus of the War Department, quite persuaded not only that the publication would be permitted, but that the entire edition would be immediately bought up by the government for distribution through the army.

Of the ten copies nine were thrown aside unread; the tenth fell into the hands of an old



J. G. LICH.

"PAUL LEANED ON THE SHOULDER OF THE FAITHFUL BODIN."



bureau martinet, who opened it to kill time, and almost burst with indignation at the first page.

"What! overthrow the established order of things! Abolish the red-tape and circumlocution office! Raise a sacrilegious hand against a system and an institution so perfect and so beautiful, one which in a few years would make France the fourth or fifth power of the Continent! And in what disordered brain had such a revolutionary idea first germinated? A lieutenant's! In a general it might possibly have been pardoned, in a colonel passed over with slight reprimand, but in a lieutenant it is simply damnable!"

Upon the report of the old officer the Minister of War caused a severe letter to be sent to Astier, forbidding the publication, and warning him against similar imprudence if he would not entirely ruin his prospects in the army.

If the matter could have rested there no harm would have been done; but the paper and printing had to be paid for, and as Astier made no secret of his absolute poverty, his creditors were obliged to write to the colonel to make reclamation upon his pay-roll. Now his pay barely sufficed as it was for his subsistence; but supposing one-fifth of it to be applied to the claims of his creditors, the liquidation would require a few days over nineteen years. In such cases the rule adopted by the military authority cannot be sufficiently admired. The debtor is at once placed on the retired list; that is to say, reduced to half-pay!

Paul Astier then found himself one fine morning in a condition of semi-destitution, which left him about eighty francs per month.

His colonel took him aside, and said to him, with all the courtesy and kindness imaginable:

"You had begun so well! But now for two years you seem to have got into a streak of bad luck. It began with your trouble with Sparrow. I'm not superstitious, but sometimes it seems to me as if some one had cast a spell over you."

"It may be so, colonel."

The next day he quitted the service and began to give lessons in the town. As he had some good friends who recommended him, he soon had plenty of pupils. He taught some drawing, and others mathematics. He no longer frequented the café, was prodigiously economical, reduced his expenses to one hundred francs a month, and began to pay something to his creditors. One day some one asked him if he would give a young lady lessons in water-colours.

"Certainly," said he.

"Well, take care you don't fall in love with your pupil. She is Mademoiselle Vautrin."

"Ah! right enough," replied Paul; "she is much too pretty; besides, I have no time to give her."

Blanche kept herself informed of all that he did. She talked with the orderly, Schumacher, who tipped with Bodin, who still served his old lieutenant gratis. The young girl felt sincere admiration for the young man who showed so much courage in his ill fortune. She saw him struggling against impossibilities without the least affectation of heroism, and rolling the rock of Sisyphus with the same simplicity with which a day-labourer trundles his wheel-barrow.

For the first time in her life she awoke to the conception of true greatness of soul, which is never without simplicity; but the more justly she rendered to her enemy the more rigorously she condemned her own conduct. One sad October day she saw from her window a tall young man hurrying along the street in the driving rain and sheltering himself, his books, and his papers, as well as he could under his umbrella. It was Astier.

"There he goes," said she to herself, "he who once was the gayest, the brightest, the most cheerful officer of the regiment; and it is I who have brought him to this pitiable state!"

As she was absorbed in these reflections Astier raised his head, and recognising the colonel's daughter, touched his cap politely, without slackening his pace. She leaped toward him with a kind of frenzy, like a blind or a crazy person. Her arms were extended before her, her hands struck the window panes, and drawing back, as if overcome by shame, she fell into a chair and burst into sobs.

The young man caught in his haste some glimpses of this pantomime, and fell into a reverie as he returned to his den.

"My eyes must have deceived me, or I have comprehended ill," thought he; "but even though she should repent of her wickedness, remorse would only make one more contradiction in her perverse and wilful soul."

Nevertheless, this trifling incident left a pleasant impression after it. Paul Astier all at once found the sky less sombre and his little chamber less dreary. His conscience felt relieved of a burden, although in this guerrilla warfare he had no cause for self-reproach. He thought oftener and more pleasantly upon the inexplicable creature who now seemed to bear him some little good-will, after having done him so much mischief. The sudden change excited his curiosity, like a problem to be solved.

He was naturally led to pass from time to time before the colonel's house, which he used before to shun. He sometimes caught the eye of Mademoiselle Vautrin, and he felt sure that she now no longer looked upon him with hatred. But as he was miserably poor and wretched, and as the most of his troubles could be laid to her door, his lips still expressed a bitterness which was no longer in his soul.

"She is an odious monster, yet she may have some vestige of a heart after all. But she is a pretty monster none the less."

If he had visited as he used to do, Blanche might have plucked up courage to have gone straight to him and to sign a treaty of peace between two quadrilles. She felt strong enough to confess all her wrongs and to beg for absolution. But where could she meet this mercenary, who was beating the pavement from six in the morning until he retired to his hole at eight in the evening? She certainly could not pursue him in the streets.

Six long months passed by—long for Astier, who was toiling hard, and long for Blanche, who was wearing away a purposeless and weary life. One morning she received a letter with the post-mark of Morans. She durst not open it, and ran to her mother, crying, "Open and read it; I am afraid to. I feel sure Antoinette Humblot is going to be married."

Her instinct had not deceived her. Antoinette announced with sadness her approaching sacrifice. After having made two trials of the convent without succeeding in resigning herself to its privations, the poor girl had ended by devoting herself to her mother's happiness. She was to be married to a neighbouring farmer, a widower, but still young, whom she esteemed without loving. The nuptials were to be celebrated in a fortnight, unless some miracle should intervene. They hoped to enliven them by the presence of Madame and Mademoiselle Vautrin, but could not promise them very gay countenances. The postscript was charmingly sincere:

"MY DEAR BLANCHE,—I still preserve in the depths of my heart a souvenir which I cannot now suffer to remain there without sin. I pluck it out and send it to you. When you shall have destroyed this letter it will have ceased to exist. It is done. I beg your tears."

Blanche did more than weep; she sobbed aloud, she prayed, she begged pardon of God, of her mother, of poor devoted Antoinette.

"No!" she cried, "I will not destroy a souvenir so touching and so pure! Good, faithful, noble girl! she was made for him; they are worthy of each other. Ah! shall every one but

me in this wretched world be of some worth and value? I will become like them, cost what it will! I will undo my detestable work, and will repair the harm I have done. Without a miracle, did you say, dear angel? Then a miracle there shall be!"

Madame Vautrin was utterly confounded at this explosion, and sobbed and wept without knowing why.

"But tell me," she begged, "tell me what is the matter. What has happened? Heaven help me, my daughter has lost her wits!"

"No, mother, I am calm, and I will be brave, and you shall know all. But send for my father; he must be here."

When she was in presence of her judges, she drew up her own indictment, and did not spare herself. The history of the album terrified her mother, who could hardly credit such deep dissimulation in her daughter; but the colonel was not so much affected by it, and perhaps only half understood it. But when he knew that Blanche had put the signature of Astier and the address of the major to the fatal caricature, he turned pale, and sprang to his feet with uplifted hand.

"Wretch!" cried he, "I would crush you this instant before me if you were a man; but, thanks to Heaven, you are a miserable girl, and will not always bear my name!"

She did not bend before his terrible anger, but walked straight up to him and said:

"Kill me, father. You will do me a kindness, for I am so wretched."

When she had confessed everything the colonel said to her:

"Do you know what we have now to do? I shall send for Astier, and will recount to him before you all your infamous behaviour; I will place him again in the path of fortune and happiness from which your wickedness has driven him; and, as you are an inferior and irresponsible creature, I will myself ask his forgiveness for the wrong you have done him."

Paul was sent for and came in. As soon as he perceived the two ladies he understood that there was no question of military duty, but he could guess no more.

Madame Vautrin was wiping her eyes, and Blanche was clutching the arms of her chair as if there had been an abyss before her. The colonel was red in the face, and pulled at his shirt collar, and twisted his mustache, and cast furious glances about him.

"My dear Astier," he began, "you will one day be a father—soon, I hope. May Heaven preserve you from ever knowing the shame which at this instant is strangling me! Do

you recollect that six months ago I asked you if some one had not cast a spell over you? My friend, there is the sorceress!"

"Colonel, I beg of you, deal gently with your daughter; she was but a child when she committed the—rogueries you reproach her with."

"What! you know then?"

"The story of Major Sparrow? Certainly, I have known it long."

"And you said nothing, and you passed it over; and you barely escaped death on the field! Blanche, if he had died, I would have killed you!"

Blanche was silent, but her countenance seemed to say, "I should not have cared."

"But if you knew all," continued the colonel, "why, then, haven't you married Mademoiselle Humbot?"

At this name Paul's stupefaction showed clearly that there was a part of the story that he did not know. The colonel related the affair from its beginning as he himself had just learned it. He spoke in high terms of Antoinette's beauty, and fortune, and various merits; but the lieutenant seemed more perplexed than dazzled. He sought in the countenance of Blanche for some commentary explanatory of her father's words, and Blanche, feeling his eyes upon her, trembled under their grave, scrutinizing, but gentle look. Paul Astier's kind and clement eyes troubled her more than her father's rage. The lieutenant had never yet shown so much kindness toward her; and never, no, never, in their long warfare, had she felt so dreadfully afraid of him.

The colonel finished his speech by saying:

"My friend, I will obtain for you a leave of absence and a pass for Morans. As it would not be befitting that you should leave any debts behind you at Nancy, I beg you to do me the honour of using my purse. This letter of your future wife (take it, take it!) will show you that, though not expected nor hoped for at Morans, you will be most welcome there. I shall myself come to your wedding. Meantime I shall bring about your reconciliation with the war department, and shall obtain for you a triumphal readmission to the regiment. The honourable distinction which was your due, and which my daughter has so diabolically prevented you from obtaining, shall not long be wanting. I promise you. I cannot engage to bring it to you as a wedding present, but I will tell Madame Humbot what manner of man you are; with what gallantry you have borne yourself before my eyes under the fire of the enemy; and, what

is still more rare and more noble, with what magnanimity you have supported your distresses. And I will say to her that any father of a family, no matter how high his rank or position, might well be proud to call you his son-in-law."

This eloquence would probably have transported any other man than Paul. Him it seemed hardly to touch, and he negligently let fall the precious letter. His attention was directed to the three countenances of the Vautrin family; he seemed to be seeking some hidden meaning in the words of the colonel, and interrogated with pensive and troubled eye the physiognomy of the two ladies.

At last he seemed decided.

"Monsieur Vautrin," said he, "may I see you a moment in private? I have a few words to say to you."

When they were in the ante-chamber he continued:

"Colonel, in the whole world there is no better man than you. You have never harmed any one but your country's enemies, and even them you would have spared if the affair could have been arranged in any other way. Madame Vautrin is a wife worthy of you. The lining is of the same quality as the stuff. Now, I believe it a moral impossibility that the association of two rights should produce a wrong, and I refuse utterly to believe that Mademoiselle Vautrin has done wrong for the mere pleasure of wrong-doing."

"But what possible motive?"

"Bless me! I did not foresee that it would be so difficult to explain myself. But I must go on now I have begun. You have had time to know me thoroughly, and you know I am not a conceited puppy nor a fortune-hunter. You will understand that I am not a man to bring sorrow upon my friends for the sake of throwing myself at the head of people I never saw. What I have now to say will seem to you mad enough, but you must think what you will. Colonel, I have the honour to ask of you the hand of Mademoiselle Vautrin, your daughter, and I make my retreat lest you drive me from your house as you did before from your regiment."

As he finished he opened the door and slipped out quietly, leaving the colonel utterly dumbfounded.

"Blanche! Augustine!" cried he; "my daughter! my wife! we have done a mischief, my dear children! The poor devil's wits are surely crazed! Will you believe that in answer to all I have said to him he has asked my permission to marry Blanche?"

The young girl in her turn uttered a loud cry—but it was a cry of joy.

"I—I, who have so much deserved punishment! Oh! mother, mother, the thousandth part of God's goodness has not been told!"

THE SHADOW.

AFTER A BALLAD OF HEINE'S.

I.

"Donna Clara, many years
Loved with hopes and loved with fears,
Willèth now my heart's undoing;
Willèth it wilfully and unresigning!
Donna Clara, sweet is life,
With its passion, with its strife;
But the grave is dark and cold—
Thronged with horrors manifold!
Donna Clara, spare thee sorrow!
Wilt be wedded on the morrow?
May Ramiro come beside—
Greet thee Don Fernando's bride?"
"Don Ramiro, all thy words
Pierce my heart like poisoned swords.
Ah! shake off this passion-weakness;
Bear with manly strength and meekness,
Many fairer maids there be;
God has come 'twixt me and thee.
Don Ramiro, conqueror
Of the armies of the Moor,
Conquer thy own love and sorrow;
See me wedded on the morrow."
"Donna Clara, then hast said it;
I will come to see thee wedded;
I will dance with thee as one
Who was never heart-undone.
Till to-morrow, fare thee well!"
"Fare thee well!" The window fell.
In the darkness, like a stone,
Don Ramiro stood alone.

II.

Merrily the bells have rung,
As by joyous impulse swung;
And the people, blythe and gay,
In the streets kept holiday.
In the old cathedral dim
Pealed the organ, rose the hymn,
While the fairest in the land
To the bravest gave her hand.

And at coming on of night
All the palaces flamed with light,
And a rich and noble throng
Filled its halls with mirth and song.
Donna Clara, envied bride,
With the unloved by her side,
With pale, passionless countenance,
Waited to lead out the dance.

"Lady, why this troubled gaze?
Why this tremble and amaze?"
"Look, Fernando! Who there stands,
Cloaked in black, with folded hands?
It seems a knightly figure tall."
"Lady, a shadow on the wall!"

III.

But the shadow slowly nears,
And she trembles, and she fears.
To her face her spirit rushes,
Pale she grows, by turns, and blushes.
"Don Ramiro!" said she, thickly,
And her breath came short and quickly.
With a vacant gaze, but steady,
"Dance we at thy bridal?" said he.
Donna Clara forth he leads;
Wildly, wildly round he speeds!
"Don Ramiro," Clara spoke,
"Wherefore in thy sable cloak?"
He, in hollow voice, awe spreading:
"Bad'st me come unto thy wedding!"
"Don Ramiro, icy cold
Are the hands that mine do hold!"
Said that hollow voice, awe spreading:
"Bad'st me come unto thy wedding!"
"Don Ramiro," Clara said,
"Earthly chill and damp thy breath!"
Still that hollow voice, awe spreading:
"Bad'st me come unto thy wedding!"
"Don Ramiro"—faint and low
Clara whispered—"let me go!"
But that hollow voice, awe spreading:
"Bad'st me come unto thy wedding!"
Donna Clara on he leads;
Wilder, wilder round he speeds.
"Don Ramiro," gasped she low,
"In God's name now let me go!"
Don Ramiro, at the name,
Vanished like a sudden flame.
Donna Clara knew no more;
Sunk down, swooning, to the floor.

IV.

Life flows back into her cheek;
Does she see?—does some one speak?

"Donna Clara, sweetest bride"—
She is by Fernando's side.

Sitting still where she had been
When the Shadow glided in.

"Donna Clara, sweetest bride,"
Said a low voice at her side,

"Why this fixed and troubled gaze?
Why this tremble and amaze?"

Ice-blanch'd Donna Clara's cheek,
While her pale lips strove to speak:

"Don Ramiro—where?" Her lord
Drawing a stern brow at the word,
Bent and whispered, firm and low:
"Donna Clara, seek not to know!"

S. S. CONANT.

VERSES.

If I had thought thou couldst have died,
I might not weep for thee;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be:
It never through my mind had pass'd,
The time would e'er be o'er,
And on thee should look my last,
And thou shouldst smile no more!

And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again;
And still the thoughts I will not brook,
That I must look in vain!
But when I speak—thou dost not say,
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid;
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary! thou art dead!

If thou wouldest stay, o'en as thou art,
All cold and all serene—
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been!
While e'en thy chill, pale corse I have,
Thou seemest still mine own;
But there I lay thee in thy grave—
And I am now alone!

I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me;
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,
In thinking too of thee:
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light na'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore!

REV. CHARLES WOLFE.

DEATH AND THE DRUNKARDS.¹

There was in Flanders, once, a company of foolish gallants who spent their time in taverns and stews, and indulged themselves in gambling and debauchery of all kinds. Night and day they did little else but dance to the sound of lutes and harps, and play at dice, and eat and drink beyond their might; so that by such abominable superfluity they, in a cursed manner, made sacrifice to the devil within his own temple; attended in their orgies by tumblers, and young idle fruit-girls, and singers with harps, and old bawds, which be the very devil's officers, kindling and blowing the lecherous fire that is annexed to gluttony.

It was grisly to hear these gallants swear, their oaths were so great and damnable; and, as if the Jews had not done violence enough to our blessed Lord, they, in their imaginations, tore his body, each of them laughing at the daring wickedness of the others.

These three rioters were one morning drinking as usual in a tavern, and as they sate they heard a bell clink before a corse which was being carried to its grave. Then one of them called to his boy and said, "Go and ask readily what corse this is now passing forth by the gate, and look thou report his name well."

"Sir," quoth the boy, "I knew it two hours before you came here. He was an old companion of yours, and was slain suddenly; for as he sate drunken on his bench, there came a secret thief men call Death (that kills all the people in this country), and with his spear he smote his heart in two, and then went his way without speaking. He hath slain a thousand this pestilence; and, master, ere you come into his presence, methinks it were full necessary to beware of him, and to be evermore ready to meet him. Thus taught me my dame."

"By Saint Mary," said the host of the tavern, "the child says truly; for this fearful thing hath slain this year, within a village about a mile hence, both men, women, and children, so that I trow he has his habitation there. It were great wisdom to be well advised about him."

Then up spake one of the rioters and said, "What! is it such peril to meet with him? I vow by Christ's bones that I'll seek him by stile and street. Harken, my boys, we three

¹ This is a prose version of Chaucer's "Pardoner's Tale," told by one of the Canterbury pilgrims.

are one; let each hold up his hand, and become brothers, and we will kill this false traitor Death. Before night he shall be slain, —he that so many slayeth." And so saying, he shouted a terrible oath.

Then these three having plighted their troths to live and die by each other, started up, all drunken in their rage, and went towards the hamlet of which the taverner had spoken; and as they went reeling along the way, they roared out with their thick voices, "Death shall be dead if we can catch him."

They had not gone half a mile, when lo! just as they were crossing a gate they saw a poor old man, who greeted them full meekly and said, "Now, Heaven save you, lords!"

The proudest of these three rioters answered, "What, thou sorry churl, why art thou wrapped so closely over, save thy face? Why dost continue to live in such great age?"

At this the old man looked him in the visage, and said, "Because I cannot meet a man, neither in city nor in village, even though I walked into the Indies, who would change his youth for my age; and therefore I must still keep my age as long as Heaven pleases. Death will not have my life, alas! And thus walk I, like a restless catiff; and, on the ground which is my mother's gate, I knock night and morning with my staff, crying, 'Dear mother, let me in. Lo! how I vanish flesh and blood. When shall my weary bones be still? Mother, with you would I change the chest that has been so long a time in my chamber, yea, for a hair shroud to wrap me in.' But she will not do me such kindness, for which full pale and wrinkled is my face. Yet, sirs, it is not courteous in you to speak roughly to an old man except he trespass in word or deed; for it is said in holy writ, as you may yourselves see, that ye should not rise against a hoary head; therefore do no more harm now to an old man than ye would a man should do to you in age, if that ye abide so long; and so peace be with you ever! I must go my ways."

"Nay, old churl, by St. John thou partest not so lightly," swore one of these rioters. "Thou speakest right now of that traitor Death that slayeth all our friends in this country. Thou art his spy; and believe me thou shalt either tell where he is, or by the holy sacrament thou shalt rue it; for, truly, thou art one of his accomplices to kill us young folk, thou false thief."

"Now, sirs," then quoth this old man, "if you truly wish to find Death, turn up this

crooked way, for by my faith I left him in that grove under a tree, and there he will stay, nothing hiding himself for all your boasting. See ye that oak? right there shall ye meet him."

Thus spake the old man; and away ran these three rioters till they came to the tree, under which behold they found well nigh eight bushels of fine gold florins. They were so glad of this sight that they sought no longer after Death; but looking round them they sat down on the hard roots of the tree, nothing heeding the uneasiness of the seat, so eager were they to be near the precious hoard.

"Brethren," said the worst of the three, "take heed what I shall say. Fortune hath given us this treasure to the end we may live all our lives in mirth and jollity. As it came lightly, lightly let us spend it. Who would have thought," continued he, swearing a great oath, "that we should have met such luck today? If this gold could but be carried out of this grove home to my house, then were we in high felicity; but it may not be done by day, for men would say we were strong thieves, and hang us for possessing our own treasure; no: it must be carried by night, wisely and slyly; therefore I am of opinion that we draw lots, and he who draws the lowest shall run to the town with blithe heart, and bring us bread and wine; while the other two shall subtly keep the treasure, and when it is night we will take it by one assent where we may think best."

Then he brought the lots in his hand and bade them draw, and the lowest fell on the young one; and anon he went forth toward the town. Now all as soon as he was departed, the rioter who spake before said thus unto his fellow:—

"Thou knowest well thou art my sworn brother; therefore will I tell thee thy profit. Our fellow is gone and here is gold, and that full great store, which is to be shared among us three; but if I can shape it so that it may be parted among us two, had I not done a friend's turn to thee?"

The other answered, "I cannot think how that may be: he knows well that the gold is with us. What, therefore, should we do? What could we say to him?"

"Shall it be counsel, then?" said the first: "If so, I will tell you in few words how we can bring it about."

And the other answered, "I plight thee my troth that I will not betray thee."

"Now," quoth this wicked hazarder, "thou knowest well that we are two, and two of us

shall be stronger than one. Look, when he is set down, that thou rise anon, and make as though thou playest with him, and while ye are struggling as in game, I will stab him through his two sides; and do thou do the same with thy dagger. And then, my dear friend, shall this gold be parted 'twixt thee and me; and so shall we be able to fulfil our desires, and play at dice at our own will."

Thus these two hazarders agreed to slay the third, who, as he went along the road kept rolling up and down in his heart the beauty of these bright and new florins. "O Lord!" quoth he, "that I might but have this treasure to myself alone! There would be no man under the heavens that should live so merry as I."

And at the last the fiend put it into his thought that he should buy poison to slay his fellows: for the fiend found him living in such a wanton way, that he lusted to bring him to sorrow; therefore he made this hazarder determine to do the homicide, and never to repent. So he went straightways unto an apothecary in the town, and prayed him that he would sell some poison to kill the rats in his house, and there was also a polecat that, as he said, slew his capons, and he would fain be rid of such destroying vermin.

The apothecary answered, "Thou shalt have a thing, that if it be taken by any creature in this world, though it be no more in quantity than a grain of wheat, he shall anon lose his life; yea, he shall wither away in less time than thou wilt go a mile, the poison is so strong and violent."

Then this cursed man took into his hand the poison in a box, and went into the next street and borrowed three large bottles, and poured the poison into two of them, keeping the third clean for his own drink. And when with sorry grace he had filled his great bottles with wine, he repaired again to his fellows.

What need is there to say more? For even as they had planned his death, even so they slew him, and that quickly. And when it was done, thus spake the worst of these rioters:—

"Now let us sit and drink, and make us merry, and afterwards we will hide his body in the ground."

And with these words he took the bottle where the poison was and drank, and gave it to his fellow; and anon there came upon them strange signs of poisoning, and they perished.

Thus ended be these two homicides; and also their false companion; and thus did they find Death under the oak in the old grove.

FROM VICTOR HUGO'S "PUIS QU'ICI TOUTE AME."

Because—every soul

Feels incessant desire
To give to some other
Its fragrance and fire;

Because—all things give,
Below and above,
Their roses or thorns
To that which they love,

Because—May gives music
To murmuring streams,
And Night, to our pains,
Gives Nepenthe in dreams;

Because—the sky gives
The bird to the bower,
And morn drops its dew
In the cup of the flower;

Because—when the wave
Falls asleep on the strand,
It trembles, and gives
A kiss to the land;

For these reasons, my own,
My heart is inclined
To give thee the best
I have in my mind

I give my sad thoughts,
My griefs, and my fears;
Take these, as the earth
Takes the night's shower of tears.

Of my infinite longing,
Take, dearest, thy part;
Take my light and my shadow,
O child of my heart!

Take the unalloyed trust
Which our intercourse blesses;
And take all my songs,
With their tender caresses.

Take my soul, which moves on
Without sail or oar,
But pointing to thee
As its star evermore.

And take, O my darling,
My precious, my own!
This heart, which would perish,
Its love being gone.

JAMES FENIMER CLARKE.

THE COBBLER OF DUDDINGSTONE.

In the little picturesque village of DUDDINGSTONE, which lies sweetly at the foot of Edinburgh's great lion, Arthur Seat, and which is celebrated for its strawberries and sheep-head broth, flourished, within our own remembrance, a poor and honest mender of boots and shoes, by name ROBIN RENTOUL.

Robin had been a cobbler all his days to very little purpose. He had made nothing of the business, although he had given it a fair trial of fifty or sixty years. He was born, and cobbled—got married, and cobbled—got children, and cobbled—got old, and cobbled, without advancing a step beyond his last. It "found him poor at first and left him so!" To make the ends meet was the utmost he could do. He therefore bore no great liking to a profession which had done so little for him, and for which he had done so much; but in truth, his want of liking may be considered as much a cause as an effect of his want of success. His mind, in short, did not go with his work; and it was the interest, as well as duty and pleasure, of his good wife Janet, to hold him to it (particularly when he had given his word of honour to a customer) by all the arts common to her sex—sometimes by scolding, sometimes by taunting, but oftener—for Janet was a kind-hearted creature—by treating him to a thimbleful of aqua-vite, which he loved dearly, with its proper accompaniments of bread and cheese.

Although, however, Robin did not keep by the shoes with any good heart, he could not be called either a lazy or inefficient man. In everything but cobbling he took a deep and active interest. In particular, he was a great connoisseur of the weather. Nobody could prophesy snow like Robin, or foretell a black frost. The latter was Robin's delight; for with it came the people of Edinburgh to hold their saturnalia on Duddingstone Loch, and cobbling on these great occasions was entirely out of the question. His rickety table, big-bellied bottle, and tree-legged glass were then in requisition, for the benefit of curlers and skaters in general, and of himself in particular. But little benefit accrued from these to Robin, although he could always count on one good customer—in himself. On the breaking up of the ice he regularly found himself poorer than before, and, what was worse, with a smaller disposition than ever to work.

It must have been on some occasion of this

kind that strong necessity suggested to Robin a step for the bettering of his fortunes, which was patronized by the legislature of the day, and which he had heard was resorted to by many with success. Robin resolved to try the lottery. With thirty shillings, which he kept in an old stocking for the landlord, he went to Edinburgh, and purchased a sixteenth. This proceeding he determined to keep a profound secret from every one; but whisky cannot tolerate secrets—the first half mutchkin with barber Hugh succeeding in ejecting it; and as the barber had every opportunity, as well as disposition, to spread it, the thing was known to all the village in the lathering of a chin.

Among others, it reached the ears of Mr. Blank, a young gentleman who happened to reside in Duddingstone, and who took an interest in the fortunes of Robin. Mr. B. (unknown to the villagers) was connected with the press of Edinburgh, particularly with a certain newspaper, one copy of which had an extensive circulation in Duddingstone. First of all, the newspaper reached Mr. Blank on the Saturday of its publication; on the Monday it fell into the hands of Robin, who, like the rest of his trade, had most leisure on that day to peruse it; on the Tuesday the baker had it; on the Wednesday the tailor; on the Thursday the blacksmith; on the Friday the gardener; and on the Saturday the barber, in whose shop it lay till the succeeding Saturday brought another, when it was torn down for suds, leaving not a wreck behind, except occasionally a king's speech, a cure for the rupture, a list of magistrates and town-council, or any other interesting passage that took the barber's fancy, which was carefully clipped out and pasted on the wooden walls of his apartment, to the general satisfaction, instruction, and entertainment of his customers. This newspaper, like Wordsworth's "Old Cumberland Beggar," was the means of keeping alive a sympathy and community of feeling among the parties; and in particular tended to establish a friendly intercourse between Robin Rentoul and Mr. Blank. Robin could count upon his glass every Monday when he went for "the papers;" and, except the glass, he liked nothing better than to have what he called "a bother" with Mr. B. himself. Mr. B. soon got from Robin's own mouth all the particulars of the lottery ticket purchase, even to the very number, which was 1757—a number chosen by Robin, who had an eye to fatalism, as being the date of the year in which he was born.

A love of mischief or sport suggested to the young gentleman the wicked thought of

making the newspaper a means of hoaxing Robin regarding the lottery ticket. We shall not undertake to defend Mr. Blank's conduct, even on the score of his being, as he was, a very young man. The experiment he made was cruel, although we believe it was done without malignity, and with every resolution that Robin should not be a loser by it. About the time when news of the lottery-drawing was expected the following paragraph appeared in the newspaper with which Mr. Blank was connected.

"By private accounts from London we understand that 784 and 1757 are the numbers drawn in the present lottery for the two £20,000 prizes. We know not if any of these lucky numbers have been disposed of in this quarter."

Poor Robin came for his newspaper at the usual time, and in his usual manner. He got his customary glass, but missed his customary "bother" with Mr. Blank, who chose for the present to be out of the way. Home he trudged, carrying the newspaper, the harbinger of his fortune, in the crown of his hat—placed himself on his stool—drew out his spectacles—and began to read, as usual, from the beginning of the first page. It was some time before he reached the paragraph big with his fate. When he saw it he gave a gasp—took off his spectacles, and began to rub them, as if doubtful that they had deceived him—placed them again deliberately on his nose—read the passage over again, slowly and surely—then quietly laying his hand on a shoe which he had been mending, and which contained a last, made it in a moment spin through the window, carrying easement with it, and passing barely the head of a fishwife who was tolling along with her creel. His wife, Janet, was not at home, so, rushing out of doors, he made way to his old howff, at the sign of the Sheep's Head. The landlady held up her hands at his wild look.

"Sead for Barber Hughie," he cried, "and Neil the tailor: and I say, Luckie, bring in—let me see—a GALLON o' your best; and some cheese—a HALF CHEESE—name o' your halves and quarters."

"Guide us, Robin! What bee's this in your bonnet? The man's gyte!"

"Look there, woman, at the papers. I've gotten a prize. A twenty thousand pounder. What's the sixteenth o' that, think ye?"

"A prize and nae blank! Eh, wow, Robin, gie's a shake o' your hand. I aye said ye wad come to something. Isy, you slut, rin for the barber—and Neil—if he's sober—and bring the guideman too. The mac the merrier."

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Robin was soon surrounded by all his cronies of the village; for the news of his good fortune spread with the rapidity of scandal. Innumerable were the shakings of hands and the pledges of good-will and assistance. The Sheep's Head soon became too hot for the company; the village itself was in an uproar; and as halloo followed halloo Mr. Blank inwardly "shrank at the sound himself had made." Meanwhile, to have the truth of the statement confirmed, a superannuated lawyer had been despatched on an old blood-horse to the lottery office at Edinburgh; and his return, with the intelligence that all was a hoax, spread dismay over the faces of the carousers, and made Robin's heart sink with grief and shame.

A speedy change took place in the conduct of those fair-weather friends who had flocked around the poor cobbler. From being the admired of all beholders he became an object of scorn and laughter, till, unable to stand their mocks and jibes, he rushed from their presence, and sought shelter under his own bed-clothes. The only one who stood true was Neil the tailor. He followed Robin to his own house, took him by the hand, and said, "Robin, my man, I promised you a suit o' clothes o' the best. I ken ye wad ha'e befriended me had ye got the cash, and, lottery or no lottery, by Jove! I'll keep my word."

Mr. Blank took care to discharge the debt incurred at the Sheep's Head, and endeavoured, by proffers of money and otherwise, to comfort Robin, and atone in some measure for the injury which he had secretly done him. But Robin turned himself in his bed, and would not be comforted. Three days he lay in this plight, when authentic information arrived of the drawing of the lottery. Robin's number was, after all, in reality a lucky one—not, indeed, twenty thousand, but five thousand pounds. The sixteenth of even this was a little fortune to him, and he received it with a sober satisfaction, very different from the boisterous glee which he had formerly displayed. "I'll seek name o' them this time," he said to his wife, Janet, "except Neil the tailor; he, puir body, was the only true-hearted creature amang them a'. I've learn't a lesson by what has taken place. *I ken wha to trust.*"

ALEXANDER WHITELAW.

IGNORANCE.

The truest characters of ignorance
Are vanity and pride and arrogance:
As blind men use to bear their noses higher,
Than those that have their eyes and sight entire.

SAMUEL BUTLER.

BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.

The celebrated Spanish champion, Bernardo del Carpio, having made many ineffectual efforts to procure the release of his father, the Count Saldana, who had been imprisoned by King Alfonso of Asturias, almost from the time of Bernardo's birth, at last took up arms in despair. The war which he maintained proved so destructive, that the men of the land gathered round the king, and uniting in demanding Saldana's liberty, Alfonso accordingly offered Bernardo immediate possession of his father's person, in exchange for his castle of Carpio. Bernardo, without hesitation, gave up his stronghold with all his captives, and being assured that his father was then on his way from prison, rode forth with the king to meet him. "And when he saw his father approaching, he exclaimed (says the ancient chronicle), O God, is the Count of Saldana indeed coming?"—"Look where he is," replied the cruel king, "and now go and greet him whom ye have so long desired to see." The remainder of the story will be found related in the ballad. The chronicles and romances leave us nearly in the dark as to Bernardo's further history after this event.

The warrior bow'd his crested head,
And tam'd his heart of fire,
And sued the haughty king
To free his long-imprison'd sire:
"I bring thee here my fortress keys,
I bring my captive train,
I pledge the faith, my liege, my lord,
Oh break my father's chain!"

"Rise, rise! e'en now thy father comes,
A ransom'd man this day:
Mount thy good horse, and thou and I
Will meet him on his way."
—Then lightly rose that loyal son,
And bounded on his steed,
And urged, as if with lance in rest,
The charger's foamy speed.

And lo! from far as on they press'd
There came a glittering band,
With one, that midst them stately rode,
As a leader in the land;
—"Now haste, Bernardo, haste!
For there, in very truth, is he,
The father whom thy faithful heart
Hath yearnd so long to see!"

His dark eye flash'd—his proud breast heaved—
His cheek's hue came and went—
He reach'd that gray-hair'd chieftain's side,
And there dismouning bent:
A lowly knee to earth he bent,
His father's hand he took—
What was there in its touch
That all his fiery spirit shook?

That hand was cold—a frozen thing!—
It dropped from his like lead—

He look'd upon the face above—
The face was of the dead!
A plume waved o'er the noble brow—
The brow was fix'd and white—
He met at last his father's eyes—
But in them was no sight!

Up from the ground he sprang and gazed—
But who could paint that gaze?
They hush'd their very hearts that saw
Its horror and amaze!
They might have chain'd him as before
That stony form he stood,
For the power was striken from his arm,
And from his lip the blood!

"Father!" at length he murmur'd low—
And wept like childhood then—
—Talk not of grief till thou hast seen
The tears of wulike men!
He thought on all his glorious hopes,
And all his young renown—
He flung the falchion from his side,
And in the dust sat down.

Then covering with his steel-gloved hands
His darkly mournful brow,
—"No more, there is no more," he said,
"To lift the sword for now!
My king is false, my hope betray'd;
My father—oh, the worth,
The glory and the loveliness,
Are pass'd away from earth!

"I thought to stand where banners waved,
My sire! beside thee yet—
I would that *there* our kindred blood
On Spain's free soil had met!
Thou wouldst have known my spirit then—
For thee my fields were won,
And thou hast perish'd in thy chains,
As though thou hadst no son."

Then starting from the ground once more,
He seized the monarch's rein,
Amidst the pale and wilder'd looks
Of all the courtier train.
And with a fierce o'ermastering grasp
The rearing war-horse led,
And sternly set them face to face
The king before the dead!

"Came I not forth upon thy pledge,
My *father's* hand to kiss?
—Be still, and gaze thou on, false king!
And tell me what is *this*?
The voice, the glance, the heart I sought!—
Give answer, where are they?
—If thou wouldst clear thy perfured soul,
Send life through this cold clay!

Into these glassy eyes put light!—
Be still! keep down thine ire!
Bid these white lips a blessing speak—
This earth is *not* my sire!
Give me back him for whom I strove,
For whom my blood was shed!
—Then canst not?—and a king!—his dust
Be mountains on thy head!"

He loosed the steed—his slack hand fell—
Upon the silent face
He cast one long deep troubled look,
Then turn'd from that sad place.
His hope was crush'd, his after-fate
Untold in martial strain
—His banner led the spears no more
Amidst the hills of Spain.

MRS. HEMANS.

INSURANCE AND ASSURANCE.

Bernardine.—I have been drinking hard all night, and will have more time to prepare me, or they shall heat out my brains with billets. I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke.—Oh, sir, you must; and therefore I beseech you look forward on the journey you shall go.

Bernardine.—I swear I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.—*Measure for Measure.*

"It is inconceivable to the virtuous and praiseworthy part of the world, who have been born and bred to respectable idleness, what terrible straits are the lot of those scandalous rogues whom Fortune has left to shift for themselves!" Such was my feeling ejaculation when, full of penitence for the sin of urgent necessity, I wended my way to the attorney who had swept together, and for the most part picked up, the crumbs which fell from my father's table. He was a little grizzled, sardonic animal, with features which were as hard as his heart, and fitted their leather-jacket so tightly, that one would have thought it had shrunk from washing, or that they had bought it second-hand, and were pretty nearly out at the elbows. They were completely emblematic of their possessor, whose religion it was to make the most of everything, and, amongst the rest, of the distresses of his particular friends, amongst whom I had the happiness of standing very forward. My business required but little explanation, for I was oppressed by neither rent-rolls nor title-deeds; and we sat down to consider the readiest means of turning an excellent income for one year, into something decent for a few more. My adviser, whose

small experienced eye had twinkled through all the speculations of the age, and, at the same time, had taken a very exact admeasurement of my capabilities of turning them to advantage, seemed to be of opinion that I was fit for nothing on earth. For one undertaking I wanted application; for another I wanted capital. "Now," said he, "as the first of these deficiencies is irremediable, we must do what we can to supply the latter. Take my advice,—Insure your life for a few thousands; you will have but little premium to pay, for you look as if you would live for ever; and from my knowledge of your rattle-pated habits, and the various chances against you, I will give you a handsome sum for the insurance." Necessity obliged me to acquiesce in the proposal, and I assured the old cormorant that there was every likelihood of my requiring his liberality by the most unremitting perseverance in all the evil habits which had procured me his countenance. We shook hands in mutual ill-opinion, and he obligingly volunteered to accompany me to an insurance office, where they were supposed to estimate the duration of a man's life to a quarter of an hour and odd seconds.

We arrived a little before the business hour, and were shown into a large room, where we found several more speculators waiting ruefully for the oracle to pronounce sentence. In the centre was a large table, round which, at equal distances, were placed certain little lumps of money, which my friend told me were to reward the labours of the Inquisition, amongst whom the surplus arising from absences would likewise be divided. From the keenness with which each individual darted upon his share, and ogled that of his absent neighbour, I surmised that some of my fellow-sufferers would find the day against them. They would be examined by eyes capable of penetrating every crevice of their constitutions, by noses which could smell a rat a mile off, and hunt a guinea breast-high. How, indeed, could plague or pestilence, gout or gluttony, expect to lurk in its hole undisturbed, when surrounded by a pack of terriers which seemed hungry enough to devour one another? Whenever the door slammed, and they looked for an addition to their cry, they seemed for all the world as though they were going to bark; and if a straggler really entered and seized upon his moiety, the intelligent look of vexation was precisely like that of a dog who has lost a bone. When ten or a dozen of these genty had assembled, the labours of the day commenced.

Most of our adventurers for raising supplies

upon their natural lives were afflicted with a natural conceit that they were by no means circumscribed in foundation for such a prospect. In vain did the Board endeavour to persuade them that they were half-dead already. They fought hard for a few more years, swore that their fathers had been almost immortal, and that their whole families had been as tenacious of life as eels themselves. Alas! they were first ordered into an adjoining room, which I soon learned was the condemned cell, and then delicately informed that the establishment could have nothing to say to them. Some, indeed, had the good luck to be reprieved a little longer, but even these did not effect a very flattering or advantageous bargain. One old gentleman had a large premium to pay for a totter in his knees; another for an extraordinary circumference in the girth; and a dowager of high respectability, who was afflicted with certain undue proportions of width, was fined most exorbitantly. The only customer who met with anything like satisfaction was a gigantic man of Ireland, with whom Death, I thought, was likely to have a puzzling contest.

"How old are you, sir?" inquired an examiner.

"Forty."

"You seem a strong man."

"I am the strongest man in Ireland."

"But subject to the gout?"

"No.—The rheumatism.—Nothing else, upon my soul."

"What age was your father when he died?"

"Oh, he died young; but then he was killed in a row."

"Have you any uncles alive?"

"No; they were all killed in rows too."

"Pray, sir, do you think of returning to Ireland?"

"Masybe I shall some day or other."

"What security can we have that you are not killed in a row yourself?"

"Oh, never fear! I am the sweetest temper in the world, barring when I'm dining out, which is not often."

"What, sir, you can drink a little?"

"Three bottles with ease."

"Ay, that is bad. You have a red face and look apoplectic. You will, no doubt, go off suddenly."

"Devil a bit. My red face was born with me; and I'll lay a bet I live longer than any two in the room."

"But three bottles—"

"Never you mind that. I don't mean to drink more than a bottle and a half in future."

Besides, I intend to get married, if I can, and live snug."

A debate arose amongst the directors respecting this gentleman's eligibility. The words "row" and "three bottles" ran, hurry-scurry, round the table. Every dog had a snap at them. At last, however, the leader of the pack addressed him in a demurring growl, and agreed that, upon his paying a slight additional premium for his irregularities, he should be admitted as a fit subject.

It was now my turn to exhibit; but as my friend was handing me forward my progress was arrested by the entrance of a young lady, with an elderly maid-servant. She was dressed in slight mourning, was the most sparkling beauty I had ever seen, and appeared to produce an instantaneous effect even upon the stony-hearted directors themselves. The chairman politely requested her to take a seat at the table, and immediately entered into her business, which seemed little more than to show herself, and be entitled to twenty thousand pounds for which her *late husband* had insured his life.

"Zounds!" thought I, "twenty thousand pounds and a widow!"

"Ah, madam," observed the chairman, "your husband made too good a bargain with us. I told him he was an elderly, sickly sort of a man, and not likely to last; but I never thought he would have died so soon after his marriage."

An elderly, sickly sort of a man! She would marry again, of course! I was on fire to be examined before her, and let her hear a favourable report of me. As luck would have it, she had some further transactions, which required certain papers to be sent for, and, in the pause, I stepped boldly forward.

"Gentlemen," said my lawyer, with a smile which whitened the tip of his nose, and very nearly sent it through the external teguments, "allow me to introduce Mr. ——, a particular friend of mine, who is desirous of insuring his life. You perceive he is not one of your dying sort."

The directors turned their eyes towards me with evident satisfaction, and I had the vanity to believe that the widow did so too.

"You have a good broad chest," said one. "I dare say your lungs are never affected."

"Good shoulders too," said another. "Not likely to be knocked down in a row."

"Strong in the legs, and not debilitated by dissipation," cried a third. "I think this gentleman will suit us."

I could perceive that, during these compli-

ments and a few others, the widow was very much inclined to titter, which I considered as much as a flirtation commenced; and when I was ordered into another room to be farther examined by the surgeon in attendance, I longed to tell her to stop till I came back. The professional gentleman did his utmost to find a flaw in me, but was obliged to write a certificate, with which I re-entered, and had the satisfaction of hearing the chairman read that I was warranted sound. The Board congratulated me somewhat jocosely, and the widow laughed outright. Our affairs were settled exactly at the same moment, and I followed her closely down-stairs.

"What mad trick are you at now?" inquired the cormorant.

"I am going to hand that lady to her carriage," I responded; and I kept my word. She bowed to me with much courtesy, laughed again, and desired her servant to drive home.

"Where is that, John?" said I.

"Number —, sir, in — street," said John; and away they went.

We walked steadily along, the bird of prey reckoning up the advantages of his bargain with me, and I in a mood of equally interesting reflection.

"What are you pondering about, young gentleman?" he at last commenced.

"I am pondering whether or no you have not overreached yourself in this transaction."

"How so?"

"Why, I begin to think I shall be obliged to give up my harum-scarum way of life; drink moderately, leave off fox-hunting, and sell my spirited horses, which, you know, will make a material difference in the probable date of my demise."

"But where is the necessity for your doing all this?"

"My wife will, most likely, make it a stipulation."

"Your wife!"

"Yes. That pretty disconsolate widow we have just parted from. You may laugh; but if you choose to bet the insurance which you have bought of me against the purchase-money, I will take you that she makes me a sedate married man in less than two months."

"Done!" said cormorant, his features again straining their buckskins at the idea of having made a double profit of me. "Let us go to my house, and I will draw a deed to that effect, *gratis*."

I did not flinch from the agreement. My case, I knew, was desperate. I should have hanged myself a month before, had it not been

for the Epsom Races, at which I had particular business; and any little additional reason for disgust to the world would, I thought, be rather a pleasure than a pain—provided I was disappointed in the lovely widow.

Modesty is a sad bugbear upon fortune. I have known many who have not been oppressed by it remain in the shade, but I have never known one who emerged with it into prosperity. In my own case it was by no means a family disease, nor had I lived in any way by which I was likely to contract it. Accordingly, on the following day I caught myself very coolly knocking at the widow's door; and so entirely had I been occupied in considering the various blessings which would accrue to both of us from our union, that I was half-way up-stairs before I began to think of an excuse for my intrusion. The drawing-room was vacant, and I was left for a moment to wonder whether I was not actually in some temple of the Loves and Graces. There was not a thing to be seen which did not breathe with tenderness. The ceiling displayed a little heaven of sportive Cupids, the carpet a wilderness of turtle-doves. The pictures were a series of the loves of Jupiter, the vases presented nothing but heart's-ease and love-lies-bleeding; the very canary birds were inspired, and had a nest with two young ones; and the cat herself looked kindly over the budding beauties of a tortoise-shell kitten. What a place for a sensitive heart like mine! I could not bear to look upon the mirrors which reflected my broad shoulders on every side, like so many giants; and would have given the world to appear a little pale and interesting, although it might have injured my life a dozen years' purchase. Nevertheless, I was not daunted, and I looked round, for something to talk about, on the beauty's usual occupations, which I found were all in a tone with what I had before remarked. Upon the open piano lay "Auld Robin Grey," which had, no doubt, been sung in allusion to her late husband. On the table was a half-finished drawing of Apollo, which was equally, without doubt, meant to apply to her future one; and round about were strewed the seductive tomes of Moore, Campbell, and Byron. "This witch," thought I, "is the very creature I have been sighing after! I would have married her out of a hedge-way, and worked upon the roads to maintain her; but with twenty thousand pounds—ay, and much more, unless I am mistaken, she would create a fever in the frosty Caucasus! I was in the most melting mood alive, when the door opened, and in walked the fascinating object of my speculations. She was dressed in simple

gray, wholly without ornament, and her dark-brown hair was braided demurely over a forehead which looked as lofty as her face was lovely. The reception she gave me was polite and graceful, but somewhat distant; and I perceived that she had either forgotten, or was determined not to recognize me. I was not quite prepared for this, and, in spite of my constitutional confidence, felt not a little embarrassed. I had, perhaps, mistaken the breakings forth of a young and buoyant spirit under ridiculous circumstances for the encouragements of volatile coquetry; and for a moment I was in doubt whether I should not apologize, and pretend that she was not the lady for whom my visit was intended. But then she was so beautiful! Angels and ministers! Nothing on earth could have sent me down-stairs unless I had been kicked down!

"Madam," I began—but my blood was in a tumult, and I have never been able to recollect precisely what I said. Something it was, however, about my late father and her lamented husband, absence and the East Indies, liver complaints and life insurance; with compliments, condolences, pardon, perturbation, and preter-plu-perfect impertinence. The lady look surprised, broke my speech with two or three well-bred ejaculations, and astonished me very much by protesting that she had never heard her husband mention either my father or his promising little heir-apparent, William Henry Thomas, in the whole course of their union. "Ah, madam," said I, "the omission is extremely natural! I am sure I am not at all offended with your late husband upon that score. He was an elderly, sickly sort of a man. My father always told him he could not last, but he never thought he would have died so soon after his marriage. He had not time—he had not time, madam, to make his friends happy by introducing them to you."

I believe, upon the whole, I must have behaved remarkably well, for the widow could not quite make up her mind whether to credit me or not, which, when we consider the very slender materials I had to work upon, is saying a great deal. At last I contrived to make the conversation glide away to "Auld Robin Grey," and the drawing of Apollo, which I pronounced to be a *chef-d'œuvre*. "Permit me, however, to suggest, that the symmetry of the figure would not be destroyed by a little more of Hercules in the shoulders, which would make his life worth a much longer purchase. A little more amplitude in the chest too, and a trifle stronger in the legs, as they say at the insurance office." The widow looked comically

at the recollections which I brought to her mind; her rosy lips began to disclose their treasures in a half smile, and this, in turn, expanded into a laugh like the laugh of Euphrosyne. This was the very thing for me. I was always rather dashed by beauty on the stilts; but put us upon fair ground, and I never supposed that I could be otherwise than charming. I ran over all the amusing topics of the day, expended a thousand admirable jokes, repeated touching passages from a new poem which she had not read, laughed, sentimentalized, cuddled the kitten, and forgot to go away till I had sojourned full two hours. Euphrosyne quite lost sight of my questionable introduction, and chimed in with a wit as brilliant as her beauty; nor did she put on a single grave look when I volunteered to call the next day and read the remainder of the poem.

It is impossible to conceive how carefully I walked home. My head and heart were full of the widow and the wager, and my life was more precious than the Pigot Diamond. I kept my eye sedulously upon the pavement, to be sure that the coal-holes were closed; and I never once crossed the street without looking both ways to calculate the dangers of being run over. When I arrived, I was presented with a letter from my attorney, giving me the choice of an ensigney in a regiment which was ordered to the West Indies, or of going missionary to New Zealand. I wrote to him in answer, that it was perfectly immaterial to me whether I was cut off by the yellow fever or devoured by cannibals; but that I had business which would prevent me from availing myself of either alternative for two months at least.

The next morning found me again at the door of Euphrosyne, who gave me her lily hand, and received me with the smile of an old acquaintance. Affairs went on pretty much the same as they did on the preceding day. The poem was long, her singing exquisite, my anecdote of New Zealand irresistible, and we again forgot ourselves, till it was necessary, in common politeness, to ask me to dinner. Here her sober attire, which for some months had been a piece of mere gratuitous respect, was exchanged for a low evening dress, and my soul, which was brimming before, was in an agony to find room for any increasing transports. Her spirits were sportive as butterflies, and fluttered over the flowers of her imagination with a grace that was quite miraculous. She ridiculed the rapidity of our acquaintance, eulogized my modesty, till it was well nigh burned to a cinder, and every now and then

sharpened her wit by a delicate recurrence to Apollo and the shoulders of Hercules.

The third and the fourth and the fifth day, with twice as many more, were equally productive of excuses for calling, and reasons for remaining, till at last I took upon me to call and remain without troubling myself about the one or the other. I was received with progressive cordiality; and, at last, with a mixture of timidity which assured me of the anticipation of a catastrophe which was, at once, to decide the question with the insurance office, and determine the course of my travels. One day I found the Perisitting rather pensively at work, and, as usual, I took my seat opposite to her.

"I have been thinking," said she, "that I have been mightily imposed upon."

"By whom?" I inquired.

"By one of whom you have the highest opinion—by yourself."

"In what do you mistrust me?"

"Come now, will it please you to be candid, and tell me honestly that all that exceedingly intelligible story about your father and the liver-complaint, and Heaven knows what, was a mere fabrication?"

"Will it please you to let me thread that needle, for I see that you are taking aim at the wrong end of it?"

"Nonsense! Will you answer me?"

"I think I could put the finishing touch to that sprig. Do you not see?" I continued, jumping up and leaning over her. "It should be done so—and then so. What stitch do you call that?"

The beauty was not altogether in a mood for joking. I took her hand—it trembled—and so did mine.

"Will you pardon me?" I whispered. "I am a sinner, a counterfeit, a poor, swindling, disreputable vagabond,—but I love you as my soul."

The work dropped upon her knee.

In about a fortnight from this time I addressed the following note to my friend:

DEAR SIR,—It will give you great pleasure to hear that my prospects are mending, and that you have lost your wager. As I intend settling the insurance on my wife I shall, of course, think you entitled to the job. Should your trifling loss in me oblige you to become an ensign in the West Indies, or a missionary in New Zealand, you may rely upon my interest there.

R. SULLIVAN.

TO THE LADY OF MY HEART.

The murmur of the merry brook,
As, gushingly and free,

It whimples, with its sun-bright look,

Far down yon shelter'd lea,

Humming to every drowsy flower

A low quaint lullaby,

Speaks to my spirit, at this hour,

Of Love and thee.

The music of the gay green wood,

When every leaf and tree

Is coaxed by winds of gentlest mood

To utter harmony;

And the small birds, that answer make

To the winds' fitful glee,

In me most blissful visions wake

Of Love and thee.

The rose perks up its blushing cheek,

So soon as it can see,

Along the eastern hills, one streak

Of the sun's majesty:

Laden with dewy gems, it gleams

A precious freight to me,

For each pure drop thereto me seems

A type of thee.

And when abroad in summer morn

I hear the blithe bold bee

Winding aloft his tiny horn,

(An errant knight perdy.)

That winged hunter of rare sweets,

O'er many a fair country,

To me a lay of love repeats,

Its subject—thee.

And when, in midnight hour, I note

The stars so pensively,

In their mild beauty, onward float

Through heaven's own silent sea:

My heart is in their voyaging

To realms where spirits be,

But its mate, in such wandering,

Is ever thee.

But, oh, the murmur of the brook,

The music of the tree;

The rose with its sweet shamefaced look,

The boomerang of the bee;

The course of each bright voyager,

In heaven's unmeasured sea,

Would not one heart-pulse of me stir,

Loved I not thee!

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

A DIRGE.

[Thomas Chatterton, born at Bristol, 20th November, 1752; died in London, 25th August, 1770. At eight years of age his mother taught him to read from a black-letter Bible, and from that time he became an eager student. Antiquities chiefly interested him, and when sixteen years old he sent to a local journal the description of various ceremonies supposed to have been performed by the friars at the opening of the old bridge of Bristol. This account Chatterton stated he had derived from an old MS. found in the muniment room of St. Mary Redcliff Church. Curiosity was excited, and "the marvellous boy" fed it with the famous poems of Thomas Rowley, a priest of the fifteenth century. Having deceived the sages of his native city, he attempted to obtain the patronage of Horace Walpole by submitting to him some of the Rowley poems. Walpole discovered that the poems were ancient only in appearance, and declined to interest himself in the bard who had applied to him under false pretences. Chatterton then proceeded to London, hoping to earn fame and fortune with his pen; but after a five months' struggle with fortune, he, in a fit of despondency, poisoned himself. He was under eighteen years at the date of his death, and Dryden's couplet about Oldham has been aptly applied to him:

"O early ripe! to thy abundant store
What could advancing age have added more?"

Of the Rowley poems, the authorship of which no one doubts to be due to Chatterton, the principal are: *Ælla, a tragical interlude*, from which the following lines are taken; *The Execution of Sir Charles Bawden*; *The Battle of Hastings*; and *The Tournament*.]

O! sing unto my roundelay,
O! drop the briny tear with me,
Dance no more at holiday,
Like a running river be:
My love is dead,
Gone to his deathbed,
All under the willow-tree.

Black his hair as the winter night,
White his skin as the summer snow,
Ruddy his face as the morning light,
Cold he lies in the grave below;
My love is dead,
Gone to his deathbed,
All under the willow-tree.

Hark! the raven flaps his wing,
In the briared dell below;
Hark! the death-owl loud doth sing,
To the night-mares as they go;
My love is dead,
Gone to his deathbed,
All under the willow-tree.

See! the white moon shines on high;
Whiter is my true love's shroud;

Whiter than the morning sky,
Whiter than the evening cloud;
My love is dead,
Gone to his deathbed,
All under the willow-tree.

Here upon my true love's grave
Shall the barren flowers be laid,
Nor one holy saint to save
All the coldness of a maid,

My love is dead,
Gone to his deathbed,
All under the willow-tree.

With my hands I'll bind the briars
Round his holy corse to grieve,
Kithen fairy, light your fires,
Here my body still shall be.

My love is dead,
Gone to his deathbed,
All under the willow-tree.

Come with acorn-cup and thorn,
Drain my heart's blood all away;
Life and all its good I scorn,
Dance by night, or feast by day.

My love is dead,
Gone to his deathbed,
All under the willow-tree.

Water-witches, crowned with reytes,
Bear me to your deadly tide.
I die; I come; my true love waits.—
Thus the damsel spake, and died.

MEANS TO ATTAIN HAPPY LIFE.

Martiall, the things that do attain
The happy life be these, I find:
The riches left, not got with pain,
The fruitful ground, the quiet mind,
The equal friend; no grudge, no strife,
No charge of rule, nor governance;
Without disease, the healthful life,
The household of continuance;
The mean diet, no delicate fair,
True wisdom joined with simpleness;
The night discharged of all care,
Where wine the wit may not oppress;
The faithful wife without debate;
Such sleep as may beguile the night;
Contented with thine own estate,
Nor wish for death, nor fear his night.

HENRY HOWARD, Earl of Surrey.

EDUCATION THROUGH THE SENSES.¹

[John Brown, M.D., F.R.S.E., born at Biggar, Lanarkshire, September, 1810. He was a son of the late John Brown, D.D., the eminent Scottish divine and professor of theology in the United Presbyterian Church. Whilst labouring earnestly in the medical profession, Dr. Brown rendered important services to literature by his contributions to the *North British Review* and other periodicals. *Rob and his Friends*—the pathetic story of a dog's attachment to a humble couple who were kind to him—and other sketches of dog life and character, have obtained great and merited popularity. *Rob and his Friends*, *Marjory Flewing*, *Jesus the Door-keeper*, and a number of other sketches, essays, and papers (some of them connected with medicine), have been collected into three volumes or series under the title of *Home Selections*, forming a delightful miscellany, full of suggestive thought, leavened with true humour, and softened with pathos. Dr. Brown died in 1882.]

One of the chief sins of our time is hurry: it is helter-skelter, and devil take the hindmost. Off we go all too swift at starting, and we neither run so fast nor so far as we would have done had we taken it *cautiously* at first. This is true of a boy as well as of a blood colt. Not only are boys and colts made to do the work and the running of full-grown men and horses, but they are hurried out of themselves and their *now*, and pushed into the middle of next week where nobody is wanting them, and beyond which they frequently never get.

The main duty of those who care for the young is to secure their wholesomeness, their entire growth, for health is just the development of the whole nature in its due sequences and proportions: first the blade—then the ear—then, and not till then, the full corn in the ear; and thus, as Dr. Temple wisely says, "Not to forget wisdom in teaching knowledge." If the blade be forced, and usurp the capital it inherits; if it be robbed by you its guardian of its birthright, or squandered like a spendthrift, then there is not any ear, much less any corn; if the blade be blasted or dwarfed in our haste and greed for the full shock and its price, we spoil all three. It is not easy to keep this always before one's mind, that the young "idea" is in a young body, and that healthy growth and harmless passing of the time are more to be cared for than what is vainly called accomplishment. We are preparing him to run his race, and accomplish that which is one of his chief ends; but we are too apt to start him off at his full speed, and

he either bolts or breaks down—the worst thing for him generally being to win. In this way a child or boy should be regarded much more as a mean than as an end, and his cultivation should have reference to this; his mind, as old Montaigne said, should be forged, as well as—indeed, I would say, rather than—furnished, fed rather than filled,—two not always coincident conditions. Now exercise—the joy of interest, of origination, of activity, of excitement—the play of the faculties, this is the true life of a boy, not the accumulation of mere words. Words—the coin of thought—unless as the means of buying something else, are just as useless as other coin when it is hoarded; and it is as silly, and in the true sense as much the part and lot of a miser, to amass words for their own sakes, as to keep all your guineas in a stocking and never spend them, but be satisfied with every now and then looking greedily at them and making them think. Therefore it is that I dislike—as indeed who doesn't?—the cramming system. The great thing with knowledge and the young is to secure that it shall be their own—that it be not merely external to their inner and real self, but shall go in *succum et sanguinem*; and therefore it is, that the self-teaching that a baby and a child give themselves remains with them for ever—it is of their essence, whereas what is given them *ab extra*, especially if it be received mechanically, without relish, and without any energizing of the entire nature, remains pitifully useless and *wersh*. Try, therefore, always to get the resident teacher *inside the skin*, and who is for ever giving his lessons, to help you and be on your side.

Now in children, as we all know, he works chiefly through the senses. The quantity of accurate observation—of induction, and of deduction too (both of a much better quality than most of Mr. Buckle's); of reasoning from the known to the unknown; of inferring; the nicely of appreciation of the like and the unlike, the common and the rare, the odd and the even; the skill of the rough and the smooth—of form, of appearance, of texture, of weight, of all the minute and deep philosophies of the touch and of the other senses,—the amount of this sort of objective knowledge which every child of eight years has acquired—especially if he can play in the lap of nature and out of doors—and acquired for life, is, if we could only think of it, marvellous beyond any of our mightiest marches of intellect. Now, could we only get the knowledge of the school to go as sweetly, and deeply, and clearly into the

¹ From *Home Selections*, by John Brown, M.D., F.R.S.E. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas.

vitals of the mind as this self-teaching has done, and this is the paradise way of it, we should make the young mind grow as well as learn, and be in understanding a man as well as in simplicity a child; we should get rid of much of that dreary, sheer endurance of their school-hours—that stolid lending of ears that do not hear—that objectless looking without ever once seeing, and straining their minds without an aim; alternating, it may be, with some feats of dexterity and effort, like a man trying to lift himself in his own arms, or take his head in his teeth, exploits as dangerous, as ungraceful, and as useless, except to glorify the showman and bring wages in, as the feats of an acrobat.

But you will ask, How is all this to be avoided if everybody must know how far the sun is from *Georgium Sidus*, and how much of phosphorus is in our bones, and of pyalin and flint in human spittle—besides some 10,000 times 10,000 other things which we must be told and try to remember, and which we cannot prove not to be true, but which I decline to say we *know*.

But is it necessary that everybody should know everything? Is it not much more to the purpose for every man, when his turn comes, to be able to *do something*; and I say, that other things being equal, a boy who goes bird-nesting, and makes a collection of eggs, and knows all their colours and spots, going through the excitements and glories of getting them, and observing everything with a keenness, an intensity, an exactness, and a permanency, which only youth and a quick pulse, and fresh blood and spirits combined, can achieve,—a boy who teaches himself natural history in this way, is not only a healthier and happier boy, but is abler in mind and body for entering upon the great game of life, than the pale, nervous, bright-eyed, feverish, "interesting" boy, with a big head and a small bottom and thin legs, who is the "captain," the miracle of the school; dux for his brief year or two of glory, and, *if he live*, booby for life. I am, of course, not going in for a complete *curriculum* of general ignorance; but I am for calling the attention of teachers to drawing out the minds, the energies, the hearts of their pupils through their senses, as well as pouring in through these same apertures the general knowledge of mankind, the capital of the race, into this one small being, who it is to be hoped will contrive to forget much of the mere words he has unhappily learned.

For we may say of our time in all seriousness, what Sydney Smith said in the fulness

of his wisdom and his fun, of the pantologic master of Trinity—Science is our *forte*; omniscience is our *folie*. There is the seed of a whole treatise, a whole organon in this joke; think over it, and let it simmer in your mind, and you will feel its significance and its power. Now, what is *science* so called to every 999 men in 1000, but something that the one man tells them he has been told by some one else—who may be one among say 50,000—is true, but of the truth of which these 999 men (and probably even the teaching thousandth man) can have no direct test, and, accordingly, for the truth or falsehood of which they, by a law of their nature, which rejects what has no savour and is superfluous, don't care one fig. How much better, how much dearer, and more precious in a double sense, because it has been bought by themselves,—how much nobler is the knowledge which our little friend, young Edward Forbes, "that marvellous boy," for instance—and what an instance!—is picking up, as he looks into everything he sees, and takes photographs upon his retina—the *camera lucida* of his mind—which never fade, of every midge that washes its face as a cat does, and preens its wings, every lady-bird that alights on his knee, and folds and unfolds her gauzy pinions under their spotted and glorious lids. How more real is not only this knowledge, but this little knowledger in his entire nature, than the poor being who can maulder amazingly the entire circle of human science at second, or it may be, twentieth hand!

There are some admirable though cursory remarks on *Oriatikology as a Branch of Liberal Education*, by the late Dr. Adams of Banchory, the great Greek scholar, in a pamphlet bearing this title, which he read as a paper before the last meeting of the British Association in Aberdeen. It is not only interesting as a piece of natural history, and a touching co-operation of father and son in the same field—the one on the banks of his own beautiful Dee and among the wilds of the Grampians, the other among the Himalayas and the forests of Cashmere; the son having been enabled, by the knowledge of his native birds got under his father's eye, when placed in an unknown country to recognize his old feathered friends, and to make new ones and tell their story; it is also valuable as coming from a man of enormous scholarship and knowledge—the most learned physician of his time—who knew Aristotle and Plato, and all those old fellows, as we know Maunder or Lardner—a hard-working country surgeon, who was ready to run at any

one's call—but who did not despise the modern enlightenments of his profession, because they were not in Paulus Agineta; though, at the same time, he did not despise the admirable and industrious Paul because he was not up to the last doctrine of the nucleated cell, or did not read his *Hippocrates* by the blaze of paraffine; a man greedy of all knowledge, and welcoming it from all comers, but who, at the end of a long life of toil and thought, gave it as his conviction that one of the best helps to true education, one of the best counteractives to the necessary mischiefs of mere scientific teaching and information, was to be found in getting the young to teach themselves some one of the natural sciences, and singling out ornithology as one of the readiest and most delightful for such a life as his.

I end these intentionally irregular remarks by a story. Some years ago I was in one of the wildest recesses of the Perthshire Highlands. It was in autumn, and the little school, supported mainly by the chief, who dwelt all the year round in the midst of his own people, was to be examined by the minister, whose native tongue, like that of his flock, was Gaelic, and who was as awkward and ineffectual, and sometimes as unconsciously indecorous, in his English, as a cockney is in his kilt. It was a great occasion: the keen-eyed, firm-limbed, brown-cheeked little fellows were all in a buzz of excitement as we came in, and before the examination began every eye was looking at us strangers as a dog looks at his game, or when seeking it; they knew everything we had on, everything that could be known through their senses. I never felt myself so studied and scrutinized before. If any one could have examined them upon what they thus mastered, Sir Charles Trevelyan and John Mill would have come away astonished, and, I trust, humble. Well, then, the work of the day began; the mill was set a-going, and what a change! In an instant their eyes were like the windows of a house with the blinds down; no one was looking out; everything blank; their very features changed—their jaws fell, their cheeks flattened, they drooped and looked ill at ease—stupid, drawsy, sulky—and getting them to speak or think, or in any way to energize, was like trying to get any one to come to the window at three of a summer morning, when, if they do come, they are half awake, rubbing their eyes and growling. So with my little Celts. They were like an idle and half-asleep collie by the fireside, as contrasted with the collie on the hill and in the joy of work; the form of dog

and boy are there—he, the self of each, was elsewhere (for I differ from Professor Ferrier in thinking that the dog *has* the reflex ego, and is a very knowing being). I noticed that anything they really knew roused them somewhat; what they had merely to transmit or pass along, as if they were a tube through which the master blew the pea of knowledge into our faces, was performed as stolidly as if they were nothing but a tube.

At last the teacher asked where Sheffield was, and was answered; it was then pointed to by the dux, as a dot on a skeleton map. And now came a flourish. "What is Sheffield famous for?" Blank stupor, hopeless vacuity, till he came to a sort of sputtering "Dougal Cratur"—almost as wee, and as gleg, and as tousy about the head as my own Kintail terrier, whom I saw at that moment through the open door careering after a hopeless rabbit, with much benefit to his muscles and his wind—who was trembling with keenness. He shouted out something which was like "cutlery" than anything else, and was received as such amid our rapturous applause. I then ventured to ask the master to ask small and red Dougal what cutlery was; but from the sudden erubescence of his pallid, ill-fed cheek, and the alarming brightness of his eyes, I twigged at once that he didn't himself know what it meant. So I put the question myself, and was not surprised to find that not one of them, from Dougal up to a young strapping shepherd of eighteen, knew what it was!

I told them that Sheffield was famous for making knives, and scissors, and razors, and that cutlery meant the manufacture of anything that cuts. Presto! and the blinds were all up, and eagerness, and wons, and brains at the window. I happened to have a Wharncliffe, with "Rodgers and Sons, Sheffield," on the blade. I sent it round, and finally presented it to the enraptured Dougal. Would not each one of those boys, the very boisterous there, know that knife again when they saw it, and be able to pass a creditable competitive examination on all its ins and outs? and wouldn't they remember "cutlery" for a day or two? Well, the examination over, the minister performed an oration of much ambition and difficulty to himself and to us, upon the general question, and a great many other questions, into which his Gaelic subtlety fitted like themists into the hollows of Ben-a-Houlich, with, it must be allowed, a somewhat similar tendency to confuse and conceal what was beneath; and he concluded with thanking the chief, as he well might, for his generous sup-

port of "this aixlent CEMETERY of sedation." Cemetery indeed! The blind leading the blind, with the ancient result: the dead burying their dead.

Now, not greater is the change we made from that low, small, stifling, gloomy, mephitic room, into the glorious open air, the loch lying asleep in the sun, and telling over again on its placid face, as in a dream, every hill and cloud, and birch and pine, and passing bird and cradled boat; the black Wood of Rannoch standing "in the midst of its own darkness," frowning out upon us like the past disturbed, and far off in the clear ether, as in another and a better world, the dim shepherds of Etive pointing, like ghosts at noonday, to the weird shadows of Glencoe;—not greater was this change than is that from the dingy, oppressive, weary "cometary" of mere word-knowledge to the open air, the light and liberty, the divine infinity and richness of nature and her teaching.

We cannot change our time, nor would we if we could. It is God's time as well as ours. And our time is emphatically that for achieving and recording and teaching man's dominion over and insight into matter and its forces—his subduing the earth; but let us turn now and then from our necessary and honest toil in this neo-Platonic cavern where we win gold and renown, and where we often are obliged to stand in our own light, and watch our own shadows as they glide, huge and mis-shapen, across the inner gloom; let us come out betimes with our gold, that we may spend it and get "goods" for it, and when we can look forth on that ample world of daylight which we can never hope to overrun, and into that overarching heaven where, amid clouds and storms, lightning and sudden tempest, there are revealed to those who look for them lucid openings into the pure, deep empyrean, "as it were the very body of heaven in its clearness;" and when, best of all, we may remember who it is who stretched out these heavens as a tent to dwell in, and on whose footstool we may kneel, and out of the depths of our heart cry aloud,

TE DEUM VENERAMUR,
TE SANCTE PATERI

we shall return into our cave, and to our work, all the better of such a lesson, and of such a reasonable service, and dig none the worse.

Science which ends in itself, or still worse, returns upon its maker, and gets him to worship himself, is worse than none; it is only when it makes it more clear than before who

is the Maker and Governor, not only of the objects, but of the subjects of itself, that knowledge is the mother of virtue. But this is an endless theme. My only aim in these desultory hints is to impress parents and teachers with the benefits of the *study*, the personal engagement—with their own hands and eyes, and legs and ears—in some form or another of natural history, by their children and pupils and themselves, as counteracting evil, and doing immediate and actual good. Even the immense activity in the post-office-stamp line of business among our youngsters has been of immense use in many ways, besides being a diversion and an interest. I myself came to the knowledge of Queensland, and a great deal more, through its blue twopenny.

If any one wishes to know how far wise and clever and patriotic men may occasionally go in the way of giving "your son" a stone for bread, and a serpent for a fish,—may get the nation's money for that which is not bread, and give their own labour for that which satisfies no one; industriously making sawdust into the shapes of bread, and chaff into the appearance of meal, and contriving, at wonderful expense of money and brains, to show what can be done in the way of feeding upon wind,—let him take a turn through certain galleries of the Kensington Museum.

"Yesterday forenoon," writes a friend, "I went to South Kensington Museum. It is really an absurd collection. A great deal of valuable material and a great deal of perfect rubbish. The analyses are even worse than I was led to suppose. There is an ANALYSIS OF A MAN. First, a man contains so much water, and there you have the amount of water in a bottle; so much albumen, and there is the albumen; so much phosphate of lime, fat, haematin, fibrine, salt, &c. &c. Then in the next case so much carbon; so much phosphorus—a bottle with sticks of phosphorus; so much potassium, and there is a bottle with potassium, calcium, &c. They have not bottles of oxygen, hydrogen, chlorine, &c., but they have cubical pieces of wood on which is written 'the quantity of oxygen in the human body would occupy the space of 170 (e.g.) cubos of the size of this,' &c. &c." And so with analysis of bread, &c. &c. What earthly good can this do any one?

No wonder that the bewildered beings whom I have seen wandering through these rooms, yawned more frequently and more desperately than I ever observed even in church.

So then, cultivate observation, energy, handi-craft, ingenuity, outness in boys, so as to give

them a pursuit as well as a study. Look after the blade, and don't coax or crush the ear out too soon, and remember that the full corn in the ear is not due till the harvest, when the great school breaks up, and we must all dismiss and go our several ways.

FORUM SCENE

FROM "VIRGINIUS, A TRAGEDY."¹

BY J. S. KNOWLES.

APPIUS, CLAUDIOUS, AND LICTORS

App. Well, Claudio, are the forces at hand?

Claud. They are, and timely too; the people are in unwonted ferment.

App. There something awes me at the thought of looking on her father!

Claud. Look upon her, my Appius! Fix your gaze upon the treasures of her beauty, nor avert it till they are thine. Hustle! Your tribunal! Haste!

[*APPIUS ascends the tribunal.*]

Enter NUMITORIUS, IULIUS, LUCIUS, CITIZENS, VIRGINIUS leaving his Daughter, SERVIA, and CITIZENS. A dead silence prevails.

Vir. Does no one speak? I am defendant here: Is silence my opponent? Fit opponent

¹ A critic in the *Post* *Mail Gazette* says this play "has claims to be accounted the most popular of modern tragedies. It established the reputation both of its author and of Mr. Macready—the actor who first sustained in London the part of its hero. It obtained a long career of success and a measure of fame sufficient to withstand many years' wear and tear. 'Virginius' is indeed half a century old. It was originally written for Edmund Kean, whose Knowles had first met at Waterford about 1813, when both were strolling-players. But in 1820, when the dramatist tendered his tragedy to the Drury Lane management, it was discovered that a play dealing with the same subject and written by Mr. Soane had already been accepted. So Knowles' 'Virginius' was produced at Covent Garden on the 17th of May, 1820. Soane's 'Virginius, or the Fall of the Decemviri,' was played at Drury Lane a few days later; but notwithstanding Kean's exertions in the leading character, the tragedy wholly failed to please, and was withdrawn after three representations. 'Virginius' (Knowles') continued to be one of Mr. Macready's most attractive impersonations to the time of his final retirement from the stage in 1851." The story of the play is one of Livy's, and several dramatic versions of it have been given on the English and French stage.

To plead a cause too foul for speech! What brow Shamless gives front to this most valiant cause, That tries its prowess 'gainst the honour of A girl, yet lacks the wit to know, that he Who casts off shame should likewise cast off fear— And on the verge of the combat wants the nerve To stammer forth the signal?

App. You had better, Virginius, wear another kind of earrings; This is not of the fashion that will serve you.

Vir. The fashion, Appius! Appius Claudio, tell me

The fashion it becomes a man to speak in, Whose property in his own child—the offspring Of his own body, near to him as is His hand, his arm—yea, nearer—clear far, Knit to his heart—I say, who has his property In such a thing, the very self of himself, Disputed—and I'll speak so, Appius Claudio; I'll speak so—Pray you tutor me!

App. Stand forth, Claudio! If you lay claim to any interest In the question now before us, speak; if not, Bring on some other cause.

Claud. Most noble Appius—

Vir. And are you the man That claims my daughter for his slave?—Look at me, And I will give her to thee.

Claud. She is mine, then: Do I not look at you?

Vir. Your eye does, truly, But not your soul.—I see it through your eye Shifting and shrinking—turning every way To shun me. You surprise me, that your eye, So long the bully of its master, knows not To put a proper face upon a lie, But gives the part of impudence to falsehood, When it would pass it off for truth. Your soul Dares as soon show its face to me.—Go on—I had forgot; the fashion of my speech May not please Appius Claudio.

Claud. I demand Protection of the Decemviri!

App. You shall have it.

Vir. Doubtless!

App. Keep back the people, Lictors! What's Your plan? You say the girl's your slave—Produce Your proofs.

Claud. My proof is here, which, if they can, Let them confront. The mother of the girl—

[*VIRGINIUS, stepping forward, is withheld by NUMITORIUS.*

Nun. Hold, brother! Hear them out, or suffer me To speak.

Vir. Man, I must speak or else go mad! And if I do go mad, what then will hold me From speaking? She was thy sister, too! Well, well, speak thou.—I'll try, and if I can Be silent. (retires.)

Nun. Will she swear she is her child!

Vir. (Starting forward.) To be sure she will—a most wise question that!

Is she not his slave! Will his tongue lie for him—Or his hand steal—or the finger of his hand—Buckler, or point, or shut, or open for him? To ask him if she'll swear!—Will she walk or run, Sing, dance, or wag her hand; do anything That is most easy done? She'll be soon swear! What mockery it is to have one's life In jeopardy by such a bare-faced trick! Is it to be endured? I do protest Against her oath!

App. No law in Rome, Virginia, Seconds you. If she swear the girl's her child, The evidence is good, unless confronted By better evidence. Look you to that, Virginia. I shall take the waggan's oath.

Virginia. Iulius!

Iul. Fear not, love; a thousand oaths Will answer her.

App. You swear the girl's your child, And that you sold her to Virginia's wife, Who pass'd her for her own. Is that your oath?

Iul. It is my oath.

App. Your answer now, Virginia.

Vir. Here it is!

[*Virginia* goes forward.] Is this the daughter of a slave? I know 'Tis not with men, as shrubs and trees, that by The shoot you know the rank and order of The stem. Yet who from such a stem would look For such a shoot. My virtues are these—The relatives and friends of Numitoria, Who saw her, ore Virginia's birth, sustain The burden which a mother bears, nor feels The weight, with longing for the sight of it. Here are the eyes that listened to her sighs In nature's hour of labour, which subdues In the emprise of joy—the hands, that when The day first look'd upon the infant's face, And never look'd so pleased, help'd them up to it, And bled' her for a blessing—Here, the eyes That saw her lying at the generous And sympathetic fount, at her cry Sent forth a stream of liquid living pearl To cherish her emmaul'd veins. The lie Is most unfruitful then, that takes the flower—The very flower our bed comibinal grew—To prove its barrenness! Speak for me, friends; Have I not spoke the truth?

Pompey and Citizens. You have, Virginia.

App. Silence! Keep silence there.—No more of that! You're very ready for a tumult, citizens.

[*Troops* appear behind.] Lictors, make way to let these troops advance! We have had a taste of your forbearance, masters, And wish not for another.

Vir. Troops in the Forum!

App. Virginia, have you spoken?

Vir. If you have heard me, I have; if not, I'll speak again.

App. You need not, Virginia; I had evidence to give, Which, should you speak a hundred times again, Would make your pleading vain.

Vir. Your hand, Virginia! Stand close to me. (aside.)

App. My conscience will not let me Be silent. 'Tis notorious to you all, That Claudius' father, at his death, declared me The guardian of his son—This cheat has long Been known to me. I know the girl is not Virginia's daughter.

App. John your friends, Iulius, And leave Virginia to my care. (aside.)

App. I should have done my client, unrequired, Now cited by him, how shall I refuse?

Vir. Don't tremble, girl! I don't tremble. (aside.)

App. Virginia, I feel for you; but, though you were my father, The majesty of justice should be sacred—Claudius must take Virginia home with him!

Vir. And if he must, I should advise him, Appius, To take her home in time, before his guardian

Completes the violation, which his eyes Already have begun—Friends! Fellow Citizens! Look not on Claudius—Look on your Decimovist! He is the master chaining Virginia! The tongues that told him she was not my child Are these—the costly charms he cannot purchase, Except by making her the slave of Claudius, His client, his purveyor, that enters for His pleasure—markets for him—picks, and scents, And tastes, that he may banquet—serves him up His sensual feast, and is not now ashamed, In the open, common street, before your eyes—Frightening your daughters' and your matron's cheeks With blushes they never thought so meet—to help him To the honour of a Roman mad! my child! Who now clings to me, as you see, no if, This second Tarquin had already coif'd His arms around her. Look upon her, Romans! Before her! succour her! see her not polluted Before her father's eyes!—He is but one. Tear her from Appius and his Lictors, while She is unstain'd!—Your hands! your hands your hung, Citizens. They are yours, Virginia!

App. Keep the people back—Support my Lictors, soldiers! Seize the girl, And drive the people back.

Iul. Down with the slaves!

[The people make a show of resistance, but, upon the advancing of the soldiers, retreat, and leave.] *Iulius, Virginia, and his Daughter, &c., in the hands of Appius and his party.*

Deserted! Cowards! Traitors! Let me free

But for a moment! I relied on you;

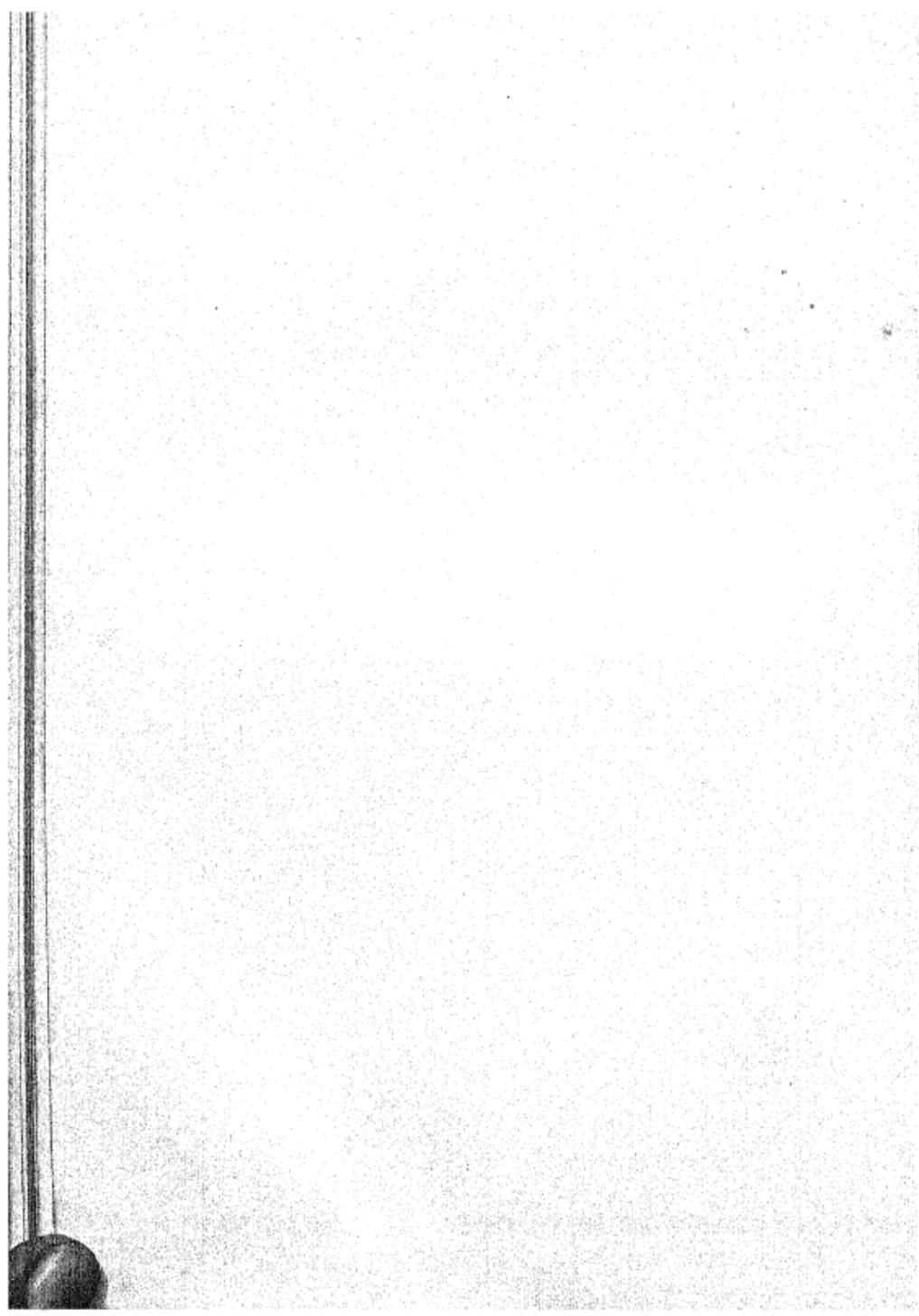
Had I relied upon myself alone

I had kept them still at bay! I kneel to you—



W. H. MARGETSON.

VIRINIUS SLAYS HIS DAUGHTER TO SAVE HER HONOUR.



Let me but loose a moment, if 'tis only
To rush upon your swords!¹

Vir. Icilius, peace!

You see how 'tis, we are deserted, left
Alone by our friends, surrounded by our enemies,
Nervous and helpless,

App. Separate them, Lictors!

Vir. Let them forbear awhile, I pray you, Appius;
It is not very easy. Though her arms
Are tender, yet the hold is strong, by which
She grasps me, Appius—Forcing them will hurt them,
They'll soon encase themselves. Wait but a little—
You know you're sure of her!

App. I have not time

To idle with thee, give her to my Lictors.

Vir. Appius, I pray you wait! If she is not
My child, she hath been like a child to me
For fifteen years. If I am not her father,
I have been like a father to her, Appius;
For even such a time. They that have lived

So long a time together, in so near

And dear society, may be allow'd

A little time for parting. Let me take
The maid aside, I pray you, and confer
A moment with her nurse; perhaps she'll give me
Some token, will unloose a tie, so twined
And knotted round my heart, that, if you break it,

My heart breaks with it.

App. Have your wish. Be brief!

Lictors! look to them.

Virginia. Do you go from me!

Do you leave! Father! Father!

Vir. No, my child,

No, my Virginia—come along with me.

Virginia. Will you not leave me? Will you take me
with you?

Will you take me home again? O bless you, bless you!
My father! my dear father! Art thou not
My father!

VIRGINIUS, perfectly at a loss what to do, looks
anxiously around the Forum; at length his eye falls on a
butcher's stall, with a knife upon it.

Vir. This way, my child—No, not I am not going
To leave thee, my Virginia! I'll not leave thee.

App. Keep back the people, soldiers! Let them not
Approach Virginia! Keep the people back!

[VIRGINIUS seizes the knife.

Well, have you done?

Vir. Short time for converse, Appius;

But I have.

App. I hope you are satisfied.

Vir. I am—

I am—that she is my daughter!

App. Take her, Lictors!

[VIRGINIA shucks and falls half dead upon her father's
shoulder.

¹ App. Away with him!

Vir. Virginia Tyrant! My Virginian!

App. Away with him, &c.

[Lictors are borne off.

Vir. Another moment, pray you. Bear with me

A little—Tis my last embrace. Twent try

Your patience beyond bearing, if you're a man!

Lengthen it as I may I cannot make it

Long! My dear child! My dear Virginia!

[kissing her.

There is one only way to save thine honour—

To this!

[Stabs her, and draws out the knife. ICILIUS breaks
from the soldiers that held him, and catches her.

Lo! Appius! with this innocent blood

I do devote thee to th' infernal gods!

Make way there!

App. Stop him! Seize him!

Vir. If they dare

To tempt the desperate weapon that I made! With
With drinking my daughter's blood, why let them! Thus,
It rushes in amongst them. Way there! Way!

[Exit through the soldiers.

THE SCHOOL BANK.

Upon this bank we met, my friend and I—

A lapse of years had intervening pass'd!

Since I had heard his voice or seen him last;

The starting tear-drop trembled in his eye.

Silent we thought upon the school-boy days

Of mirth and happiness for ever flown;

When rushing out the careless crowd did raise

Their thoughtless voices—now, we were alone,

Alone, amid the landscape—'twas the same;

Where were our loved companions? some, alad!

Silent repeat among the church-yard grass,

And some were known, and most unknown, to Fame;

And some were wanderers on the homeless deep;

And where they all were happy—we did weep!

D. M. MOIR.

A LAMENT.

I stand where I last stood with thee!

Sorrow, O sorrow!

There is not a leaf on the trying-tree;

There is not a joy on the earth to me;

Sorrow, O sorrow!

When shalt thou be once again what thou wert?

Oh, the sweet yesterdays fled from the heart!

Have they a morrow?

Here we stood, ere we parted, so close side by side;

Two lives that once part not as ships that divide,

When, moment on moment, there rushes between

The one and the other, a sea.

Ah, never can fall from the days that have been

A gleam on the years that shall be!

LORD LYTTON.

THOUGHTS ON SMALL-TALK.

The science of small-talking is as valuable as it is difficult to be acquired. I never had the least aptitude for it myself, yet Heaven knows the labour I have bestowed in order to master it. It is not that I have nothing to say; but when I am in company a sort of spell seems to hang over me, and I feel like some fat sleeper who has a vision of thieves, and dreams that he cannot call out for assistance. It is in vain that I observe others, and endeavour to imitate them; a shallow-headed chatterer will make himself agreeable in society, while I sit by in silence. I have taken very considerable pains in my time to observe the various kinds of small-talk, with a view of turning my knowledge to some account; but, though the scheme has totally failed in my own person, a few remarks upon the subject may not be useless to others.

I hold it to be an incontrovertible truth, that every subject is to be best treated of *distributive*, under proper divisions and subdivisions. In pursuance of this plan, I shall distribute all small-talk into two species, I. General small-talk; II. Special, or professional small-talk. The former class includes the small-talk which we hear in mixed society, where men and women, young and old, wise and foolish, are all mingled together. In the latter division I would include the small-talk of persons of the same profession or mode of life, as between two apothecaries, two dissenters, two lawyers, two beggars, two reviewers, two butchers, two statesmen, two thieves, &c. &c. &c.; in short, all conversations which are tinctured with the art, craft, mystery, occupation, or habits of the interlocutors.

And, first, of general small-talk. However simple the art of general small-talking may seem, and however plain and intelligible the topics may be upon which it is employed; yet, in fact, it is more difficult than the special kind. The materials out of which it is formed are few in number, and easily accessible. The following is a pretty complete assortment. The weather—the health of your friends—the funds—any accidents which have happened to any of your acquaintances, such as deaths or marriages—the king—Bonaparte—Lord Byron—the cheapness of meat—any watering-place—the corn-bill—the author of *Waverley*—and the theatre. These are the coin that will pass current in any society. Thus, in a morning call, if two strangers happen to be left

together, how agreeably they may pass the time in enlarging upon the above topics. "A very hot day, sir!"—"Yes, indeed, sir; my thermometer stood 80 in the shade. Pray, sir, are you related to the Rev. Jeremiah Jollison? I hope he is well."—"I am his brother, sir; he died two years ago."—"God bless me! but it's more than two years since I saw him. Pray, sir, what do you think of Spanish bonds?" &c. &c. Such is the conversation you generally hear after dinner (before dinner there is none), in stage-coaches, at hotels, and at watering-places. It is most suitable for adults. The grand difficulty in this kind of small-talk is to discover any subject; for as I imagine it to be a metaphysical truth that the mind cannot, *ex mero motu suo*, call up any subject it pleases, the dialogue must necessarily depend on the power of association in the brain of the individuals who maintain it. It requires great presence of mind to call up a sufficient number of topics to meet a sudden emergency. Thus, when you meet a friend in the street, who, in spite of your attempts to pass him with a nod, *will* stop and speak to you, how awkward is it to have nothing to say! This happens to me continually. When you have shaken hands, and the one has said, "A fine day," and the other, "Yes, very," you stand for a few moments gazing with a vacant sort of look upon one another, shake hands again, and part. The same accident sometimes happens in morning calls. After having exhausted all the common-places of civility, you feel yourself suddenly run on shore. It is in vain you attempt to think of some subject of discourse; the longer you search, the further you are from it; except the conviction that you can find nothing to talk about, your mind is a *tabula rasa*. Your guest at last rises, and puts you out of your agony.

There are some people, however, who have a genius for small-talk. Their stock seems boundless. It is no matter where, or with whom, or upon what they are talking; still it flows on and on "in one weak washy, everlasting flood." It is a great infliction to be the only person in company with these inveterate small-talkers. Their discourse makes one's head ache. It is like the perpetual dropping of water upon the crown of one's pericranium. To me, however, such people, if their conversation is not addressed to me, are a great relief. They save me the trouble of attempting to talk, and the mortification of a failure.

Every one must have occasionally experienced the up-hill, heart-breaking labour of talking

to an impenetrable person. "Well, what sort of a day had you?" said I to a lively friend of mine. "Oh! my dear Peter," said he, "I had the ill-luck to be seated at dinner next to the *drearliest* young lady you ever did not talk with. She seemed to be afraid lest, if she opened her mouth, jewels and roses would fall from it, and she should lose them. 'I did do all that might become a man.' I tried her with Lord Byron—I tried her with Moore—I tried her with the theatre—I tried her with Walter Scott—I tried her with the park—I tried her with Albert—with Noblet—with Mrs. Hannah More—with the tread-wheel—the frost—quadrilles—lancers—Sir Charles Grandison, and Spanish boleros."—"Ah! but, my dear friend," said I, "did you try her with dress? Did you tell her of the Valenciennes lace which you brought over the other day in the collar of your coat? I see where your mistake lay. Instead of talking to her of books, you should have talked of book-muslin. You should have discoursed of milliners instead of authors, of fiorances instead of poems."—You occasionally meet with the same sort of people in stage-coaches. "Beautiful country this we are travelling through, sir?"—"Yes, sir."—"Fine cattle this stage, sir?"—"Yes, sir."—"Did you get any sleep in the night, sir?"—"No, sir."—"Did you see the papers before we set off, sir?"—"No, sir."—And so the conversation terminates.

II. Of special small-talk: and, first, of such as is purely professional. Under this head I include the conversation of persons who are of the same profession or occupation, and who therefore speak a kind of language peculiar to their craft, and frequently unintelligible to the rest of the world. Physicians, lawyers, and merchants may be taken as examples.

There is something particularly *piquant* in the small-talk of gentlemen of the medical profession. I well recollect the conversation of two young surgeons, who were sitting in the next box to me in a coffee-house near Great Marlborough Street. "Oh, by-the-by, Jenkins, I got the finest subject yesterday you ever saw."—"Ay! where did you get it?"—"From France, to be sure, and never saw a fellow so neatly packed; by Jove, he was as round as a ball."—"What was the damage?"—"Oh, the fellow who sent him me, said if I would send him back the hamper full of beef, he should be satisfied; so I sent him a trifle."—"Have you any part to spare? (*Waiter, another chop.*)"—"Why, you may have a limb reasonable."—"Well, then, next week; but just at present I have got a very pretty small subject."—"What

did you give?"—"Two shillings an inch, but the cursed fellow had pulled the child's neck almost out of joint, to make it an inch longer. But didn't I tell you of the fun we had at Br—'s? You know we had that fellow who was hanged on Wednesday for murdering his grandmother. Well, he was devilishly ill hanged, and so we thought we'd galvanize him. We got the battery ready (you know it's a pretty strong one), and, as soon as ever it was applied, the fellow—(but won't you have some more porter? *Waiter, another pint of porter?*) the fellow lifted up his brawny arm and threw it twice across his breast. The pupils were all delighted, but our Irishman O'Reilly—you know O'Reilly, who nearly got into a scrape with cracking the crown of the sexton at St. Pancras—O'Reilly, who was standing by with a stout board in his hand, no sooner saw this motion, than, not quite understanding the affair, and fearing that the fellow was actually coming to life again, he caught him a thwack on the side of the head, which made the cerebellum ring again. 'Is it he's going to walk?' cried Paddy—thwack—'and shall Justice be defeated?'—thwack—'and shall I be chated out of my shaving money?'—thwack—'By Jusas, I've floored him!'—"Capital!" cried Jenkins, "I wish I had been there. But have you heard of Astley Cooper's operation?"—"No, what was it?"—"Why, he whipped off a child's leg in thirty-eight seconds and a half; the child didn't know what he was about, and only asked what was tickling it so."—"Clever that, by Jove. Do you hear who is likely to get St. Thomas's?"—"Why, some say Dr. A. and some say Dr. B. I know B.'s friends have subscribed for thirty new governors. Have you seen the new tourniquet?"—"No, but I'm told it's clever; what do you think of the Moxa?"—"A deal of humbug."—"Have you a small skull?"—"Yes, I've two."—"Will you lend me one?"—"Oh, certainly."—"By-the-by, where do you get your knives from?"—"From Millikin's."—"And your books?"—"I always go to Callow's."—"By-the-by (whiff, whiff), I think you haven't changed your dissecting coat, have you?"—"Hush, hush! the people about you will hear—they all think now that it's the woodcock, a little too *gamey* in the next box."—This was quite sufficient for me; I had been for some time aware of a strange odour, but I had laid it to the account of the woodcock. No sooner, however, did I discover the true origin of it,

¹ I have since discovered that the surgeon receives a crown for shaving and dressing a subject previous to dissection.

than, throwing down my money and seizing my hat, I hastily sought the open air.

I was once a good deal amused with hearing the chit-chat of two young gentlemen of the long robe. You must know that I had a sort of cousin seven times removed, who used to reside in a court in the Middle Temple. Poor fellow! he could play the violin beautifully; but as for Coke and Selden, and such people—he troubled them not. Well, sir, I occasionally visited my young relation, and by his kind offices with the very precise lady who holds the key of the Temple gardens, I was admitted whenever I chose to walk in that green retreat. I had seated myself, one warm summer's evening, on one of the benches at the back of the western alcove, when two learned young friends meeting at the entrance and adjoining into the arbour, I had the good fortune to be an auditor of the following dialogue. "What, Styles, my good fellow! Why, I didn't know you were back from sessions. How did you get on?"—"Infernally, infernally! Only got four soup-tickets¹ at —, and a single prosecution at —. Do you know of a small set of sky-parlours to let, for, by heavens, I shall be ruined!"—"What, you are determined then to rise in your profession! ha, ha, not so bad!"—"Why, you see, my dear Vidian, I don't make quite enough to pay Danby for dressing my wig, which is rather distressing. But come—let's sit down." (Here the learned gentlemen seated themselves.)—"By-the-by, Styles, have you heard of Gillebrand's nonsuit? —all owing to bad spelling. He put an *s* too much in the plaintiff's name, which has cost that unfortunate gentleman about one hundred and twenty pounds. Good fun that—Gillebrand argued, that it was *idem sonans*, but the judge would not believe him—

"And for ever must he dwell
In the spirit of that spell."

But come, cheer up, my good fellow, and show that you have some of 'the blood of the Styles' in your veins. I dare say if you can't get upon the bench, you may get *into* it—Not so bad, eh?—Oh, have you heard the new anecdote of Mr. Justice Spark, which is flying about the Temple? I told it myself to nine men this morning. You must know that when the learned judge was on his last circuit, an unfortunate dog was tried before him for some

¹ Upon inquiry, I find that soup-tickets are *corribus artis*, signifying briefs given indiscriminately by the town-clerks, &c. at sessions.

² The genealogical tree of this noble family may be seen fully set out in the second volume of Blackstone's *Commentaries*.

offence that was not capital: however, as soon as the jury had brought in their verdict, Rhadamanthus seized hold of the black cap, and was pulling it over his terrific brows, when the officer of the court interfered, 'My lord! my lord! the offence isn't a capital one.' 'Oh yes! very true,' said his lordship, 'but—but—you know, it's a good thing to terrify the prisoner a little.' Very ingenious that of his lordship. But why don't you laugh, Styles?"—"In fact, my dear Vidian, I am not altogether in a laughing mood. There is a cursed fellow of a tailor in New Bond Street, who threatens to maintain *assumpsit* against me for goods sold and delivered—then the stable-keeper in Carey Street presented me the other day with a Declaration, in which I find that I am charged with the hire of fifty horses, fifty mares, fifty stanhopes, fifty tilburies, and fifty dennets: and to crown all, a well-dressed man who resides in Chancery Lane has got a present for me, which you and I know by the name of a Special Original. Oh what a special fool was I to give those bills to that rascal Samuels! Heigh oh! all my perambulations are now confined to this lawyer's paradise. I have instructed the angel at the gate stoutly to deny admittance to all suspicious strangers, which she promises me."—"I am really sorry, Styles, that I can't accommodate you with a hundred or two, or any fractional part thereof; for though my grandfather died the beginning of the year, yet I plead *riens par descendre*. Walter, you know, is heir in tail, *secundum formam doni*, being *filius primogenitus*, and to tell you the truth, I am somewhat in the shallows myself. I confess I have of late been studying the law of Debtor and Creditor, which appears to me to require amendment exceedingly. Such have been my professional studies. In my hours of relaxation I have been conjugating the verb *to dun*—no, the passive, *to be dun*—I am dunned, I was dunned, I shall be dunned—I am about to be dunned. But see, they have opened the gates to the public—good number to-night—that's a gentleman-like-looking fellow that's coming towards us—who is he?" "Good God! don't you know? Call a boat and help me into it—I must get into Surrey—" Here the two friends, brushing hastily past me, called a boat, and as the tide was high, they easily got into it: the stranger all the while approaching with rapid strides. Poor Styles sat dejected in the boat; but Vidian politely bowed, and "hoped he should be better acquainted with the gentleman."

There is a peculiar richness and high flavour in the confidential communications of a couple

of merchants. "Cottons look lively."—"Yes. But ashes are very black."—"Pray do you hold much rum?"—"Dreadful storm last night—Poor Jones! he underwrote £7000 last week—I met him this morning looking very ill—said he couldn't sleep last night for the wind. By the way, have you heard that K—has been flying kites lately?"—"Yes, I fear he will be illustrated by the King's Printer, poor K—!"

There is no small-talk more necessary in the present age than the *Literary*, which is essentially requisite at all routs, conversaziones, balls, dances, tea-drinkings, and *petit-soupers*. I believe there is not the difficulty in this branch of the art which is generally thought to exist. There is a certain set of names and phrases which may be eternally varied, and from which the most elegant literary conversation may be framed. For the benefit of my readers, I shall present them with a catalogue of the materials, which I once made for my own use. Poetry—novels—heart—imagination—distinction—severer sciences—ancients—chivalry—*Waverley*—beauty—truth—nature—sublimity—simplicity—attractive—brilliant—elegant—Lord Byron—power—pathos—passion—sentiment—sensibility—sweetness—*Thyrsz*—Halee—*Thyrsz*!—enchanting—lovely—Don Juan—dark—depraved—perversion—abuse—like the splendours of the infernal regions—poetical yourself!—a sonnet—a stanza—scribbling verse—Richardson—Miss Austin—Captain Wentworth—Clarissa—persuasion—Eliza Rivers—hateful young clergyman—quite differ with you—Isabella—heart—weep—tears—Don Carlos—German—Goethe—languages—Italy—scenes of antiquity—associations—Cicero—"Sunny Florence"—Rossini—*Di tanti palpiti*—ah!—Scotch airs—Burns—Allan Cunningham—magazines—New Monthly—excellent—wit—politeness—fancy—depth—superior—Quarterly—Edinburgh—Madame de Staél—arm—beauty—eyes.

Such are the subjects upon which I usually attempt to ring the changes, when any fair nymph is unfortunate enough to be introduced to me at a ball; and here let me mention one very great advantage at such places. According to the modern fashion, you are compelled to change your partner every quadrille, so that you may repeat what you have already said to the former lady, observing whether she is sufficiently distant not to hear you. At a dinner-party you can seldom repeat yourself thus. But as, in case I proceed, there may be considerable danger of my playing the same trick with the reader, I shall make a timely retreat, and bid him farewell!—*New Monthly Mag.*

CRUISING.¹

What are the days but islands,
So many little islands,

And sleep the sea of silence?

That flows about them all?

There, when the moon is risen,
The peaceful waters glisten;

But yonder plashing—listen!

It is the souls that fall.

The little boats are skimming,
The wind-led boats are skimming,
Each in its silver rimming,

Apart from fleet and shore.

There not an oar is dipping—
With just a cable's slipping
Glides out the phantom shipping

That wanders evermore.

Every day's an island,
A green or barren island,
A lowland or a highland,

That looks upon the sea.

There fruitful groves are crowning;
There barren cliffs are frowning,
And rocky channels drowning
The little boats that flee.

How many are the islands,
The teeming, talking islands,
That in the sea of silence

The roving vessels find?

Their number no man knoweth;
Their way the current sheweth;
The tide returnless floweth
As each is left behind.

The sailors long to tarry—
For rest they long to tarry
When at some isle of faery

They touch and go ashore,
With songs of wistful pleading
They follow fate unheeding,
And with the tide's receding
Are drifting as before.

But sometime, in the sailing,
The blind and endless sailing,
They pass beyond the hailing
Of land upon the lee;

The lowlands and the highlands,
And all beyond the islands,
Behold the sea of silence—

Behold the great white sea.

CARL SPENCER.

¹ From *Harper's (New York) Magazine*.

A SONG IN GOLD.

Some men have the spirit of music in their brains. If they sit still and think, their thoughts seem to dissolve into soundless music. Such men become great composers. But they are few. You could almost count them upon your fingers and thumbs.

Many years ago there was a youth named Franz, who lived with his master, a goldsmith, in a little village which nestled at the foot of a great hill, as if for protection. Beyond the village lay pleasant meadows, through which the brooks glided like singing serpents. Farther on were the blue hills, where none but charcoal-burners and the birds lived. They were high, wooded hills, and over them were but few roads. These were rough and rutty; the charcoal-burners had made them for their waggons. Few people cared to visit the hills, for the ascent was not of the easiest, and besides, what was there to tempt the curious? The world is busy and time is short. So few people ever went up into the hills, save now and then some one who had business to transact with the charcoal-burners. Those who lived in the village or in the farm-houses which stood in the pleasant meadow-lands knew and cared little what the blue hills might hide in their forest crowns.

Now old Karl, the goldsmith, kept his little shop in the village, and had no other help than Franz, who was a strong, handsome youth, full of vigour and life, and gifted with an industry that was next to tireless. Every morning he was up with the birds, and you could see him at his bench, even before the market waggons came into the streets from the surrounding country, and hear him singing too; for he always sang over his work, and perhaps that was one reason why he was always pleasant-faced and bright-eyed, for singing goes with the blithe heart and healthful soul. Besides this, Franz was a perfect gem of a goldsmith. The line of beauty must have existed somewhere in the convolutions of his brain. He fashioned the most delicate, filmy webs of gold, and twisted them into a thousand beautiful devices, and snarled them about exquisite little vases of glass that looked as if they were made of congealed light. In fact, he created such marvels of design and artistic beauty that one might have said they were notations of music in gold—music poised and fixed in some blessed paralysis. Old Karl used often to pause in his own work to look over

his spectacles at the apprentice, and wonder from what recess in his brain he spun out his golden fancies. Old Karl used to enjoy asking himself such questions, although it was very certain he could never answer them; for he was a thoughtful man, fond of discussing curious problems like this, and was for ever trying to get at the kernel and reason of things. Upstairs, over his shop, he had a very low but wide room, with its back windows buried in the leaves of some fragrant trees which his own hand had planted, and its front windows looking out across the meadows and to the blue hills beyond. In that room he had more books than I should care to enumerate. There were great worm-eaten folios which one could not well hold on his knees, and there were curious old volumes, bound in parchment, and printed in the bastard Latin of the middle ages, and fat little volumes that you might easily carry in your pocket. They lay in unregenerate confusion on the table, the chairs, and the floor. Sometimes old Karl would sit there all night vexing his brain over the recondite things of which these volumes treated. Strange volumes some of them were; for he had old Abbot Tritheimus, and Albertus Magnus, and Aquinas. He had Deirio, too, the grim demonologist, and Paracelsus, and Cardanus and Agrrippa. There, too, were old Weckerus with his *Book of Secrets*, and Reuchlin the cabalist, and many other writers of strange things, in all of whom old Karl delighted, for he thought that by their aid he might at last come to the pith and kernel of things. If you wanted to read of wonders you should have climbed up into old Karl's book-room. You could have read yourself blind and crazy with them there.

Now the work that came from the goldsmith's shop was known far and wide, not only in the great city which lay scarcely a score of miles from the village, but throughout the length and breadth of the land. It commanded the best of prices, and was, you might say, standard. Everybody knew that the old goldsmith was as conscientious as his apprentice was wonderful, so that the little village workshop came into great repute, and the demand for its productions far exceeded the supply.

One bright morning, just as the sun shot its slanting rays through the early mists, Franz sat at his bench singing a merry carol and working away at a fruit-piece which had been promised for a wedding-gift. He had risen that morning even before the sun, even before the crows came from the forest-crown of the blue hills and descended into the meadows for

food, for the piece had been guaranteed for a certain hour, and many finishing touches had yet to be given. He was plying his burnisher merrily enough when the door of the shop opened and a stranger entered.

"Greeting to you, Master Goldsmith," cried the newcomer. "One might say that you get to work thus early that you may fashion the sunshine into your piece. A broad bar of it lies now across your bench. May you grow rich, gold-worker, for you are an early and sturdy worker."

"Easier wished than realized," laughed Franz. "Riches don't come for the wishing, especially to apprentices. You had better go talk to Master Karl if the profits of my labour is the only subject that you have in mind. And as for other subjects, I can only say my time is precious. So if I can serve you I will listen. If not"—

"You want to be left alone. Well, I can talk just as well while you work."

Back and forth flew the burnisher, and Franz bent over his bench again. He took the stranger for an idler, and did not care to waste further time on him. But the visitor did not allow himself to be thus rebuffed.

"As for Master Karl," he said, "I know him to be a patient, worthy man and an excellent goldsmith, but he cannot do the work which I require. Fifty years ago the case might have been different. I require now a young heart and lissom fingers. In short, I require *you*. If you serve me well, if you accomplish my work, I will pay you handsomely. I will cover your hand three deep with gold pieces; and, more, I guarantee that Master Karl shall allow you to retain them as the legitimate fruits of a genius which is assuredly not in its apprenticeship. What say you, Franz?"

"So much gold? Mine?"

Franz dropped his burnisher, and the lovely fruit-piece almost tumbled to the floor.

"Yours!" replied the stranger, with gravity. "And what I say I mean. Listen, Franz. I live in Germany, and there I secured one of the best of your works. When I return I must take with me the newest and the best—something more wonderful than anything you have heretofore made."

"And should I fail?"

"Not the sight of a coin shall you get, and I am not quite sure that I shall not take you by the ears for trifling with me."

"But why should I fail? Is it anything so very difficult of execution? You may have seen my Lorelay candelabrum." The visitor nodded

and smiled. "It almost made the master's fortune for him. Is it anything more difficult than that?"

"Yes. That was the singer. I wish the song. Write me a song in gold, Franz, and receive a thousand pieces for your genius."

"Give me your idea."

"Pooh!" cried the stranger. "I have none. If I had, why should I pay you a thousand pieces of gold? Look to the resources of your genius for it. You have made the Lorelay a singer in gold. I want you now to make me a song in gold. I want no vulgar design, no commonplace trick of the goldsmith's art. Give me music in gold. I have no clearer understanding of my own idea than this. I cannot express it otherwise. Now, will you execute the work for me? Yes, or no, for I must be gone. Like yourself, I have no time to spare. Is it yes?"

Determination stood Franz instead of inspiration.

"I will assume the task!" he answered, boldly.

"In a year from to-day," said the stranger, "bring the work to me, and may Heaven and your fortunate star assist you in the undertaking!"

He threw his card on the bench, waved his hand, and left the shop abruptly.

The card bore no lessa name than that of—No matter whom.

Who can carve for me in gold a singing thought? Who can fashion therein a succession of beautiful sounds? A visible presentment of melody? The facade of the cathedral of Rheims is, they say, frozen music; but it does not suggest a song. That was a happier thought of his who called it a poem in stone. But it is not such frozen music, or music thus molten into gold, that I demand. I ask something more. A person deprived of hearing will watch the lips of a speaker and from their motion understand what is spoken; nay, will, when a word is withheld, apprehend from the mere formation and lines of the lips what that word would have been had it been uttered. So you can imagine a carven face whose lips should, by their position, suggest a word, or even a phrase, just as the face in the wondrous Laocoön suggests an expression of unutterable woe. Just so must this work in gold suggest the song, so that one might look upon it and have the music bubble from his lips.

You see, therefore, how almost hopeless was the task which Franz had imposed upon him.

When old Karl heard of the undertaking he went nearly insane. He buried himself among

his books and read through I know not how many thousand pages of horrible Latin and Greek stuff, with the vague hope that, while fumbling amidst all this rubbish, he might by good fortune come upon some happy inspiration, or some approximation of the idea for which both were now so sedulously seeking. Alas! the books availed him not. The oracles were dumb, and would not be propitiated. The longer he read, the duller grew his brain, and the more hopeless became his quest; until at length, in sheer desperation, he commanded Franz never again to revert to the subject in his hearing, and thenceforth discharged it from his mind. Franz, meanwhile, acted more wisely, but with no better success. He cudgelled his brain night and day, drew design after design in an aimless, unintelligent way, and even fell to dreaming over the matter at night. But all in vain. Each fresh idea was found, upon examination, to embody nothing of value, and after months of patient toiling in the generation of successive delusions, each as worthless as its predecessor, Franz was nearly ready to exclaim that he had undertaken a fool's task which could by no possibility result otherwise than in shame-faced failure. Impressed with such an idea he ceased to give the subject other than desultory thoughts, and applied himself once more to the routine of ordinary business. There are fearful stories told of men who have been buried in trances, and to such graves their friends, warned by some horrible inspiration, have returned again and again, with bated breaths and finger on lip, to see if the dead have moved in their coffins. Franz had buried his idea, to be sure, yet had a vague presentiment, compounded half of hope, half of desire, that its inhumation had been premature. And so he returned to it again and again, and as frequently turned his back upon it, but never without an uneasy sense that some little vitality was still remaining. One evening he grew so nervous from mentally rehearsing his ill fortunes that, with a hope of diverting his mind, he went up into the book-room, where old Karl was, as usual, buried to the ears in one of his ponderous volumes.

"Well, master," said Franz, "your books don't help one much when he is in search of practical ideas, do they?"

"If you mean by that such fool's-errand ideas as those of your patron with the thousand pieces of gold—they don't? The best book to look for such things in is this," retorted the master, rather sharply; for he always grew cross-grained and red in the face when he thought of the time that he had wasted in the

matter. And so saying, he tossed a little book across to Franz. "That's a volume of pious legends and monkish miracles," he said, grimly. "If a miracle's what you want, you'll find plenty of them there." And he dropped his face so suddenly that it almost seemed as if he had split open the great volume on his knees with his nose, and buried his head to the hilt in it.

"That's all that I'll get out of you to-night," grumbled Franz, as he turned over the pages of the little miracle-book, in a listless, discontented way. He thought that he might as well be doing that as moping down-stairs in the shop, and thinking over his defeats. At length here a word and there a word attracted his attention, until, without knowing it, he had quite lost himself in

THE LEGEND OF ABBOT ERRO.

Old Abbot Erro, of Armentaria, sat with his face bowed above the Sacred Book. It was far into the night. Again and again he had turned the hour-glass, again and again had addressed himself to his studies. He had sat from the time when the sun sank like a blazing world behind the purple hills; and now the thin, tremulous moon hung like a sickle among the sugar-cane fields, wherein the stars lay sown like burning seeds. Constellation after constellation had swung up upon Polaris, the glittering pivot of the heavens, and already had Ursa Major swam half his circuit in the circle of perpetual apparition. Still, Abbot Erro bent painfully above the pages of the Sacred Book, with bitten lip, his deep, solemn eyes fixed upon the mysterious lines which had caused him so much doubting solicitude:

"A thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night."

The divine soul within the good man accepted the hidden truth, while his mind, trained in the sophistries and casuistries of the schools, questioned, if it did not deny. He could not understand how, even to Omnipotence, the slow, orderly advance of ten centuries, of three and thirty generations of human life, could be merged into moments. Finite reason rebelled against the infinite thought; and, sick at soul, the good abbot sighed, and, closing the volume, fastened its brazen clasps. But the doubt haunted him. He could not sleep, he could not rest.

When the sun arose Abbot Erro, still pondering upon the mystic words, passed out from the gardens of the monastery. The fresh

fragrance of the forest lured him on, the vernal solitudes invited him. Seated beneath an aged tree, he pondered again the solemn words:

"A thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night."

The sunshine flooded the crowns of the mighty trees, and dripped like yellow rain upon the woodland paths. The brooks rang their flitting bells in hidden pools. The soft wind passed through the leaves like the whispers of invisible beings. But Abbot Erro saw not, heard not. His soul still wrestled with the angel as did Jacob of old, and would not let him go without the blessing.

Presently came the song of a bird from the depth of the wood. Erro listened. It came soft and low, like the gurgle of liquid flute. What the flower is to the plant, that is song to the bird; and such a song was this that Erro arose and followed the beckoning sound. Fresh and clear came the wondrous notes; but no bird did the good monk see, for the fluttering leaves hid it from his longing eyes. It fled before him, and he followed. The burden of his soul was forgotten. He did not even hear the bell of the monastery tolling to prayers. But he followed the gurgling notes as one might follow the song of the brook beside which he walks —on through the woodland paths, on through the tangled undergrowth and the evergreen thicket, until the elusive song grew faint in the green distance of leaves, and lost itself in the drone of the early bees. Sorrowfully Erro retraced his steps. He felt that something sweet had eluded him for ever. At the gate of the monastery the porter refused him entrance.

"Am I not the abbot?" he asked, mildly. "And yet my brethren refuse me that which they grant to the stranger and the wayfarer."

"The abbot is within at matins."

"Within! Am I not the Abbot Erro? and is not this my charge?"

"Farther down by the wood thou shalt find the ruins of old Erro's monastery; there they have lain for more than a hundred years, and it must be near two centuries ago that Erro himself wandered into the woods and was heard of no more."

Abbot Erro gazed into the faces that surrounded him. They were strange and full of pity. His eyes wandered to the towers of the monastery at whose gates he stood; the tooth of time had not yet gnawed upon them. Then the old man smote his breast and wept aloud. Two centuries had been measured out to him in the song of a bird. He bowed his gray head

upon his staff. "Father, oh Father," he murmured, "I thank Thee for the blessed revelation. A thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night."

"Master," cried Franz, "to-morrow I will follow the birds."

True to his determination, Franz was ready with the sun. In his hand was his staff, and his bread-wallet was at his belt. He passed along the village street, singing in his old, happy way. No one heard him; he was too early even for the housewives. How sweet is the early morning. The eyes of the world are pleasant to look into before they are quite awake.

The village was soon behind him. He was out on the cool, brown road, whose grassy borders still glittered with the persistent drops of a midnight shower. The trees shook their tresses at him in the morning breeze.

"Where are ye, oh birds?" cried Franz. "Come and sing me your songs, and tell me how I may fashion them in gold."

He threw himself down by the brook that came sliding and gurgling through the long grass of the fertile meadow, and bathed his forehead in its coolness. "Sing me your song, oh brook!" he cried. But the laughing waters only blew their bubbles in his face, and danced away, clicking their liquid castanets. The little silver-sided fishes came up, and pouted at him with their great solemn mouths, and seemed to be mumbling to themselves their discontent. Franz crumbled a bit of bread for them, then rose to his feet and grasped his staff. "Give me your songs, O insects in the summer grass, and in the nodding sedges!" he cried. Only a gold-belted bee buzzed at his ear, then dropped, and hid itself in the horn of a meadow flower. "Psshaw! ye still-mouthed things," said Franz, "what care ye for the sorrows of a wandering goldsmith, who has come to steal your music?"

Just then he caught sight of a little brown bird that was enjoying a morning swing among the long sedges, and drying its feathers in the early sun. "Whichever way you go, little fellow, I shall follow," muttered Franz, "be it up the blue hills, or on through the notches, and into the smoky valleys beyond." The bird rose from the spray, fluttered for a moment in the air, as a humming-bird does before a flower, then slid and dropped, slid and dropped, as little brown birds are wont to do, whistling with every slide, as if the vocal and muscular efforts were the results of the same impulse. On through the fresh green grass went Franz,

here pausing to pluck a meadow flower for his hat, there to contemplate the inversion of blue sky and sedges in some still pool, wherein the rushes and the lush grasses buried their roots. Then over the fences and into the broad, sepiæ road, and beneath the overhanging trees; along the deep-flowing brook, which ran by the old mill, with moss-crusted leaves, and rotten, silent wheel; apast the broad, glassy, shadow-baunted pond, wherein the great creamy water-lilies rode at green anchor; apast the low farm-houses, whose wet Vandyck-brown shingles are a feast of colour to the eye, and from whose chimneys the cheery breakfast smoke was just beginning to rise—the air full of birds and sunshine, the brooks of sound and motion, the grasses swarming with insect life, and over the flower-knots the butterflies flapping their drowsy wings, or sailing slowly the air, with black, feathery wings set like the lateens which stud the purple seas of Zante.

Franz felt his soul refreshed and elated; the warm, pure air, washed and purified by the showers of the nights, was wine to his senses. He swung his staff, and shouted to the great sun, whose glory was in the heavens and upon the beautiful earth. At such a time all the sensations of being are pleasures; physical life exists in the midst of its most perfect conditions; the muscles, the nerves, the tissues, the blood, rejoice together, and through them the soul enjoys and exults.

Meanwhile the little brown bird, now fluttering through the matted thicket, now diving into the cool recesses of the nodding trees, now in the sheer caprice of joyous life darting into the blue air and chirping to the sun, was nearing the great hills. It was hard to tell whether man or bird was the happier.

Franz did not regard the road which led circuitously up to the kilns of the charcoal-burners. He planted his staff firmly in the tough, moist sod, and commenced mounting right on the precipitous side among the cedars, which stretched their low, rigid branches as if to intercept him. I need not here recite the history of his upward scramble; how he startled the birds from their nests in the evergreens, or roused the moping hawk which, poised high in the sunshine upon the stark dead limb of some decaying tree, watched the misty landscape with glittering eyes; how he came upon the hot, gray rocks wherein the prickly cactus grows, and where the emerald stag-beetles were sunning themselves. It was quite noon before he reached the bald summit of the highest hill, for he had loitered rather than walked, and now, after a lunch upon the contents of

his wallet—a lunch which the birds shared with him—he stretched himself in the thick brown shade of a hemlock clump and slept. Of what should he have dreamed? Men have dreamed music in their sleep. Rousseau dreamed that he stood by the gates of Paradise and heard the angelic voices singing that tune which the church psalmody has individualized by the dreamer's name. I could not even guess what Franz dreamed. It is hard to prophesy what will fly into that gossamer web which the spider Sleep spins across the brain.

Franz was awakened by the noisy clamour of a flight of crows who were out bird-egging. There they were, floating in the blue heavens like so many black crosses. Then they sank slowly behind the trees. Franz turned over and lay with his elbows buried in the dry crinkly mosses and his chin in his hands. It was a splendid position in which to receive an inspiration, and inspiration, you will remember, was what he was in search of. None came from the crows, however, though a painter might find inspiration in a flight of crows against a saffron sky quite as well as in a group of red-brown cows standing hoof-deep in the moist grasses which rim the meadow pools. Then Franz turned to the robins that were hopping and strutting in their red lapels, like so many martinettes. "Ah! if you would only be good enough to give me a lift with an idea," he thought. But they wouldn't. Franz yawned, and drummed a tattoo with his toes. Presently an antiphonal chirping and singing over the slope of the hill, and towards the charcoal-burners' huts, attracted his attention. "Here comes my inspiration," yawned Franz. He rose to his knees and peered over the intervening bushes.

Midnight found him bending over his work in Master Karl's shop!

Like the good old Abbot Erro, Franz had lost nothing by following the birds. It soon became noised throughout the village that Franz, the goldsmith's apprentice, had caught an inspiration up in the summits of the blue hills, and was fixing it in gold. All that the good villagers knew about the hills and the woods was, that they were there; that the former were hard to climb, that the latter were worth so much the cord for cutting and hauling. They wondered what sort of an idea it was, and, indeed, tried hard to find out. But Franz had moved his bench up-stairs into the room which had its windows buried in the leaves of the fragrant trees. There he could work unseen and unmolested. But you could

hear his merry voice all day as he sang over his work.

The months rolled on. Autumn came, and the dolphin woods showed their dying colours to the receding sun. Winter came, and wrestled like an athlete with the leafless trees and laid the meadows in snow. Spring came, and the sun returned, and in its trail rolled the great wave of verdure, the coming in of the full, strong tide of the life of the flowers and the green things. Again the waste places sang; again the brooks went gliding and gurgling through the grass of the meadows. Franz had finished his labours, and when the appointed day arrived he took his staff in hand, and with his wondrous work beneath his arm started upon his journey. His patron met him at the door and embraced him.

"If the work prove not a success," he said, gravely, "you may expect nothing better than a bed in the stable."

"Trust the birds for that," laughed Franz.

In the evening he was ushered into the long drawing-room where were many guests assembled. To his astonishment he beheld his wondrous Lorelay candelabrum set up in the centre of the room, and shedding a mellow light from its blazing branches. Before it, and well in its rays, he set the rose-wood case which contained his golden message from the woods.

"Gentlemen," said the patron, advancing, "you have all admired the elegant genius which has found expression in the Lorelay candelabrum."

"Divine," cried M. Recru, from the Conservatory of Paris.

"Crystallized thought," interjected Professor Vogelkohle, who could reach the high C without catching his breath or winking.

"Enchanting," cried Señor Borrascoso, the eminent Spanish basso.

"My friends," continued the patron, "you see that the Lorelay sings. But who can translate to me the song which lies poised behind her golden lips? No one? Then I have called upon the artist whose handiwork she is, to help me in my dilemma. He has promised me a song in gold."

"Impossible!" cried the critics.

"Yet here it is, in this case, if I mistake not."

All eyes were turned upon it.

"An accordion—a vile instrument," ejaculated Professor Vogelkohle. "Excuse me, my host, I have an engagement right away."

"A music-box," groaned M. Recru. "And I hate music-boxes."

"Or a hand-organ," sneered Borrascoso.

"That is a vulgar genius which substitutes cranks and springs for soul."

"One moment, friends," pleaded the patron, with an encouraging smile at Franz. "Let the workman's work speak for itself."

Franz threw open the case. The guests gathered round. The patron's brow fell. His friends looked at the work, then at each other.

Wrought with wondrous delicacy, there stood in Etruscan gold a five-railed country-fence; its posts rooted in the high grass. Near it there were thick bushes, their foliage enamelled, their blossoms fretted, and set here and there with rain-drops of crystal. Upon the fence, and just by the first post, a single delicate vine twined itself fantastically among the bars into the sign of the treble clef.

The patron shook his head. "It is a fine bit of workmanship," he said, slowly, and with evident disappointment. "Your country fence, with its five rails, corresponds, of course, to the bars and spaces of written music, and the curling vine indicates the treble clef. I suppose that a vivid imagination might infer the song." But there was in his tone which seemed to add, "As I have to supply the vivid imagination, however, I don't propose to pay you any thousand pieces of gold for the affair."

The guests shook their heads. The thing was pretty, in its way; but what of that? Had they been called together for the purpose of viewing a mere bit of delicate goldsmiths-craft? Had the critical Recru, the profound Borrascoso, who had composed a mass in G, and the bird-throated Vogelkohle, who could reach the high C without shutting his eyes, been summoned for this? Each felt like a star that had obeyed an attraction and rushed toward the new centre, expecting it to be a sun, and finding it only to be a cheap magnet, such as they sell in the shops for tenpence.

The wise Vogelkohle was the only one whose face did not fall. He held his chin and looked up at the ceiling for a moment, then smiled and cleared his throat. Franz dropped a hidden spring, when lo! from the golden bushes, and from the high grass, flew the birds. Some perched upon the rails; others fluttered, with open bills, between them or above them. A murmur of delight broke from the assembled throng. Their souls were enlightened. Such are nature's notations of the silent, the unsung music of the sunny fields—the music which can be felt, but is not heard. But the wise Vogelkohle saw that the birds in this wondrous mechanism, each in its place, represented a sound, and so, reading them as notes, until the music tripped and rippled from his lips

like the limpid waters of a mountain stream. The little golden birds leaped and fluttered into new positions at the regular beat of time, and when at length their rhythmical sport was over, they flew back into the yellow bushes and the long burnished grass.

Tears stood in Vogelkohle's eyes. He caught the hand of the young gold-worker, and pressed it with fervour. "It is an inspiration," he cried, "for here is a song that none but the birds could have made." And so indeed it was, for I swear to you that I have heard it in the antiphonal songs of the thrushes throughout the long summer afternoons when I have lain beneath the hemlocks, even as Franz lay, waiting for some of nature's pleasant inspirations. Others, too, have heard it, and love it; for well I know that this self-same song which Franz wrought in yellow gold, after the birds had taught it to him up in the blue hills, and which Vogelkohle sang so sweetly that night, is none other than the song which Reichard has set to the words, "*Da bist mir nah und doch so fern*" ("Thou art so near, and yet so far from me").

And this is what Franz found in following the birds.

W. S. NEWELL.

THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

It is the funeral march. I did not think
That there had been such magic in sweet sounds!
Hark! from the blackened cymbal that dead tone—
It awes the very ribble multitude.
They follow silently, their earnest brows
Lifted in solemn thought. 'Tis not the pomp
And pageantry of death that with such force
Arrests the sense,—the mute and mourning train,
The white plume nodding o'er the sable hearse,
Had passed unheeded, or perchance awoke
A serious smile upon the poor man's cheek
At Pride's last triumph. Now these measured
sounds,
This universal language, to the heart
Speak instant, and on all these various minds
Compel one feeling.

But such better thoughts
Will pass away, how soon! and these who here
Are following their dead comrade to the grave,
Ere the night fall, will in their revelry
Quench all remembrance. From the ties of life
Unnaturally rent, a man who knew
No resting-place, nor no delights at home,
Belike who never saw his children's face,
Whose children knew no father, he is gone,
Dropp'd from existence, like the wither'd leaf
That from the sunnier tree is swept away,

Its loss unseen. She hears not of his death
Who bore him, and already for her son
Her tears of bitterness are shed; when first
He had put on the livery of blood,
She wept him dead to her.

We are indeed
Clay in the potter's hand! one favour'd mind,
Scarce lower than the angels, shall explore
The ways of Nature, whilst his fellow-man,
Framed with like miracle the work of God,
Must as the unreasonable beast drag on
A life of labour, like this soldier here,
His wondrous faculties bestow'd in vain,
Be moulded to his fate till he becomes
A mere machine of murder.

And there are
Who say that this is well! as God has made
All things for man's good pleasure, so of men
The many for the few! court-moralists,
Reverend lip-comforters, that once a week
Proclaim how blessed are the poor, for they
Shall have their wealth hereafter, and though
now

Toiling and troubled, though they pick the crumbs
That from the rich man's table fall, at length
In Abraham's bosom rest with Lazarus.
Themselves meantime secure their good things
here

And feast with Dives. These are they, O Lord,
Who in thy plain and simple Gospel see
All mysteries, but who find no peace enjoin'd,
No brotherhood, no wrath denounced on them
Who shed their brethren's blood,—blind at noon-

day
As owls, lynx-eyed in darkness!
O my God!

I thank thee that I am not such as these;
I thank thee for the eye that sees, the heart
That feels, the voice that in these evil days,
Amid these evil tongues, exalts itself
And cries aloud against iniquity.

SOUTHEY.

O THOU OF LITTLE FAITH!

Sad-hearted, be at peace: the snowdrop lies
Buried in sepulchre of ghastly snow;
But spring is floating up the southern skies,
And darkling the pale snowdrop waits below.

Let me persuade: in dull December's day
We scarce believe there is a month of June;
But up the stairs of April and of May
The hot sun climbeth to the summer's noon.

Yet hear me: I love God, and half I rest.
O better! God loves thee, so all rest thou.
He is our summer, our dim-visioned Best;—
And in his heart thy prayer is resting now.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

THE DILEMMA OF PHADRIG.

A TALE OF THE SHANNON SIDE.

(Gerald Griffin, born in Limerick, 1803, died at Cork, 1840. In his twentieth year he proceeded to London, and found employment there on the daily press and in writing the various tales which made his reputation. In 1838 he joined the Christian Brotherhood (Roman Catholic) of Cork, and two years afterward died of fever. His works are: *The Collegians*—popular at present as the *Celtic Bawn*; *Card-drawing*; *The Half Sir*; *Sail-Days*; *The Rival*; *Tracy's Ambition*; *Holland-Tide*, or *Munster Popular Tales*; *The Duke of Monmouth*; *Tales of the Jury-Room*; and a volume of poems.]

"There's no use in talken about it, Phadrig. I know an I feel that all's over wit me. My pains are all gone, to be sure—but in place o' that, there's a weight like a quern stone down upon my heart, an I feel it blackonen within me. All I have to say is—think o' your own Mauria when she's gone, an be kind to poor Patsey."

"Ah, darlen, don't talk that way—there's hopes yet—what'll I do—what'll the child do without you?"

"Phadrig, there's noan. I'm goen fast, an if you have any regard for me, you wont say anythin that'll bring the thoughts o' you an him between me an the thoughts o' heaven, for that's what I must think of now. An if you marry again—"

"Oh, Mauria, honey, will you kill me entirely? Is it *I'll* marry again?"

"If it be a thing you should marry again," Mauria resumed, without taking any notice of her husband's interruption, "you'll bear in mind, that the best mother that ever walked the ground will love her own above another's. It stands with raisin an nature. The gauder abroad will pull a strange goslen out of his own flock; and you know yourself, we could never get the bracket hen to sit upon Nelly O'Leary's chickens, do what we could. Everything loves its own. Then, Phadrig, if you see the floury potaties—an the top o' the milk—an the warm seat be the hob—an the biggest bit o' meat on a Sunday goen away from Patsey—you'll think o' your poor Mauria, an do her part by him; just quietly, and softly, an without blamen the woman—for it is only what's nait'rel, an what many a stepmother does without thinking o' themselves. An above all things, Phadrig, take care to make him mind his books and his religion, to keep out o' bad company, an study his readin-made-aisy, and that's the way he'll be a blessing an a

comfort to you in your old days, as I once thought he would be to me in mine."

Here her husband renewed his promises, in a tone of deep affliction.

"An now for yourself, Phadrig. Remember the charge that's upon you, and don't be goen out ventures your life in a little canvas canoe, on the bad autumn days, at Ballybunion; nor wit foolish boys at the Glin and Tarbert fairs;—an don't be so wake-minded as to be trusht to card-drawers, an fairy doctors, an the like; for it's the last word the priest said to me was, that you were too superstitions, and that's a great shame an a heavy sin. But tee you!¹ Phadrig, dear, there's that rogue of a pig at the potaties over—"

Phadrig turned out the grunting intruder, bolted the hurdle-door, and returned to the bedside of his expiring helpmate. That tidy housekeeper, however, exhausted by the exertion which she had made to preserve, from the mastication of the swinish task, the fair produce of her husband's conacre of white-eyes, had fallen back on the pillow and breathed her last.

Great was the grief of the widowed Phadrig for her loss—great were the lamentations of her female friends at the evening wake—and great was the jug of whisky-punch which the mourners imbibed at the mouth, in order to supply the loss of fluid which was expended from the eyes. According to the usual cottage etiquette, the mother of the deceased, who acted as mistress of the ceremonies, occupied a capacious hay-bottomed chair near the fireplace—from which she only rose when courtesy called on her to join each of her female acquaintances as they arrived, in the death-wail which (as in politeness bound) they poured forth over the pale piece of earth that lay confined in the centre of the room. This mark of attention, however, the old lady was observed to omit with regard to one of the fair guests—a round-faced, middle-aged woman, called Milly Rue—or Red Milly, probably because her head might have furnished a solution of the popular conundrum, "Why is a red-haired lady like a sentinel on his post?"

The fair Milly, however, did not appear to resent this slight, which was occasioned (so the whisper went among the guests) by the fact, that she had been an old and neglected love of the new widower. All the fiery ingredients in Milly's constitution appeared to be comprehended in her glowing ringlets—and those, report says, were as ardent in hue as their owner was calm and regulated in her temper.

¹ To you! Beware!

It would be a cold morning, indeed, that a sight of Milly's head would not warm you—and a hot fit of anger which a few tones of her kind and wrath-disarming voice would not cool. She dropped, after she had concluded her "cry," a conciliating courtesy to the sullen old lady, took an unobtrusive seat at the foot of the bed, talked of the "notable" qualities of the deceased, and was particularly attentive to the flaxen-haired little Patey, whom she held in her lap during the whole night, cross-examining him in his reading and multiplication, and presenting him, at parting, in token of her satisfaction at his proficiency, with a copy of *The Seven Champions of Christendom*, with a fine marble cover and pictures. Milly acted in this instance under the advice of a prudent mother, who exhorted her, "whenever she thought o' maken presents, that way, not to be layen her money out in enkes or gingerbread, or things that would be ett off at wanst, an no more about them or the giver—but to give a strong toy, or a book, or somethen that would last, and bring her to mind now and then, so as that when a person 'ud ask where they got that, or who gev it, they'd say, 'from Milly Rue,' or 'Milly gev it, we're obleast to her,' an be talken an thinken of her when she'd be away."

To curb in my tale, which may otherwise become restive and unmanageable—Milly's deep affliction and generous sympathy made a serious impression on the mind of the widower, who more than all was touched by that singularly accidental attachment which she seemed to have conceived for little Patey. Nothing could be farther from his own wishes than any design of a second time changing his condition; but he felt that it would be doing a grievous wrong to the memory of his first wife if he neglected this opportunity of providing her favourite Patey with a protector, so well calculated to supply her place. He demurred a little on the score of true love, and the violence which he was about to do his own constant heart—but like the bluff King Henry, his conscience, "aye—his conscience,"—touched him, and the issue was, that a roaring wedding shook the walls which had echoed to the wall of death within the few preceding months.

Milly Rue not only supplied the place of a mother to young Patey, but presented him in the course of a few years with two merry playfellows, a brother and a sister. To do her handsome justice, too, poor Mauria's anticipations were completely disproved by her conduct, and it would have been impossible for a stranger to have detected the stepson of the house from any shade of undue partiality in the mother.

The harmony in which they dwelt was unbroken by any accident for many years.

The first shock which burst in with a sudden violence upon their happiness was one of a direful nature. Disease, that pale and hungry fiend who haunts alike the abodes of wealth and of penury; who brushes away with his baleful wing the bloom from beauty's cheek, and the balm of slumber from the pillow of age; who troubles the hope of the young mother with dreams of ghastliness and gloom, and fears that come suddenly, she knows not why nor whence; who sheds his poisonous dews alike on the heart that is buoyant and the heart that is broken; this stern and conquering demon scorned not to knock, one summer morning, at the door of Phadrig's cow-house, and to lay his iron fingers upon a fine milch-cow, a sheeted-stripper which constituted (to use his own emphatic phrase) the poor farmer's "substance," and to which he might have applied the well-known lines which run nearly as follows:—

"She's straight in her back, and thin in her tail;
She's fine in her horn, and good at the pail;
She's calm in her eyes, and soft in her skin;
She's a grazier's without, and a butcher's within."

All the "cures" in the pharmacopeia of the village apothecary were expended on the poor animal, without any beneficial effect; and Phadrig, after many conscientious qualms about the dying words of his first wife, resolved to have recourse to that infallible refuge in such cases—a fairy doctor.

He said nothing to the afflicted Milly about his intention, but slipped out of the cottage in the afternoon, hurried to the Shannon side near Money-point, unmoored his light canvas-built canoe, seated himself in the frail vessel, and fixing his paddles on the *towl-pis*, sped away over the calm face of the waters towards the isle of Scattery, where the renowned Crohore-na-Oona, or Connor-of-the-Sheep, the Mohammed of the cottages, at this time took up his residence. This mysterious personage, whose prophecies are still commented on among the cottage circles with looks of deep awe and wonder, was much revered by his contemporaries as a man "who had seen a dale;" of what nature those sights or visions were was intimated by a mysterious look, and a solemn nod of the head.

In a little time Phadrig ran his little canoe aground on the sandy beach of Scattery, and, drawing her above high-water mark, proceeded to the humble dwelling of the gifted Sheep-shearer with feelings of profound fear and anxiety. He passed the lofty round tower—

the ruined grave of St. Senanus, in the centre of the little isle—the mouldering church, on which the eye of the poring antiquary may still discern the sculptured image of the two-headed monster, with which cottage tradition says the saint sustained so fierce a conflict on landing in the islet—and which the translator of Odranus has vividly described as “a dragon, with his fore-part covered with huge bristles, standing on end like those of a boar; his mouth gaping wide open with a double row of crooked, sharp tusks, and with such openings that his entrails might be seen; his back like a round island, full of scales and shells; his legs short and hairy, with such steely talons, that the pebble-stones, as he ran along them, sparkled—parching the way wherever he went, and making the sea boil about him where he dived—such was his excessive fiery heat.” Phadrig’s knees shook beneath him when he remembered this awful description—and thought of the legends of Lough Dhoola, on the summit of Mount Callion, to which the hideous animal was banished by the saint, to fast on a trout and a half per diem to the end of time; and where, to this day, the neighbouring fishermen declare that, in dragging the lake with their nets, they find the half trout as regularly divided in the centre as if it were done with a knife and scale.

While Phadrig remained with mouth and eyes almost as wide open as those of the sculptured image of the monster which had fascinated him to the spot, a sudden crash among the stones and dock-weed, in an opposite corner of the ruin, made him start and yell as if the original were about to quit Lough Dhoola on parole of honour, and use him as a relish after the trout and a half. The noise was occasioned by a little rotund personage, who had sprung from the mouldering wall, and now stood gazing fixedly on the terrified Phadrig, who continued returning that steady glances with a half-frightened, half-crying face—one hand fast clenched upon his breast, and the other extended, with an action of avoidance and deprecation. The person of the stranger was stout and short, rendered still more so by a stoop, which might almost have been taken for a hump—his arms hung forward from his shoulders, like those of a long-armed ape—his hair was gray and bushy, like that of a wanderer—and his sullen gray eye seemed to be inflamed with ill-humour—his feet were bare and as broad as a camel’s—and a leathern girdle buckling round his waist secured a tattered gray frieze riding-coat, and held an enormous pair of shears, which might have clipped off a

man’s head as readily, perhaps, as a lock of wool. This last article of costume afforded a sufficient indication to Phadrig that he stood in the presence of the awful object of his search.

“Well! an who are *you*?” growled the Sheep-shearer, after surveying Phadrig attentively for some moments.

The first gruff sound of his voice made the latter renew his start and roar for fright; after which, composing his terrors as well as he might, he replied, in the words of Autolycus—“I am only a poor fellow, sir.”

“Well! an what’s your business with me?”

“A cure, sir, I wanted for her. A cow o’ mine, that’s very bad inwardly, an we can do nothen for her; an I thought may be you’d know what is it all ded her—an prevail on *them*” [this word was pronounced with an emphasis of deep meaning] “to leave her to *uz*.”

“Huth!” the Sheep-shearer thundered out, in a tone that made poor Phadrig jump six feet backwards, with a fresh yell, “do you daare to speake of *them* before me. Go along! you villyan o’ the airth, an wait for me outside the church, an I’ll tell you all about it there; but, first—do you think I can get the *gentlemen* to do any thing for me *gratish*—without offereen’ em a trate or a haif’orth?”

“If their honours wouldn’t think two tuppennies and a fipenny bit too little.—It’s all I’m worth in the wide world.”

“Well! we’ll see what they’ll say to it. Give it here to me. Go now—be off with yourself—if you don’t want to have ‘em all a-top o’ you in a minnit.”

This last hint made our hero scamper over the stones like a startled fawn; nor did he think himself safe until he reached the spot where he had left his canoe, and where he expected the coming of the Sheep-shearer; conscience-struck by the breach of his promise to his dying Mauria, and in a state of agonizing anxiety with respect to the lowing patient in the cow-house.

He was soon after rejoined by Connor-of-the-Sheep.

“There is one way,” said he, “of saving your cow—but you must lose one of your chilfer if you wish to save it.”

“O Heaven presarve *uz*, sir, how is that, if you place?”

“You must go home,” said the Sheep-shearer, “and say nothen to any body, but fix in your mind which o’ your three chilfer you’ll give for the cow; an when you do that, look in his eyes, an he’ll sneeze, an don’t you bless him, for the world. Then look in his eyes again, an he’ll sneeze again, an still don’t think o’

bless him, be any mains. The third time you'll look in his eyes he'll sneeze a third time—an if you don't bless him the third time, he'll die—but your cow will live."

"An this is the only cure you have to gi' me?" exclaimed Phadrig, his indignation at the moment overcoming his natural timidity.

"The only cure.—It was by a date to do I could prevail on them to let you make the choice itself."

Phadrig declared stoutly against this decree, and even threw out some hints that he would try whether or no Shaun Lanther, or Strong John, a young rival of the sheep-shearing fairy doctor, might be able to make a better bargain for him with the "gentlemen."

"Shaun Lanther!" exclaimed Connor-of-the-Sheep, in high anger—"Do you compare me to a man that never seen any more than yourself?—that never saw so much as the skirt of a dead man's shroud in the moonlight—or heard as much as the moanen of a sowith¹ in an old graveyard? Do you know me?—Ask them that do—an they'll tell you how often I'm called up in the night, and kep poster over bog an mountain, till I'm ready to drop down with the sleep,—while few voices are heard, I'll be bail, at Shaun Lanther's windey—an little knollidge given him in his drames. It is then that I get mine. Didn't I say before the King o' France was beheaded that a blow would be struck wit an axe in that place, that the sound of it would be heard all over Europe?—An wasn't it true? Didn't I hear the shots that were fired at Gibharalthur, an tell it over in Dooly's forge, that the place was relieved that day?—an didn't the news come afterwards in a month's time, that I tolta nothing but the truth?"

Phadrig had nothing to say in answer to this overwhelming list of interrogatories—but to apologize for his want of erudity, and to express himself perfectly satisfied.

With a heavy heart he put forth in his canoe upon the water, and prepared to return. It was already twilight, and as he glided along the peaceful shores, he ruminated mournfully within his mind on the course which he should pursue. The loss of the cow would be, he considered, almost equivalent to total ruin—and the loss of any one of his lovely children was a probability which he could hardly bear to dwell on for a moment. Still it behoved him to weigh the matter well. Which of them, now—supposing it possible that he could think of sacrificing any—which of them would be

select for the purpose? The choice was a hard one. There was little Mauria, a fair-haired, blue-eyed little girl—but he could not, for an instant, think of losing her, as she happened to be named after his first wife; her brother, little Shamus, was the least useful of the three, but he was the youngest—"the child of his old age—a little one!" his heart bled at the idea; he would lose the cow, and the pig along with it, before he would harm a hair of the darling infant's head. He thought of Patey—and he shuddered and leaned heavier on his oars, as if to flee away from the horrible doubt which stole into his heart with that name. It must be one of the three, or the cow was lost for ever. The two first-mentioned he certainly would not lose—and Patey—Again he bade the fiend begone, and trembling in every limb, made the canoe speed rapidly over the tide in the direction of his home.

He drew the little vessel ashore, and proceeded towards his cabin. They had been waiting supper for him, and he learned with renewed anxiety that the object of his solitude, the milch-cow, had rather fallen away than improved in her condition during his absence. He sat down in sorrowful silence with his wife and children, to their humble supper of potatoes and thick milk.

He gazed intently on the features of each of the young innocents as they took their places on the ruggan chairs that flanked the board. Little Mauria and her brother Shamus looked fresh, mirthful, and blooming, from their noisy play in the adjoining paddock, while their elder brother, who had spent the day at school, wore—or seemed, to the distempered mind of his father, to wear a look of sullenness and chagrin. He was thinner too than most boys of his age—a circumstance which Phadrig had never remarked before. It might be the first indications of his poor mother's disease, consumption, that were beginning to declare themselves in his constitution; and if so, his doom was already sealed—and whether the cow died or not, Patey was certain to be lost. Still the father could not bring his mind to resolve on any settled course, and their meal proceeded in silence.

Suddenly the latch of the door was lifted by some person outside, and a neighbour entered to inform Phadrig that the agent to his landlord had arrived in the adjacent village, for the purpose of driving matters to extremity against all those tenants who remained in arrear. At the same moment, too, a low moan of anguish from the cow outside announced the access of a fresh paroxysm of her distemper,

¹Bodiless spirit.

which it was very evident the poor animal could never come through in safety.

In an agony of distress and horror the distracted father laid his clenched fingers on the table, and looked fixedly in the eyes of the unsuspecting Patcy. The child sneezed, and Phadrig closed his lips hard, for fear a blessing might escape them. The child at the same time, he observed, looked paler than before.

Fearful lest the remorse which began to awake within his heart might oversway his resolution, and prevent the accomplishment of his unnatural design, he looked hurriedly, a second time, into the eyes of the little victim. Again the latter sneezed—and again the father, using a violent effort, restrained the blessing which was struggling at his heart. The poor child drooped his head upon his bosom, and letting the untasted food fall from his hand, looked so pale and mournful, as to remind his murderer of the look which his mother wore in dying.

It was long—very long—before the heart-struck parent could prevail on himself to complete the sacrifice. The visitor departed; and the first beams of a full moon began to supplant the faint and lingering twilight which was fast fading in the west. The dead of the night drew on before the family rose from their silent and comfortless meal. The agonies of the devoted animal now drew rapidly to a close, and Phadrig still remained tortured by remorse on the one hand, and by selfish anxiety on the other.

A sudden sound of anguish from the cow-house made him start from his seat. A third time he fixed his eyes on those of his child—a third time the boy sneezed—but here the charm was broken.

Milly Rue, looking with surprise and tenderness on the fainting boy, said,—"Why, then, Heaven bless you, child!—it must be a cold you caught, you're sneezin so often."

Immediately the cow sent forth a bellow of deep agony, and expired; and at the same moment a low and plaintive voice outside the door was heard, exclaiming—"And Heaven bless you, Milly! and the Almighty bless you, and spare you a long time over your children!"

Phadrig staggered back against the wall—his blood froze in his veins—his face grew white as death—his teeth chattered—his eyes stared—his hand moved upon his brow, and the chilling damp of terror exuded over all his frame. He recognized the voice of his first wife; and her pale, cold eye met his at that moment, as her shade flitted by the window in the thin moonlight, and darted on him a

glance of mournful reproach. He covered his eyes with his hands, and sunk, senseless, into a chair;—while the affrighted Milly, and Patcy, who at once assumed his glowing health and vigour, hastened to his assistance. They had all heard the voice, but no one saw the shade nor recognized the tone, excepting the conscience-smitten Phadrig.

THE DOWIE DENS OF YARROW.¹

Late at e'en, drinking the wine,
And ere they paid the lawing,
They set a combat them between,
To fight it in the dawing.

"O stay at hame, my noble lord,
O stay at hame, my marrow!
My cruel brother will you betray
On the dowie hounds of Yarrow."

"O fare ye weel, my ladye gayle!
O fare ye weel, my Sarah!
For I maun gae, though I ne'er return
Frae the dowie banks o' Yarrow."

She kissed his cheek, she kaim'd his hair,
As oft she had done before, O;
She belted him with his noble brand,
And he's away to Yarrow.

As he gaed up the Tennies bank,²
I wot he gaed wi' sorrow,
Till, down in a den, he spied nine arm'd men
On the dowie hounds of Yarrow.

"O come ye here to part your land,
The bonnie forest thorough?
Or come ye here to wield your brand,
On the dowie hounds of Yarrow?"

¹ This ballad was long a great favourite with the inhabitants of Ettrick Forest, and it is said to be the narrative of actual events. The above is Sir Walter Scott's version of the ballad, and he affirmed that the hero of the song was a knight called Scott who was murdered by the brother of his betrothed bride. The alleged cause of malice was the lady's father having proposed to endow her with half of his property upon her marriage with a warrior of such renown. The name of the murderer is said to have been Ainsan, and the place of combat is still called Ainsan's Trent. It is a low bank on the banks of the Yarrow. The above verses are supposed to have inspired Hamilton of Bungour's ballad of the "Braves of Yarrow," and the scenery of both suggested Wordsworth's poems of "Yarrow Unvisited" and "Yarrow Visited."

² The Tennies is the name of a farm of the Duke of Buccleuch's, a little below Yarrow Kirk.

"I come not here to part my land,
And neither to beg nor borrow;
I come to wield my noble brand
On the bonnie banks of Yarrow.

"If I see all, ye're nine to one;
And that's an unequal marrow;
Yet will I fight, while lasts my brand,
On the bonnie banks of Yarrow."

Poor has he hurt, and five has slain,
On the bloody braes of Yarrow,
Till that stubborn knight came him behind,
And ran his body thorough.

"Gae hame, gae hame, good-brother¹ John,
And tell your sister Sarah
To come and lift her leaft' lord;
He's sleepin' sound on Yarrow."

"Yestreen I dream'd a dolefu' dream;
I fear there will be sorrow!
I dream'd I pu'd the heather green,
Wi' my true love on Yarrow.

"O gentle wind, that bloweth south,
From where my love repaireth,
Convey a kiss from his dear mouth,
And tell me how he farest!

"But in the glen strivè armed men;
They've wrought me dole and sorrow!
They've slain—the comeliest knight they've
slain—
He bleeding lies on Yarrow."

As she sped down yon high high hill
She gaed wi' dole and sorrow,
And in the den spied ten slain men,
On the dowie banks of Yarrow.

She kissed his cheek, she kain'd his hair,
She searched his wounds all thorough,
She kiss'd them, till her lips grew red,
On the dowie hums of Yarrow.

"Now haud your tongue, my daughter dear!
For s' this breeds but sorrow;
I'll wed ye to a better lord
Than him ye lost on Yarrow."

"O haud your tongue, my father dear!
Ye mind me but of sorrow;
A fairer rose did never bloom
Than now lies cropp'd on Yarrow."

OLD BALLAD.

¹ Good-brother—Béau-frère; brother-in-law

ORMONDE CASTLE.

BY THE AUTHORS OF THE "O'HARA TALES."

Upon an October evening, in the year 1394, the castle of Kilkenny, which usually held a strong garrison, had its bastions, towers, and other points of defence almost unmanned; its courts almost silent; and but a few very old or very young domestics sat in its great hall, with arms in their hands, and with doubt and anxiety impressed on their features. The castle had sent forth its last regular soldier, together with all its able-bodied serfs, to support their lord, James, Earl of Ormonde, in a battle against the Desmond, touching the rights and bounds of certain lands; and intelligence of the result of the fray was every moment expected.

The lady of the fortress knelt in her private chapel, at "the altar of the holy stone," in fervent, but not faltering, prayer. The pride of name, the pride of feudal animosity, and the love of her martial husband, equally kept her heart unconscious of fear. The utmost condescension of her anxiety was to doubt; but nothing did she, or would she, doubt upon the subject which engrossed her soul, so far as regarded its issue by mortal means. Uncontrolled by a superior power, the Botiller, the Ormonde, the lord of her heart and her life, ever commanded success against a Desmond; and she knelt, therefore, only to pray that the will of God might not, on this occasion, fight against her and hers.

Her orisons ended, she slowly arose, and after bending her head, and crossing her forehead before the altar, paced along the solitary chapel, and issued from it through a low, arched door. Many flights of narrow stone steps, twining upward from the foundations of the castle, upon a level with which was the chapel floor, conducted her to the suite of small rooms leading into her sleeping chamber; thence she gained a lobby, which gave entrance to what was called "The Long Gallery," where, finding herself alone, the lady of Ormonde blew a shrill and loud call upon the little silver whistle which hung from her neck.

But no one answered her; and while her brow assumed a severe expression, she was again about to put the whistle to her lips, when the notes of a trumpet, sounding the signal for defence, reached her apparently from the embattled wall which faced and fell down to the Nore, full forty feet, although its top was still much lower than the foundations of

the fortress it helped to defend. The point from which the martial strain seemed to arise was fully commanded by the end window of the long gallery; and thither the lady of Ormonde repaired, with a more rapid step than was habitual to her.

Arrived at the window, she flung open its casements, and gazed directly downward. Two figures only met her view, those of the individuals whom she expected to find in the gallery on her return from the chapel; namely, Simon Seix, the half-witted foster-brother of her only son (and only child), and that only son himself, mounted on Simon's shoulders, who galloped, pranced, and curveted along the terrace-plane of the wall.

"The poor born-natural!" she muttered; "again will he disobey my commands not to leave the castle with his young lord, and leave it to play such antics upon that perilous wall? Doubtless it was he who mimicked the sound of the trumpet which so challenged us."

The lady recollects Simon's talent for imitating the tones of all the instruments of music he had ever heard played, as well, indeed, as the voices of many animals; and even at the moment her surmise was confirmed, for, after he had mimicked the loud neighing and snorting of a battle-charger, as an accompaniment to a devious and seemingly perilous carouse, she saw and heard him blow a second trumpet blast through the hollow of his hand, which might well be mistaken for martial music. It was a strain of victory and triumph; and Simon seemed enamoured of his own performance, for he prolonged the sounds, as though he would never end them, until, at last, they suddenly broke off in a ludicrous cadence as the overwhelming shrillness of his lady's whistle cut them short.

Turning up his large gray eyes to the open window far above him, he saw the figure of his offended mistress half bending from it. Her arm was raised, her hand clenched, and she stamped her foot as she signed to him to re-enter the castle. The Lord Thomas—so was called the little boy of seven or eight years on his back—looked up also; but while Simon assumed a face of the utmost fright and affliction, he only laughed merrily, in answer to his mother's signs; and, resisting his foster-brother's attempts to place him on his own feet, obliged Simon still to bear him on his shoulders.

In a few moments the little Lord Thomas appeared before his mother in the gallery. Her first look towards him was one of grave reprobation; but when, presuming on her

love, as well as prompted by his own love for her, the boy came bounding forward, the stale lady's brow relaxed, and, thinking of his father, she opened her arms to receive him.

"But where tarries Simon Seix, boy? With him, at least, the overgrown adviser and contriver of all thine antics, I shall call a strict reckoning."

Lord Thomas made a roguish signal to his mother, and then composing his features, spoke in a voice of mock solemnity, as he turned towards the door, "Enter, Simon, and face my lady mother."

The ill-contrived figure of Simon, short, thick, and bandy-legged, dragged itself through the doorway, and halted a few paces past the threshold. His long arms dropped at his sides; his jaw fell; his crooked eyebrows became elevated; his heavy-lidded eyes turned sideways upon the floor; and altogether he presented a very ludicrous caricature of repentance, fear, and self-abasement, of which, however, one-half was only affected; for, with his young lord for an advocate, he really apprehended no grave consequences.

"So, knave, neither your respect for my commands, nor your love and fear of the lord of Ormonde, exposed at this moment to utmost peril, can keep you quietly within the castle with Lord Thomas, as the time requires?"

Simon whiningly, yet with a certain sly expression, replied, "I wot not, gracious lady, wherefore, at this time, aught is required from my Lord Thomas or from me, his poor, simple servitor, save the bearing which bespeaks joyousness and trouble past."

"And why, sirrah, wot you not?"

"Because, by this hour of the day our good battle hath surely been fought and won, and a Bottiller's foot again planted on the neck of a Desmond," answered Simon, confidently.

"Say you so?" continued the lady, her eyes brightening; "and whence come your tidings, sir?"

"From our common thought of what ever must be the fortunes of the Ormonde against his present foe, lady," said the reputed fool; and while he spoke he gave his noble foster-brother an anxious sign to second his interested sycophancy, on which the boy answered:

"True, Simon; and it would ill become the Ormonde's only son to show by the wearing of a sad face a doubt of his own gallant father."

"List, excellent lady!" adjured Simon, "his nobleness repeats the very words which drew me from the castle by his side."

"Peace, knave!" said the lady, her voice and manner suddenly changing into great

energy as she heard sounds as of the hurried lowering of the drawbridge. "Nay, by my holy saint!" she went on rapidly, while a burst of wailing voices reached her from the hall below, "here have I been sinfully bandying words with an idiot at the moment that I should have been on my bended knees to Heaven! Who comes to greet us? who waits below?" she cried, pacing towards a side-door of the gallery, through which she was about to pass when arrested by the sound of many feet. She paused, and grew pale. Presently old John Seix, the father of Simon, clad in complete mail, and looking jaded and agitated, presented himself before her, while the few servants left in the castle crowded behind him. Her eyes met his, and with eager gaze and compressed lips she motioned him to speak.

"The noble Ormonde lives, dear lady," answered the old man; and there he paused.

"But the battle is lost, John Seix?" she said, apparently with calmness. Evasively he replied that his lord, in quick retreat upon Kilkenny, close pressed by the Desmond, had despatched him to bid his lady summon the town's people, that some of them might help to garrison the castle, and others hasten to join his army at Green's-bridge, a mile up the river, where he purposed making a last brave stand against the foe.

"All shall be done," answered his lady; and thereupon despatched one domestic to the authorities of the town, over whom the house of Ormonde held despotic sway, and another to the tower, to ring the alarm. "John Seix," she resumed, walking up and down the gallery, "however may bethide this last struggle, I give way to no fears for the dear and precious life of the Ormonde; be he a prisoner at the present moment, a Desmond hath never lived who dares to harm a hair of his head."

"Hark, lady, to the noise which comes faintly down the river," said, to her surprise, Simon Seix, the half-foot, speaking seriously and steadily, as he gracelessly moved from a corner in which he had hitherto been standing unnoticed, though, perhaps, not without noticing all he saw and heard, and edging round by the wall, approached the end window of the gallery.

"Ay, and so it does!" exclaimed his mistress, hurrying to the point of observation before him; "and, for the nonce, Simon, well have you spoken."

She gained the open window. Quick as a flash her glance shot at once up the river to the bridge, and there fixed itself. The October evening began to close in, sunless and heavy;

yet it was not so dark as to prevent her from distinguishing the general features of things at some distance.

The faint shouting and uproar still came down the Nore; but nothing of moment as yet occurred upon the bridge. In a very short time, however, the tumult growing louder, she saw a large body of armed men pour over it in disorder; some rallied at the country side of the bridge, some between its battlements, and some at its town side. The lady of Ormonde knew that these were her husband's men hotly pursued by the Desmond, and now preparing to make their last stand. Much time was not allowed to prepare them; nor did they long resist the fierce attack of their assailants.

Old Seix, watching her from the interior of the gallery, needed nothing but her action, and the expression of her countenance, to tell him the issue of the fray, and to impart to his own bosom the successive emotions which agitated hers.

"All is over, lady of Ormonde?" demanded Seix.

"It is, John," she answered; "our base hinds fly like the poor deer they are only fit to tend, scattered and wild, over the distant country."

"Do the Desmonds pursue?" again asked the house-steward.

"Gallantly!" replied the lady; "and all in a body—not a man stays on the bridge."

"Then we have some pause, dear mistress, since none of them hasten this way."

"Ay, I grant you, if our townsmen enter the castle in time. But where linger they? false curials! Begone, thou, John Seix, and assay to rouse their sluggish spirit! But no—hold an instant—it may—it may be so!" She interrupted herself by speaking these last words in a joyous, hopeful tone, as she again looked up the river.

"The Ormondes, lady?" questioned the old man.

"By Heaven! I do believe it is, John Seix. Some five or seven mounted men have parted from the confused body of pursuers and pursued beyond the bridge—and now regain it—now spur fiercely over it—and one keeps ahead of the others—and now I lose him and them as they turn into the town. Quick, quick, John Seix, and mount the turret over the grand gate—thither they repair, whoever they be—quick, old man! I wait you here."

The house-steward did as he was commanded. Shortly after he had gained his place in the turret seven horsemen galloped up the ascent from the near end of the town, led by one of

noble bearing. But as it was now deep twilight, and the riders kept their visors down, he could not, at a first glance, tell whether they were friends or foes. Coming nearer, he described a banner which they bore, and his heart beat with joy, for it was the banner of the Ormonde. To his challenge, as they drew rein before the gate, they gave the gladdening pass-word; and he hastened from the turret to admit them.

Meanwhile his lady impatiently awaited his return to the gallery. Leaving the window, she threw herself into a seat, quickly arose, paced the gallery, stopped, listened, took her son's hand, and proceeded rapidly to the door.

She had again heard the unbarring of the gate, and the lowering of the drawbridge. Now she distinguished hasty steps ascending through the castle to the gallery. A few paces from the door she stood still: a knight clad in full armour entered. In height and figure he resembled her husband; but his visor was down. Upon that she fixed her eye. An instant of silence, when the knight, slowly raising his hand, put up his visor—it was the Desmond!

She did not scream or start, for her heart had misgivings, and spared her a surprise which might have betrayed the heroic lady into some show of weakness which she would have scorned.

"I know you, Desmond," she said, endeavouring to look down his deep and fearful stare: "ay, and I knew you before you revealed yourself."

"It is well, madam, that we can meet thus calmly, for it fits the fashion of the time, and the change of—"

"Of what?" she interrupted, almost sternly; "the change of what? what change? Think you, Desmond, that, for an hour's mishap, the first he ever knew from your hand, at least, the lord of Ormonde, or I, his wife, yield to you? think you our spirit bonds or snaps so soon? think you that the cowards who fled from you on yonder bridge are a tithing of the Ormonde's loyal vassals and fighting men? or, did he stand alone to-night, in his own wide lands, think you he has no other friends to take his part?"

"What other friends?" asked Desmond.

"Hark in your ear—true English friends! ay, Desmond, and with one who loves the Ormonde to lead them on—with England's king to bid them on!" she continued, exultingly. "He lands to-day at Waterford."

"Hush!" cried Desmond, as he perceived that Simon, the natural, had drawn near them

so cautiously, that his steps were not heard. "Now, sirrah, do you dare to pry into the discourse of your lady and myself?"

Simon humbly denied any such bold and sinful design; and reproved and chidden, he withdrew, while Desmond went on with what he had to say.

"Lady, 'tis passing strange I should not have heard of this: but, let the king be at Waterford, I shall have loyal friends to wait on him there by day-dawn; you can have none—"

"The Ormonde may think of having some there before day-dawn, Desmond."

"Alack the day, lady!" said Desmond, sighing.

"Ha!" she cried, receding from him, "when you put on that seeming grief, there must be a black tale for me to hear, in good sooth! Speak, man! Have you passed your coward knife through his noble heart?"

"The Ormonde forced me to the field, lady, in just defence of my bounds of lands; but I bore him no ill blood; his life I never sought; and, had I seen it threatened, would have saved it: but the last mêlée was fierce upon the bridge, and he fell ere I knew that—"

"Dead! my Ormonde dead?" she cried, clasping her hands, and fixing her eyes on Desmond.

"I bore his banner to your gate; please you to see it in the hall? Could he have drawn living breath when that was done?"

"I think no," she answered; "and you have reached him, then? And now, Desmond, 'tis in your mind that all looks clear for the fulfilling of an old oath." Stern despair was in her tones as she uttered these words.

"Sweet lady, pass we that worthless matter—an error of mere youth, and nought besides—unless we add an outbreaking of passionate love, as pure and true as—"

"Insolent fool as well as villain!" again interrupted the lady. "Where are you, boy? Come hither to my side, and hold fast by my hand—hither, hither! ha! as she turned round, and looked towards the end of the now darkened apartment. "My child hath left the gallery—with his poor fool, too! and left it for what company!—for what chances! Desmond, I leave you to go seek him—only aid me in the task; and promise not to part us when I find my boy, and I will kneel down to bless you."

Terrible fears of Desmond's designs began to press on her mind, and she scarce knew what she said. Her unwelcome visitor earnestly promised to do as she requested him;

and they left the gallery by different doors. Desmond hastened to the hall, where, taking Dicken Utlaw, his personal attendant, aside, he said to him in a whisper—"Dicken, if by some secret outlet the young spawn of the Ormonde hath evaded us, we nearly lose our present game. Search well the courts and outbuildings—"

The calls and cries of the afflicted mother, echoing through the castle, interrupted his speech. She rushed into the hall, still uttering the name of her child. "You have murdered him, too!" she exclaimed, wildly, stopping before Desmond. "Ay, you! even while we spoke above, some devils in your service spirited him away. Give place!" She darted past him, and left the hall, to engage in another search.

Desmond followed close in her steps to receive the child for himself when he should be found. His confidential follower explored every hiding-place out of doors without success; and then Dicken and some trusty comrades mounted their horses to ride to the town, and through all the surrounding country.

Some time before the lady of Ormonde missed them, Simon Seix, stealing on tiptoe to the nearest side-door, had carried the child out of the gallery in his arms. By private and obscure passages, upon which, as he whispered to his young charge, the Desmond's men would not have yet mounted guard, they gained nearly the same spot, under the window of the long gallery, where, some hours before, he had conected to the little Lord Thomas the parts of hattle-charger and of trumpeter. Here he put the boy on his feet, and stooping down groped upon the torn-plane of the wall. "My father showed me this more than once," said Simon; and, while speaking, he contrived to loosen a small stone, and extract it from the surrounding ones. A ring appeared: he tugged at it with all his might, and a square portion of the smooth, small flags moved, were displaced, and discovered narrow steps winding downwards through the thickness of the wall.

"Now, noble son of the noble Ormonde, and most noble foster-brother of a born-natural, remember all you promised me while we whistled together at the window over our heads," resumed Simon. "Here be the steps which will free us of the castle; and, though dark, still trust to my guidance, for the sake of your dear lady-mother, and of your—"

"I am not afraid, wifless," interrupted the child; "take my hand, and lead me after you."

Without another word Simon safely conveyed

him to the bottom of the turning steps. Here they stood in utter darkness, the misnamed fool groping with his two hands over the rough surface which temporarily opposed their further progress. A joyful exclamation soon told, however, that he had found what he sought; and the next moment a part of the wall (here but of a slight thickness), framed in iron, moved inward on hinges, and they saw, through a low arched opening, only a few feet from them, the river, the sound of whose rapid dash they had heard as they descended.

A rugged bank, broken by eddies, and interrupted by little coves of the river, sloped from the foundation of the wall into the Nore. Along this, his back turned to John's bridge and the town, with his young foster-brother once more astride on his shoulders, Simon was soon hurrying. The wall made an abrupt turn, striking off at right angles, inland: he turned with it, and still pursued its course.

"There is the paddock, truly; but where is my lord's favourite horse for the chase?" he said, after having made considerable way—"nay, I see him—and now for a hard ride, without saddle, and a *suggaun* bridle in hand."

Some hay was piled in the paddock: from it he adroitly and quickly spun his *suggaun*—fastened it on the head of the fleet courser—placed the child on the animal's back—vaulted up behind him—and a few minutes, over hedge and ditch, brought them to a highway.

"For Waterford, Raymond!" cried Simon, shaking his hay bridle: "and we have need to see the end of the twenty-and-four Irish miles in little more time than it will take to count them over!"

"Tis well to be a fool, ay, and a sleepy fool too, at times, Simon, else neither Raymond, nor his riders for him, would know the road so well," said the child.

"There be tricks in all born crafts, your little nobleness," replied Simon, "else how would fools, or even wise men, win bread? In sooth, I deemed I might catch a needful secret behind the arras, though I wot not of the road till I bethought me of treading lightly back from the window to hear what was said."

It was night—but a moonlight one—when the hoofs of their courser beat hollowly along the banks of the Suir: they had avoided the town, and followed the widening of the river a little distance beyond it. Unpractised as were his eyes to such a sight, Simon was soon aware that a great many ships floated on the moonlit water; that boats moved to and from them; and that large bodies of soldiers, destined for

taking the field against the formidable young Irish chief, Arthur Mac Murchad O'Kavanah, were every moment landing. While he looked, a sentinel challenged him. He reined up his foaming horse, and answered by giving the name of the Lord Thomas of Ormonde, demanding at same time to see the king. The soldier scoffed at his request; and, as Simon insisted, his words grew rough and high. A group of noble-looking men, who, from a near elevation of the bank, had been watching the disembarkment, drew towards the spot; and one, a knight, completely clad in splendid armour, advanced alone from the rest, saying, "The Lord Thomas of Ormonde to have speech of the king? where bides this Lord Thomas, master mine?"

"I am the Lord Thomas of Ormonde!" answered Simon's little charge, spiritedly, and as if in dudgeon that he had not been at once recognized.

"Thou, gramercy, fair noble?" continued the knight, good-naturedly, as he touched his helmet. "And on what weighty matter wouldst thou parley with King Richard?"

"An ye lead me to him, like a civil knight and good, Richard himself shall learn," replied the child.

"Excellent well spoken," whispered Simon to his charge; "abide by that fashion of speech."

"By our lady, then, like civil knight and good, will I do my devoir by thee, Lord Thomas of Butler," resumed the knight, "little doubting that the king will give ready ear to thy errand, for passing well he affects one of thy name, the Lord James, Earl of Ormonde."

"Which noble earl is mine own father," said the boy.

The knight showed real interest at this intelligence; and commanding the horse which bore Simon and the child to be led after him, walked towards the town of Waterford.

Half an hour afterwards, mounted on a fresh steed, and accompanied by their patron and a body of well-armed soldiers, our adventurers galloped back to Kilkenny. The knight had pressed their stay till morning; but Lord Thomas and Simon convinced him that for the sake of the lady of Ormonde this ought not to be. She required not only to have her son restored to her, but also to be protected against the Desmond, who, ere morning's dawn, might work her irremediable harm. Finding these reasons good, the friendly knight resolved to bear them company.

Upon the road he arranged with Simon

various plans of action; and upon a particular point was wholly governed by the simpleton's advice. Simon said that there was but one vassal of the Desmond in Kilkenny Castle, who, after the tidings they had to communicate, would at all hazards attempt to spill blood. "Then can ye not make free with his before I enter the castle-hall?" demanded the knight. Simon demurred, but proposed an alternative. "We will make him drunk with wines till he sleeps soundly," said he; "and then, upon hearing my signal, a child may enter."

The knight assented, but added, "Success still hangs upon the chance of the Desmond's army not having yet marched from the field to greet their lord in the Ormonde's fortress; for, though our liege comrades here may well suffice to master the knaves already within its walls, they could not withstand thousands."

Notwithstanding this, the party gained unchallenged the secret door through which Simon had escaped. All had dismounted, and, conducted by him, were now ushered stealthily into the castle; and their hopes grew high when it appeared that Desmond's army had not yet come forward.

Simon entered the hall of the castle, leading his foster-brother by the hand. By the light of a tripod, suspended from the arched roof, he saw his old father stretched on the tiled floor, mournfully supporting his head upon his hand, and guarded by a soldier. At the oak table sat Dicken Utlaw, the man whom Simon had meant when he spoke of the single follower of Desmond whose hand would be prompt to shed the blood even of his liege king in defence of his lord, or in revenge of his discomfiture. A wine-cup and a flagon stood at the ruffian's hand, by means of which he had already anticipated, half-way, Simon's designs upon him.

Utlaw's voice was high and angry as the two truants appeared before him; and, in fact, he was roundly expressing his wrath against them for the useless chase they had led him over all the neighbouring roads, and from which he had only lately returned. So soon as his eyes met theirs he started up, roaring forth commands to the armed man who stood guard over old Seix, to secure the door.

"It does not need," answered the boy; "we come hither to be your prisoners, good Dicken."

"Ay, thou vagrant imp! and whence come ye so suddenly, after all our chase, as if ye grew out of the ground, or were blown in upon a wind?" asked Utlaw.

"Perchance even as thou sayest we come,"

answered Simon, "for all this evening we have footed it merrily with the fays of Brandon Hill; and he patient now, sweet Dicken Utlaw," as the bravo raised his sheathed sword, "and but suffer us to enact for your pleasure one of the dances they taught us, and I will coax my father, the house-steward, to whisper thee in what corner of the cellar thou mayest chance on a magnum of such renowned wine as has scarce filled to-night the empty flagon at thy hand."

Dicken became somewhat quieted; and growling an exhortation to the sentinel to guard all his prisoners well, strode off to avail himself of the ready instructions of old Seix. During his brief absence Simon studied the features of the soldier who rested on his tall spear near the door, and drew comfort from their tranquil and even benevolent expression. Utlaw returned to his seat at the oak table, called the wine good, and gulped it down rapidly: it was of great power, and well did Simon know the fact. But it also seemed capable of making him obliging, for he consented to see the fashion of the dance practised by the hill elves; and accordingly Simon, with a whisper to the child, performed a vagary so grotesque that the drunken savage laughed heartily in his cup, and the guard smiled quietly at his post.

Simon continued his frolics till the critical powers of Dicken began rapidly to desert him. Very soon afterwards he slept profoundly, snorting like the swine he was. Simon, now preparing for his most important feat, proposed that Lord Thomas should take a war-horse—namely, an old weapon at hand, and ride it about the hall to the notes of the trumpet. The boy was soon mounted, and Simon, taking up a useless scroll of parchment, and rolling it loosely, applied it to his mouth.

Before he would blow his signal blast, however, he glanced into the face of the sentinel, and afterwards to the half-open door. The man was still smiling good-naturedly at the gambols of the little Lord Thomas; and, in the gloom without Simon caught glimpses of armed men, one of whom presently entered, unseen by the soldier, and bent watchfully over the snoring Dicken. "Now to the charge!" cried Simon, addressing his foster-brother; and to the astonishment of the sentinel, of the knight who had just stealthily come in (Simon's friend at Waterford), and of every one in the castle, a perfect trumpet sound rang through the spacious building.

Dicken sprung to his feet, half-conscious, and was instantly felled to the ground by a blow of the knight's battle-axe. Old Seix

arose, and seized his sword. Simon armed himself with the weapon upon which the child had been astride, and placed himself spiritedly, though grotesquely, before him. The sentinel quickly brought his spear to his hip, and stood upon the defensive, regarding the stranger knight (who wore his vizor down) with a threatening look; but a second knight now gaining that person's side, rendered his hostility vain. Almost at the same moment an uproar and a clash was heard through the castle: presently the lady of Ormonde ran shrieking into the hall; and she shrieked wildly again, though not in the same cadence, as she caught up her child to her bosom. She was quickly followed by Desmond, now the prisoner of some of Simon's friends. The bold lord had fought desperately, and bled from his wounds, though the rage which was upon him did not allow him to think of them.

"What treachery is this? and what villains be these?" he exclaimed as he came in; "who calls himself chief here?"

The knight who wore his vizor down raised his arm, and touched his breast in answer.

"Then call thyself by such name no longer!" continued Desmond; and with that he suddenly freed himself from his guards, snatched the sentinel's long spear, and aimed a thrust at the knight.

"Traitor! stay thy hand!" exclaimed his antagonist, in a voice of high and dignified command; "thou knowest not what thou doest, nor that indeed thy feodal sceptre is here broken in pieces. Look at me now!" he exposed his face.

"Richard—the king!" faltered Desmond, dropping on his knee, as the lady of Ormonde and all in the hall knelt with him.

John and MICHAEL BANIM.

VOX POPULI.

When Mazarwan the magician

Journeyed westward through Cathay,
Nothing heard he but the praises
Of Badoura on his way.

But the lessening rumour ended

When he came to Khaledan:
There the folk were talking only
Of Prince Camaralzaman.

So it happens with the poets;

Every province hath its own;
Camaralzaman is famous
Where Badoura is unknown.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

THE SQUIRE'S PEW.

A slanting ray of evening light
Shoots through the yellow pane,
It makes the faded crimson bright,
And gilds the fringe again;
The window's Gothic framework falls
In oblique shadows on the walls.
And since those trappings first were new
How many a cloudless day,
To rob the velvet of its hue,
Hath come and passed away!
How many a setting sun hath made
This curious lattice-work—of shade.
Crumbled beneath the hillock green,
The cunning hand must be,
That carved this fretted door, I ween,
Acorn and fleur-de-lis,
And now the worm hath done her part
In mimicking the chisel's art.

In days of yore, as now we call,
When the first James was king,
The courtly knight from yonder hall
Hither his train would bring;
All seated round in order due,
With broilded vest and buckled shoe,
On damask cushions set in fringe,
All reverently they knelt,
Prayer-book with brazen hasp and hinge,
In ancient English spelt,
Each holding in a lily hand,
Responsive at the priest's command.

Now streaming down the vaulted aisle
The sunbeam long and lone,
Illumes the characters awhile
Of their inscription-stone,
And there in marble hard and cold,
The knight and all his train behold!
Out-stretched together are express'd

He and my lady fair,
With hands uplifted on the breast
In attitude of prayer,
Long visaged clad in armour he,
With ruffled arms and bodice she,
Set forth in order as they died,
The numerous offspring bend,
Together kneeling side by side,
As if they did intend
For past omissions to atone,
By saying endless prayers in stone.

Those mellow days are past and dim,
But generations new,
In regular descent from him,
Still fill the stately pew,
And in the same succession go
To occupy the vaults below.
And now the polished modern squire
With all his train appear,
Who duly to the hall repair,
At season of the year,
And fill the seat with belle and beau,
As 'twas so many years ago.
Perchance all thoughtless as they tread
The hollow sounding floor
Of that dark house of kindred dread,
Which shall, as heretofore,
In turn receive to silent rest
Another and another guest,
The plumed hearse, the servile train
In all its wonted state,
Shall wind along the village lane,
And stop before the gate,
Brought many a distant alley through
To join the final rendezvous.
And when this race is swept away,
Each in their narrow beds,
Still shall the mellow evening ray
Shine gaily o'er their heads,
While other faces, strange and new,
Shall occupy the Squire's pew.

JANE TAYLOR.

BATTLE-HYMN OF THE LEAGUE.

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King Henry of Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,
Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vines, O pleasant land of France!
And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy.
Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turn'd the chance of war,
Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry, and Henry of Navarre.

O! how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,
 We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;
 With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
 And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.
 There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land;
 And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand:
 And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's impurpled flood,
 And good Coligny's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;
 And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
 To fight for his own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The King is come to marshal us, in all his armour dress'd,
 And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
 He look'd upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
 He look'd upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
 Right graciously he smiled on us, as roll'd from wing to wing,
 Down all our line, a deafening shout, "God save our Lord the King!"
 "And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,
 For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,
 Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war,
 And be your Oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din
 Of fifi, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin.
 The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint Andre's plain,
 With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
 Now by the lips of those we love, fair gentlemen of France,
 Charge for the golden Hies,—upon them with the lance.
 A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
 A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white cross;
 And in they burst, and on they rush'd, while, like a guiding star,
 Amidst the thickest earings blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours. Mayenne hath turn'd his rein,
 D'Aunule hath cried for quarter. The Flemish Count is slain.
 Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;
 The field is heap'd with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mud.
 And then we thought on vengeance, and, all along our van,
 "Remember St. Bartholomew!" was pass'd from man to man.
 But out spake gentle Henry, "No Frenchman is my foe:
 Down, down, with every foreigner; but let your brethren go."
 Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
 As our Sovereign Lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre!

Ho! maidens of Vienna; ho! matrons of Lucerne;
 Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.
 Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
 That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's souls.
 Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright,
 Ho! burghers of Saint Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night.
 For our God hath crush'd the tyrant, our God hath rais'd the slave,
 And mock'd the counsel of the wise, and the valour of the brave.
 Then glory to his Holy Name, from whom all glories are;
 And glory to our Sovereign Lord, King Henry of Navarre.

THE PURLOINED LETTER.¹

[Edgar Allan Poe, born in Baltimore, January, 1811; died in the Baltimore hospital, 7th October, 1849. The story of Poe's life is one of the saddest. Left an orphan at three years of age, he was adopted by Mr. Allan of Baltimore, who educated him, and made many endeavours to save him from the ruin in which his reckless habits ultimately involved him. Gifted with considerable genius, which won for him many friends who were anxious to help and to respect him, and who afforded him repeated opportunities to redeem his character, he had, unhappily, too little self-control to overcome the evil habits which he fraudulently owned and despised. His tales of the *Gold Bug* (the *Gold Beetle* it is called in the English editions of his works); the *Murders in the Rue Morgue*; the *Mystery of Marie Roget*; and the *Purloined Letter*, were received with much favour. His poem of the *Raven* obtained for him remarkable popularity; but he was unable to derive much advantage from the reputation he achieved. He exhausted the patiences of his friends one after another, and at length died in an hospital from the effects of a cold caught during a drunken orgy. A writer in *Fraser's Magazine* says: "Poe's great power lay in writing tales, which rank in a class by themselves, and have their characteristics strongly defined." Admiring his talent, we can only think of his career with the more regret.]

"Nil sapientiae odiosius acerbae nimio."—SENeca.
"There is nothing more odious in knowledge than too much acuteness."

At Paris, just after dark one gusty evening in the autumn of 18—, I was enjoying the twofold luxury of meditation and a morschaum, in company with my friend C. Auguste Dupin, in his little back library, or book-closet, *au troisième*, No. 33, Rue Dunot, Faubourg St. Germain. For one hour at least we had maintained a profound silence; while each, to any casual observer, might have seemed intently and exclusively occupied with the curling eddies of smoke that oppressed the atmosphere of the chamber. For myself, however, I was mentally discussing certain topics which had formed matter for conversation between us at an earlier period of the evening—I mean the affair of the Rue Morgue, and the mystery attending the murder of Marie Roget. I looked upon it, therefore, as something of a coincidence when the door of our apartment was thrown open and admitted our old acquaintance, Monsieur G—, the prefect of the Parisian police.

We gave him a hearty welcome; for there was nearly half as much of the entertaining as of the contemptible about the man, and we had not seen him for several years. We had been

sitting in the dark, and Dupin now arose for the purpose of lighting a lamp, but sat down again without doing so, upon G.'s saying that he had called to consult us, or rather to ask the opinion of my friend about some official business which had occasioned a great deal of trouble.

"If it is any point requiring reflection," observed Dupin, as he forbore to enkindle the wick, "we shall examine it to better purpose in the dark."

"That is another of your odd notions," said the prefect, who had a fashion of calling everything "odd" that was beyond his comprehension, and thus lived amid an absolute legion of "oddities."

"Very true," said Dupin, as he supplied his visitor with a pipe, and rolled towards him a comfortable chair.

"And what is the difficulty now?" I asked.
"Nothing more in the assassination way, I hope?"

"Oh no; nothing of that nature. The fact is, the business is very simple indeed, and I make no doubt that we can manage it sufficiently well ourselves; but then I thought Dupin would like to hear the details of it, because it is so excessively *odd*."

"Simple and odd," said Dupin.

"Why, yes; and not exactly that, either. The fact is, we have all been a good deal puzzled because the affair is so simple, and yet baffles us altogether."

"Perhaps it is the very simplicity of the thing which puts you at fault," said my friend.

"What nonsense you do talk!" replied the prefect, laughing heartily.

"Perhaps the mystery is a little too plain," said Dupin.

"Oh, good heavens! who ever heard of such an idea?"

"A little too self-evident."

"Ha! ha! ha!—ha! ha! ha!—ho! ho! ho!" roared our visitor, profoundly amused. "Oh, Dupin, you will be the death of me yet."

"And what, after all, is the matter on hand?" I asked.

"Why, I will tell you," replied the prefect, as he gave a long, steady, and contemplative puff, and settled himself in his chair. "I will tell you in a few words; but, before I begin, let me caution you that this is an affair demanding the greatest secrecy, and that I should most probably lose the position I now hold were it known that I confided it to any one."

"Proceed," said I.

¹ From *Tales of Mystery, Imagination, and Horror*.
By Edgar Allan Poe. London: Ward, Lock, & Tyler.

"Or not," said Dupin.

"Well, then. I have received personal information, from a very high quarter, that a certain document of the last importance has been purloined from the royal apartments. The individual who purloined it is known; this beyond a doubt; he was seen to take it. It is known, also, that it still remains in his possession."

"How is this known?" asked Dupin.

"It is clearly inferred," replied the prefect, "from the nature of the document, and from the non-appearance of certain results which would at once arise from its passing *out* of the robber's possession; that is to say, from his employing it as he must design in the end to employ it."

"Be a little more explicit," I said.

"Well, I may venture so far as to say that the paper gives its holder a certain power in a certain quarter where such power is immensely valuable." The prefect was fond of the cant of diplomacy.

"Still I do not quite understand," said Dupin.

"No? Well. The disclosure of the document to a third person, who shall be nameless, would bring in question the honour of a personage of most exalted station; and this fact gives the holder of the document an ascendancy over the illustrious personage whose honour and peace are so jeopardized."

"But this ascendancy," I interposed, "would depend upon the robber's knowledge of the loser's knowledge of the robber. Who would dare?"

"The thief," said G., "is the minister D—, who dares all things, those unbecoming as well as those becoming a man. The method of the theft was not less ingenious than bold. The document in question—a letter, to be frank—had been received by the personage robbed while alone in the royal *houdoir*. During its perusal she was suddenly interrupted by the entrance of the other exalted personage, from whom especially it was her wish to conceal it. After a hurried and vain endeavour to thrust it in a drawer, she was forced to place it, open as it was, upon a table. The address, however, was uppermost, and, the contents thus unexposed, the letter escaped notice. At this juncture enters the minister D—. His lynx eye immediately perceives the paper, recognizes the handwriting of the address, observes the confusion of the personage addressed, and fathoms her secret. After some business transactions, hurried through in his ordinary manner, he produces a letter somewhat similar

to the one in question, opens it, pretends to read it, and then places it in close juxtaposition to the other. Again he converses for some fifteen minutes upon the public affairs. At length, in taking leave, he takes also from the table the letter to which he had no claim. Its rightful owner saw, but, of course, dared not call attention to the act, in the presence of the third personage, who stood at her elbow. The minister decamped, leaving his own letter—one of no importance—upon the table."

"Here, then," said Dupin to me, "you have precisely what you demand to make the ascendancy complete—the robber's knowledge of the loser's knowledge of the robber."

"Yes," replied the prefect; "and the power thus attained has, for some months past, been wielded, for political purposes, to a very dangerous extent. The personage robbed is more thoroughly convinced every day of the necessity of reclaiming her letter. But this, of course, cannot be done openly. In fine, driven to despair, she has committed the matter to me."

"Than whom," said Dupin, amid a perfect whirlwind of smoke, "no more sagacious agent could, I suppose, be desired, or even imagined."

"You flatter me," replied the prefect; "but it is possible that some such opinion may have been entertained."

"It is clear," said I, "as you observe, that the letter is still in possession of the minister, since it is this possession, and not any employment of the letter, which bestows the power. With the employment the power departs."

"True," said G.; "and upon this conviction I proceeded. My first care was to make thorough search of the minister's hotel; and here my chief embarrassment lay in the necessity of searching without his knowledge. Beyond all things, I have been warned of the danger which would result from giving him reason to suspect our design."

"But," said I, "you are quite *au fait* in these investigations. The Parisian police have done this thing often before."

"O yes; and for this reason I did not despair. The habits of the minister gave me, too, a great advantage. He is frequently absent from home all night. His servants are by no means numerous. They sleep at a distance from their master's apartment, and being chiefly Neapolitans, are readily made drunk. I have keys, as you know, with which I can open any chamber or cabinet in Paris. For three months a night has not passed during the greater part of which I have not been engaged personally

in ransacking the D—— Hotel. My honour is interested, and, to mention a great secret, the reward is enormous. So I did not abandon the search until I had become fully satisfied that the thief is a more astute man than myself. I fancy that I have investigated every nook and corner of the premises in which it is possible that the paper can be concealed."

"But is it not possible," I suggested, "that although the letter may be in possession of the minister, as it unquestionably is, he may have concealed it elsewhere than upon his own premises?"

"This is barely possible," said Dupin. "The present peculiar condition of affairs at court, and especially of those intrigues in which D—— is known to be involved, would render the instant availability of the document—its susceptibility of being produced at a moment's notice—a point of nearly equal importance with its possession."

"Its susceptibility of being produced?" said I.

"That is to say, of being *destroyed*," said Dupin.

"True," I observed; "the paper is clearly, then, upon the premises. As for its being upon the person of the minister, we may consider that as out of the question."

"Entirely," said the prefect. "He has been twice waylaid, as if by footpads, and his person rigorously searched under my own inspection."

"You might have spared yourself this trouble," said Dupin. "D——, I presume, is not altogether a fool, and, if not, must have anticipated these waylayings as a matter of course."

"Not altogether a fool," said G.; "but then he's a poet, which I take to be only one remove from a fool."

"True," said Dupin, after a long and thoughtful whiff from his meerschaum, "although I have been guilty of certain doggrel myself."

"Suppose you detail," said I, "the particulars of your search."

"Why, the fact is, we took our time, and we searched *everywhere*. I have had long experience in these affairs. I took the entire building, room by room, devoting the nights of a whole week to each. We examined, first, the furniture of each apartment. We opened every possible drawer; and I presume you know that, to a properly trained police agent, such a thing as a *secret* drawer is impossible. Any man is a dolt who permits a '*secret*' drawer to escape him in a search of this kind. The thing is so plain. There is a certain amount of bulk—of space—to be accounted for in every cabinet.

Then we have accurate rules. The fiftieth part of a line could not escape us. After the cabinets we took the chairs. The cushions we probed with the fine long needles you have seen me employ. From the tables we removed the tops."

"Why so?"

"Sometimes the top of a table, or other similarly arranged piece of furniture, is removed by the person wishing to conceal an article; then the leg is excavated, the article deposited within the cavity, and the top replaced. The bottoms and tops of bed-posts are employed in the same way."

"But could not the cavity be detected by sounding?" I asked.

"By no means, if, when the article is deposited, a sufficient wadding of cotton be placed around it. Besides, in our case we were obliged to proceed without noise."

"But you could not have removed—you could not have taken to pieces *all* articles of furniture in which it would have been possible to make a deposit in the manner you mention. A letter may be compressed into a thin spiral roll, not differing much in shape or bulk from a large knitting-needle, and in this form it might be inserted into the rung of a chair, for example. You did not take to pieces all the chairs?"

"Certainly not; but we did better—we examined the rungs of every chair in the hotel, and, indeed, the jointings of every description of furniture by the aid of a most powerful microscope. Had there been any traces of recent disturbance, we should not have failed to detect it instantly. A single grain of gimlet-dust, for example, would have been as obvious as an apple. Any disturbance in the gluing—any unusual gaping in the joints—would have sufficed to insure detection."

"I presume you looked to the mirrors, between the boards and the plates, and you probed the beds and the bed-clothes, as well as the curtains and carpets."

"That, of course; and when we had absolutely completed every particle of the furniture in this way, then we examined the house itself. We divided its entire surface into compartments, which we numbered, so that none might be missed; then we scrutinized each individual square inch throughout the premises, including the two houses immediately adjoining, with the microscope, as before."

"The two houses adjoining!" I exclaimed, "you must have had a great deal of trouble."

"We had; but the reward offered is prodigious."

"You include the grounds about the houses?"

"All the grounds are paved with brick. They gave us comparatively little trouble. We examined the moss between the bricks, and found it undisturbed."

"You looked among D——'s papers, of course, and into the books of the library?"

"Certainly; we opened every package and parcel; we not only opened every book, but we turned over every leaf in each volume, not contenting ourselves with a mere shake, according to the fashion of some of our police-officers. We also measured the thickness of every book-cover, with the most accurate measurement, and applied to each the most jealous scrutiny of the microscope. Had any of the bindings been recently meddled with it would have been utterly impossible that the fact should have escaped observation. Some five or six volumes, just from the hands of the binder, we carefully probed, longitudinally, with the needles."

"You explored the floors beneath the carpets?"

"Beyond doubt. We removed every carpet, and examined the boards with the microscope."

"And the paper on the walls?"

"Yes."

"You looked into the cellars?"

"We did."

"Then," I said, "you have been making a miscalculation, and the letter is not upon the premises, as you suppose."

"I fear you are right there," said the prefect. "And now, Dupin, what would you advise me to do?"

"To make a thorough research of the premises."

"That is absolutely needless," replied G——. "I am not more sure that I breathe than I am that the letter is not at the hotel."

"I have no better advice to give you," said Dupin. "You have, of course, an accurate description of the letter?"

"Oh yes!" and here the prefect, producing a memorandum-book, proceeded to read aloud a minute account of the internal, and especially of the external, appearance of the missing document. Soon after finishing the perusal of this description, he took his departure, more entirely depressed in spirits than I had ever known the good gentleman before.

In about a month afterwards he paid us another visit, and found us occupied very nearly as before. He took a pipe and a chair, and entered into some ordinary conversation. At length I said:—

"Well, but G——, what of the purloined letter? I presume you have at last made up

your mind that there is no such thing as over-reaching the minister?"

"Confound him, say I—yes; I made the re-examination, however, as Dupin suggested; but it was all labour lost, as I knew it would be."

"How much was the reward offered, did you say?" asked Dupin.

"Why, a very great deal—a very liberal reward—I don't like to say how much, precisely; but one thing I *will* say, that I wouldn't mind giving my individual cheque for 50,000 francs to any one who could obtain me that letter. The fact is, it is becoming of more and more importance every day; and the reward has been lately doubled. If it were trebled, however, I could do no more than I have done."

"Why, yes," said Dupin, drawlingly, between the whiffs of his meerschaum, "I really—think, G——, you have not exerted yourself—to the utmost in this matter. You might—do a little more, I think, eh?"

"How? in what way?"

"Why—puff, puff—you might—puff, puff—employ counsel in the matter, eh?—puff, puff, puff. Do you remember the story they tell of Abernethy?"

"No; hang Abernethy!"

"To be sure! hang him and welcome. But, once upon a time, a certain rich miser conceived the design of snatching upon this Abernethy for a medical opinion. Getting up, for this purpose, an ordinary conversation in a private company, he instigated his ease to the physician as that of an imaginary individual.

"We will suppose," said the miser, "that his symptoms are such and such; now, doctor, what would you have directed him to take?"

"Take!" said Abernethy, "why, take *advice*, to be sure."

"But," said the prefect, a little discomposed, "I am *perfectly* willing to take advice, and to pay for it. I would *really* give 50,000 francs to any one who would aid me in the matter."

"In that case," replied Dupin, opening a drawer, and producing a cheque-book, "you may as well fill me up a cheque for the amount mentioned. When you have signed it, I will hand you the letter."

I was astounded. The prefect appeared absolutely thunderstricken. For some minutes he remained speechless and motionless, looking incredulously at my friend with open mouth, and eyes that seemed starting from their sockets; then, apparently recovering himself in some measure, he seized a pen, and after

several pauses and vacant stares, finally filled up and signed a cheque for 50,000 francs, and handed it across the table to Dupin. The latter examined it carefully and deposited it in his pocket-book; then, unlocking an *escritoire*, took thence a letter and gave it to the prefect. This functionary grasped it in a perfect agony of joy, opened it with trembling hand, cast a rapid glance at its contents, and then, scrambling and struggling to the door, rushed at length unceremoniously from the room and from the house, without having uttered a syllable since Dupin had requested him to fill up the cheque.

When he had gone my friend entered into some explanations.

"The Parisian police," he said, "are exceedingly able in their way. They are persevering, ingenious, cunning, and thoroughly versed in the knowledge which their duties seem chiefly to demand. Thus, when G—— detailed to us his mode of searching the premises at the Hotel D——, I felt entire confidence in his having made a satisfactory investigation, so far as his labours extended."

"So far as his labours extended?" said I.

"Yes," said Dupin; "The measures adopted were not only the best of their kind, but carried out to absolute perfection. Had the letter been deposited within the range of their search, these fellows would, beyond a question, have found it."

I merely laughed; but he seemed quite serious in all that he said.

"The measures, then," he continued, "were good in their kind, and well executed; their defect lay in their being inapplicable to the case and to the man. A certain set of highly ingenious resources are, with the prefect, a sort of Procrustean bed, to which he forcibly adapts his designs. But he perpetually errs by being too deep or too shallow for the matter in hand; and many a school-boy is a better reasoner than he. I knew one about eight years of age, whose success at guessing in the game of 'Even and Odd' attracted universal admiration. This game is simple, and is played with marbles. One player holds in his hand a number of these toys, and demands of another whether that number is even or odd. If the guess is right, the guesser wins one; if wrong, he loses one. The boy to whom I allude won all the marbles of the school. Of course he had some principle of guessing; and this lay in mere observation and admeasurement of the astuteness of his opponents. For example, an arrant simpleton is his opponent, and, holding up his closed hand, asks, 'Are they even or odd?' Our school-boy

replies 'Odd,' and loses; but upon the second trial he wins, for he then says to himself, 'The simpleton had them even upon the first trial, and his amount of cunning is just sufficient to make him have them odd upon the second; I will therefore guess odd:' he guesses odd, and wins. Now, with a simpleton a degree above the first, he would have reasoned thus:—"This fellow finds that in the first instance I guessed odd, and, in the second, he will propose to himself, upon the first impulse, a simple variation from even to odd, as did the first simpleton; but then a second thought will suggest that this is too simple a variation, and finally he will decide upon putting it even as before. I will therefore guess even:' he guesses even, and wins. Now this mode of reasoning in the school-boy, whom his fellows termed 'lucky,' what, in its last analysis, is it?"

"It is merely," I said, "an identification of the reasoner's intellect with that of his opponent."

"It is," said Dupin; "and, upon inquiring of the boy by what means he effected the *thorough* identification in which his success consisted, I received answer as follows:—'When I wish to find out how wise, or how stupid, or how good, or how wicked is any one, or what are his thoughts at the moment, I fashion the expression of my face, as accurately as possible, in accordance with the expression of his, and then wait to see what thoughts or sentiments arise in my mind or heart, as if to match or correspond with the expression.' This response of the school-boy lies at the bottom of all the spurious profundity which has been attributed to *Rochefoucault*, to *La Bouigne*, to *Machiavelli*, and to *Campanella*."

"And the identification," I said, "of the reasoner's intellect with that of his opponent depends, if I understand you aright, upon the accuracy with which the opponent's intellect is admeasured."

"For its practical value it depends upon this," replied Dupin; "and the prefect and his cohort fall so frequently, first, by default of this identification, and, secondly, by ill-admeasurement, or rather through non-admeasurement, of the intellect with which they are engaged. They consider only their *own* ideas of ingenuity; and, in searching for anything hidden, advert only to the modes in which *they* would have hidden it. They are right in this much—that their *own* ingenuity is a faithful representative of that of the *mass*; but when the cunning of the individual felon is diverse in character from their own, the

felon foils them, of course. This always happens when it is above their own, and very usually when it is below. They have no variation of principle in their investigation; at best, when urged by some unusual emergency—by some extraordinary reward—they extend or exaggerate their old modes of practice without touching their principles. What, for example, in this case of D——, has been done to vary the principle of action? What is all this boring, and probing, and sounding, and scrutinizing with the microscope, and dividing the surface of the building into registered square inches—what is it all but an exaggeration of the application of the one principle or set of principles of search, which are based upon the one set of notions regarding human ingenuity, to which the prefect, in the long routine of his duty, has been accustomed? Do you not see he has taken it for granted that *all* men proceed to conceal a letter—not exactly in a gimlet-hole bored in a chair-leg, but, at least, in *some* out-of-the-way hole or corner suggested by the same tenor of thought which would urge a man to secrete a letter in a gimlet-hole bored in a chair-leg? And do you not see also that such *recherches* nooks for concealment are adapted only for ordinary occasions, and would be adopted only by ordinary intellects; for, in all cases of concealment, a disposal of the article concealed—a disposal of it in this *recherche* manner is, in the very first instance, presumable and presumed; and thus its discovery depends not at all upon the acumen, but altogether upon the mere care, patience, and determination of the seekers; and where the case is of importance—or, what amounts to the same thing in the police eyes, when the reward is of magnitude—the qualities in question have *never* been known to fail. You will now understand what I meant in suggesting that, had the purloined letter been hidden anywhere within the limits of the prefect's examination—in other words, had the principle of its concealment been comprehended within the principles of the prefect, its discovery would have been a matter altogether beyond question. This functionary, however, has been thoroughly mystified; and the remote source of his defeat lies in the supposition that the minister is a fool because he has acquired renown as a poet. All fools are poets—this the prefect *feels*; and he is merely guilty of a *non distributio medii* in thence inferring that all poets are fools."

"But is this really the poet?" I asked. "There are two brothers, I know; and both have attained reputation in letters. The min-

ister, I believe, has written learnedly on the differential calculus. He is a mathematician, and no poet."

"You are mistaken; I know him well; he is both. As poet and mathematician he would reason well; as mere mathematician he could not have reasoned at all, and thus would have been at the mercy of the prefect."

"You surprise me," I said, "by these opinions, which have been contradicted by the voice of the world. You do not mean to set at naught the well-digested idea of centuries. The mathematical reason has long been regarded as the reason *par excellence*."

"*Il y a à parier*," replied Dupin, quoting from Chamfort, "*que toute idée publique, toute convention reçue, est une sottise, car elle a concrète un plus grand nombré.*" The mathematicians, I grant you, have done their best to promulgate the popular error to which you allude, and which is none the less an error for its promulgation as truth. With an art worthy a better cause, for example, they have insinuated the term 'analysis' into application to algebra. The French are the originators of this particular deception; but if a term is of any importance—if words derive any value from applicability—then 'analysis' conveys 'algebra' about as much as in Latin 'ambitus' implies 'ambition,' 'religio' 'religion,' or 'homines honesti,' a set of honourable men."

"You have a quarrel on hand, I see," said I, "with some of the algebraists of Paris; but proceed."

"I mean to say," continued Dupin, "that if the minister had been no more than a mathematician, the prefect would have been under no necessity of giving me this cheque. I knew him, however, as both mathematician and poet, and my measures were adapted to his capacity, with reference to the circumstances by which he was surrounded. I knew him, however, as a courtier, too, and as a bold *intrigant*. Such a man, I considered, could not fail to be aware of the ordinary police modes of action. He could not have failed to anticipate—and events have proved that he did not fail to anticipate—the waylayings to which he was subjected. He must have foreseen, I reflected, the secret investigations of his premises. His frequent absences from home at night, which were hailed by the prefect as certain aids to his success, I regarded only as *ruses*, to afford opportunity for thorough search to the police, and thus the sooner to impress them with the conviction to which G——, in fact, did finally arrive—the conviction that the letter was not

upon the premises. I felt also that the whole train of thought, which I was at some pains in detailing to you just now, concerning the invariable principle of police action in searches for articles concealed—I felt that this whole train of thought would necessarily pass through the mind of the minister. It would imperatively lead him to despise all the ordinary nooks of concealment. He could not, I reflected, be so weak as not to see that the most intricate and remote recess of his hotel would be as open as his commonest closets to the eyes, to the probes, to the gimlets, and to the microscopes of the prefect. I saw, in fine, that he would be driven, as a matter of course, to *simplicity*, if not deliberately induced to it as a matter of choice. You will remember, perhaps, how desperately the prefect laughed when I suggested, upon our first interview, that it was just possible this mystery troubled him so much on account of its being *so very self-evident*."

"Yes," said I, "I remember his merriment well. I really thought he would have fallen into convulsions."

"The material world," continued Dupin, "abounds with very strict analogies to the immaterial; and thus some colour of truth has been given to the rhetorical dogma, that metaphor or simile may be made to strengthen an argument as well as to embellish a description. The principle of the *vis inertiae*, for example, seems to be identical in physics and metaphysics. It is not more true in the former that a large body is with more difficulty set in motion than a smaller one, and that its subsequent *momentum* is commensurate with this difficulty, than it is in the latter, that intellects of the vaster capacity, while more forcible, more constant, and more eventful in their movements than those of inferior grade, are yet the less readily moved, and more embarrassed and full of hesitation in the first few steps of their progress. Again: have you ever noticed, which of the street signs, over the shop-doors, are the most attractive of attention?"

"I have never given the matter a thought," I said.

"There is a game of puzzles," he resumed, "which is played upon a map. One party playing requires another to find a given word—the name of town, river, state, or empire—any word, in short, upon the motley and perplexed surface of the chart. A novice in the game generally seeks to embarrass his opponents by giving them the most minutely lettered names; but the adept selects such words as

stretch, in large characters, from one end of the chart to the other. These, like the over-large lettered signs and placards of the street, escape observation by dint of being excessively obvious; and here the physical oversight is precisely analogous with the moral inapprehension by which the intellect suffers to pass unnoticed those considerations which are too obtrusively and too palpably self-evident. But this is a point, it appears, somewhat above or beneath the understanding of the prefect. He never once thought it probable, or possible, that the minister had deposited the letter immediately beneath the nose of the whole world by way of best preventing any portion of that world from perceiving it."

"But the more I reflected upon the daring, dashing, and discriminating ingenuity of D——; upon the fact that the document must have always been at *hand*, if he intended to use it to good purpose; and upon the decisive evidence, obtained by the prefect, that it was not hidden within the limits of that dignitary's ordinary search—the more satisfied I became that, to conceal this letter, the minister had resorted to the comprehensive and sagacious expedient of not attempting to conceal it at all.

"Full of these ideas, I prepared myself with a pair of green spectacles, and called one fine morning, quite by accident, at the ministerial hotel. I found D—— at home, yawning, lounging, and dawdling, as usual, and pretending to be in the last extremity of *ennui*. He is, perhaps, the most really energetic human being now alive—but that is only when nobody sees him.

"To be even with him, I complained of my weak eyes, and lamented the necessity of the spectacles, under cover of which I cautiously and thoroughly surveyed the whole apartment, while seemingly intent only upon the conversation of my host.

"I paid especial attention to a large writing-table near which he sat, and upon which lay confusedly some miscellaneous letters and other papers, with one or two musical instruments, and a few books. Here, however, after a long and very deliberate scrutiny, I saw nothing to excite particular suspicion.

"At length my eyes, in going the circuit of the room, fell upon a trumpery flag-*rack* of pasteboard that hung dangling by a dirty blue ribbon from a little brass knob just beneath the middle of the mantelpiece. In this rack, which had three or four compartments, were five or six visiting cards and a solitary letter. This last was much soiled and crumpled. It was torn nearly in two, across

the middle, as if a design, in the first instance, to tear it entirely up as worthless, had been altered, or stayed in the second. It had a large black seal, bearing the D—— cipher very conspicuously, and was addressed, in a diminutive female hand, to D——, the minister himself. It was thrust carelessly, and even, as it seemed, contemptuously, into one of the uppermost divisions of the rack.

"No sooner had I glanced at this letter than I concluded it to be that of which I was in search. To be sure it was, to all appearance, radically different from the one of which the prefect had read us so minute a description. Here the seal was large and black, with the D—— cipher; there it was small and red, with the ducal arms of the S—— family. Here, the address to the minister was diminutive and feminine; there the superscription, to a certain royal personage, was markedly bold and decided; the size alone formed a point of correspondence. But, then, the *radicalness* of these differences, which was excessive; the dirt, the soiled and torn condition of the paper; so inconsistent with the *true* methodical habits of D——, and as suggestive of a design to delude the beholder into an idea of the worthlessness of the document; these things, together with the hyper-obtrusive situation of this document, full in the view of every visitor, and thus exactly in accordance with the conclusions to which I had previously arrived—these things, I say, were strongly corroborative of suspicion, in one who came with the intention to suspect.

"I protracted my visit as long as possible, and, while I maintained a most animated discussion with the minister upon a topic which I knew well had never failed to interest and excite him, I kept my attention really riveted upon the letter. In this examination I committed to memory its external appearance and arrangement in the rack; and also fell, at length, upon a discovery which set at rest whatever trivial doubt I might have entertained. In scrutinizing the edges of the paper I observed them to be more *chafed* than seemed necessary. They presented the *broken* appearance which is manifested when a stiff paper, having been once folded and pressed with a folder, is refolded in a reverse direction, in the same creases or edges which had formed the original fold. This discovery was sufficient. It was clear to me that the letter had been turned, as a glove, inside out, redirected, and re-sealed. I bade the minister good morning, and took my departure at once, leaving a gold snuff-box upon the table.

"The next morning I called for the snuff-box, when we resumed, quite eagerly, the conversation of the preceding day. While thus engaged, however, a loud report, as if of a pistol, was heard immediately beneath the windows of the hotel, and was succeeded by a series of fearful screams, and the shoutings of a terrified mob. D—— rushed to a embrasure, threw it open, and looked out. In the meantime I stepped to the card-rack, took the letter, put it in my pocket, and replaced it by a *fac-simile* (so far as regards externals), which I had carefully prepared at my lodgings—imitating the D—— cipher very readily by means of a seal formed of bread.

"The disturbance in the street had been occasioned by the frantic behaviour of a man with a musket. He had fired it among a crowd of women and children. It proved, however, to have been without ball, and the fellow was suffered to go his way as a lunatic or a drunkard. When he had gone D—— came from the window, whither I had followed him immediately upon securing the object in view. Soon afterwards I bade him farewell. The pretended lunatic was a man in my own pay."

"But what purpose had you," I asked, "in replacing the letter by a *fac-simile*? Would it not have been better at the first visit to have seized it openly and departed?"

"D——," replied Dupin, "is a desperate man, and a man of nerve. His hotel, too, is not without attendants devoted to his interests. Had I made the wild attempt you suggest I might never have left the ministerial presence alive. The good people of Paris might have heard of me no more. But I had an object, apart from these considerations. You know my political prepossessions. In this matter I act as a partisan of the lady concerned. For eighteen months the minister has had her in his power. She has now him in hers—since, being unaware that the letter is not in his possession, he will proceed with his exactions as if it was. Thus will he inevitably commit himself at once to his political destruction. His downfall, too, will not be more precipitate than awkward. It is all very well to talk about the *facilius descendens Averni*; but in all kinds of climbing, as Catalini said of singing; it is far more easy to get up than to come down. In the present instance I have no sympathy—at least no pity—for him who descends. He is that *monstrum horrendum*—an unprincipled man of genius. I confess, however, that I should like very well to know the precise character of his thoughts, when, being defied by her whom the prefect terms 'a certain per-

sonage,' he is reduced to opening the letter which I left for him in the card-rack."

"How? Did you put anything particular in it?"

"Why? It did not seem altogether right to leave the interior blank—that would have been insulting. D—, at Vienna once, did me an evil turn, which I told him, quite good-humouredly, that I should remember. So, as I knew he would feel some curiosity in regard to the identity of the person who had outwitted him, I thought it a pity not to give him a clue. He is well acquainted with my MS., and I just copied into the middle of the blank-sheet the words—

— "So dire a project
Is worthy of Thyleses, if not of Atreus."

They are to be found in Crabbillen's *Atreus*."

EPICUREAN PHILOSOPHY.

Lack we motives to laugh? Are not all things, any thing, every thing, to be laughed at? And if nothing were to be seen, felt, heard, or understood, we would laugh at it too!—*Merry Beggars*.

There's nothing here on earth deserves
Half of the thought we waste about it,
And thinking but destroys the nerves,
When we could do so well without it;
If folks would let the world go round,
And pay their tithes, and eat their dinners,
Such doleful looks would not be found
To frighten us poor laughing sinners:
Never sigh when you can sing,
But laugh, like me, at every thing!

One plagues himself about the sun,
And puzzles on, through every weather,
What time he'll rise,—how long he'll run,—
And when he'll leave us altogether:
Now matters it a pebble-stone
Whether he shines at six or seven?
If they don't leave the sun alone,
At last they'll plague him out of heaven!
Never sigh when you can sing,
But laugh, like me, at every thing!

Another spins from out his brains
Fine cobwebs, to amuse his neighbours,
And gets, for all his toils and pains,
Reviewed and laughed at for his labours,
Fame is his star! and fame is sweet;
And praise is pleasanter than honey,—

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I write at just so much a sheet,
And Messrs. Longman pay the money!
Never sigh when you can sing,
But laugh, like me, at every thing!

My brother gave his heart away
To Mercandotti, when he met her,
She married Mr. Ball one day—
He's gone to Sweden to forget her!
I had a charmer too—and sighed,
And raved all day and night about her;
She caught a cold, poor thing! and died,
And I—am just as fat without her!
Never sigh when you can sing,
But laugh, like me, at every thing!

For tears are vastly pretty things,
But make one very thin and taper;
And sighs are music's sweetest strings,
But sound most beautiful—on paper!
"Thought" is the sage's brightest star,
Her gems alone are worth his finding;
But as I'm not particular,
Please God, I'll keep on "never-missing."
Never sigh when you can sing,
But laugh, like me, at every thing!

Oh! in this troubled world of ours,
A laughter mine's a glorious treasure;
And separating thorns from flowers
Is half a pain and half a pleasure:
And why be grave instead of gay?
Why feel athirst while folks are quaffing?—
Oh! trust me, whatso'er they say,
There's nothing half so good as laughing!
Never sigh when you can sing,
But laugh, like me, at every thing!

G. M. FITZGERALD.

TO LUCASTA

(ON GOING TO THE WARS).

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That, from the nurseries
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,
To war and arms I flee.

True; a new mistress now I chase—
The first for in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore;
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more.

RICHARD LOVELACE.¹

¹ Lovasta was a Miss Lucy Sachavergil, who married another lover, believing Lovelace dead. He was born 1618, died 1658.

GENIUS, TALENT, SENSE, AND CLEVERNESS.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

The first of these words I use in the sense of most general acceptance, as the faculty which adds to the existing stock of power and knowledge, by new views, new combinations, &c. In short, I define **GENIUS** as originality in intellectual construction, the moral accompaniment and actuating principle of which consists, perhaps, in carrying on the freshness and feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood.

By **TALENT**, on the other hand, I mean the comparative facility of acquiring, arranging, and applying the stock furnished by others, and already existing in books or other conservatories of intellect.

By **Sense** I understand that just balance of the faculties which is to the judgment what health is to the body. The mind seems to act *en masse*, by a synthetic, rather than an analytic process; even as the outward senses, from which the metaphor is taken, perceive immediately, each as it were by a peculiar tact or intuition, without any consciousness of the mechanism by which the perception is realized. This is often exemplified in well-bred, unaffected, and innocent women. I know a lady on whose judgment, from constant experience of its rectitude, I could rely almost as on an oracle. But when she has sometimes proceeded to a detail of the grounds and reasons for her opinions—then, led by similar experience, I have been tempted to interrupt her with, “I will take your advice;” or “I shall act on your opinion; for I am sure you are in the right. But as to the *for* and *because*, leave them to me to find out.” The general accompaniment of **Sense** is a disposition to avoid extremes, whether in theory or in practice, with a desire to remain in sympathy with the *general mind* of the age or country, and a feeling of the necessity and utility of *compromise*. If Genius be the initiative, and Talent be the administrative, Sense is the conservative branch, in the intellectual republic.

By **CLEVERNESS** (which I dare not with Dr. Johnson call a *low* word, while there is a sense to be expressed which it alone expresses) I mean a comparative readiness in the invention and use of means, for the realizing of objects and ideas—often of ideas which the man of genius only could have originated, and which

the clever man perhaps neither fully comprehends nor adequately appreciates, even at the moment that he is prompting or executing the machinery of their accomplishment. In short, Cleverness is a sort of genius for instrumentality. It is the brain in the hand. In literature, Cleverness is more frequently accompanied by wit—Genius and Sense by humour.

If I take the three great countries of Europe, in respect of intellectual character—namely, Germany, England, and France, I should characterize them thus,—premising only that in the first word of the two first tables I mean to imply that Genius, rare in all countries, is equal in both of these, the instances equally numerous—and characteristic therefore not in relation to each other, but in relation to the third country. The other qualities are more general characteristics.

GERMANY,—*Genius, Talent, Fancy.*

The latter chiefly as exhibited in wild combinations, and in pomp of ornament. N.B. *Imagination* is implied in Genius.

ENGLAND,—*Genius, Sense, Humour.*

FRANCE,—*Cleverness, Talent, Wit.*

So again, with regard to the forms and effects in which the qualities manifest themselves, i.e. intellectually.

SHAKSPEARE.

It is Shakspeare's peculiar excellency, that throughout the whole of his splendid picture-gallery (the reader will excuse the confessed inadequacy of this metaphor) we find individuality everywhere, mere portrait nowhere. In all his various characters we still feel ourselves communing with the same human nature, which is everywhere present as the vegetable sap in the branches, sprays, leaves, buds, blossoms, and fruits,—their shapes, tastes, and odours.

CRITICISM.

As soon as a critic betrays that he knows more of his author than the author's publications could have told him;—as soon as from this more intimate knowledge, elsewhere obtained, he avails himself of the slightest *trait* against the author, his censure immediately becomes personal injury—his sarcasms personal insults. He ceases to be a critic, and takes on him the most contemptible character to which a rational creature can be degraded—that of a gossip, backbiter, and pasquillant; but with this heavy aggravation, that he steals with the unquiet, the deforming passions of the

world, into the museum; into the very place which, next to the chapel and oratory, should be our sanctuary, and secure place of refuge; offers abominations on the altar of the Muses, and makes its sacred paling the very circle in which he conjures up the lying and profane spirit.

MODERN SATIRISTS.

In this age of personality—this age of literary and political gossiping, the meanest insects are worshipped with a sort of Egyptian superstition, if only the brainless head be atoned for by the sting of personal malignity in the tail. The most vapid satires have become the objects of a keen public interest, purely from the number of contemporary characters named in the patchwork notes (which possess, however, the comparative merit of being more poetical than the text), and because, to increase the stimulus, the author has sagaciously left his own name for whispers and conjectures.

MATERIALS OF POETRY.

Good sense is the *body* of poetic genius, fancy its *drapery*, motion its *life*, and imagination the *soul* that is everywhere, and in each; and forms all into one graceful and intelligent whole.

ILL-DESERVED COMMENDATION.

Praises of the unworthy are felt by ardent minds as robberies of the deserving.

SHAKSPEARE AND MILTON.

Shakspeare, no mere child of nature—no automaton of genius—no passive vehicle of inspiration, possessed by the spirit, not possessing it,—first studied patiently, meditated deeply, understood minutely, till knowledge became habitual and intuitive, wedded itself to his habitual feelings, and at length gave birth to that stupendous power by which he stands alone, with no equal or second in his own class—to that power which seated him on one of the two glory-smitten summits of the poetic mountain, with Milton as his compeer, not rival. While the former darts himself forth, and passes into all the forms of human character and passion,—the one Proteus of the fire and the flood; the other attracts all forms and things to himself, into the unity of his own ideal.

ADVICE TO LITERARY ASPIRANTS.

With no other privilege than that of sympathy and sincere good wishes, I would address an affectionate exhortation to youthful literati, grounded on my own experience. It will be but short, for the beginning, middle, and end converge to one charge: never pursue literature as a trade. With the exception of one extraordinary man, I have never known an individual, least of all an individual of genius, healthy or happy without a *profession*, i.e. some regular employment which does not depend on the will of the moment; and which can be carried on so far *mechanically*, that an average quantum only of health, spirits, and intellectual exertion are requisite to its faithful discharge. Three hours of leisure, unannoyed by an alien anxiety, and looked forward to with delight, as a charge and recreation, will suffice to realize in literature a larger product of what is truly genial, than weeks of compulsion. Money and immediate reputation form only an arbitrary and accidental end of literary labour. The hope of increasing them by any given exertion will often prove a stimulant to industry; but the *necessity* of acquiring them will, in all works of genius, convert the stimulant into a narcotic.

SHADOW.

It falls before, it follows behind,
Darkest still when the day is bright;
No light without the shadow we find,
And never shadow without the light.

From our shadow we cannot flee away;
It walks when we walk, it runs when we run;
But it tells which way to look for the sun;
We may turn our backs on it any day.

Ever mingle the light and shade
That make this human world so dear;
Sorrow of joy is ever made,
And what were a hope without a fear?

A morning shadow o'er youth is cast,
Warning from pleasure's dazzling snare;
A shadow lengthening across the past,
Fixes our fondest memories there.

One shadow there is, so dark, so drear,
So broad we see not the brightness round it;
Yet 'tis but the dark side of the sphere
Moving into the light unbounded.

ISA CRAIG-KNOX.

A WISH.¹

I ask not that my bed of death
From bands of greedy heirs be free;
For these besiege the latest breath
Of fortune's favour'd sons, not me.

I ask not each kind soul to keep
Tearless, when of my death he hears;
Let those who will, if any, weep!
There are worse plagues on earth than tears.

I ask but that my death may find
The freedom to my life denied!
Ask but the folly of mankind,
Then, then at last, to quit my side!

Spare me the whispering, crowded room,
The friends who come, and gape, and go;
The ceremonious air of gloom—
All, that makes death a hideous show!

Nor bring, to see me cease to live,
Some doctor full of phrase and fame,
To shake his sapient head, and give
The ill he cannot cure a name!

Nor fetch, to take the accustom'd toll
Of the poor sinner bound for death,
His brother doctor of the soul,
To canvass with official breath

The future and its viewless things—
That undiscover'd mystery
Which one who feels death's whinowing wings
Must needs read clearer, sure, than he!

Bring none of these! but let me be,
While all around in silence lies,
Moved to the window near, and see
Once more, before my dying eyes,

Bathed in the sacred dews of morn
The wide aerial landscape spread—
The world which was ere I was born,
The world which lasts when I am dead!

Which never was the friend of one,
Nor promised love it could not give;
But lit for all its generous sun,
And lived itself, and made us live.

There let me gaze, till I become
In soul with what I gaze on wed!
To feel the universe my home!
To have before my mind—instead

Of a sick room, a mortal strife,
A turmoil for a little breath—
The pure eternal course of life,
Not human combatings with death.

Thus feeling, gazing, let me grow
Composed, refresh'd, ennobled, clear;
Then willing let my spirit go
To work or wait elsewhere or here!

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

PREJUDICE.

Among the hardy pioneers who first settled along the borders of the Ohio, was an Englishman, with two sons. These were twins, and his only children. He was half husbandman and half hunter, and the two boys followed his double vocation. They were seldom separated, and never seemed happy but in each other's society. If one was engaged in any employment, the other must share it. If one took his rifle and plunged into the forest in pursuit of the wild deer, the other, as a matter of course, took his, and became his companion. Thus they grew up together, participating in each other's pleasures and fatigues and dangers. They were therefore united, not only by the ties of kindred and a common home, but by a thousand recollections of sylvan sports, and wild adventures, and hair-breadth escapes, enjoyed or experienced in each other's company.

About the time that these brothers were entering upon manhood, the French and Indian war broke out along our western frontier. In one of the bloody skirmishes that soon followed the father and the two sons were engaged. The former was killed, and one of the twins, being taken by the French troops, was carried away.

The youth that remained returned after the fight to his father's home; but it was to him a disconsolate and desolate spot. His mother had been dead for years; his father was slain; and his only brother, he that was bound to him by a thousand ties, was taken by the enemy and carried away, he knew not whither. But it seemed that he could not live in separation from him. Accordingly, he determined to visit Montreal, where he understood his brother had been taken; but about this time he was told that he had died of wounds received in the skirmish which had proved fatal to the father and brought captivity to the son.

The young man, therefore, for a time abandoned himself to grief; but at last he went to Marietta, and after a few years was married, and became the father of several children. But the habits and tastes of his early life were still upon him, and after some years he migrated farther into the wilderness, and settled down upon the banks of the Sandusky river. Here he began to fell the trees and clear the ground,

¹ From *The Dramatic and Lyric Poems of Matthew Arnold*. London: Macmillan & Co.

and had soon a farm of cultivated land sufficient for all his wants.

But the forester was still a moody and discontented man. His heart was indeed full of kindness to his family; but the death of his brother had left a blank in his bosom, which nothing seemed to fill. Time, it is true, gradually threw its veil over early memories, and softened the poignancy of regret for the loss of a brother who had seemed a part of himself, and whose happiness was dearer than his own. But still, that separation had given a bias to his mind, and a cast to his character, which no subsequent event or course of circumstances could change; he was at heart a solitary man, yearning indeed for the pleasure of society, yet always keeping himself aloof from mankind. He had planted himself in the wilderness, far from any other settlement, as if purposely burying himself in the tomb of the forest.

There was one trait which strongly marked the character of this man; and that was a detestation of everything French. This, doubtless, originated in the fact that his brother's captivity and death were chargeable to the French army, and he naturally enough learned to detest everything that could be associated with the cause of that event which darkened his whole existence. A striking evidence of this deep and bitter prejudice was furnished by the manner in which the forester treated a Frenchman who lived on the opposite side of the Sandusky river, and who was, in fact, the only person that could be esteemed his neighbour. Being divided by a considerable river, the two men were not likely to meet except by design; and as the Frenchman was advised of the prejudice of his neighbour against his countrymen, there was no personal intercourse between them.

Thus they lived for many years, their families sometimes meeting; but quarrel and altercation almost invariably ensued upon such occasions. In all these cases it was the custom of the farmer to indulge in harsh reflections upon the French character, and each action of his neighbour was commented upon with bitterness. Every unfavourable rumour touching the Frenchman's character, however improbable, was readily believed; and his actions, that deserved commendation rather than blame, were distorted into evil, by misrepresentation or the imputation of bad motives.

Thus these two families, living in the solitude of the mighty forest, and impelled, it would seem, by the love of sympathy and society, to companionship, were still separated by a single feeling—that of *prejudice*. The two men, so far

as they knew, had never met, and had never seen each other; but that strange feeling of the human breast, that judges without evidence, and decides without consulting truth or reason, parted them like a brazen wall. Under circumstances when everything around might seem to enforce kindness upon the heart; even here, amid the majesty of nature's primeval forest, and away from the ferment of passions engendered amid towns and villages; to this lone spot the tempter had also migrated, and put into the bosom of man the serpent of an evil passion.

Thus things passed till the two men had numbered nearly eighty years. At last the rumour came to the farmer that the Frenchman was dying, and it was remarked that a smile, as of pleasure, passed over his furrowed face. Soon after, a messenger came, saying that the dying Frenchman wished to see his neighbour, and begging him, in the name of Heaven, to comply with his request. Thus urged, the old man took his staff, proceeded to the river, and being set across in a boat, advanced toward the Frenchman's cabin. As he approached it he saw the aged man reclining upon a bed of bear-skins, beneath a group of trees, near his house. By his side were his children, consisting of several grown-up men and women. They were kneeling, and in tears, but as the farmer approached they rose, and at a sign from their dying father stood a little apart, while the stranger approached. The Frenchman held out his hand, and said in a feeble voice, "Brother, I am dying—let us part in peace."

Our old farmer took the cold hand, and tears, unwonted tears, coursed down his cheeks. For a moment he could not speak. But at last he said, "My friend, you speak English, and you call me brother. I thought you was a Frenchman, and I have ever esteemed a Frenchman as an enemy. And God knows I have cause, for I had once a brother, indeed. He came into life at the same hour as myself, for we were twins; and all our early days were passed in undivided companionship. Our hearts were one, for we had no hopes or fears, no wants or wishes, no pleasures or pastimes, that were not mutually shared. But in an evil hour I was robbed of that brother by the French army. My father fell in the fight, and since that dark day my life has been shadowed with sorrow."

A convulsion seemed to shake the emaciated form of the sick old man, and for a time he could not speak. At last he faltered forth, "Have you never seen your brother since that day?"

"Never," said the other.

"Then you see him, here!" said the Frenchman, and falling backward upon his couch of skins, a slight tremor ran over his frame, and he was no more.

The explanation of the scene was this. The lifeless man was indeed the brother of the farmer. After being taken by the French troops, as has been related, he was conducted to Montreal, where he was detained for nearly two years. After his release he retraced his steps to his former home, on the banks of the Ohio, but found his birth-place deserted; he also learned the death of his father and the departure of his brother. For years he sought the latter in vain, and at last returned to Montreal. Here he married, and after some years removed, with a numerous family, to the borders of the Sandusky. He at length discovered that his nearest neighbour was his brother; but having found himself repulsed as a Frenchman, and treated rather like a robber than a friend, a feeling of injury and dislike had arisen in his breast, and therefore he kept the secret in his bosom till it was spoken in the last moments of existence.

Thus it happened, in the tale we have told, that prejudice, obstinately indulged, prevented the discovery of an important truth, and kept the mind that was the subject of it wrapped in gloom and sorrow for years, which might otherwise have been blessed by the realizing of its fondest hopes. And thus prejudice often prevents a man from discovering that the object of his dislike, could he see and know him as he is, is indeed a man, and, as such, a brother.

SAMUEL G. GOODRICH (PETER PARLEY).

SONNET

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

Earth has not anything to show more fair;
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour valley, rook, or hill;
Never saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

WORDSWORTH.

AN ESSAY ON MAN.

[Alexander Pope, born in Broad Street, London, 29th May, 1688; died at Twickenham, 30th May, 1744. "In the eighteenth century," said Professor Wilson, "the reputation of Pope may be called the most dazzling in English literature." He was famous as a poet, as a translator, and as a letter-writer. The *Quarterly Review* thus sums up his claims to the regard of posterity:—"Pope is the poet of common life; and keeping this in our recollection, if we are to decide by the quantity and variety of pleasure afforded, by the value of the knowledge imparted, or by the sound morality instilled, whom should we place before him but Shakespeare alone? In what other poet's works can we find, with so little intermixture of what is base and corrupt, so many, such various, and such copious sources of delight and improvement?" Of his numerous works it is only necessary to mention the following in the order of their publication: *Pastorals; Essay on Criticism; The Rape of the Lock; Windsor Forest; The Temple of Fame; Translation of Homer; The Dunciad, a heroic poem; An Essay on Man*, from which our extracts are taken. In connection with this poem it will be interesting to read the observation of a recent critic in the *British Quarterly Review*: "Pope is not the exponent of the higher range of religious and philosophical ideas, but he is in a peculiar degree the mirror of the social passions and sentiments, the modes and tone of his day."]

MAN'S DUTY.

The bliss of man (could pride that blessing find)
Is not to act or think beyond mankind;
No powers of body or of soul to share,
But what his nature and his state can bear.
Why has not man a microscopic eye?
For this plain reason, man is not a fly.
Say what the use were finer optics given,
To inspect a mite, not comprehend the heaven?
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To smart and agonize at every pore?
Or quick effluvia darting through the brain,
Die of a rose in aromatic pain?
If nature thunder'd in his opening ears,
And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,
How would he wish that Heaven had left him still
The whispering zephyr and the purling rill?
Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

Far as creation's ample range extends
The scale of sensual, mortal powers ascends:
Mark how it mounts to man's imperial race
From the green myriads in the peopled grass;
What modes of sight beswift each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain and the lynx's beam!
Of smell, the hound's nose between
And hound's sagacious on the tainted green!
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood
To that which watches through the vernal wood!
The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
In the nice bee what sense so subtly true,

From palacious herbs extracts the healing dew!
How instinct varies in the groveling swine,
Compr'd, half-revolving elephant, with thine!
Twixt that and reason what a nice barrier!
For ever separate, yet for ever near!
Remembrance and reflection how allied!
What thin partitions sense from thought divide!
And middle natures how they long to join,
Yet never pass th' insuperable line!
Without this just gradation could they be
Subjected them to those, or all to these?
The powers of all enlaid by these alone,
Is not thy reason all these powers in one?
See through this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and bursting into birth!
Above, how high progressive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
That chain of being! which from God began;
Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,
Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
No glass can reach; from Infinite to thee;
From thee to nothing—On superior powers
Were we to press, inferior might on ours;
Or in the full creation have a void,
Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroy'd:
From Nature's chain whosoever link you strike,
Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.
And if each system in gradation roll,
Alike essential to th' amazing whole,
The least confusion but in one, not all
That system only, but the whole must fall.
Let earth unbalance'd from her orbit fly,
Planets and stars run lawless through the sky,
Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurld,
Being so weak'd, and world on world;
Heaven's whole foundations to their centre nod,
And nature tremble to the throne of God.
All this dread order break—for whom? for thee?
Vile worm!—O madness! pride! impurity!
What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
Or hand to toil, aspir'd to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear repin'd
To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?
Just as absurd for any part to claim,
To be another in this general frame;
Just as absurd to mourn the tasks or pains
The great directing Mind of All ordains.
All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;
That chang'd through all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the earth as in th' ethereal frame,
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glow in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unsupnt;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all!

Cosm, then, nor order imperfection name;
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: this kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee.
Submit.—In this or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blest'd as thou canst bear;
Safe in the hand of one disposing Power,
Or in the natal or the mortal hour.
All nature is but art unknown to thee;
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good:
And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, *Whatever is, is right.*

LIFE'S COMPENSATION.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
But where's the extreme of vice was ne'er agreed,
Ask where's the north?—as York 'tis on the T'west;
In Scotland at the Orcades; and there
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where,
No creature owns it in the first degree,
But thinks his neighbour further gone than he;
Even those who dwell beneath its very zone,
Or never feel the rage or never own;
What happier natures shrink as with affright,
The hard inhabitant contends is right.

Virtuous and vicious every man must be,
Few in the extreme, but all in the degree:
The ruge and fool by fits is fair and wise,
And e'en the best by fits what they despise.
'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill;
For, vice or virtue, self directs it still;
Each individual seeks a several goal:
But Heaven's great vice is one, and that the whole:
That counterworks each folly and caprice;
That disappoints th' effect of every vice;
That happy frailties to all ranks applied,
Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,
Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief,
To kings presumption, and to crowds helot:
That virtue's ends from vanity can rule,
Which seeks no interest, no reward but praise,
And build on wants, and on defects of mind,
The joy, the pose, the glory of mankind!
Heaven forming each on other to depend,
A master, or a servant, or a friend,
Bids each on other for assistance call,
Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all.
Wants, futilities, passions, closer still ally
The common interest, or endear the tie.
To those we owe true friendship, love sincere,
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here;
Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,
Those joys, those loves, those interests, to resign;

Tonight, half by reason, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly pass away.

Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame, or self,
Not one will change his neighbour with himself.
The learn'd is happy nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more;
The rich is happy in the plenty given,
The poor contents him with the care of Heaven.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
The set a hero, laudin' a king;
The starving olympt in his golden views
Supremely blest'd, the poor in his muse.

See some strange comfort every state attend,
And pride bestow'd on all, a common friend:
See some fit passion every age supply;
Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.

Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw:
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quiet;
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age:
Pleas'd with this humble skill, as that before,
Till 'tis he alone, and life's poor play is o'er.

Meanwhile opinion gilds with varying rays
These painted clouds that beautify our days;
Each want of happiness by hope supplied,
And each vanity of sense by pride;
These build as fast as knowledge can destroy;
In folly's cup still laughs the bubble, joy;
One prospect lost, another still we gain,
And not a vanity is given in vain:
E'en mean self-love becomes, by force divine,
The scale to measure others' wants by thine.
See ! and confess one comfort still must rise;
'Tis this,—Though man's a fool, yet God is wise.

HAPPINESS.

Know then this truth (enough for man to know),
"Virtue alone is happiness below;"
The only point where human bliss stands still,
And susies the good without the fall to ill;
Where only merit constant pay receives,
Is blest'd in what it takes and what it gives;
The joy uneym'd, if its end it gain,
And, if it lose, attended with no pain;
Without satiety, though o'er no blest'd,
And het more relish'd as the more distract'd:
The bleakest mirth unfeeling folly wears,
Less plessing far than virtue's very tears:
Good from each object, from each place acquir'd,
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;
Never elated while one man's oppres'd;
Never dejected while another's blest'd;
And where no wants no wishes can remain,
Shows but to wish more virtue, is to gain.
See the sole bliss Heaven could on all bestow !
Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know;

Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad must miss, the good untaught will find;
Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through nature up to nature's God;
Pursues that chain which links the immense design,
Joins heaven and earth, and mortal and divine;
Sees that no being any bliss can know,
But touches some above and some below;
Learn's from this union of the rising whole
The first, last purpose of the human soul;
And knows where faith, law, morals, all begin,
All end, in love of God and love of man.

For him alone hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens still and opens on his soul,
Till lengthen'd on to faith, and unconfin'd,
It pour's the bliss that fills up all the mind.
He sees why nature plants in man alone
Hope of known bliss, and faith in bliss unknown:
(Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
Are given in vain, but what they seek they find)
Wise is he present; she connects in this
His greatest virtue with his greatest bliss;
At once his own bright prospect to be blest,
And strongest motive to assist the rest.

Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,
Gives thos to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.
Is this too little for the boundless heart?
Extend it, let thy enemies have part:
Grasp the whole world of reason, life, and sense,
In one close system of benevolence:
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of bliss but height of charity.

God loves from whole to parts; but human soul
Must rise from individual to the whole.
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
The center mov'd, a circle straight succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads;
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace;
His country next, and next all human race;
Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
Take every creature in, of every kind:
Earth smiles around with boundless bounty blest,
And heaven beholds its image in his breast.

LOST DAYS.¹

The last days of my life until to-day,
What were they, could I see them on the street
Lie as they fell? Would they be ours of weans
Sown out for food, but trodden into clay?
Or golden coins squandered and still to pay?
Or drops of blood dribbling the guilty feet?
Or such spilt water as in dreams must cheat
The throats of men in hell, who thirst away?
I do not see them here; but after death.
God knows I knew the faces I shall see,
Each one a murdered self, with low last breath:
"I am thyself—what hast thou done to me?"
"And I—and I—thyself!" (or each one saith),
"And thou thyself to all eternity!"

¹ From *Harper's Magazine*.

HEREDITARY HONOURS.¹

A TALE OF LOVE AND MYSTERY.

PRELIMINARY CHAPTER.

"Si tu es pot de chambres, tant pis pour moi."—VOLTAIRE.

Hereditary honours are certainly the most rational of human devices. It was an excellent idea to suppose that a man propagated his virtues to the most distant posterity. Few notions have succeeded better in keeping the world in order. In fact, it was the best method of granting to the multitude the inestimable gift of a perpetuity of dependence. Had the idea stopped with the king or chief magistrate, it would not have been half so beautiful, or a hundredth part so useful. So far, a reason for the custom is obvious to the most superficial. Hereditary distinction, it is said, preserves a people from the wars and tumults that might arise from the contests of elective distinction. Very well—I do not dispute this assertion—it is plausible. But dukes and earls?—if their honours were not hereditary, would there be contests about *them*? The world suffers itself to be disturbed by individuals wishing to be kings, but it would not be so complaisant to every man that wished to be a lord. "On ne desarrange pas tout le monde pour si peu de chose," we should not have wars and discords, as the seeds of that sort of ambition. We do not, then, grant hereditary honours to these gentry as the purchase of peace—we do not make them as a bargain, but bestow them as a gratuity. Our reasons, therefore, for this generosity are far deeper than those which make us governed by King Log to-day, because yesterday we were governed by his excellent father King Stork—so much deeper, that, to plain men, they are perfectly invisible. But a little reflection teaches us the utility of the practice. Hereditary superiority to the few necessarily produces hereditary inferiority to the many—and it makes the herd contented with being legislatively and decorously bullied by a sort of prescriptive habit. Messieurs the Eels are used to be skinned—and the custom reconciles them to the hereditary privilege of Msesseigneurs the Cooks.

CHAPTER II.—THE MEETING.

"As it fell upon a day."

There is a certain country, not very far distant from our own: in a certain small town,

¹ From the *New Monthly Magazine*.

close to the metropolis of this country, there once lived a certain young lady, of the name of Laura. She was the daughter and sole heiress of an honest gentleman—an attorney-at-law—and was particularly addicted to novels and falling in love. One day she was walking in the woods in a pensive manner, observing how affectionate the little birds were to each other, and thinking what a blessing it was to have an agreeable lover—when, leaning against an elm-tree, she perceived a young man, habited in a most handsome dress that seemed a little too large for him, and of that peculiar complexion—half white, half yellow—which custom has dedicated to romance. He wore his long, dark locks sweeping over his forehead—and fixing his eyes intently on the ground, he muttered thus to himself—

"Singular destiny!—fearful thought! Shall I resist it?—shall I flee? No! that were unworthy of the name I bear! For four hundred years my forefathers have enjoyed their honours—not a break in their lineage—shall I be the first to forfeit this hereditary distinction? Away the thought!"

The young gentleman walked haughtily from the tree, and just before him he saw Miss Laura fixing her delighted eyes upon his countenance, and pleasing herself with the thought that she saw before her an earl-marshall, or a grand falconer at the least. The young gentleman stood still, so also did the young lady—the young gentleman stared, the young lady sighed. "Fair creature!" quoth the youth, throwing out his arm, but in a somewhat violent and abrupt manner, as if rather striking a blow than attempting a courteous gesture.

Full of the becoming terror of a damsels of romance, Laura drew herself up, and uttered a little scream. "What!" said the youth, mournfully, "do you, too, fear me?" Laura was affected almost to tears—the youth took her hand.

I shall not pursue this interview further—the young people were in love at first sight—a curious event, that has happened to all of us in our day, but which we never believe happens to other people. What man allows another man to have had any *bonnes fortunes*? Yet, when we see how the saloons of the theatres are filled by what must once have been *bonnes fortunes*, the honour must be confessed to be of rather a vulgar description! But what am I doing? Not implying a word against the virtue of Miss Laura. No, the attachment between her and the unknown was of the most platonic description. "They met again and oft;" and oh, how devoutly Laura loved the

young cavalier! She was passionately fond of rank:—it seldom happens in the novels liked by young ladies that a lover is permitted to be of less rank than a peer's son—smaller people are only brought in to be laughed at—odd characters—white-stockinged quidnuncs—fathers who are to be cheated—brothers to be insulted: in short, the great majority of human creatures are Russell-squared into a becoming degree of ludicrous insignificance. Accordingly, to Miss Laura, a lover must necessarily be nothing of a Calicot—and she reflected with indescribable rapture on the certainty of having a gallant whose forefathers had enjoyed something four hundred years in the family! But what was that something? She was curious—she interrogated her lover as to his name and rank. He changed colour—he bit his lip—he thrust both hands into his breeches-pockets. “I cannot tell you what I am,” said he: “no! charming Laura, forgive me—one day you will know all.”

“Can he be the king's eldest son?” said Laura to herself. After all, this mystery was very delightful. She introduced the young gentleman to her father. “Ah!” quoth the former, squeezing the attorney's hand, “your family have been good friends to mine.” “How!” cried the attorney—“Are we then acquainted! May I crave your name, sir?”

The lover looked confused—he mumbled out some excuse—just at present, he had reasons for wishing it concealed. Our unknown had a long military nose—he looked like a man who might have shot another in a duel. “Aha!” said the attorney, winking; and lowering his voice—“I smell you, sir—you have killed your man—eh?” “Ha!” cried the stranger; and slapping his forehead wildly, he rushed out of the room.

CHAPTER III.—THE LAWYER MATCHED.

“But let us change the theme.”—MARINO FALIERO.

It was now clear:—the stranger had evidently been a brave transgressor of the law; perhaps an assassin, certainly a victorious single combatant. This redoubled in Laura's bosom the interest she had conceived for him. There is nothing renders a young lady more ardent in her attachment than the supposition that her lover has committed some enormous crime. Her father thought he might make a good thing out of his new acquaintance. He resolved to find out if he was rich—if rich, he could marry him to his daughter; if poor, he might as well inform against him, and get the reward.

An attorney is a bow—a crooked thing with two strings to it. It was in the wood that the lawyer met the stranger. The stranger was examining a tree. “Strong, strong,” muttered he; “yes, it is worth buying.” “Are you a judge of trees, sir?” quoth the attorney. “Hum—yes, of a peculiar sort of tree.” “Have you much timber of your own?” “A great deal,” replied the stranger coolly. “Of the best kind?” “It is generally used for scaffolding.” “Oh, good deal!” The lawyer paused. “You cannot,” said he, archly, “you cannot conceal yourself; your rank is sufficiently apparent.” “Good heavens!” “Yes, my daughter says she heard you boasting of your hereditary distinctions—four hundred years it has existed in your family.” “It has indeed!” “And does the property—the cash part of the business, go with it?” “Yes! the government provide for us.” “Oh, a pension!—hereditary too?” “You say it.” “Ah! 'tis the way with your great families,” said the lawyer to himself, “always quartered on the public.” “What's that he mutters about quartered?” inly exclaimed the stranger with emotion. “It is from our taxes that their support is drawn,” continued the lawyer. “Drawn, sir!” cried the stranger aloud. “And if it be not the best way of living, hang me!” concluded the lawyer. “You,” faltered the stranger, clasping his hands: “horrible supposition!!”

CHAPTER IV.—ENLIGHTENED SENTIMENTS.

“Joy was not always absent from his face, But o'er it in such scenes would steal with tranquil grace.”—*Childs Herald*.

“You will really marry me then, beautiful Laura,” said the stranger kneeling on his pocket-handkerchief. Laura blushed. “You are so—so bewitching—and—and you will always love me—and you will tell me who you are.” “After our marriage, yes,”—said the stranger somewhat discomposed. “No! now—now,”—cried Laura, coaxingly. He was silent. “Come, I will get it out of you. You are an eldest son.” “Indeed I am,” sighed the stranger. “You have an hereditary title?” “Alas! yes!” “It descends to you?” “It does!” “You have a—means to support it?” “Assuredly.” “Convince me of that,” said the lawyer, who had been listening unobserved, “and my daughter is yours—let you have killed your man a hundred times over!” “Wonderful liberality!” cried the stranger, enthusiastically, and throwing himself at the lawyer's feet.

CHAPTER V.—CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

"The soul wears out her clothes."—PLATO.—Apparently not!

The stranger wore a splendid suit of clothes. The mystery about him attracted the admiration and marvel of the people at the little inn at which he had taken up his lodging. They were talking about him in the kitchen one morning when the boots was brushing his coat. A tailor from the capital, who was travelling to his country-seat, came into the kitchen to ask why his breakfast was not ready. "It is a beautiful coat!" cried the boots, holding it up. "What a cut!" cried the chambermaid. "It is lined with white silk," said the scullion, and she placed her thumb on the skirts. "Ha!" said the tailor,—"what do I see! it is the coat of the Marquis de Tête Perdu: I made it myself." "It is out—it is out!" cried the waiter. "The gentleman is a marquis, Gemini, how pleased Miss Laura will be!" "What's that, sir? so the strange gentleman is really the Marquis de Tête Perdu?" asked the landlady. "John, take the *fresh* eggs to his lordship." "Impossible!" said the tailor, who had fixed on the fresh eggs for himself. "Impossible!" and while he laid his hand on the egg-stand, he lifted his eyes to heaven. "Impossible! the marquis has been hanged this twelvemonth!"

CHAPTER VI.—THE DEPARTURE.

"They have their exits and their entrances,
And each man in his time plays many parts,
Of which the end is death."—SHAKESPEARE.

"Good heavens! how strange," said the lawyer, as he dismissed the landlord of the little inn. "I am very much obliged to you—only think—I was just going to marry my daughter to a gentleman who had been hanged!" Laura burst into tears. "What if he should be a vampire!" said she: "it is very odd that a man should live twelve months after hanging." Meanwhile the stranger descended the stairs to his parlour; a group of idlers in the passage gave hastily way on both sides. Nay, the housemaid, whom he was about, as usual, to chuck under the chin, uttered a loud shriek and fell into a swoon. "The devil!" said the stranger, glancing suspiciously round; "am I known, then?" "Known! yes, you *are* known!" cried the boots—"The Marquis de Tête Perdu." "Sacré bleu!" said the stranger, flinging into the parlour in a violent rage. He locked the door. He walked up and down with uneven strides. "Curse on these painful distinctions—these hereditary customs!" cried

he vehemently, "they are the poison of my existence. I shall lose Laura; I shall lose her fortune; I am discovered. No, not yet; I will flee to her, before the boots spreads the intelligence. I will force her to go off with me—go off!—how many people have I forced to go off before!"

To avoid the people in the passage, the stranger dropped from the window. He hastened to the lawyer's house—he found Miss Laura in the garden—she was crying violently, and had forgotten her pocket-handkerchief; the stranger offered her his own. Her eyes fell on a marquis's coronet, worked in the corner, with the initials "T. P." "Ah! it is too tragic, then," said she sobbing; "the—the Marquis de Tête Perdu—" Here her voice was choked by her emotion. "Damnation what—what of him?" With great difficulty Laura sobbed out the word "H—a—ng—e—d!" "It is all up with me!" said the stranger, with a terrible grimace, and he disappeared. "Oh! he is certainly a vampire," wept the unfortunate Laura; "at all events, after having been hanged for twelve months, he cannot be worth much as a husband!"

CHAPTER VII.—THE PHILOSOPHER.

"The tendency of the age is against all hereditary distinctions."—M. BOYER DE COLLARD.

It was a melancholy dreary day, and about an hour after the above interview it began to rain cats and dogs. The mysterious stranger was walking on the highroad that led from the country town; he hoped to catch one of the public vehicles that passed that way towards the capital. He buttoned up the fitful coat, and took particular care of the silk skirts. "In vain," said he, bitterly, "is all this finery; in vain have I attempted to redeem my lot. Fate pursues me everywhere. D—n it! the silk will be all spotted; I may not get another such coat soon: seldom that a man of similar rank," here the rain set full in his teeth and drowned the rest of his soliloquy. He began to look round for a shelter, when suddenly he beheld a pretty little inn, standing by the roadside: he quickened his pace, and was presently in the traveller's room drying himself by the fire. There was a bald gentleman, past his grand climacteric, sitting at a little table by the window, and reading "Grimmencophilus-siculicorum on the propriety of living in a parallelogram, and moving only in a right angle." Absorbed in his own griefs, the stranger did not notice his companion—he continued to dry his shirt-sleeves, and mutter to himself,

"Ah!" said he, "no love for me; never shall I marry some sweet, amiable, rich young lady; the social distinctions confine me to myself. Odious law of primogeniture! hateful privileges of hereditary descent!"

The bald gentleman, who was a great philosopher, and had himself written a large book in which he had clearly proved that "man was not a monkey," started up in delight at these expressions—"Sir," said he, warmly, holding out his hand to the stranger, "your sentiments do credit to your understanding—you are one of the enlightened few whose opinions precede the age. Hereditary distinctions! they are indeed one of the curses of civilization." "You speak truly, venerable sir," said the stranger sighing. "Doubtless," continued the sage, "you are some younger son deprived of your just rights by the absurd monopoly of an elder brother." "No, I am myself the elder son; I myself exercise, and therefore deplore, that monopoly." "Noble young man!—what generosity!—see what it is to be wise!" said the philosopher: "knowledge will not even allow us to be selfish."

The stranger kindled into enthusiasm, and into eloquence. "What," said he, "what is so iniquitous as these preordinations of our fate against our will? We are born to a certain line—we are accomplished to that line alone—our duty is confined to a certain routine of execution—we are mewed up like owls in a small conventional circle of gloom—we are paid sufficient for what we perform—we have, therefore, no incentive to our enterprise and ambition—the greater part of our life is a blank to us. If we stir abroad into more wide and common intercourse with mankind, we are perpetually reminded that a stamp is upon us—we cannot consult our inclinations—we must not marry as we please—we can never escape from ourselves." "And," pursued the philosopher, who liked to talk himself as well as to listen; "and while so unpleasant to yourself are these dangerous and hateful hereditary distinctions, what mischiefs do they not produce to your fellow-creatures!—condemned to poverty, they are condemned to the consequences of poverty,—ignorance and sin—they offend, and you hang them!" "Hang—them!" "Ah!" the benevolent stranger covered his face with his hands. "What philanthropic tenderness!" said the philosopher; "Pardon me, sir, I must introduce myself: you may have heard of me; I am the author *Slatterenobigioso*; you, so enlightened, are probably an author yourself; perhaps you have turned your attention to morals, and are acquainted with

the true nature of crime." "Ay," groaned the stranger, "I am acquainted with its end." "Or perhaps biography, the great teacher of practical truths, made you first learn to think. For my part I amuse myself even now by taking the lives of some of the most remarkable of my contemporaries." "Indeed!" said the stranger with inexpressible dignity, and then putting on his hat with an air, he stalked out of the room, saying over his left shoulder in a voice of conscious pride—"And I, sir, have done the same."

CHAPTER VIII.—THE JEALOUSY.

"She wrongs his thoughts."—*The Countess*.

"Ah, miss!" said the tailor, as he passed through the country town on a high trotting horse, and met the unfortunate Laura walking homeward with *The Sorrows of Werter* in her hand: "Ah! so the spark has carried himself off. How could you be so taken in? What! marry a ——" "I know what you would say," interrupted Laura haughtily, "and I beg you will be silent. You knew him, then." "Ay, by sight. I have seen him on trying occasions, sure enough. But you will meet him no more, I guess: he is wanted in town to-morrow morning." "Gracious heaven! for what?" said Laura, thinking the Marquis de Tête Perdu was again apprehended for not having been hanged sufficiently. "Why—he prepared—miss, he is going to tie the noose." "Wretch! perfidious wretch!" shrieked Laura, as her fear now changed into jealousy; "do you mean that he is going to lead another to the altar?" "Exactly, miss!" said the tailor, and off went his high-trotting horse.

CHAPTER IX.—THE DENOUEMENT.

"It is not for myself I do these things, but for my country."

PLUTARCH'S APHORISM WHEN IN PLACE.
Common Aphorism among all Pincersmen.

"Poor cousin Jack!" said the lawyer, as he was eating his breakfast; "he has been playing very naughty pranks, to be sure; but he is our cousin, nevertheless: We should pay him all possible respect. Come, girl, get on your bonnet; you may as well come with me: it will divert your mind." "La! papa: but, to be sure, there will be a great crowd. It is a most affecting sight; and, after all, I think a drive may do me good." "That's right, girl," said the father: and they were soon on the road to the capital. They arrived at an open space, but filled with spectators; they beheld a platform, raised above the heads of the people;

Laura grew very faint with anxiety and heat. She heard the spectators talking to each other. "They say," observed one, "that it is with great difficulty he was persuaded to the calling—it has been four hundred years in the family—he took himself away, but came back when he heard the fees were augmented—you know he gets all the clothes." "There's poor cousin Jack," quoth the attorney: "how pale he is!"

Laura looked. To the side of cousin Jack, who was about to be hanged, moved a well-known figure. "The Marquis de Tête Perdu!" cried the lawyer aghast. "My lover! my lover!" screamed Laura. "My eye! that's the hereditary hangman!" said a by-stander with open mouth. "Hereditary hangman!" said an English lord, who was by chance an attendant at the spectacle. "Hereditary hangman!—what a burlesque on the peerage!"

Is it a burlesque truly, or is the one about as wise as the other?

THE PAUPER'S DRIVE.

There's a gym one-horse hearse in a jolly round trot;

To the churchyard a pauper is going, I wot;
The road it is rough, and the hearse has no
springs,

And hark to the dirge that the sad drivers sing:—
Rattle his bones over the stones;

He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns.

Oh! where are the mourners? Alas! there are
none;

He has left not a gap in the world now he's gone;
Not a tear in the eye of child, woman, or man;—
To the grave with his carcass as fast as you can.
Rattle his bones over the stones;

He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns.

What a foiting, and creaking, and splashing,
and din!

The whip how it cracks, and the wheels how
they spin!

How the dirt right and left o'er the hedges is
hurled!

The pauper at length makes a noise in the world.
Rattle his bones over the stones;

He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns.

Poor pauper defunct! he has made some approach
To gentility, now that he's stretched in a couch;
He's taking a drive in his carriage at last,
But it will not be long if he goes on so fast!

Rattle his bones over the stones;

He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns.

THOMAS NOEL.

KING ARTHUR'S FEAST.

[Right Hon. John Hookham Frere, born in Norfolk, 1789; died at Malta, 7th January, 1846. He filled several important diplomatic posts. In his school-boy days he evinced much poetical talent, and during the controversy about Chatterton's Rowley poems he produced a translation of the Saxon poem on the victory of Athelstan at Brunnenburgh into the English of the fourteenth century which astonished everybody. He was associated with Camina in the publication of the *Anti-Jacobin*, to which he contributed many witty satires. But his most notable effort was the "Prospectus and Specimen of an intended National Work, to comprise the most Interesting Particulars relating to King Arthur and his Round Table." This was supposed to be written by William and Robert Whistler-craft, of Stowmarket, Suffolk, harness and collar makers. It was a brilliant *jeu d'esprit*, displaying flashes of poetry which made many regret that Mr. Frere did not devote more of his time to literature. But it has a special literary interest for us in being the first introduction into English of the Italian style of composition, which Byron afterwards rendered so famous by his *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*. The latter, writing to Mr. Murray, frankly acknowledged his debt to Mr. Frere, and we are glad to be able to give our readers an extract from the Whistlercraft verses.]

The Great King Arthur made a sumptuous
feast,

And held his royal Christmas at Carlisle,
And thither came the vassals, most and least,
From every corner of this British isle;
And all were entertain'd, both man and beast,
According to their rank, in proper style;
The steeds were fed and litter'd in the stable,
The ladies and the knights sat down to table.

The bill of fare (as you may well suppose)
Was suited to those plentiful old times,
Before our modern luxuries arose,
With truffles, and ragouts, and various crimes:
And therefore, from the original in prose
I shall arrange the catalogue in rhymes:
They served up salmon, venison, and wild boars
By hundreds, and by dozens, and by scores.

Hogsheads of honey, kilderkins of mustard,
Muttons, and fatted beeves, and bacon swine;
Heron and bitterns, peacock, swan and bustard,
Teal, mallard, pigeons, widgeons, and in fine
Plum-puddings, pancakes, apple-pies and custard:

And therewithal they drank good Gascon wine,
With mead, and ale, and cider of our own;
For porter, punch, and negus were not known.

The noise and uproar of the scullery tribe,
All piffling and scrambling in their calling,
Was past all powers of language to describe—
The din of manful oaths and female squalling:

The sturdy porter, huddling up his bribe,
And then at random breaking heads and bawling,
Outcries, and cries of order, and contusions,
Made a confusion beyond all confusions;

Beggars and vagabonds, blind, lame, and sturdy,
Minstrels and singers with their various airs,
The pipe, the tabor, and the hurdy-gurdy,
Juglers and mountebanks with apes and bears,
Continued from the first day to the third day,
An uproar like ten thousand Smithfield fairs;
There were wild beasts and foreign birds and creatures,
And Jews and foreigners with foreign features.

All sorts of people there were seen together,
All sorts of characters, all sorts of dresses;
The fool with fox's tail and peacock's feather,
Pilgrims, and penitents, and grave burgesses;
The country people with their coats of leather,
Vintners and victuallers with cans and messes;
Grooms, archers, varlets, falconers and yeomen,
Damsels and waiting-maids, and waiting-women.

But the profane, indelicate amours,
The vulgar, unenlightened conversation
Of minstrels, menials, courtzans, and boors,
(Although) appropriate to their meaner station)
Would certainly revolt a taste like yours;
Therefore I shall omit the calculation
Of all the curses, oaths, and cuts, and stabs,
Occasioned by their dice, and drink, and drabs.

We must take care in our poetic cruises,
And never hold a single tack too long;
Therefore my versatile, ingenious muse,
Takes leave of this illiterate, low-bred throng,
Intending to present superior views,
Which to genteeler company belong,
And show the higher orders of society
Behaving with politeness and propriety.

And certainly they say, for fine behaving
King Arthur's court has never had its match;
True point of honour, without pride or braving,
Strict etiquette for ever on the watch:
There manners were refined and perfect—saving
Some modern graces, which they could not
entech,
As spitting through the teeth, and driving
stages,
Accomplishments reserved for distant ages.

They looked a manly, generous generation;
Beards, shoulders, eyebrows, broad, and square,
and thick,
Their accents firm and loud in conversation,
Their eyes and gestures eager, sharp, and quick,

Showed them prepared, on proper provocation,
To give the lie, pull noses, stab, and kick;
And for that very reason, it is said,
They were so very courteous and well-bred.

The ladies look'd of an heroic race—
At first a general likeness struck your eye,
Tall figures, open features, oval face,
Large eyes, with ample eyebrows arched and high;
Their manners had an odd, peculiar grace,
Neither repulsive, affable, nor shy,
Majestic, reserved, and somewhat sullen;
Their dresses partly silk and partly woollen.

THE MINISTER'S HOUSEKEEPER.¹

[Harriet Beecher Stowe, born in Litchfield, America, in 1811; died at Hartford, in 1896. She was a daughter of Lyman Beecher, D.D., and assisted her sister in schools at Hartford and Cincinnati, from her fifteenth until her twenty-fifth year, when she married Calvin E. Stowe, D.D. Her first important publication was a series of sketches of the Pilgrims to the New World, entitled *Mayflower*. In 1852 she published *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, which immediately obtained immense popularity in this country as well as in America. Before the end of the year upwards of a million copies had been sold in England. The work was translated into almost every known language, and dramatic versions were represented on every stage in Europe. The publication of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is believed to have sounded the doom of slavery; and for this the author merits the gratitude of all countries and all ages. Mrs. Stowe afterwards wrote *A Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin*, giving the original facts and documents upon which the story is founded; *Dred: The Minister's Winooski; Agnes of Sorrento; Sunday Memories of Foreign Lands*; and numerous miscellaneous works. The *Westminster Review* gives the following estimate of her literary rank: "Whatever else she may write or may not write, *Dred* and *Uncle Tom* will assure her a place in that highest rank of novelists who can give us a national life in all its pluses—popular and aristocratic, humorous and tragic, political and religious."]

SCENE.—The shady side of a blueberry pasture.—Sam Lawson with the boys picking blueberries.—Sam, boy.

"Wal, you see, boy, 'twas just here,—Parson Carryl's wife, she died along in the forepart o' March: my cousin Huldy, she undertook to keep house for him. The way on't was, that Huldy, she went to take care o' Mis' Carryl in the fust on't, when she fust took sick. Huldy was a tailoress by trade; but then she was one o' these 'ere facultised persons that has a gift for most anything, and that was how Mis' Carryl come to set sech store by her, that, when she was sick, nothin' would do for her

¹ From *October Fireside Stories*, by Harriet Beecher Stowe. London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co.

but she must have Huldy round all the time: and the minister, he said he'd make it good to her all the same, and she shouldn't lose nothin' by it. And so Huldy, she staid with Mis' Carryl full three months afore she died, and got to seein' to everything pretty much round the place.

"Wal, arter Mis' Carryl died, Parson Carryl, he'd got so kind o' used to havin' on her 'round, takin' care o' things, that he wanted her to stay along a spell; and so Huldy, she staid along a spell, and poured out his tea, and mended his clo'se, and made pies and cakes, and cooked and washed and ironed, and kep' everything as neat as a pin. Huldy was a drefful chipper sort o' gal; and work sort o' rolled off from her like water off a duck's back. There warn't no gal in Sherburne that could put such a sight o' work through as Huldy; and yet, Sunday mornin', she always come out in the singers' seat like one o' these 'ere June roses, lookin' so fresh and smilin', and her voice was jest as clear and sweet as a meadow lark's—Lordy massy! I 'member how she used to sing some o' them 'are places where the treble and counter used to go together: her voice kind o' trembled a little, and it sort o' went thro' and thro' a feller! tuck him right where he lived!"

Here Sam leaned contemplatively back with his head in a clump of sweet fern, and refreshed himself with a chew of young wintergreen. "This 'ere young wintergreen, boys, is jest like a feller's thoughts o' things that happened when he was young: it comes up jest so fresh and tender every year, the longest time you hev to live; and you can't help chawin' on't the 'tis sort o' stingin'. I don't never get over likin' young wintergreen."

"But about Huldy, Sam?"

"Oh, yes! about Huldy. Lordy massy! when a feller is Indianin' round, these 'ere pleasant summer days, a feller's thoughts gits like a flock o' young partridges: they's up and down and everywhere: 'cause one place is jest about as good as another, when they's all so kind o' comfortable and nice. Wal, about Huldy,—as I was a sayin'. She was jest as handsome a gal to look at as a feller could have; and I think a nice, well-behaved young gal in the singers' seat of a Sunday is a means o' grace: it's sort o' drawin' to the unregenerate, you know. Why, boys, in them days, I've walked ten miles over to Sherburne of a Sunday mornin', jest to play the bass-viol in the same singers' seat with Huldy. She was very much respected, Huldy was; and, when she went out to tailorin', she was allers bespoke

six months ahead, and sent for in waggins up and down for ten miles round; for the young fellers was allers 'maxin' anxious to be sent after Huldy, and was quite free to offer to go for her. Wal, after Mis' Carryl died, Huldy got to be sort o' housekeeper at the minister's, and saw to everything, and did everything: so that there warn't a pin out o' the way.

"But you know how 'tis in parishes: there allers is women that thinks the minister's affairs belong to them, and they ought to have the rulin' and guidin' of 'em; and, if a minister's wife dies, there's folks that allers has their eyes open on providences,—lookin' out who's to be the next one.

"Now, there was Mis' Amaziah Pipperidge, a widder with snappin' black eyes, and a hook-nose,—kind o' like a hawk; and she was one o' them up-and-down commandin' sort o' women, that feel that they have a call to be seein' to everything that goes on in the parish, and 'specially to the minister.

"Folks did say that Mis' Pipperidge sort o' set her eye on the parson for herself: wal, now that 'are might a' been, or it might not. Some folks thought it was a very suitable connection. You see she hed a good property of her own, right nigh to the minister's lot, and was allers kind o' active and busy; so, takin' one thing with another, I shouldn't wonder if Mis' Pipperidge should a thought that Providence p'inted that way. At any rate, she went up to Deakin Blodgett's wife, and they two sort o' put their heads together a mournin' and condolin' about the way things was likely to go on at the minister's now Mis' Carryl was dead. Ye see, the parson's wife, she was one of them women who hed their eyes everywhere and on everything. She was a little thin woman, but tough as inger-rubber, and smart as a steel-trap; and there warn't a hen laid an egg, or cracked, but Mis' Carryl was right there to see about it; and she hed the garden made in the spring, and the meidens mowed in summer, and the cider made, and the corn husked, and the apples got in the fall; and the doctor, he hedn't nothin' to do but jest sit stock still a meditatin' on Jerusalem and Jericho and them things that ministers think about. But Lordy massy! he didn't know nothin' about where anything he eat or drunk or wore come from or went to: his wife jest led him 'round in temporal things and took care on him like a baby.

"Wal, to be sure, Mis' Carryl looked up to him in spirituals, and thought all the world on him; for there warn't a smarter minister no 'round. Why, when he preached on

decrees and election, they used to come clear over from South Parish, and West Sherburne, and Old Town to hear him; and there was such a row o' waggins tied along by the meetin'-house that the stables was all full, and all the hitchin'-posts was full clean up to the tavern, so that folks said the doctor made the town look like a general trainin'-day a Sunday.

"He was gret on texts, the doctor was. When he hed a pint to prove, he'd jes' go through the Bible, and drive all the texts ahead o' him like a flock o' sheep; and then, if there was a text that seemed agin him, why, he'd come out with his Greek and Hebrew, and kind o' chase it 'round a spell, jest as ye see a feller chase a country bell-wether, and make him jump the fence arter the rest. I tell you, there wasn't no text in the Bible that could stand agin the doctor when his blood was up. The year arter the doctor was app'nted to preach the 'lection sermon in Boston, he made such a figger that the Brattle Street Church sent a committee right down to see if they couldn't get him to Boston; and then the Sherburne folks, they up and raised his salary; ye see, there ain't nothin' wakes folks up like somebody else's wantin' what you've got. Wal, that fall they made him a Doctor o' Divinity at Cambridge College, and so they set more by him than ever. Wal, you see, the doctor, of course he felt kind o' lonesome and afflicted when Mis' Carryl was gone; but rally and truly, Huldy was so up to everything about house, that the doctor didn't miss nothin' in a temporal way. His shirt-boasons was platted finer than they ever was, and them ruffles 'round his wrists was kep' like the driven snow; and there warn't a brack in his silk stockin's, and his shoe-buckles was kep' polished up, and his coats brushed; and then there warn't no bread and biscuit like Huldy's; and her butter was like solid lumps o' gold; and then wern't no pies to equal hers; and so the doctor never felt the loss o' Mis' Carryl at table. Then there was Huldy allers opposite to him, with her blue eyes and her cheeks like two fresh peaches. She was kind o' pleasant to look at; and the more the doctor looked at her the better he liked her; and so things seemed to be goin' on quite quiet and comfortable ef it hadn't been that Mis' Pipperidge and Mis' Deakin Blodgett and Mis' Sawin got their heads together a talkin' about things.

"Poor man," says Mis' Pipperidge, "what can that child that he's got there do towards takin' the care of all that place? It takes a mature woman," she says, "to tread in Mis' Carryl's shoes."

"That it does," said Mis' Blodgett; "and, when things once get to runnin' down hill, there ain't no stoppin' on 'em," says she.

"Then Mis' Sawin, she took it up. (Ye see, Mis' Sawin used to go out to dress-makin', and was sort o' jealous, 'cause folks set more by Huldy than they did by her.) 'Well,' says she, 'Huldy Peters is well enough at her trade. I never denied that, though I do say I never did believe in her way o' makin' button-holes; and I must say, if 'twas the dearest friend I hed, that I thought Huldy tryin' to fit Mis' Kittridge's plumb-coloured silk was a clear piece o' presumption; the silk was jist spiled, so 'twarn't fit to come into the meetin'-house. I must say, Huldy's a gal that's always too venturesome about takin' 'sponsibilities she don't know nothin' about.'

"Of course she don't," said Mis' Deakin Blodgett. "What does she know about all the lookin' and seein' to that there ought to be in guidin' the minister's house? Huldy's well meanin', and she's good at her work, and good in the singers' seat, but Lordy massy! she hain't go no experience. Parson Carryl ought to have an experienced woman to keep house for him. There's the spring house-cleanin' and the fall house-cleanin' to be seen to, and the things to be put away from the moths; and then the gettin' ready for the association and all the ministers' meetin's; and the makin' the soap and the candles, and settin' the hens and turkeys, watchin' the calves, and seein' after the hired men and the garden; and there that are blessed man jist sits there at home as serene, and has nobody round but that 're gal, and don't even know how things must be a runnin' to waste!"

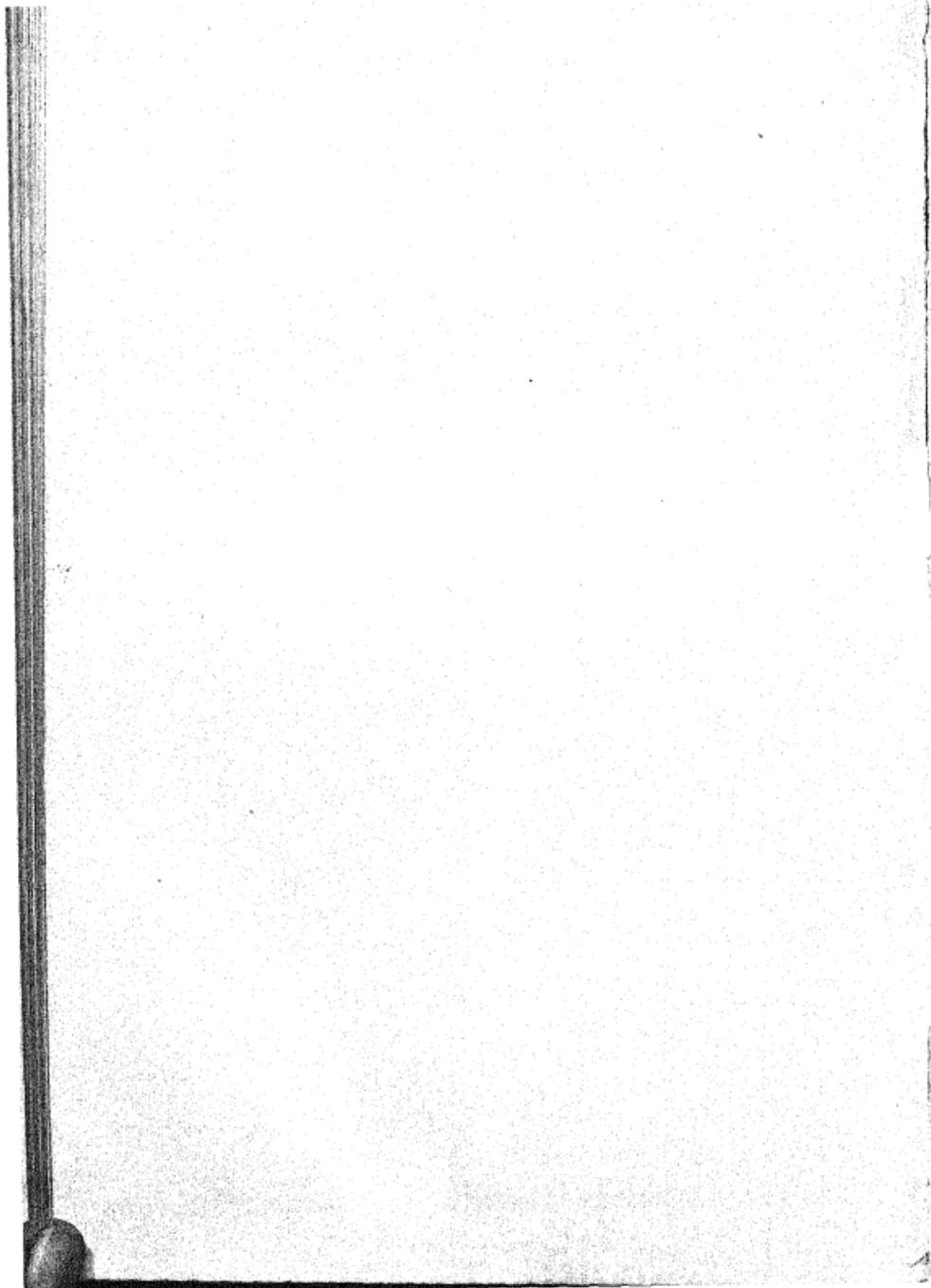
"Wal, the upshot on't was, they fussed and fuzzed and wuzzled till they'd drinked up all the tea in the teapot; and then they went down and called on the parson, and wuzzled him all up talkin' about this, that, and t'other that wanted lookin' to, and that it was no way to leave everything to a young chit like Huldy, and that he ought to be lookin' about for an experienced woman. The parson, he thanked 'em kindly, and said he believed their motives was good, but he didn't go no further. He didn't ask Mis' Pipperidge to come and stay there and help him, nor nothin' o' that kind; but he said he'd attend to matters himself. The fact was, the parson had got such a likin' for havin' Huldy 'round, that he couldn't think o' such a thing as swappin' her off for the Widder Pipperidge.

"But he thought to himself, 'Huldy is a good girl; but I oughtn't to be a leavin' every-



JOHN H. BACON.

HULDY MAKES TEA FOR THE MINISTER.



thing to her—it's too hard on her. I ought to be instructin' and guidin' and helpin' of her; 'cause 'tain't everybody could be expected to know and do what Mis' Carryl did; and so at it he went; and Lordy massy! didn't Huldy hev a time on't when the minister began to come out of his study, and want to tew 'round and see to things? Huldy, you see, thought all the world of the minister, and she was 'most afraid to laugh; but she told me she couldn't, for the life of her, help it when his back was turned, for he wuzzled things up in the most singular way. But Huldy, she'd jest say 'Yes, sir,' and get him off into his study, and go on her own way.

"Huldy," says the minister one day, "you ain't experienced out doors; and, when you want to know anything, you must come to me."

"Yes, sir," says Huldy.

"Now, Huldy," says the parson, "you must be sure to save the turkey-eggs, so that we can have a lot of turkeys for Thanksgiving."

"Yes, sir," says Huldy; and she opened the pantry-door, and showed him a nice dishful she'd been a savin' up. Wal, the very next day the parson's hen-turkey was found killed up to old Jim Scroggs's barn. Folks said Scroggs killed it; though Scroggs, he stood to it he didn't: at any rate, the Scroggeses, they made a meal on't, and Huldy, she felt bad about it 'cause she'd set her heart on raisin' the turkeys; and says she, "Oh, dear! I don't know what I shall do. I was just ready to set her."

"Do, Huldy?" says the parson: "why, there's the other turkey, out there by the door; and a fine bird, too, he is."

"Sure enough, there was the old tom-turkey a struttin' and a sidlin' and a quitterin', and a floutin' his tail-feathers in the sun, like a lively young widower, all ready to begin life over again.

"But," says Huldy, "you know he can't set on eggs."

"He can't? I'd like to know why," says the parson. "He shall set on eggs, and hatch 'em too."

"O doctor!" says Huldy, all in a tremble; 'cause, you know, she didn't want to contradict the minister, and she was afraid she should laugh—"I never heard that a tom-turkey would set on eggs."

"Why, they ought to," said the parson, getting quite arnest: "what else be they good for? you just bring out the eggs, now, and put 'em in the nest, and I'll make him set on 'em."

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"So Huldy, she thought there wern't no way to convince him but to let him try: so she took the eggs out, and fixed 'em all nice in the nest; and then she come back and found old Tom a skirmishin' with the parson pretty lively, I tell ye. Ye see, old Tom, he didn't take the idee at all; and he flopped and gobbled, and fit the parson; and the parson's wig got 'round so that his ear stuck straight out over his ear, but he'd got his blood up. Ye see, the old doctor was used to carryin' his p'ints o' doctrine; and he hadn't fit the Arminians and Socinians to be beat by a tom-turkey; so finally he made a dive, and ketched him by the neck in spite o' his floppin', and stroked him down, and put Huldy's apron 'round him.

"There, Huldy," he says, quite red in the face, "we've got him now;" and he travelled off to the barn with him as lively as a cricket.

"Huldy came behind jist chokin' with laugh, and afraid the minister would look 'round and see her.

"Now, Huldy, we'll crook his legs, and set him down," says the parson, when they got him to the nest: "you see he is getting quiet, and he'll set there all right."

"And the parson, he set him down; and old Tom, he set there solemn enough, and held his head down all droopin', lookin' like a rail pious old cock, as long as the parson set by him.

"There; you see how still he sets," says the parson to Huldy.

"Huldy was most dyin' for fear she should laugh. 'I'm afraid he'll get up,' says she, 'when you do.'

"Oh, no, he won't!" says the parson, quite confident. "There, there," says he, layin' his hands on him, as if pronouncin' a blessin'. But when the parson riz up, old Tom, he riz up too, and began to march over the eggs.

"Stop, now!" says the parson. "I'll make him get down agin: hand me that corn-basket; we'll put that over him."

"So he crooked old Tom's legs, and got him down agin; and they put the corn-basket over him, and then they both stood and waited.

"That'll do the thing, Huldy," said the parson.

"I don't know about it," says Huldy.

"Oh, yes, it will, child! I understand," says he.

"Just as he spoke, the basket riz right up and stood, and they could see old Tom's long legs.

"I'll make him stay down, confound him," says the parson; for, ye see, parsons is men,

like the rest on us, and the doctor had got his spunk up.

"You jist hold him a minute, and I'll get something that'll make him stay, I guess; and out he went to the fence, and brought in a long, thin, flat stone, and laid it on old Tom's back.

"Old Tom, he wilted down considerable under this, and looked railly as if he was goin' to give in. He staid still there a good long spell, and the minister and Huldy left him there and come up to the house; but they hadn't more than got in the door before they see old Tom a hippin' along, as high-steppin' as ever, saying, 'Talk! talk! and quitter! quitter! and struttin' and gobblin' as if he'd come through the Red Sea, and got the victory.

"'Oh, my eggs!' says Huldy. 'I'm afraid he's smashed 'em!'

"And sure enough, there they was, smashed flat enough under the stone.

"'I'll have him killed,' said the parson: 'we won't have such a critter 'round.'

"But the parson, he sleep' on't, and then didn't do it: he only come out next Sunday with a tip-top sermon on the 'Riginal Cuss' that was pronounced on things in general, when Adam fell, and showed how everything was allowed to go contrary ever since. There was pig-weed, and pusley, and Canady thistles, cut-worms, and bag-worms, and canker-worms, to say nothin' of rattlesnakes. The doctor made it very impressive and sort o' improvin'; but Huldy, she told me, goin' home, that she hardly could keep from laughin' two or three times in the sermon when she thought of old Tom a standin' up with the corn-basket on his back.

"Wal, next week Huldy, she jist borrowed the minister's horse and side-saddle, and rode over to South Parish to her Aunt Bascome's,—Widder Bascome's, you know, that lives there by the trout-brook,—and got a lot o' turkey-eggs o' her, and come back and set a hen on 'em, and said nothin'; and in good time there was as nice a lot o' turkey-chicks as ever ye see.

"Huldy never said a word to the minister about his experiment, and he never said a word to her; but he sort o' kep' more to his books, and didn't take it on him to advise so much.

"But not long arter he took it into his head that Huldy ought to have a pig to be a fittin' with the buttermilk. Mis' Pipperidge set him up to it; and jist then old Tim Bigelow, out to Juniper Hill, told him if he'd call over he'd give him a little pig.

"So he sent for a man, and told him to build a pig-pen right out by the wall, and have it all ready when he came home with his pig.

"Huldy, she said she wished he might put a curb round the well out there, because in the dark, sometimes, a body might stumble into it; and the parson, he told him he might do that.

"Wal, old Aikin, the carpenter, he didn't come till most the middle of the arternoon; and then he sort o' idled, so that he didn't get up the well-curb till sundown; and then he went off and said he'd come and do the pig-pen next day.

"Wal, arter dark, Parson Carryl, he driv into the yard, full chizel, with his pig. He'd tied up his mouth to keep him from squealin'; and he see what he thought was the pig-pen,—he was rather near-sighted,—and so he ran and threw piggy over; and down he dropped into the water, and the minister put out his horse and pranced off into the house quite delighted.

"There, Huldy, I've got you a nice little pig.'

"Dear me!" says Huldy: 'where have you put him?'

"Why, out there in the pig-pen, to be sure.'

"Oh, dear me!" says Huldy: 'that's the well-curb; there ain't no pig-pen built,' says she.

"Lordy massy!" says the parson: 'then I've thrown the pig in the well!'

"Wal, Huldy, she worked and worked, and finally she fished piggy out in the bucket, but he was dead as a door-nail; and she got him out o' the way quietly, and didn't say much; and the parson he took to a great Hebrew book in his study; and says he, 'Huldy, I ain't much in temporals,' says he. Huldy says she kind o' felt her heart go out to him, he was so sort o' meek and helpless and larned; and says she, 'Wal, Parson Carryl, don't trouble your head no more about it; I'll see to things; and sure enough, a week arter there was a nice pen, all ship-shape, and two little white pigs that Huldy bought with the money for the butter she sold at the store.

"Wal, Huldy," said the parson, 'you are a amazin' child: you don't say nothin', but you do more than most folks.'

"Arter that the parson set sich store by Huldy that he come to her and asked her about everything, and it was amazin' how everything she put her hand to prospered. Huldy planted marigolds and larkspurs, pinks and carnations, all up and down the path to the front door, and trained up mornin' glories and scarlet-runners round the windows. And she was always a gettin' a root here, and a sprig there, and a seed from somebody else: for Huldy was

one o' them that has the gift, so that ef you jist give 'em the leastest sprig of anything they make a great bush out of it right away; so that in six months Huldy had roses and geraniums and lilies, sich as it would a took a gardener to raise. The parson, he took no notice at fust; but when the yard was all ablaze with flowers he used to come and stand in a kind o' maze at the front door, and say, 'Beautiful! beautiful! why, Huldy, I never see anything like it.' And then when her work was done arternoons, Huldy would sit with her sewin' in the porch, and sing and trill away till she'd draw the meadow-larks and the bobolinks, and the orioles to answer her, and the great big elm-tree overhead would get perfectly racketty with the birds; and the parson, settin' there in his stady, would git to kind o' dreamin' about the angels, and golden harps, and the New Jerusalem; but he wouldn't speak a word, 'cause Huldy, she was jist like them wood-thrushes, she never could sing so well when she thought folks was hearin'. Folks noticed, about this time, that the parson's sermons got to be like Aaron's rod, that budded and blossomed: there was things in 'em about flowers and birds, and more 'special' about the music o' heaven. And Huldy, she noticed, that of there was a hymn ran in her head while she was 'round a workin' the minister was sure to give it out next Sunday. You see, Huldy was jist like a bee: she always sung when she was workin', and you could hear her trillin', now down in the corn-patch, while she was pickin' the corn; and now in the buttery, while she was workin' the butter; and now she'd go singin' down cellar, and then she'd be singin' up over head, so that she seemed to fill a house chock full o' music.

"Huldy was so sort o' chipper and fair spoken, that she got the hired men all under her thumb: they come to her and took her orders jist as meek as so many calves; and she traded at the store, and kep' the accounts, and she hed her eyes everywhere, and tied up all the ends so tight that there wa'n't no gettin' 'round her. She wouldn't let nobody put nothin' off on Parson Carryl, 'cause he was a minister. Huldy was allers up to anybody that wanted to make a hard bargain; and, after he knew jist what he was about, she'd got the best end of it, and everybody said that Huldy was the most capable gal that they'd ever traded with.

"Wal, come to the meetin' of the Association, Mis' Deakin Blodgett and Mis' Pipperidge come callin' up to the parson's, all in a stew, and offerin' their services to get the house

ready; but the doctor, he jist thanked 'em quite quiet, and turned 'em over to Huldy; and Huldy, she told 'em that she'd got everything ready, and showed 'em her pantries, and her cakes, and her pies, and her paddin's, and took 'em all over the house; and they went peekin' and pokin', openin' cupboard-doors, and lookin' into drawers; and they couldn't find so much as a thread out o' the way, from garret to cellar, and so they went off quite contented. arter that the women set a new trouble a brewin'. Then they began to talk that it was a year now since Mis' Carryl died; and it r'ally wasn't proper such a young gal to be stayin' there, who everybody could see was a settin' her cap for the minister.

"Mis' Pipperidge said, that so long as she looked on Huldy as the hired gal, she hadn't thought much about it; but Huldy was raily takin' on airs as an equal, and appearin' as mistress o' the house in a way that would make talk if it went on. And Mis' Pipperidge, she driv' round up to Deakin Abner Snow's, and down to Mis' Lijah Perry's, and asked them if they wasn't afraid that the way the parson and Huldy was a goin' on might make talk. And they said they hadn't thought on't before, but now, come to think on't, they was sure it would; and they all went and talked with somebody else, and asked them if they didn't think it would make talk. So come Sunday, between meetin's there warn't nothin' else talked about; and Huldy saw folks a noddin' and a winkin', and a lookin' arter her, and she begun to feel drefful sort o' disagreeable. Finally Mis' Sawin' she says to her, 'My dear, didn't you never think folk would talk about you and the minister?'

""No: why should they?" says Huldy, quite innocent.

""Wal, dear," says she, "I think it's a shame; but they say you're tryin' to catch him, and that it's so bold and improper for you to be courtin' of him right in his own house,—you know folks will talk,—I thought I'd tell you 'cause I think so much of you," says she.

"Huldy was a gal of spirit, and she despised the talk, but it made her drefful uncomfortable; and when she got home at night she sat down in the mornin'-glory porch, quite quiet, and didn't sing a word.

"The minister he had heard the same thing from one of his deakins that day; and when he saw Huldy so kind o' silent, he says to her, 'Why don't you sing, my child?'

"He hed a pleasant sort o' way with him, the minister had, and Huldy had got to likin' to be with him; and it all come over her that

perhaps she ought to go away; and her throat kind o' filled up so she couldn't hardly speak; and, says she, 'I can't sing to-night.'

"Says he, 'You don't know how much good your singin' has done me, nor how much good you have done me in all ways, Huldy. I wish I knew how to show my gratitude.'

"'O sir!' says Huldy, 'is it improper for me to be here?'

"'No, dear,' says the minister, 'but ill-natured folks will talk; but there is one way we can stop it, Huldy—if you will marry me. You'll make me very happy, and I'll do all I can to make you happy. Will you?'

"Wal, Huldy never told me jist what she said to the minister,—gals never does give you the particulars of them 'are things jist as you'd like 'em,—only I know the upshot, and the hull on't was, that Huldy she did a consid'able lot o' clear starchin' and ironin' the next two days; and the Friday o' next week the minister and she rode over together to Dr. Lothrop's in Oldtown; and the doctor, he jist made 'em man and wife, 'spite of envy of the Jews,' as the hymn says. Wal, you'd better believe there was a starin' and a wonderin' next Sunday mornin' when the second bell was a tollin', and the minister walked up the broad aisle with Huldy, all in white, arm in arm with him, and he opened the minister's pew, and handed her in as if she was a princess; for, you see, Parson Carryl come of a good family, and was a born gentleman, and had a sort o' grand way o' bein' polite to women-folks. Wal, I guess there was a rus'lin' among the bunnets. Mis' Pipperidge gin a great bounce, like corn poppin' on a shovel, and her eyes glared through her glasses at Huldy as if they'd a set her afire; and everybody in the meetin' house was a starin', I tell yew. But they couldn't none of 'em say nothin' agin Huldy's looks; for there wa'n't a crimp nor a frill about her that wa'n't jis' so; and her frock was white as the driven snow, and she had her bunnet all trimmed up with white ribbins; and all the fellows said the old doctor had stole a march, and gut the hand-somest gal in the parish.

"Wal, arter meetin' they all come 'round the parson and Huldy at the door, shakin' hands and laughin'; for by that time they was about agreed that they'd got to let putty well alone.

"'Why, Parson Carryl,' says Mis' Deakin Blodgett, 'how you've come it over us.'

"'Yes,' says the parson, with a kind o' twinkle in his eye. 'I thought,' says he, 'as folks wanted to talk about Huldy and me, I'd give 'em somethin' wuth talkin' about.'

Il Pensero and *L'Allegro* are two of the most perfect poems in our language. The first, "most musical, most melancholy," the second, a gleam of sunshine; and both containing beautiful thoughts "married to immortal verse." It is curious to observe how many of our most popular quotations are to be found in these two poems, and yet how comparatively few of the present generation know the poems themselves. This omission—or neglect, shall we call it?—must be due to the fact that whilst readers, books, and journals have multiplied vastly during the present century, discrimination in what is read does not grow in equal ratio. *Il Pensero* and *L'Allegro* appeared for the first time in 1645, when Milton was about thirty-seven years of age, in the collected edition of his poems, English and Latin, edited by the poet. The Rev. John Mitford, one of the ablest biographers and critics of Milton, says of these poems: "They have all the pastoral beauties and sweet descriptions of our older poets, embellished and heightened by a richer style and a more refined combination. It has been more than once observed that these poems, short as they are, have collected in one splendid view all that can be said on their respective subjects."¹

Hence, vain deluding joys,
The brood of Folly without father bred,
How little you bestead,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys?
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sunbeams,
Or likest hovering dreams
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train,
But hail, thou goddess, sage and holy,
Hail, divinest Melancholy,
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might besem,
Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The sea-nymphs, and their pow'rs offended:
Yet thou art higher far descended;
Thou bright-hair'd Vesta, long of yore,
To solitary Saturn bore;
His daughter she (in Saturn's reign
Such mixture was not held a stain),
Oft in glimmering bow'rs and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Id's inmost grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove.
Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,

¹ See Dr. Channing's essay on the "Moral Qualities of Milton," page 177, and note, page 292, *Quaest.*, vol. i.

All in a robe of darkest grain,
 Flowing with majestic train,
 And sable stole of Cyprus lawn,
 Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
 Come, but keep thy wonted state,
 With even step and musing gait;
 And looks commerçant with the skies,
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
 There, held in holy passion still,
 Forgot thyself to marble, till
 With a sad leaden downward cast
 Then fix them on the earth as fast:
 And join with thee, calm Peace, and Quiet,
 Spare Fast that oft with gods doth diet,
 And hears the Muses in a ring
 Aye round about Jove's altar sing:
 And add to these retired Leisure,
 That in trim gardens takes his pleasure;
 But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,
 Him that thou scars on golden wing,
 Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
 The cherub Contemplation;
 And the mute Silence hist along,
 'Less Philomel will deign a song,
 In her sweetest, saddest plight,
 Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
 While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
 Gently o'er th' accustom'd oak;
 Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
 Most musical, most melancholy!
 Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among
 I woo, to hear thy even-song;
 And missing thee, I walk unseen
 On the dry smooth-shaven green,
 To behold the wandering moon,
 Riding near her highest noon.
 Like one that had been led astray
 Through the heav'n's wide pathless way;
 And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
 Oft on a plat of rising ground,
 I hear the far-off curfew sound,
 Over some wide-water'd shore,
 Swinging slow with sullen roar;
 Or if the air will not permit,
 Some still removed place will fit,
 Where glowing embers through the room
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom;
 Far from all resort of mirth,
 Save the cricket on the hearth,
 Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
 To bless the doors from nightly harm:
 Or let my lamp at midnight hour
 Be seen in some high lonely tow'r,
 Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
 With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere
 The spirit of Plato, to unfold
 What worlds, or what vast regions hold
 The immortal mind, that hath forsook
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook:

And of those Demons that are found
 In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
 Whose power hath a true consent
 With planet or with element.
 Sometime let gorgeous tragedy
 In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
 Presenting Thebes, or Pallop's line,
 Or the tale of Troy divine,
 Or what (though rare) of later age
 Embolden'd hath the buskin'd stage.
 But, O sad Virgin, that thy power
 Might raise Museus from his bower,
 Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
 Such notes as warbled to the string.
 Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
 And made Hell grant what love did seek.
 Or call up him that left half told
 The story of Cambuscan bold,
 Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
 And who had Canace to wife,
 That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,
 And of the wondrous horse of brass,
 On which the Tartar king did ride;
 And if aught else great bards beside
 In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
 Of tourneys and of trophies hung,
 Of forests, and enchantments drear,
 Where more is meant than meets the ear.
 Thus night oft see me in thy pale career,
 Till civil-suited morn appear,
 Not trick'd and fround'd as she was wont
 With the Attic boy to hunt,
 But kercheif'd in a comely cloud,
 While rooking winds are piping loud,
 Or usher'd with a shower still,
 When the gust hath blown his fill,
 Ending on the rustling leaves,
 With minute drops from off the eaves.
 And when the sun begins to fling
 His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring
 To arched walks of twilight groves,
 And shadows brown that Sylvan loves
 Of pine, or monumental oak,
 Where the rude axe with heaved stroke
 Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,
 Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
 There in close covert by some brook,
 Where no profaner eye may look,
 Hide me from day's garish eye,
 While the bee with honied thigh,
 That at her flowery work doth sing,
 And the waters murmuring
 With such consort as they keep,
 Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep;
 And let some strange mysterious dream
 Wave at his wings in airy stream
 Of lively portraiture display'd,
 Softly on my eyelids laid.
 And as I wake, sweet music breathe
 Above, about, or underneath,

Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,
Or th' unseen Genius of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloisters pale,
And love the high embow'd roof,
With antic pillars massy proff,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light:
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voiced quire below,
Its service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetnes, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heav'n before mine eyes.
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heav'n doth show,
And every herb that sips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.
These pleasures Melancholy give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

MILTON.

L'ALLEGRO.

Hence, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and
nights unholly,
Find out some uncruth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous
wings,
And the night raven sings;
There under ebon shades, and low-brow'd
rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But come thou Goddess fair and free,
In heav'n y-clep'd Euphrosyne,
And by me, heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth
With two sister graces more,
To ivy-crown'd Bacchus bore;
Or whether (as some sager sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a Maying;
There on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful Jollity,

Quips, and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods, and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek,
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
And if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleasures free;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-tow'r in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow,
Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine:
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stagg, or the harn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before:
Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill:
Some time walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state,
Rob'd in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
While the ploughman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
Whilst the landscape round it measures;
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
Mountains, on whose barren breast
The lab'ring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.
Towns and battlements it sees
Besom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some Beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighbor'ring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyras met,
Are at their savoury dinner set
Of herbs, and other country masses,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;

And then in haste the bow'r she leaves,
With Thetys to bind the sheaves;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tann'd haycock in the mead,
Sometimes with aecue delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd shade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the live-long daylight fail;
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many afeat,
How fairy Mab the junkets eat;
She was pinch'd, and pull'd, she said,
And he by friars' lanthorn led,
Tells how the drudging Goblin sweat,
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn,
That ten day-lab'rs could not end;
Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And crop-fall out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whisparing winds soon lull'd asleep.
Tower'd cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit, or arms, while both contend
To win her graces, whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask, and antique pageantry,
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Wearbly his native wood-notes wild.
And ever against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton head and giddy eunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed.

Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half regn'd Eurydice.
These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

MILTON

TIME.

Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
To unmask falsehood and bring truth to light,
To stamp the seal of time in aged things,
To wake the morn and sentinel the night,
To wrong the wronger till he render right,
To ruinate proud buildlings with thy hours,
And smear with dust their glittering golden
towers;

To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,
To feed oblivion with decay of things,
To blot old books and alter their contents,
To pluck the quills from ancient raven's wings,
To dry the old oak's sap and cherish springs,
To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel,
And turn the giddy round of Fortune's wheel;

To show the beldum daughters of her daughter,
To make the child a man, the man a child,
To slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter,
To tame the unicorn and lion wild,
To mock the subtle in themselves beguiled.
To cheer the ploughman with increaseful crops,
And waste huge stones with little water-drops.

SHAKESPEARE

THE VOICE OF GOD.

"I heard thy voice in the garden, and I was afraid."

Amidst the thrilling leaves, thy voice
At evening's fall drew near;
Father! and did not man rejoice
That blessed sound to hear?
Did not his heart within him burn,
Touch'd by the solemn tone?
Not so! for, never to return,
Its purity was gone.

Therefore, 'midst holy stream and bower,
His spirit shook with dread,
And call'd the cedars, in that hour,
To veil his conscious head.

Oh! in each wind, each fountain's flow,
Each whisper of the shade,
Grant me, my God! thy voice to know,
And *not to be afraid!*

MRS. HEMANS

WILLIAM GUTHRIE.

(Rev. Edward Irving, born in Annan, Dumfriesshire, 1792; died in Glasgow, 6th December, 1834. Distinguished chiefly as the originator of the sects called, after him, Irvingites. His principal published works are: *For the Ovaries of God—Four Orations; For Judgment to Come; Babylon and Infidelity Foredoomed of God; Sermons, Lectures, and Occasional Discourses, &c.* The following sketch is taken from the *Annals*, edited by Allan Cunningham, and is written in the form of a letter to a friend (Cunningham.)]

There is nothing for which I envy former times more than for this, that their information was conveyed from one to another so much by word of mouth, and so little by written letters and printed books. For though the report might chance to take a fashion and a mould from the character of the reporter, still it was the fashion and the mould of a living, feeling, acting man; a friend, haply a father, haply a venerable ancestor, haply the living chronicler of the country round. The information thus acquired lives embalmed in the most precious associations which bind youth to age — inexperienced ignorant youth, to wise and narrative old age. And to my heart, much exercised in early years with such traditional memorials of the pious fathers of our brave and religious land, I know not whether it be more pleasant to look back upon the ready good-will, the heartfelt gladness, with which the venerable sires and mothers of our dales consented to open the mystery of past times—the story of ruined halls, the fates of decayed families, the hardships and mortal trials of persecuted saints and martyrs; or to remember the deep hold which their words took, and the awful impression which they made, upon us whom they favoured with the tale. Of their many traditions which I have thus received, I select for your use one of the most pious and instructive, as well as the most romantic and poetical. Now, I have such a reverence for the traditions of past times, that you may depend upon my faith as a Christian man and a minister, that I have invented nothing and altered nothing in what I am about to relate, whether as to the manner of my receiving the story, or as to the story itself.

A branch of my mother's family who lived in Nithsdale, and whom you knew well as distinguished amongst the clergy of that district for faithfulness, had cultivated the most intimate brotherhood with another family, likewise of the Scottish clergy, who, when the

father died, betook themselves to Glasgow, where the blessing of God continued to rest upon the widow and the fatherless. When about to repair to that city, to serve our distinguished countryman, my dear and honoured master, Dr. Chalmers, I received a charge from my mother's aunt, now with the Lord, not to fail to pay my respects to the old lady and her children, of whom I had seen the only daughter when on a visit to our part of the country. Thus intrusted with the precious charge of an old and faithful family friendship, and with this also for my only introduction, I proceeded to the house of the old lady and inquired for her daughter. The servant who admitted me, mistaking my inquiry as if it had been for the old lady herself, showed me into a large apartment; and deeming, I suppose, that I was well acquainted with her mistress, she shut the door and went away.

When I looked around, expecting some one to come forward to receive me, I saw no one but a venerable old woman, seated at the further end of the room, who neither spoke nor removed from her seat, but sat still looking at her work, as if the door had not been opened and no one had entered; of which, indeed, I afterwards found she was not conscious, from her great infirmity of deafness. I had therefore time to observe and contemplate the very picturesque and touching figure which was before me. She sat at her spinning-wheel, all dressed in black velvet, with a pure white cap upon her head, an ancient plaited ruff about her neck, and white ruffles round her wrists, from under which appeared her withered hands, busily employed in drawing the thread, which her eyesight was too feeble to discern. For as I had now drawn near, I observed that her spinning-wheel was of the upright construction, having no heck, but a movable eye which was carried along the pier by a heart-motion. She afterwards told me that it had been constructed on purpose to accommodate her blindness, under the direction of her son, a gentleman in a high office in London: for she had so much difficulty in reading, and was so dull of hearing, that it was a great relief to her solitude to employ herself with a spinning-wheel, which also preserved her habits of early industry, and made her feel that she was not altogether useless in the world. I felt too much reverence for this venerable relic of a former generation that was now before me, to stand by, curiously perusing, though I was too much impressed immediately to speak; besides feeling a little embarrassed how I should make my approach to a stranger for whom I instinctively felt so

much reverence, and with whom I might find it so difficult to communicate.

Having approached close up to her person, which remained still unmoved, I bent down my head to her ear, and spoke to her in a loud and slow voice, telling her not to be alarmed at the sight of a stranger, of whose presence she seemed to be utterly unconscious, for that I was the friend of one near and dear to her. I know not whether it was from her being accustomed to be thus approached and spoken to, in consequence of her infirmity of sight and hearing, but she was less surprised than I had expected, and relieved me from my embarrassment by desiring me to sit down beside her; so I sat down, and told her of her ancient and true friends, whose remembrances and respects, thus delivered, she seemed highly to prize; and as I touched upon a chord which was very sweet to her memory, she began to talk of her departed husband, and of my departed grand-uncle, who had been long co-presbyters and fast brethren, and had together fought the battles of the kirk, against the invasions of moderation and misrule. I loved the theme, and love it still; and finding what a clear memory and fine feeling of ancient times she was endowed withal, I was delighted to follow her narratives, as she ascended from age to age, so far as her memory could reach.

When she found that I had so much pleasure in her recollections of former times, she said that she would tell me a story of a still older date, which her father had oft told her, and in which he was not a little concerned. So, pushing her wheel a little away from her, and turning her face round towards me, for hitherto, for the convenience of my speaking into her ear, she had looked towards her wheel, she began and told me the following history, of which I took a faithful record in my memory, and have oft told it since to plious and well-disposed people, though never till this hour have I committed any part of it to paper. I shall not attempt to recall her manner or expressions, but simply recall the very remarkable events of Divine Providence which she related to me.

After the restoration of Charles II., when the Presbyterian clergy of Scotland were required to conform to the moderate Episcopacy which he sought to introduce, the faithful ministers of the kirk were contented, with their wives and children, to forego house and hall, and to tear themselves from their godly people, rather than suffer the civil power to bring guilt upon its own head, and wrath upon

the land, by daring, like Uzziah, to enter into the sanctuary of the church and intermeddle with its government and discipline. But when the civil authorities of the realm, not content with this free-will resignation of all they held of their bounty, would require the ordained ministers of the Word to shut their mouths and cease from preaching the gospel of the grace of God to perishing sinners, they preferred to obey God rather than man, and the Head of the church, whose vows were upon them, rather than the head of the state, who had ventured to usurp the power of the keys, instead of resting contented with the power of the sword, which by right appertaineth to them.

The first who suffered in this contending for Christ's royal office in his house was James Guthrie, professor of divinity in the university of Edinburgh. He was the first of that time who was honoured with the martyr's crown, and having witnessed his good confession unto the death, his head, according to the barbarous custom of those evil days, was placed upon a pole over one of the ports of the city of Edinburgh, called the West Port, which lies immediately under the guns of the castle, and looks towards the south and west, the quarter of Scotland where the church ever rallied her distressed affairs. And at the same time a proclamation was made at the cross, and other high places of the city, forbidding any one, under peril of instant destruction from the castle, to remove that head of a rebel and traitor to the king. The body was given to his sorrowful kindred, amongst whom was a youth, his nephew, of great piety and devotedness to the good cause of Christ and his church, of strong and deep and tender affection to his uncle, in whose house he had lived, and under whose care he had studied until he was now ripe for the ministerial office, and might ere this have been planted in the vineyard, but for the high and odious hand with which ungodly power and prelatical pride were carrying it in every quarter of poor suffering Scotland. This youth, his heart big with grief to see his uncle's headless trunk, vowed a vow in the presence of God and his own conscience, that he would, in spite of wicked men, take down from the ignominious gate his uncle's reverend head, and bury it beside his body.

Full of this purpose, and without communicating it to any one, he went his way, at high noon, and climbed the city wall, and from beneath the guns of the castle, in broad daylight, he took down his uncle's head, wrapped it in a linen napkin, and carried it away with him; whether overawing by his intrepidity the

garrison, or by his speed outstripping them, or whether protected by the people, or favoured by the special providence of God, my venerable narrator stayed not to tell, but as he vowed, he was honoured to perform, and in the same grave was the martyr's head buried with his body.

Soon was it noised abroad what this devoted and fearless youth had done, who, regardless of his life, was disposed to walk abroad and at large as usual, and abide whatever revenge and violence might be permitted to do against him. But his kindred and the steadfast friends of the distressed church, perceiving from this heroic and holy act what such a youth might live to perform, set themselves by all means to conceal him from the public search which was set on foot; and to save him from the high price which was placed upon his head. Finding this to be almost impossible in the hotness of the search which the lord-provost, zealous in the cause of Prelacy, whereof he was a partisan, had set on foot, they sought to convey him beyond seas. This was not difficult at that time, when Scotland had become too hot for the people of the Lord to abide in, and many of her nobles and gentlemen found it better to leave their lands and habitations and follow their religion in foreign parts, than, by following it at home, to suffer fines, forfeitures, imprisonment, and death. These noble witnesses by exile, for that cause for which the ministers and the people witnessed by death, were glad to find pious scholars or ministers who would accompany them as chaplains to their households and tutors to their children; and the name of Guthrie had already risen to such distinction in the service of Christ and of his church, that little difficulty was found in obtaining for the proscribed youth honourable shelter and occupation in a foreign land.

But here, said the venerable matron, I should have told you that young Guthrie was knit to Edinburgh by a tie which made it more after his heart to abide in the face of threatening death than to accept the protection of any noble family or the shelter of a foreign land. For the providence of God, to give in this youth a notable example of true faith as well as of high devotion, had first knit his heart to a maiden of good degree and fervent piety, as the sequel of this sad history will prove, being no other than the only daughter of the lord-provost of the city, who with such zeal and bitterness was seeking her lover's life. To this true love religion had been the guide and minister, as she was destined to prove the

comforter; for the soul of this young maiden had been touched with the grace of God, and abhorring the legal doctrines of the curates, she cast in her lot with the persecuted saints, and in the hiding-places from the wrath of man, where they worshipped God with their lives in their right hand, these two hearts grew together, as it were, under the immediate eye and influence of the Holy Spirit; and now that they were knit together in the bands of faithful love, they were called upon to sacrifice their dearest affections to the will of God.

She, knowing her father's zeal and speed to serve the cruel edicts of the reigning powers, was not only content to part with the proscribed youth, but anxious to hasten his escape from the danger to which he was continually exposed from her father's diligent search; and he, though very loath to leave his heart's desire under the sole authority of a father who sought his life, and persecuted the saints of God, was fain at length to yield to the remonstrances of all his friends, and become an exile from his native land. Yet did these pious lovers not part from each other until they had plighted their mutual truth to be for one another while they were spared upon this earth, and to fulfil that vow by holy wedlock, if Providence should bless them to meet in better days. And so they parted, never to meet again in this world of suffering and sorrow.

All this passed unknown to her father, and, indeed, hardly known to herself; for the events of the uncle's martyrdom, and the nephew's piety and proscription, had awakened the maiden's heart to the knowledge of an affection whose strength she had not dreamed of; and all at once, setting her father, whom next to God she honoured, in direct hostility to him whom more than all men she loved, there was neither time nor room, nor even possibility, to give heed to any other thought than how she might prevent the man whom most she honoured from slaying the man whom most she loved. Fearful predicament for one so young and uncounselled! but a more fearful predicament was reserved for her.

She was her father's only child, and he was a widower; so that all his affections and hopes centred in her alone. Her fear of God made her mind beautiful, and her walk and conversation as becometh godliness. Her father also bore himself tenderly towards her predilections for the persecuted preachers, thinking thereby the more easily to win her over to his views, not finding in his heart to exercise harsh authority over such a child. Sore, sore was her heart as she thought on her exiled lover

and her affectionate father, who lay in her heart together, and yet she must not speak their names together; than which there is no trial more severe to a true and tender mind. To sit beside her father, night after night, and not dare mention the name of him over whom she brooded the livelong day, was both a great trial, and seemed likewise to her pure conscience as a great deception. But aye she hoped for better days, and found her refuge in faith and trust upon a good and gracious Providence.

But Providence, though good and gracious unto all who put their trust therein, is oft pleased to try the people of the Lord, and make them perfect through sufferings, which truly befell this faithful but much-tried lady.

Her father, seeing the hopes of his family centred in his only daughter, naturally longed to see her united to some honourable and worthy man, which, above all things, she feared and sought to prevent, well knowing that the man to whom she had betrothed herself could not be he. Her father's official rank and good estate made her hand to be sought by young men of high family, with whom he would have been glad to see her united; but her own disinclination, to the cause of which he must remain a stranger, continually stood in the way, until at length, what at the first he respected as a woman's right, he came at length to treat as a child's perverseness; and being accustomed to obedience, as the companion and colleague of arbitrary men leagued in the bad resolution of howing a nation's will from the service of God, he was tender upon the point of his authority, especially over a child whom he had so cherished in his bosom.

At length, when his patience was well-nigh worn out, the eldest son of a noble family paid his court to the betrothed maiden, and her father resolved that he should not be gainsaid. When she saw that there was no escape from her father's stern and obstinate purpose, she resolved to lay before him the secret of her heart. Terrible was the struggle, for she dreaded her father's wrath; and yet at times she would hope from a father's kindness.

But when he heard that she had given her affections to the man who had defied his authority and set at nought the proclamation of the state, his wrath knew no bounds. His dignity as chief magistrate, which had been braved by that young man; his religion, which had been contended against by him and his fathers; his prospect of allying his family to the nobles of the land; and, above all, the joy of heart which he had set upon his beautiful,

his obedient, and his only child, arose together in his mind, and made him sternly resolve that she should not have for a husband the man of her own choice. It was in vain she pleaded a woman's right to remain unmarried if she pleased. It was in vain she pleaded a Christian woman's duty not to violate her faith, nor yet to give her hand to one, while her will remained another's. When she found her father unrelenting, and that he would oblige her upon her obedience to marry the man of his choice, she felt that she had a duty to perform likewise unto him whom he would make her husband.

But whether God would, in her case, teach unto all young maidens a lesson how they betroth themselves without their father's consent, or whether he would show to betrothed maidens an example of true-heartedness and faithfulness to their plighted troth, it was so ordered that this pious and dutiful child should find both a hard-hearted father and a hard-hearted husband, who vainly thought that their after-kindness would atone for their present cruelty. But, alas! it fared to her and them as she had told them beforehand, that they were mingling poison in their cup, and together, a father and a husband, compassing her death. Oh that this tale of sorrow might prevent such deeds of stern authority and unrelenting wilfulness! This young woman, who had borne a lover's peril of death and a lover's exile from his land, and hidden her sorrows in her breast, without a witness, through the strength of her faith, could not bear the unnatural state in which she now found herself placed, but pined away, without an earthly comforter, and without an earthly friend. Resignation to the will of God, and a conscience void of offence, bore her spirits up, and supported her constitution for the space of twelve months only, when she died, without a disease, of a blighted and withered heart. Yet not until she had brought into this world of sorrow an infant daughter, to whom she left this legacy written with her dying hand:—

“I bequeath my infant daughter, so long as she is spared in this world, to the care of William Guthrie, if ever he should return to his native land; and I give him a charge before God, to bring up my child in the faith of her mother, for which I die a martyr, as he lives a banished man.”

All this misery had passed unknown to her faithful lover, who had no means of intercourse with his own land, and least of all with that house in it from which his death-warrant had issued and vigilant search gone out against

him. But shortly after these things were consummated, a full opportunity was given to him and every brave-hearted exile, to take share in that great demonstration which was made by William of Orange for the Protestant cause in Britain. Without delay William Guthrie hastened to Edinburgh, where all the faithful sufferers for the truth were now overwhelmed with joy. But for him, alas! there awaited in that place only sorrow upon sorrow.

Sorrow, they say, will in a night cover the head of youth with the snows of age; sorrow, they say, will at once loose the silver cord of life, and break the golden pitcher at the fountain; and surely hardly less wonderful was the change wrought on William Guthrie's heart, which grew cold to the land of his fathers, and indifferent to the church for which the house of his fathers had suffered so much. For in his absence also, his cousin or brother, I wot not which, the persecuted minister of Fenwick, and the author of the *Trial of the Saving Interest in Christ*, with other principal works of practical godliness, had been violently ejected from his parish, and died of sorrow for the suffering church. Wherefore the youth said that he would turn his back upon the cruel land for ever, and with his staff go forth and seek more genial heavens.

They sought to divert his grief, but it was in vain. They sought to stir him up to exercise his gift and calling of a minister, but it was in vain. His faculties were all absorbed in the greatness of his grief, and the vigour of his heart was gone. One thing only bound him to that cruel city, the charge he had received of the infant child, whom God spared only for a short season after his arrival, and then removed to himself. Upon this, true to his purpose, he took his staff in his hand and turned his face towards England, which hath often yielded shelter since to many a Scotchman tossed in his own land with envious and cruel tempests, and by the way he turned into the town of Dumfries, being desirous to take solemn leave of some of his kindred before leaving his native land for ever.

His friends soon saw of what disease he was pining, and being men of feeling, they gave themselves to comfort and heal him. Being also men truly devoted to the church, they grieved that one who had proved himself so faithful and true should thus be lost from her service. They meditated, therefore, how they might win him back unto God and to his duty from this selfish grief which had overclouded all his judgment. But wisely hiding their intent, they seemed only to protract his visit

by friendly and familiar attentions, taking him from place to place, to show him the monuments of those who, in the much-persecuted dale of the Nith, had sealed their testimony with their blood; skilfully seeking to awaken the devotion of the martyr, that it might contend with the sorrow of the broken-hearted lover. And from day to day, as thus they endeavoured to solace and divert his grief, they would point out to him how, now that the church had gotten rest, she was threatened with a hardly less grievous evil, arising out of the want of well-educated and well-principled ministers, who had been mostly cut off by martyrdom, imprisonment, or exile. And as they spoke to him of these things, they would gently, as he could bear, press upon him their grief and disappointment that he who was fitted by his learning and devotedness to be an example and a help to many should thus surrender himself to unavailing grief, and forsake the church which his fathers had loved unto the death. And being now removed from Edinburgh, the scene of his sufferings, the seat of business and bustle and hard-hearted men, and dwelling amongst the quiet scenes and noble recollections of his country, he felt a calm and repose of soul which made it pleasant to abide amongst his friends.

Now in the neighbourhood of Dumfries there is a parish called Irongray, and in the remote parts of this parish, in a sequestered hollow amongst the hills, looking towards the south and west, whence least danger came, but on every other side surrounded with summits which command the whole of Nithsdale, the foot of Annandale, and a great part of Galloway—in this hollow are to be seen at this day, nearly as they were used, tables and seats cut out of stone, at which the persecuted people of the country were wont to assemble from the face of their enemies and meet their pastors, who came forth from their caves and dens of the earth to administer to them the precious memorials of the dying love of our Lord! for which they are called, to this day, the communion-tables of Irongray. And as they were filled by one company after another, some were stationed upon the summits round about to keep watch against the approach of their persecutors.

To these communion-tables of Irongray would William Guthrie wander forth and meditate upon the days of old; and then there would come over his heart a questioning of his backwardness and opposition to the work of the Lord, like the voice which spake to Elias in the cleft of the rock of Sinai, saying, "What

dost thou here, Elias?" Now it so happened at that time, that the faithful people of Irongray were without a pastor, and God was preparing to give them one according to his own mind. Little wist William Guthrie why God permitted that darkening of his glory, and hiding of his face, in his soul. Little knew he for what end God had loosened him from Edinburgh, and from Angus, the seat of his fathers, driven him from his station, and "tossed him like a ball in a wide country." Little thought he wherefore he was turned aside from his heedless course, and drawn and kept for a season at Dumfries.

The people of Irongray, as I said, were, in the south, like the people of Fenwick in the west, a home and a rallying place unto the distressed of the Lord; and if aught under heaven, or in the providence of God, could hallow a spot, which may not be until Jerusalem be rebuilt and his feet stand upon the Mount of Olives, then would these communion-tables of stone, from which so many saints, famishing saints, were fed with heavenly food, have hallowed the parish of Irongray. But though there may not be any consecrated places under this dispensation, there is a providence, be assured, which extendeth itself even to the places where worthy and zealous acts have been done for the testimony of God and of his Christ. And in no way was this faithfulness unto a well-deserving and much-enduring parish shown more, than in that providence which drew this much-tried and faithful youth to their borders.

Haply moved thereto, and guided by the friends of the youth, who longed for his stay, the heads of the parish came and entreated him to become their pastor, offering him all affection and duty. Whereupon our worthy was much pressed in spirit, and sorely straitened how he should refuse, or how he should accept the entreaties of the people; and then it was that his heart said, "What art thou, foolish man, who settest thyself up against the providence of God? Hast thou suffered like Job, or like any of the cloud of witnesses? wilt thou leave that land unto which thou hast received thy commission to preach the gospel? What would she thou mournest advise thee to do in this strait? How wouldst thou most honour and best please her whom thou believest to be a saint of God? Would it not be in caring for those with whom she preferred to cast in her lot, and unto whose society she bequeathed her child?" And thus, after sore struglings between the righteousness of duty and the inclination of grief, between the obedi-

ence of the Head of the church and the idolatry of a departed saint whom he loved as his own soul, he surrendered himself to the call of the heads of the parish, and was ordained over the flock. Yet so far as nature was concerned, there was a blank in his heart which he preferred should remain a blank, rather than seek the fellowship of any other woman. Year passed over year, and found him mourning; for thirty years he continued to deny himself the greatest comfort and joy of human life, though drawn thereto by a true and tender heart; but after this long separation unto the memory of her who had proved herself so faithful unto him, he at length yielded to the affections of the living, and married a wife. "Of which marriage," said the venerable old mother who told me the history, "I am the fruit."

Such was the history of her father; after hearing which, you may well believe, my dear friend, I was little disposed to listen to anything besides. My desire for traditions was swallowed up in deep sympathy with the wonderful narrative which I had heard, and I felt disposed to withdraw to my own reflections. But the worthy and venerable woman would not suffer me to depart until she had taken me to her own little apartment and shown me a small picture, but whether of her father or of her husband, who was minister of the neighbouring parish of Kirkmahoe, I cannot now recall to my remembrance. She also showed me the Bible on which she was wont to read, and told me it had been the Bible of a Queen of England. I took my leave; and not many weeks after, I followed her body to the grave; so that this story, if it contain any moral instruction, may be said to be expired by the dying lips of one of the mothers of the Kirk of Scotland. Farewell, my dear friend, may the Lord make us worthy of our sires!

SOLITUDE.

High on the bare bleak hills the shepherd lies,
Watching his flocks which spot the green below;
Above him spread the gray and sultry skies,
And on the mountains round the unbroken snow,
What voice instructs him there?—The winds that blow.
What friend has HE?—His dog. Yet with these twain
He grows a prophet of the frost and rain,
And well the fox's cunning learns to know.
There lies he, and through coming years must lie,
More lonely than the lonely hills; for they
Have mute companions, like themselves in form;
But he must live alone till life decay,
See nothing save his dog, his flock, the sky,
Hear nothing save the old eternal storm!

THE CAMERONIAN'S DREAM.¹

In a dream of the night, I was wafted away
To the moorlands of mist, where the martyrs lay;
Where Cameron's sword and his Bible are seen,
Engraved on the stone where the heather grows
green.

'Twas a dream of those ages of darkness and blood,
When the minister's home was the mountain
and wood;
When in Wellwood's dark valley the standard of
Zion,
All bloody and torn, 'mong the heather was lying.

'Twas morning; and summer's young sun from
the east
Lay in loving repose on the green mountain's
breast;
On Wardlaw and Cairn-Table, the clear shining
dew,
Glisten'd sheen 'mong the heath-bells and moun-
tain-flowers blue.

And far up in heaven, near the white sunny
cloud,
The song of the lark was melodious and loud,
And in Gleannuir's wild solitudes, lengthen'd
and deep,
Were the whistling of plovers and bleating of
sheep.

And Wellwood's sweet valley breathed music
and gladness,
The fresh meadow blooms hung in beauty and
refinement,
Its daughters were happy to hail the returning,
And drink the delights of July's sweet morning.

But, O! there were hearts cherished far other
feelings,
Illumed by the light of prophetic revelations,
Who drank from the scut'ry of beauty but
sorrow,
For they knew that their blood would bedew it
to-morrow.

'Twas the few faithful ones, who with Cameron
were lying
Conceal'd 'mong the mist, where the heath-fowl
was crying,

¹ This poem was inspired by the remembrance of the death of Richard Cameron and others in the skirmish at Albrams on the 23d July, 1680.

For the horsemen of Earlshall around them were
hovering,
And their bridle-reins rung through the thin
misty covering.

Their faces grew pale, and their swords were
unsheathe'd,
But the vengeance that darken'd their brows was
unbreath'd;
With eyes turn'd to heaven in calm resignation,
They sung their last song to the God of salvation.

The hills with the deep mournful music were
ringing,
The curlew and plover in concert were singing;
But the melody died 'mid derision and laughter,
As the host of ungodly rush'd on to the slaughter.

Though in mist, and in darkness, and fire they
were shrouded,
Yet the souls of the righteous were calm and
unclouded,
Their dark eyes flash'd lightning, as, firm and
unbending,
They stood like the rock which the thunder is
rending.

The muskets were flashing, the blue swords were
gleaming,
The helmets were cleft, and the red blood was
streaming,
The heavens grew dark, and the thunder was
rolling,
When in Wellwood's dark moorlands the mighty
were falling.

When the righteous had fallen and the combat
was ended,
A chariot of fire thro' the dark cloud descended:
Its drivers were angels, on horses of whiteness,
And its burning wheels turned on axles of bright-
ness.

A seraph unfolded its doors bright and shining,
All dazzling like gold of the seventh refining,
And the souls that came forth out of great tribu-
lation
Have mounted the chariot and steeds of salvation.

On the arch of the rainbow the chariot is gliding,
Through the path of the thunder the horsemen
are riding:
Glide swiftly, bright spirits! the prize is before
you,
A crown never fading, a kingdom of glory.

James Hunter.

CUMNOR HALL.

[William Julius Mickle, born at Langholm, Dumfriesshire, 1734; died at Wheatley, Oxfordshire, 25th October, 1788. He translated the *Latins* of Camoens, and contributed a number of poems to Evans' *Arched Ballads* and other publications. He is best known as the author of the following ballad, which suggested the plot of the novel *Kenilworth*. Sir Walter Scott, referring to Mickle, remarked that he was "a poet who, though by no means deficient in the higher branches of his art, was eminent for the powers of verbal melody above most who have practised this department of poetry."]

The dews of night did falfe,
The moone (sweet regente of the sky)
Silvered the walls of Cumnor Halle,
And many an oake that grew therbye.

Now noughe was heard beneath the scies,
(The soundes of busye life were stille),
Save an unhappy ladie's sighes
That issued from that lonely pile.

"Leicester," shee cried, "is thys thy love
That thou so oft has sworn to mee,
To leave mee in this lonely grove,
Immured in shameful privitie?"

No more thou com'st with lover's speede,
Thy onoe-beloved bryde to see;
But hee she alive, or hee she deade,
I feare (sterne earle)'s the same to thee.

Not such the usage I received,
When happye in my father's halle;
No faithless husbande then me grieved;
No chilling feare did me appale.

I rose up with the cheerful morn,
No lark more blithe, no flower more gaye;
And, like the bird that hauntes the thorne,
So merrillie sung the live-long daye.

Say that my beautye is but smalle,
Among court-ladies all despised,
Why didst thou rend it from that halle,
Where (scornful earle) it well was prized.

And when you first to mee made suite,
How fayre I was, you oft woulde saye!
And, proud of conquest—plucked the fruite,
Then left the blossom to decaye.

Yes, now neglected and despised,
The rose is pale—the lily's deade—
But hee that once their charms so prized,
Is sure the cause these charms are fledde.

For knowe, when sickening griefe doth preyse,
And tender love's repay'd with scorne,
The sweetest beautye will decaye;
What flow'ret can endure the storne?

At court I'm told is beautye's throne,
Where everye lady's passing rare:
The eastern flowers, that shame the sun,
Are not so glowing—not so fair.

Then, earle, why didst thou leave those bedds,
Where roses and where lillys vie,
To seek a primrose, whose pale shadnes
Must sicken—when those gaudes are bye?

'Mong rural beauties I was one,
Among the fields wild flowers are faire;
Some countrye swayne might mee have won
And thoughte my beautie passing rare.

But, Leicester (or I much am wronge),
Or 'tis not beautye fires thy vowe;
Rather ambition's gilded crowne
Makes thee forget thy humble spouse.

Then, Leicester, why, again I please
(The injured surelie may repyne),
Why didst thou wed a countrye maid,
When some fair princesses might be thyne?

Why didst thou praise my humble charmes,
And, oh! then leave them to decaye?
Why didst thou win me to thy armes,
Then leave me to mourne the live-long daye?

The village maidens of the plaine
Salute me lowly as I goe;
Envious, they marke my silken trayne,
Nor think a countesse can have woo.

The simple nymphs! they little knowe
How farre more happy's their estate,—
To smile for joye—than sigh for woe,—
To be contente, than to be greate.

How fare lese bleste am I than them?
Dafyle to pyne and waste with ene!
Like the poor plantes, that from its stem
Divided—feels the chilling ayre!

Nor (cruel earle!) can I enjoye
The humble charms of solitude;
Your minions prouide my peace destroye,
By sullen frownes, or pratings rude.

Laste nyghte, as sad I chanced to straye,
The village deathe-belle smote my eare,
They winked asyde, and seemed to saye,
Countesse, prepare—thy end is neare.

And now, when happy peasants sleep,
Here sit I lonely and forlorn,
No one to soothe me as I weep,
Save Phylomel on yonder thorn.

My spirits flag—my hopes decay—
Still that dread death-belle strikes my care,
And many a boding seems to say,
Countesse, prepare—thy end is near."

Thus sore and sad that lady grieved,
In Cumnor Halle so lone and dreare;
Full many a heartfelte sigh shee heaved,
And let full many a bitter teare.

And ere the dawne of day appeared,
In Cumnor Hall so long and dreare,
Full many a piercing screame was hearde,
And many a cry of mortal feare.

The death-belle thrice was hearde to ring,
An aerial voyce was hearde to call,
And thrice the raven flapp'd his wing
Aroun'de the towra of Cumnor Halle.

The mastiffe howled at village doore,
The oaks were shattered on the greene;
Woe was the houre—for never more
That haplesse countesse e'er was seene.

And in that manor now no more
Is cheerful feaste and sprightly balle;
For ever since that drearie houre
Have spirite haunted Cumnor Halle.

The village maides, with fearful glance,
Avoid the antient moss-grownne walle;
Nor ever leads the merrye dance
Among the groves of Cumnor Halle.

Full manye a traveller oft bath sighed,
And pensive wepte the countess' fall,
As wandering onward they've espied
The haunted towers of Cumnor Halle.

TIME.

Time rolls his ceaseless course. The race of yore,
Who danced our infancy upon their knee,
And told our marvelling boyhood legend's store,
Of their strange venture haply by land or sea,
How are they blotted from the things that be!
How few, all weak and wither'd of their force,
Wait on the verge of dark eternity,
Like stranded wrecks, the tide returning boars
To sweep them from our sight! Time rolls his ceaseless
course.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE LAIRD OF MACNAB.

The late Laird of Macnab was the last relic
of the ancient, stern, feudal system—were
ultimus Gothorum. Chief of a tribe, compared
with which, in his opinion, the Campbells and
the Grahams were as mushrooms, the worthy
laird acknowledged no superior, not even those
whose heads were decorated with regal crowns.
He possessed extraordinary energies of mind
and body. Although his education, like that
of many other persons of family in the days of
his youth, had been very defective, his informa-
tion was singularly extensive. He was a man
of great tact and shrewdness, and, oh! what a
fund of genealogy failed with him! His corpor-
al was as vigorous as his mental frame. I
have seen him, at "drucken writers' feasts,"
put to the blush many a three-bottle man; and,
with steady hand, and head apparently inac-
cessible to the fumes of Bacchus, drink to the
speedy resurrection of those of his juvenile
companions who were compelled to hug the
carpet. And these feasts were achieved at the
advanced age of eighty-four, and after having
spent what is called an exceedingly rough life.
On these occasions, Macnab was wont to moral-
ize on the woful degeneracy of the present
race. Sitting as erect as if he had been im-
paled, with his back at least four inches distant
from that of his chair,—to have reclined against
which, even for one moment, he would have
considered a scandalous disarrangement of his
strength, and a disgraceful compliance with
modern effeminacy,—thus would the veteran
chieftain speculate on the inequality of past
and present mortals:—"By the L—d! I kennae
what to mak' o' the pair deevils now-a-days.
They have nae mair fision in their wames
than a withered docken. Twa or three hours
spinnin' about a weem meeserable lang-nebb'd
bottles, is eneuch to cowp them heels over
eraig. This is ane o' the blessed effects of the
Union, an' be damned till't! By my saul, it
wasna keekin' through a mill-stane to see whatna
change the peck-puddin' Southron tykes would
mak in our auld gusty Scotch diet, assune as they
got their nebs i' the ither side o' Tweed. The
ver' sight of a haggis is eneuch to turn their
stomachs inside out; and as to hotch-potch, and
crapit-heads, 'the pair, ignorant creatures,'
as our King Jamis weel said, 'are no' worthy
o' having the like o' them to sain their wizened
thrapples.' And our Scotch fowk are takin'
after them,—deil burst them! The feek o'
their dinners made up o' jellies, tarts, and

sicklike trashtrie, and a meikle ashet in the middle, with naething in't I can mak onything o', gin it be na shaw taen frae a dyke, w' a wheen green leaves amang't. Wha, the foul feind, can drink a haill night on such a shilpit foundation, I wad like to ken? O the blythe days lang since gane! I mind as weel as if it were yesterday, fifty years bygane, there was auld Keppoch, Glenaludale, and myself, gaed down to honest Luckie Merrylies's, in the Canongate, just by way o' takin' a freenly glass in her canny howff.—By my saul, freends we might weel be en'd, for we never crossed the outside o' Luckie's door for five weeks; drinkin' and drinkin', till I wad nae hardly thocht it a marvel if we had grown into fish, and the very fins had come out at our backs. Ay, ay, those were days indeed, and brav callants lived in them! But noo—Oich! oich!"

In this ingubrious manner would the good laird soliloquize, even and anon carrying the glass to his mouth, and now and then bestow-ing a ruestful glance on his prostrate and degenerate cronies. The following anecdote exhibits the mountain chief in all his territorial supremacy, and displays a lofty and magnanimous contempt for the petty, paltry regulations established by the sons of vulgar trade.

Like many other proprietors of large but unproductive estates, the Laird of Macnab was often under the necessity of compromising his dignity by granting bills for his various purchases. These bills, for many years, were always discounted at the Perth bank, and when due, he no more dreamed of putting himself in the slightest degree out of the way by return-ing his scraps of paper, conformably to the established rules of trade, than of paying the national debt. In fact, it would have been a dangerous experiment to have hinted to him the propriety of what he considered a most degrading and unchieltain-like practice. The directors of the bank, knowing their money to be sure, humoured him, as being a character of no ordinary description. His acceptances were therefore never (strange to say) noted or protested; indeed, such an impudent pro-cEDURE on their part, might have brought down like a torrent the furious chief, and a score or two of his gillies, to sack great Perth.

Unluckily for him, one of "thae *damnablae bits o' paper*" found its way to the Stirling bank, an establishment with which the laird had no connection. Agreeably to his *culd use and wont*, he gave himself no trouble about the matter. It was in due course noted and pro-TESTed, of which due intimation was sent to him. The laird treated these various notices

with the most sovereign contempt. He was, however, effectually roused, by the alarming information that a writ of *horsing* and *caption* had been taken out against him, and that, in consequence, a clerk belonging to the bank, accompanied by two messengers, would proceed on the following Friday to Achlyne House, for the special purpose of taking him into custody. Even this dire communication the laird received with unruffled composure.

On that "portentous morn," which threatened him with "durance vile," he took aside an old woman who had been long attached to the family, and who was highly regarded by her master for her shrewdness as well as fidelity. "Shanet," said he, "there are three land-loupers, a clerk and twa limbs o' Satan, in the shape o' messengers, coming ower the hills the day frae Stirling, to tak me awa bodily, and to clap me within the compass o' four stane wa's; and for what, think ye?—a peetiful sent o' a guse's feather—dell cripple their soope shanks. It would ill become me to haue ony hobbleshaw wi' sicklike vermin; so I'll awa up to ma lord's at Taymouth, and leave you, my bonny woman, to gie them *their kael through the reek*." Having thus primed the old lady, he departed.

The transaction now recorded having occurred upwards of half a century ago, it is proper to mention, that the line of travelling between Stirling and Achlyne was of a most rugged and toilsome description, and only passable by pedestrians. The clerk and his legal myrmidons, therefore, did not reach the place where they expected their prey till it was nearly dusk. The ancient carline had been long on the out-look, and going to meet them, she invited them into the house in the most *couthy* and kindly manner. "O, sirs!" quoth she, "ye maun be sair forfougen wi' your langsome travel. Oor Hieland hills are no for them that haes breeks on, I reckon. Sit doon, sit doon, and pit some meat in yere wames, for atweel they maun be gairnir and wamling like knots o' edders. The laird's awa to see a freend, and will be back momently. What gars ye glower at that daft-like gate, sirs? There is what ye're wantin' in that muckle kist, in bonnie yellow gowd, fairly counted by his honour this blessed mornin'. Wha would haes thocht ye wad haes been sae langsome in coming up here; chieldis like you, that are weel kent to be greedy gleds after the siller. But blide ye till the laird comes in, and ye will get what ye want." So saying, she spread before them a plentiful store of mountain delicacies, not forgetting kippered salmon and braxy ham—fare congenial to hungry

stomachs. Nor, it may be opined, was the *gude glenlivet* spared on this occasion. The clerk and his legal understrappers, delighted with the intelligence that the cash was forthcoming (for the directors of the bank were unwilling to take the chief captive if it could possibly be avoided), threw themselves tooth and nail upon the welcome eatables, which vanished before them with a celerity truly surprising. But it was the special object of cunning Shanet that they should do ample justice to her *glenlivet*.—Like Caliban, they deemed the liquor not earthly; and so zealous were they in paying their respects to the *greybeard*, that they were speedily in a very unfit state to retread their steps to Stirling. No word of the laird yet. Seeing they had got to the precise pitch she wanted, says Shanet, “Deil tak me, gin I ken what’s come ower the laird; nae doot he maun be up at the Yerl’s, and ye cannae expeck he can leave the company o’ sic grand fowk on the like o’ your account. Na, na; ye’ll just tak your beds here, and the first thing ye’ll get to your lassell in the mornin’ will be a sonsic breakfast and weel-counted siller.”

There was no alternative, and being, moreover, hardly able to stand, the proposal was far from disagreeable. The clerk, in respect of his gentility, was bestowed in an apartment by himself; the messengers were put in another, containing a single bed for their accommodation. One of the latter worthies, feeling, towards the morning, his entrails scorched with that intolerable heat consequent on mighty over-night potations, got up in quest of some friendly liquid. To aid him in his search, he opened the window-shutter—when the first object which saluted his astonished organs of vision almost petrified him into stone. The sight was indeed rather alarming—a human figure dangling in the winds of heaven from a branch of an ancient oak in the front of the house.

As soon as the wretched terrier of the law had recovered what small sense he possessed, he made a shift to stagger to the bedside, and roused his brother in tribulation, who, when he beheld the horrid spectacle, was assailed with the most dreadful agonies of terror and consternation. To add to their miseries, the door was locked. Bells there were none in the Highlands in those days; but they stamped and kicked on the floor with dreadful energy and clamour. After keeping the poor devils in a state of unspeakable terror for a space of time which appeared to them an eternity, the old woman unlocked the door, and presented a visage in which were expressed all the united horrors of countenance attributed to the infer-

nal furies. “What, the foul fiend, gars he mak sic a din for?” shouts the fearful hieland. Quaking every limb, the only words their lips could give utterance to, were, “What’s—what’s that on the tree?” “What’s that on the tree!” cried the carline, in a dismally hollow and elritch tone of voice; “it’s a bit clerk-body frae the bank o’ Stirling that cam here last night to deave the laird for siller,—we’ve taen and hangit him, *puir elf*.” The effect of this appalling disclosure was electrifying. Fear added wings to their speed,—and the terrified brace of messengers never looked behind them for the first ten miles on their road to Stirling.

Now what almost frightened into convulsions two such exquisitely sensitive personages as messengers are in general, was a bundle of straw, artificially stuffed by Shanet into some ancient garments of the laird’s, which she had suspended from the tree in the manner described. The innocent clerk, during all this stranmash, was quietly reposing in his bed; and if he dreamed at all of suspensions, it was that of the writ of *horsing* and *caption*. When he got up, he was surprised at the non-appearance of his companions, nor could he extract the smallest information on the subject from trusty Shanet. Being therefore deprived of his legal tools, no other resource was left for him but to “piled homewards back his weary way.”

To conclude: so tremendous an account did the messengers give of their expedition, that no temptation could have induced twenty of them to venture on a similar errand, unless backed by a regiment of a thousand strong.

Literary Gazette.

THE DEATH-BED.

We watch’d her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro!

So silently we seemed to speak—
So slowly moved about!
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out!

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died!

For when the morn came dim and sad—
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours!

THOMAS HOOD.

A SOLDIER'S LOVE SONG.

[James Graham, Marquis of Montrose, born 1612; executed at Edinburgh, 21st May, 1650. One of the most daring soldiers who devoted life and fortune to the Stuart cause; and no mean verse-writer, as the following will testify.¹]

My dear and only love, I pray
This noble world of thee,
Be governed by no other sway
Than purest monarchy.
For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhor,
And hold a synod in thy heart,
I'll never love thee more.

Like Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone;
My thoughts shall evermore disdain
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his desert's too small,
That puts it not unto the touch
To win or lose it all.

But I must rule and govern still,
And always give the law,
And have each subject at my will,
And all to stand in awe.
But 'gainst my battery if I find
Thou shun'st the prize to bore,
Or that thou set'st me up a blind,
I'll never love thee more.

Or in the empire of thy heart,
Where I would solely be,
Another do pretend a part,
And dares to vie with me;
Or if committeees thou erect,
And goest on such a score,
I'll sing and laugh at thy neglect,
And never love thee more.

But if thou wilt be constant then,
And faithful of thy word,
I'll make thee glorious by my pen,
And famous by my sword.
I'll serve thee in such noble ways
Was never heard before,
I'll crown and deck thee all with bays,
And love thee evermore.

¹ He was the reputed author of other poems; few of them, however, can be ascribed to him without doubt. He was at Brussels when he first heard of the execution of Charles I., and the lines supposed to be written on that occasion are the best authenticated of all his compositions. They contain a promise which he fulfilled in action—

"I'll sing thy obsequies with trumpet sounds,
And write thy epitaph with blood and wounds."

THE STORY OF LA ROCHE.

[Henry Mackenzie, born in Edinburgh 19th August, 1745 (the day on which the standard of Prince Charles Edward was raised in the north); died 14th January, 1831. He was educated for the legal profession, and his services to the Tory party obtained for him in 1804 the appointment of comptroller of taxes for Scotland. As the author of the *Man of Feeling*, the *Men of the World*, and *Juile de Rosalie*, he early won fame as a novelist. He also wrote several dramatic pieces—the *Spanish Father*, the *Prince of Tunis*, the *Shipwreck*, or *Fatal Curiosity*, the *Force of Passion*, and the *White Hypocrite*—but none of them obtained favour on the stage. He was the editor of the *Mirror* and the *Longman*, two periodicals after the model of the *Spectator*; they extended to 211 numbers, and of these 99 were written by Mackenzie. In the former publication first appeared the story of *La Roche*, which Scott regarded as one of the author's finest efforts on account of the "unexampled delicacy and powerful effect with which he described the sublime scene of the sorrows and resignation of the bereaved father." As a novelist Scott's estimate of him was, in brief, that—"Mackenzie aimed at being the historian of feeling, and has succeeded in the object of his ambition."¹

More than forty years ago an English philosopher, whose works have since been read and admired by all Europe, resided at a little town in France. Some disappointments in his native country had first driven him abroad, and he was afterwards induced to remain there, from having found, in this retreat, where the connections even of nation and language were avoided, a perfect seclusion and retirement highly favourable to the development of abstract subjects, in which he excelled all the writers of his time.

Perhaps, in the structure of such a mind as Mr. ——'s, the finer and more delicate sensibilities are seldom known to have place, or, if originally implanted there, are in a great measure extinguished by the exertions of intense study and profound investigation. Hence the idea of philosophy and unfeelingness being united, has become proverbial, and in common language, the former word is often used to express the latter.—Our philosopher has been censured by some as deficient in warmth and feeling; but the mildness of his manners has been allowed by all; and it is certain that, if he was not easily melted into compassion, it was, at least, not difficult to awaken his benevolence.

One morning, while he sat busied in those speculations which afterwards astonished the world, an old female domestic, who served him for a housekeeper, brought him word that an elderly gentleman and his daughter had

arrived in the village, the preceding evening, on their way to some distant country, and that the father had been suddenly seized in the night with a dangerous disorder, which the people of the inn where they lodged feared would prove mortal; that she had been sent for, as having some knowledge in medicine, the village-surgeon being then absent; and that it was truly piteous to see the good old man, who seemed not so much afflicted by his own distress as by that which it caused to his daughter.—Her master laid aside the volume in his hand, and broke off the chain of ideas it had inspired. His night-gown was exchanged for a coat, and he followed his *gouvernante* to the sick man's apartment.

'Twas the best in the little inn where they lay, but a paup'ry one notwithstanding. Mr. —— was obliged to stoop as he entered it. It was floored with earth, and above were the joists not plastered, and hung with cobwebs.—On a flock-bed, at one end, lay the old man he came to visit; at the foot of it sat his daughter. She was dressed in a clean white bed-gown; her dark locks hung loosely over it as she bent forward, watching the languid looks of her father. Mr. —— and his house-keeper had stood some moments in the room without the young lady's being sensible of their entering it.—"Mademoiselle!" said the old woman at last, in a soft tone.—She turned and showed one of the finest faces in the world.—It was touched, not spoiled with sorrow, and when she perceived a stranger, whom the old woman now introduced to her, a blush at first, and then the gentle ceremonial of native politeness, which the affliction of the time tempered but did not extinguish, crossed it for a moment, and changed its expression. 'Twas sweetness all, however, and our philosopher felt it strongly. It was not a time for words; he offered his services in a few sincere ones.

"Monsieur lies miserably ill here," said the *gouvernante*; "if he could possibly be moved anywhere."

"If he could be moved to our house," said her master.

He had a spare bed for a friend, and there was a garret room unoccupied, next to the *gouvernante's*. It was contrived accordingly. The scruples of the stranger, who could look scruples, though he could not speak them, were overcome, and the bashful reluctance of his daughter gave way to her belief of its use to her father. The sick man was wrapped in blankets, and carried across the street to the English gentleman's. The old woman helped his daughter to nurse him there. The surgeon,

who arrived soon after, prescribed a little, and nature did much for him; in a week he was able to thank his benefactor.

By that time his host had learned the name and character of his guest. He was a Protestant clergyman of Switzerland, called La Roche, a widower, who had lately buried his wife, after a long and lingering illness, for which travelling had been prescribed, and was now returning home, after an ineffectual and melancholy journey, with his only child, the daughter we have mentioned.

He was a devout man, as became his profession. He possessed devotion in all its warmth, but with none of its asperity; I mean that asperity which men, called devout, sometimes indulge in. Mr. ——, though he felt no devotion, never quarrelled with it in others.—His *gouvernante* joined the old man and his daughter in the prayers and thanksgivings which they put up on his recovery; for she, too, was a heretic, in the phrase of the village.—The philosopher walked out, with his long staff and his dog, and left them to their prayers and thanksgivings.—"My master," said the old woman, "alas! he is not a Christian; but he is the best of unbelievers."—"Not a Christian!" exclaimed Mademoiselle La Roche, "yet he saved my father! Heaven bless him for't; I would he were a Christian!"

"There is a pride in human knowledge, my child," said her father, "which often blinds men to the sublime truths of revelation; hence opposers of Christianity are found among men of virtuous lives, as well as among those of dissipated and licentious characters. Nay, sometimes, I have known the latter more easily converted to the true faith than the former, because the fume of passion is more easily dissipated than the mist of false theory and delusive speculation."

"But Mr. ——," said his daughter, "alas! my father, he shall be a Christian before he dies."—She was interrupted by the arrival of their landlord.—He took her hand with an air of kindness.—She drew it away from him in silence; threw down her eyes to the ground, and left the room.—"I have been thanking God," said the good La Roche, "for my recovery."

"That is right," replied his landlord.

"I would not wish," continued the old man, hesitatingly, "to think otherwise; did I not look up with gratitude to that Being, I should barely be satisfied with my recovery, as a continuation of life, which, it may be, is not a real good.—Alas! I may live to wish I had died, that you had left me to die, sir, instead

of kindly relieving me (he clasped Mr. ——'s hand); but, when I look on this renovated being as the gift of the Almighty, I feel a far different sentiment—my heart dilates with gratitude and love to him; it is prepared for doing his will, not as a duty, but as a pleasure, and regards every breath of it, not with disapprobation, but with horror."

"You say right, my dear sir," replied the philosopher, "but you are not yet re-established enough to talk much—you must take care of your health, and neither study nor preach for some time. I have been thinking over a scheme that struck me to-day, when you mentioned your intended departure. I never was in Switzerland; I have a great mind to accompany your daughter and you into that country.—I will help to take care of you by the road; for, as I was your first physician, I hold myself responsible for your cure."

La Roche's eyes glistened at the proposal; his daughter was called in and told of it. She was equally pleased with her father; for they really loved their landlord—not perhaps the less for his infidelity; at least that circumstance mixed a sort of pity with their regard for him—their souls were not of a mould for harsher feelings; hatred never dwelt in them.

They travelled by short stages; for the philosopher was as good as his word, in taking care that the old man should not be fatigued. The party had time to be well acquainted with one another, and their friendship was increased by acquaintance. La Roche found a degree of simplicity and gentleness in his companion, which is not always annexed to the character of a learned or a wise man. His daughter, who was prepared to be afraid of him, was equally undeceived. She found in him nothing of that self-importance which superior parts, or great cultivation of them, is apt to confer. He talked of everything but philosophy or religion; he seemed to enjoy every pleasure and amusement of ordinary life, and to be interested in the most common topics of discourse; when his knowledge or learning at any time appeared, it was delivered with the utmost plainness, and without the least shadow of dogmatism.

On his part, he was charmed with the society of the good clergyman and his lovely daughter. He found in them the guileless manner of the earliest times, with the culture and accomplishment of the most refined ones. Every better feeling, warm and vivid; every ungentle one, repressed or overcome. He was not addicted to love; but he felt himself happy in being the friend of Mademoiselle La Roche,

and sometimes envied her father the possession of such a child.

After a journey of eleven days they arrived at the dwelling of La Roche. It was situated in one of those valleys of the canton of Berne, where nature seems to repose, as it were, in quiet, and has inclosed her retreat with mountains inaccessible. A stream, that spent its fury in the hills above, ran in front of the house, and a broken waterfall was seen through the wood that covered its sides; below, it circled round a tufted plain, and formed a little lake in front of a village, at the end of which appeared the spire of La Roche's church, rising above a clump of beeches.

Mr. —— enjoyed the beauty of the scene; but, to his companions, it recalled the memory of a wife and parent they had lost. The old man's sorrow was silent; his daughter sobbed and wept. Her father took her hand, kissed it twice, pressed it to his bosom, threw up his eyes to heaven; and, having wiped off a tear that was just about to drop from each, began to point out to his guest some of the most striking objects which the prospect afforded. The philosopher interpreted all this; and he could but slightly censure the creed from which it arose.

They had not been long arrived, when a number of La Roche's parishioners, who had heard of his return, came to the house to see and welcome him. The honest folks were awkward, but sincere, in their professions of regard.—They made some attempts at condolence; it was too delicate for their handling; but La Roche took it in good part. "It has pleased God," said he; and they saw he had settled the matter with himself. Philosophy could not have done so much with a thousand words.

It was now evening, and the good peasants were about to depart, when a clock was heard to strike seven, and the hour was followed by a particular chime. The country folks, who had come to welcome their pastor, turned their looks towards him at the sound; he explained their meaning to his guest. "That is the signal," said he, "for our evening exercise; this is one of the nights of the week in which some of my parishioners are won't to join in it; a little rustic saloon serves for the chapel of our family, and such of the good people as are with us—if you choose rather to walk out, I will furnish you with an attendant; or here are a few old books that may afford you some entertainment within."

"By no means," answered the philosopher; "I will attend Mademoiselle at her devotions."

"She is our organist," said La Roche; "our neighbourhood is the country of musical mechanism; and I have a small organ fitted up for the purpose of assisting our singing."

"'Tis an additional inducement," replied the other; and they walked into the room together. At the end stood the organ mentioned by La Roche; before it was a curtain, which his daughter drew aside, and placing herself on a seat within, and drawing the curtain close, so as to save her the awkwardness of an exhibition, began a voluntary, solemn and beautiful in the highest degree. Mr. —— was no musician, but he was not altogether insensible to music; this fastened on his mind more strongly, from its beauty being unexpected. The solemn prelude introduced a hymn, in which such of the audience as could sing immediately joined; the words were mostly taken from holy writ; it spoke the praises of God, and his care of good men. Something was said of the death of the just, of such as die in the Lord.—The organ was touched with a hand less firm—it paused, it ceased;—and the sobbing of Mademoiselle La Roche was heard in its stead. Her father gave a sign for stopping the psalmody, and rose to pray. He was discomposed at first, and his voice faltered as he spoke; but his heart was in his words, and his warmth overcame his embarrassment. He addressed a Being whom he loved, and he spoke for those he loved. His parishioners caught the ardour of the good old man; even the philosopher felt himself moved; and forgot for a moment to think why he should not.

La Roche's religion was that of sentiment, not theory, and his guest was averse from disputation; their discourse, therefore, did not lead to questions concerning the belief of either; yet would the old man sometimes speak of his, from the fulness of a heart impressed with its force, and wishing to spread the pleasure he enjoyed in it. The ideas of his God and his Saviour were so congenial to his mind that every emotion of it naturally awaked them. A philosopher might have called him an enthusiast; but, if he possessed the fervour of enthusiasts, he was guiltless of their bigotry. "Our Father which art in heaven!" might the good man say—for he felt it—and all mankind were his brethren.

"You regret, my friend," said he to Mr. ——, "when my daughter and I talk of the exquisite pleasure derived from music, you regret your want of musical powers and musical feelings; it is a department of soul, you say, which nature has almost denied you, which, from the effects you see it have on others, you

are sure must be highly delightful. Why should not the same thing be said of religion? Trust me, I feel it in the same way an energy, an inspiration, which I would not lose for all the blessings of sense, or enjoyments of the world; yet, so far from lessening my relish of the pleasures of life, methinks I feel it heighten them all. The thought of receiving it from God adds the blessing of sentiment to that of sensation in every good thing I possess; and when calamities overtake me—and I have had my share—it confers a dignity on my affliction, —so lifts me above the world. Man, I know, is but a worm—yet, methinks, I am then allied to God!"—It would have been inhuman in our philosopher to have clouded, even with a doubt, the sunshine of this belief.

His discourse, indeed, was very remote from metaphysical disquisition or religious controversy. Of all men I ever knew, his ordinary conversation was the least tinged with pedantry, or liable to dissertation. With La Roche and his daughter it was perfectly familiar. The country round them, the manners of the village, the comparison of both with those of England, remarks on the works of favourite authors, on the sentiments they conveyed and the passions they excited, with many other topics, in which there was an equality, or alternate advantage, among the speakers, were the subjects they talked on. Their hours too of riding and walking were many, in which Mr. ——, as a stranger, was shown the remarkable scenes and curiosities of the country. They would sometimes make little expeditions to contemplate, in different attitudes, those astonishing mountains the cliffs of which, covered with eternal snows, and sometimes shooting into fantastic shapes, form the termination of most of the Swiss prospects. Our philosopher asked many questions as to their natural history and productions. La Roche observed the sublimity of the ideas which the view of their stupendous summits, inaccessible to mortal foot, was calculated to inspire, which naturally, said he, leads the mind to that Being by whom their foundations were laid.

"They are not seen in Flanders!" said Mademoiselle with a sigh.

"That's an odd remark," said Mr. ——, smiling. She blushed, and he inquired no farther.

'Twas with regret he left a society in which he found himself so happy; but he settled with La Roche and his daughter a plan of correspondence; and they took his promise, that, if ever he came within fifty leagues of their

dwelling, he should travel those fifty leagues to visit them.

About three years after, our philosopher was on a visit at Geneva; the promise he made to La Roche and his daughter, on his former visit, was recalled to his mind by the view of that range of mountains, on a part of which they had often looked together. There was a reproach, too, conveyed along with the recollection, for his having failed to write to either for several months past. The truth was, that indolence was the habit most natural to him, from which he was not easily roused by the claims of correspondence either of his friends or of his enemies; when the latter drew their pens in controversy, they were often unanswered as well as the former. While he was hesitating about a visit to La Roche, which he wished to make, but found the effort rather too much for him, he received a letter from the old man, which had been forwarded to him from Paris, where he had then his fixed residence. It contained a gentle complaint of Mr. —'s want of punctuality, but an assurance of continued gratitude for his former good offices; and, as a friend whom the writer considered interested in his family, it informed him of the approaching nuptials of Mademoiselle La Roche with a young man, a relation of her own, and formerly a pupil of her father's, of the most amiable dispositions and respectable character. Attached from their earliest years, they had been separated by his joining one of the subsidiary regiments of the canton, then in the service of a foreign power. In this situation he had distinguished himself as much for courage and military skill as for the other endowments which he had cultivated at home. The term of his service was now expired, and they expected him to return in a few weeks, when the old man hoped, as he expressed it in his letter, to join their hands, and see them happy before he died.

Our philosopher felt himself interested in this event; but he was not, perhaps, altogether so happy in the tidings of Mademoiselle La Roche's marriage as her father supposed him. Not that he was ever a lover of the ladies; but he thought her one of the most amiable women he had seen, and there was something in the idea of her being another's for ever, that struck him, he knew not why, like a disappointment. After some little speculation on the matter, however, he could look on it as a thing fitting, if not quite agreeable, and determined on this visit to see his old friend and his daughter happy.

On the last day of his journey, different accidents had retarded his progress; he was benighted before he reached the quarter in which La Roche resided. His guide, however, was well acquainted with the road, and he found himself at last in view of the lake, which I have before described, in the neighbourhood of La Roche's dwelling. A light gleamed on the water that seemed to proceed from the house; it moved slowly along as he proceeded up the side of the lake, and at last he saw it glimmer through the trees, and stop at some distance from the place where he then was. He supposed it some piece of bridal merriment, and pushed on his horse that he might be a spectator of the scene; but he was a good deal shocked, on approaching the spot, to find it proceed from the torch of a person clothed in the dress of an attendant on a funeral, and accompanied by several others, who, like him, seemed to have been employed in the rites of sepulture.

On Mr. —'s making inquiry who was the person they had been burying, one of them, with an accent more mournful than is common to their profession, answered, "Then you knew not Mademoiselle, sir!—you never beheld a lovelier."

"La Roche!" exclaimed he in reply.

"Alas! it was she indeed!"

The appearance of surprise and grief which his countenance assumed attracted the notice of the peasant with whom he talked. He came up closer to Mr. —;

"I perceive, sir, you were acquainted with Mademoiselle La Roche."

"Acquainted with her!—Good God!—when—how—where did she die?—Where is her father?"

"She died, sir, of heart-break, I believe; the young gentleman to whom she was soon to have been married was killed in a duel by a French officer, his intimate companion, and to whom, before their quarrel, he had often done the greatest favours. Her worthy father bears her death as he has often told us a Christian should; he is even so composed as to be now in his pulpit ready to deliver a few exhortations to his parishioners, as is the custom with us on such occasions.—Follow me, sir, and you shall hear him." He followed the man without answering.

The church was dimly lighted, except near the pulpit, where the venerable La Roche was seated. His people were now lifting up their voices in a psalm to that Being whom their pastor had taught them ever to bless and to revere. La Roche sat, his figure bending gently forward, his eyes half closed, lifted up

in silent devotion. A lamp placed near him threw its light strong on his head, and marked the shadowy lines of age across the paleness of his brow, thinly covered with gray hairs.

The music ceased;—La Roche sat for a moment, and nature wrung a few tears from him. His people were loud in their grief. Mr. —— was not less affected than they.—La Roche arose.—“Father of mercies!” said he, “forgive these tears; assist thy servant to lift up his soul to thee; to lift to thee the souls of thy people!—My friends! it is good so to do; at all seasons it is good; but in the days of our distress, what a privilege it is! Well saith the sacred book, ‘Trust in the Lord; at all times trust in the Lord.’ When every other support fails us, when the fountains of worldly comfort are dried up, let us then seek those living waters which flow from the throne of God. ‘Tis only from the belief of the goodness and wisdom of a Supreme Being that our calamities can be borne in that manner which becomes a man. Human wisdom is here of little use; for, in proportion as it bestows comfort, it represses feeling, without which, we may cease to be hurt by calamity, but we shall also cease to enjoy happiness.—I will not bid you be insensible, my friends! I cannot, I cannot, if I would (his tears flowed afresh)—I feel too much myself, and I am not ashamed of my feelings; but therefore may I the more willingly be heard; therefore have I prayed God to give me strength to speak to you; to direct you to him, not with empty words, but with these tears; not from speculation, but from experience,—that while you see me suffer, you may know also my consolation.

“You behold the mourner of his only child, the last earthly stay and blessing of his declining years! Such a child too!—It becomes not me to speak of her virtues; yet it is but gratitude to mention them, because they were exerted towards myself.—Not many days ago you saw her young, beautiful, virtuous, and happy;—ye who are parents will judge of my felicity then,—ye will judge of my affliction now. But I look towards him who struck me; I see the hand of a father amidst the chastenings of my God. Oh! could I make you feel what it is to pour out the heart when it is pressed down with many sorrows, to pour it out with confidence to him in whose hands are life and death; on whose power awaits all that the first enjoys, and in contemplation of whom disappears all that the last can inflict! For we are not as those who die without hope; we know that our Redeemer liveth,—that we shall live with him, with our friends his servants, in that

blessed land where sorrow is unknown, and happiness is endless as it is perfect.—Go then, mourn not for me; I have not lost my child; but a little while, and we shall meet again, never to be separated.—But ye are also my children: would ye that I should not grieve without comfort? So live as she lived; that, when your death cometh, it may be the death of the righteous, and your latter end like his.”

Such was the exhortation of La Roche; his audience answered it with their tears.—The good old man had dried up his at the altar of the Lord; his countenance had lost its sadness, and assumed the glow of faith and of hope; Mr. —— followed him into his house. The inspiration of the pulpit was past; at sight of him the scenes they had last met in rushed again on his mind; La Roche threw his arms round his neck, and watered it with his tears. The other was equally affected; they went together, in silence, into the parlor where the evening service was wont to be performed. The curtains of the organ were open; La Roche started back at the sight. “Oh! my friend!” said he, and his tears burst forth again. Mr. —— had now recollected himself; he stepped forward, and drew the curtains close—the old man wiped off his tears, and taking his friend’s hand,

“You see my weakness,” said he, “‘tis the weakness of humanity; but my comfort is not therefore lost.”

“I heard you,” said the other, “in the pulpit; I rejoice that such consolation is yours.”

“It is, my friend,” said he, “and I trust I shall ever hold it fast;—if there are any who doubt our faith, let them think of what importance religion is to calamity, and forbear to weaken its force; if they cannot restore our happiness, let them not take away the solace of our affliction.”

Mr. ——’s heart was smitten;—and I have heard him, long after, confess that there were moments when the remembrance overcame him even to weakness; when, amidst all the pleasures of philosophical discovery, and the pride of literary fame, he recalled to his mind the venerable figure of the good La Roche, and wished that he had never doubted.

ST. STEPHENS.

“Do this,” cries one side of St. Stephen’s great hall;
“Do just the reverse,” the minority bawl:
As each has obtain’d, or desires to obtain,
Or envies the station he wish’d for in vain.
And what is the end of this mighty tongue-war—
Nothing’s done for the state, till the state is done for.

SAMUEL BISHOP (1796).

THE HONEST MAN.

Who is the honest man?
He that doth still and strongly good pursue,
To God, his neighbour, and himself most true.
Whom neither force nor fawning can
Unfix or wrench from giving all their due.

Whose honesty is not
So loose or easy that a ruffing wind
Can blow away, or, glittering, look it blind:
Who rides his sure and easy trot
While the world nowrides by, now lags behind.

Who, when great trials come,
Nor seeks nor shuns them; but doth calmly
stay
Till he the thing and the example weigh,
All being brought into a sum,
What place or person calls for, he doth pay.

Whom none can work or woo,
To use in anything a trick or sleight;
For above all things he abhors deceit!
His words and works, and fashion too,
All of a piece, and all are clear and straight.

Who never molts or thaws
At close temptations; when the day is done,
His goodness sets not, but in dark can run;
The sun to others writeth laws,
And is their virtue; virtue is his sun.

Who when he is to treat
With sick folks, women, those whom passions
away,
Allows for that, and keeps his constant way;
Whom others' faults do not defeat,
But though men fail him, yet his part doth
play.

Whom nothing can procure,
When the world runs bias, from his will
To writh his limbs, and share, not mend the
ill.

This is the marksman safe and sure
Who still is right, and prays to be so still.

HERBERT.

MAN'S LIFE.

Man's life is but a cheating game
At cards, and Fortune plays the same,
Packing a queen up with a knave,
Whilst all would win yet none do save
And loose themselves: for Death is it
That lastly cuts, and makes his hit.

THOMAS BANCROFT (1689).

THE STORM-LIGHTS OF ANZASCA.¹

The main road from the Lago Maggiore to the western parts of Switzerland at one time ran through the valley of Anzasca; and it was once my fortune to be detained all night at a cottage in one of its wildest defiles, by a storm which rendered my horses ungovernable. While leaning upon a bench, and looking with drowsy curiosity towards the window—for there was no bed except my host's, of which I did not choose to deprive him—I saw a small, faint light among the rocks in the distance. I at first conceived that it might proceed from a cottage-window; but remembering that that part of the mountain was wholly uninhabited, and indeed uninhabitable, I roused myself, and calling one of the family, inquired what it meant. While I spoke the light suddenly vanished; but in about a minute reappeared in another place, as if the bearer had gone round some intervening rock. The storm at that time raged with a fury which threatened to blow our hut, with its men and horses, over the mountains; and the night was so intensely dark that the edges of the horizon were wholly undistinguishable from the sky.

"There it is again!" said I. "What is that, in the name of God?"

"It is Lelia's lamp!" cried the young man eagerly, who was a son of our host. "Awake, father! Ho, Batista!—Vittorio! Lelia is on the mountains!" At these cries the whole family sprung up from their hair at once, and, crowding round the window, fixed their eyes upon the light, which continued to appear, although at long intervals, for a considerable part of the night. When interrogated as to the nature of this mystic lamp, the cottagers made no scruple of telling me all they knew, on the sole condition that I should be silent when it appeared, and leave them to mark uninterruptedly the spot where it rested.

To render my story intelligible, it is necessary to say that the *miners* and farmers form two distinct classes in the valley of Anzasca.² The occupation of the former, when pursued as a profession, is reckoned disreputable by the

¹ From "Travelling Sketches in the North of Italy, the Tyrol, and the Rhine." By Leitch Ritchie—[*Henty's Picturesque Annual*.]

² The Valley of Anzasca has been for many centuries known for its gold-mines. The *miners* are those whose occupation it is to look for ore. In stormy nights small lights are to be seen upon the hills, which are supposed to indicate the presence of gold.

other inhabitants, who obtain their living by regular industry; and indeed the manners of the minerali offer some excuse for what might otherwise be reckoned an illiberal prejudice. They are addicted to drinking, quarrelsome, overbearing—at one moment rich and at another starving; and in short they are subject to all the calamities, both moral and physical, which beset men who can have no dependence on the product of their labour; ranking in this respect with gamblers, authors, and other vagabonds.

They are, notwithstanding, a fine race of men—brave, hardy, and often handsome. They spend freely what they win lightly; and if one day they sleep off their hunger, lying like wild animals basking in the sun, the next, if fortune has been propitious, they swagger about, gallant and gay, the lords of the valley. Like the sons of God, the minerali sometimes make love to the daughters of men; and, although they seldom possess the hand, they occasionally touch the heart, of the gentle maidens of Anzasca. If their wooing is unsuccessful, there are comrades still wilder than their own, whose arms are always open to receive the desperate and the brave. They change the scene, and betake themselves to the highways when nights are dark and travellers unwary; or they enlist under the banners of those regular banditti who rob in thousands, and whose booty is a province or a kingdom.

Francesco Martelli was the handsomest gold-seeker in the valley. He was wild, it is true, but that was the badge of his tribe; and he made up for this by so many good qualities, that the farmers themselves—at least such of them as had not marriageable daughters—delighted in his company. Francesco could sing ballads so sweetly and mournfully, that the old dames leaned back in the chimney-corner to weep while he sung. He had that deep and melancholy voice which, when once heard, lingers in the ear, and when heard again, however unexpectedly, seems like a longing realized.

There was only one young lass in the valley who had never heard the songs of Francesco. All the others, seen or unseen, on some pretext or other, had gratified their curiosity. The exception was Lelia, the daughter of one of the richest farmers in Anzasca. Lelia was very young, being scarcely sixteen; but in her quality of an only daughter, with a dowry in expectancy equal to more than one thousand Austrian lira,¹ she attracted considerable ob-

servation. Her face, on minute inspection, was beautiful to absolute perfection: but her figure, although symmetrical, was so *petite*, and her manner so shy and girlish, that she was thought of more as a child than a young woman. The “heiress of old Niccoli” was the designation made use of when parents would endeavour to awaken the ambition of their sons, as they looked forward to what *might* be some years hence: but Lelia, in her own person, was a nonentity.

Her mother had died in giving her birth and for many a year the life of the child had been preserved, or rather her death prevented, by what seemed a miracle. Even after the disease, whatever it might have been, had yielded to the sleepless care of her father, she remained in that state which is described in the expression “not unwell” rather than in perfect health; although the most troublesome memento that remained of her illness was nothing more than a nervous timidity, which in a more civilized part of the country might have passed for delicacy of feeling.

Besides being in some degree shut out from the society of her equals by this peculiarity of her situation, she was prevented from enjoying it by another. While her body languished, the cultivation of her mind had advanced. Music, to which she was passionately attached, paved the way for poetry; and poetry, in spite of the doctrines of a certain school you have in England, unfitted her for association with the ignorant and unrefined. That Lelia, therefore, had never sought to hear the ballads of Francesco was occasioned, it may readily be believed, by nothing more than an instinctive terror, mingled with the dislike with which the name of one of the ruffian minerali inspired her; and, in truth, she listened to the tales that from time to time reached her ear of the young gold-seeker, with somewhat of the vague and distant interest with which we attend to descriptions of a beautiful but wild and cruel animal of another hemisphere.

There came one at last, however, to whom poor Lelia listened. She was sitting alone, according to her usual custom, at the bottom of her father's garden, singing, while she plied her knitting-needle, in the soft, low tone peculiar to her voice, and beyond which it had no compass. The only fence of the garden at this place was a belt of shrubs, which enriched the border of the deep ravine it overlooked. At the bottom of this ravine flowed the river, rapid and yet sullen: and beyond, scarcely distant two hundred yards, a range of precipitous cliffs shut in the horizon. The wild and

¹The Austrian lira, equal to about eight-pence half-penny English.

desolate aspect of the scene was overshadowed and controlled, as it were, by the stern grandeur of these ramparts of nature; and the whole contributed to form such a picture as artists travel a thousand miles to contemplate. Lelia, however, had looked upon it from childhood. It had never been forced upon her imagination by contrast, for she had never travelled five miles from her father's house, and she continued to knit, and sing, and dream, without even raising her eyes.

Her voice was rarely loud enough to be caught by the echoes of the opposite rocks; although sometimes it did happen that, carried away by enthusiasm, she produced a tone which was repeated by the fairy minstrels of the glen. On the present occasion she listened with surprise to a similar effect, for her voice had died almost in a whisper. She sang another stanza in a louder key. The challenge was accepted; and a rich, sweet voice took up the strain of her favourite ballad where she had dropped it. Lelia's first impulse was to flee; her second, to sit still and watch for a renewal of the music; and her third, which she obeyed, to steal on tiptoe to the edge of the ravine, and look down into the abyss, from whence the voice seemed to proceed. The echo, she discovered, was a young man, engaged in navigating a raft down the river—such as is used by the peasantry of the Alps to float themselves and their wares to market, and which at this moment was stranded on the shore, at the foot of the garden. He leaned upon an oar, as if in the act of pushing off his clumsy boat; but his face was upturned, like one watching for the appearance of a star; and Lelia felt a sudden conviction, she knew not why, that he had seen her through the trees while she sat singing, and had adopted this method of attracting her attention without alarming her. If such had been his purpose, he seemed to have no ulterior view; for, after gazing for an instant, he withdrew his eyes in confusion, and, pushing off the raft, dropped rapidly down the river, and was soon out of sight.

Lelia's life was as calm as a sleeping lake, which a cloud will blacken, and the wing of an insect disturb. Even this little incident was matter for thought, and entered into the soft reveries of sixteen. She felt her cheeks tingle as she wondered *how* long the young man had gazed at her through the trees, and *why* he had floated away without speaking, when he had succeeded in attracting her attention. There was *delicacy* in his little contrivance, to save her the surprise, perhaps the terror, of seeing a stranger in such a situation;

there was *modesty* in the confusion with which he turned away his head; and, what perhaps was as valuable as either even to the gentle Lelia, there was *admiration*, deep and devout, in those brilliant eyes that had quailed beneath hers. The youth was as beautiful as a dream; and his voice!—it was so clear, and yet so soft—so powerful, yet so melodious! It haunted her ear like a prediction.

It was a week before she again saw this Apollo of her girlish imagination. It seemed as if in the interval they had had time to get acquainted! They exchanged salutations—the next time they spoke—and the next time they conversed. There was nothing mysterious in their communications. He was probably a farmer's son of the upper valley, who had been attracted, like others, by the fame of the heiress of old Nicoli. He, indeed, knew nothing of books, and he loved poetry more for the sake of music than its own: but what of that?—the writings of God were around and within them; and these, if they did not understand, they at least felt. He was bold and vigorous of mind; and this is beauty to the fair and timid. He skinned along the edge of the precipice, and sprung from rock to rock in the torrent, as fearless as the chamois. He was beautiful, and brave, and proud; and this glorious creature, with radiant eyes and glowing cheeks, laid himself down at her feet, to gaze upon her face, as poets worship the moon!

The world, before so monotonous, so blank, so drear, was now a heaven to poor Lelia. One thing only perplexed her: they were sufficiently long—according to the calculations of sixteen—and sufficiently well acquainted; their sentiments had been avowed without disguise; their faith plighted beyond recall; and as yet her lover had never mentioned his name! Lelia, reflecting on this circumstance, condemned, for the moment, her precipitation; but there was now no help for it, and she could only resolve to extort the secret—if secret it was—at the next meeting.

"My name!" said the lover, in reply to her frank and sudden question; "you will know it soon enough." "But I will not be said nay. You must tell me now—or at all events to-morrow night."

"Why to-morrow night?" "Because a young rich suitor, on whom my father's heart is set, is then to propose, in proper form, for this poor hand; and, let the confession cost what it may, I will not overthrow the dearest plans of my only parent without giving a reason which will satisfy even him. Oh, you do not know him! Wealth weighs as nothing in the

scale against his daughter's happiness. You may be poor for aught I know; but you are good, and honourable, and therefore, in his eyes, no unfitting match for Lelia." It was almost dark; but Lelia thought she perceived a smile on her lover's face while she spoke, and a gay suspicion flashed through her mind, which made her heart beat and her cheeks tingle. He did not answer for many minutes; a struggle of some kind seemed to agitate him; but at length, in a suppressed voice, he said—"To-morrow night, then." "Here?" "No, in your father's house; in the presence of—my rival."

The morrow night arrived; and, with a ceremonious formality practised on such occasions in the valley, the lover of whom Lelia had spoken was presented to his mistress, to ask permission to pay his addresses; or, in other words,—for there is but short shrift for an Anzascan maid—to demand her hand in marriage. This was indeed a match on which old Niccoli had set his heart; for the offer was by far the best that could have been found from the Val d'Ossola to Monte Rosa. The youth was rich, well-looking, and prudent even to coldness:—what more could a father desire?

Lelia had put off the minute of appearing in the porch, where the elders of both families had assembled, as long as possible. While mechanically arranging her dress, she continued to gaze out of the lattice, which commanded a view of the road and of the parties below, in expectation that increased to agony. Bitter were her reflections during that interval! She was almost tempted to believe that what had passed was nothing more than a dream—a fragment of her imagination, disordered by poetry and solitude, and perhaps in some measure warped by disease. Had she been made the sport of an idle moment?—and was the smile she had observed on her lover's face only the herald of the laugh which perhaps at this moment testified his enjoyment of her perplexity and disappointment! His conduct presented itself in the double light of folly and ingratitude; and at length, in obedience to the repeated summons of her father, she descended to the porch with a trembling step and a fevered cheek.

The sight of the company that awaited her awed and depressed her. She shrank from them with more than morbid timidity; while their stony eyes, fixed upon her in all the rigidity of form and transmitted custom, seemed to freeze her very heart. There was one there, however, whose ideas of "propriety," strict as they were, could never prevent his eyes from

glistening, and his arms from extending, at the approach of Lelia. Her father, after holding her for a moment at arm's-length, as with a doting look his eyes wandered over the bravery of her new white dress, drew her close to his bosom, and blessed her. "My child," said he, smiling gaily through a gathering tear, "it is hard for an old man to think of parting with all he loves in the world; but the laws of nature must be respected. Young men will love, and young lasses will like, to the end of time; and new families will spring up out of their union. It is the way, girl—it is the fate of maids, and there's an end. For sixteen years have I watched over you, even like a miser watching his gold; and now, treasure of my life, I give you away! All I ask, on your part, is obedience—aye, and cheerful obedience—after the manner of our ancestors, and according to the laws of God. After this is over, let the old man stand aside, or pass away, when it pleases Heaven; he has left his child happy, and his child's children will bless his memory. He has drunk of the cup of life—sweet and bitter—bitter and sweet—even to the bottom; but with honey, Lelia,—thanks to his blessed darling!—with honey in the drugs!"

Lelia fell on her father's neck, and sobbed aloud. So long and bitter was her sobbing that the formality of the party was broken, and the circle narrowed anxiously around her. When at last she raised her head, it was seen that her cheeks were dry, and her face as white as the marble of Cordaglia.

A murmur of compassion ran through the by-standers; and the words "poor thing!—still so delicate!—old hysterics!" were whisperingly repeated from one to the other. The father was alarmed, and hastened to cut short a ceremony which seemed so appalling to the nervous timidity of his daughter. "It is enough," said he; "all will be over in a moment. Lelia, do you accept of this young man for your suitor?—come, one little word, and it is done." Lelia tried in vain to speak, and she bowed her acquiescence. "Sirs," continued Niccoli, "my daughter accepts of the suitor you offer. It is enough; salute your mistress, my son, and let us go in, and pass round the cup of alliance." "The maiden hath not answered," observed a cold, cautious voice among the relations of the suitor. "Speak, then," said Niccoli, casting an angry and disdainful look at the formalist,—"it is but a word—a sound. Speak!" Lelia's dry, white lips had unclosed to obey, when the gate of the little court was wrenched open by one who was apparently too much in haste to find the latch, and a man rushed into

the midst of the circle. "Speak not!" he shouted, "I forbid!" Lella sprung towards him with a stifled cry, and would have thrown herself into his arms, had she not been suddenly caught midway by her father. "What is this?" demanded he sternly, but in rising alarm; "ruffian—drunkard—madman!—what would you here?" "You *cannot* provoke me, Niccoli," said the intruder, "were you to spit upon me! I come to demand your daughter in marriage." "You!" shouted the enraged father. "You!" repeated the relations, in tones of wonder, scorn, rage, or ridicule, according to the temperament of the individual. "There needeth no more of this," said the same cold, cautious voice that had spoken before; "a wedding begun in a brawl will never end in a bedding. To demand a girl in legitimate marriage is neither sin nor shame; let the young man be answered even by the maiden herself, and then depart in peace." "He hath spoken well," said the more cautious among the old men; "speak, daughter; answer, and let the man be gone!" Lella grew pale, and then red. She made a step forward—hesitated—looked at her father timidly—and then stood as still as a statue, pressing her clasped hands upon her bosom, as if to silence the throbings that disturbed her reason. "Girl," said old Niccoli, in a voice of suppressed passion, as he seized her by the arm, "do you know that man?—did you ever see him before? Answer, can you tell me his name?" "No!" "No!—the insolent ruffian! Go, girl, present your cheek to your future husband, that the customs of our ancestors may be fulfilled, and leave me to clear my doorway of vagabonds!" She stepped forward mechanically; but when the legitimate suitor, extending his arms, ran forward to meet her, she eluded him with a sudden shriek, and staggered towards the intruder. "Hold—hold!" cried the relations, "you are mad—you know not what you do—it is Francesco, the mineralo!" She had reached the stranger, who did not move from where he stood; and, as the ill-omened name met her ear, she fainted in his arms.

The confusion that ensued was indescribable. Lella was carried senseless into the house; and it required the efforts of half the party to hold back her father, who would have grappled with the mineralo upon the spot. Francesco stood for some time with folded arms, in mournful and moody silence; but when at length the voice of cursing, which Niccoli continued to pour forth against him, had sunk in exhaustion, he advanced and confronted him. "I can bear those names," said he, "from *you*. Some of

them, you know well, are undeserved; and if others fit, it is more my misfortune than my fault. If to chastise insults, and render back scorn for scorn, is to be a ruffian, I am one; but no man can be called a vagabond who resides in the habitation and follows the trade of his ancestors. These things, however, are trifles—at best they are only words. Your real objection to me is that I am poor. It is a strong one. If I chose to take your daughter without a dowry, I would take her in spite of you all; but I will leave her—even to that thing without a soul—rather than subject so gentle and fragile a being to the privations and vicissitudes of a life like mine. I demand, therefore, not simply your daughter, but a dowry, if only a small one; and you have the right to require that on my part I shall not be empty-handed. She is young, and there can be, and ought to be, no hurry with her marriage: but give me only a year—a single year; name a reasonable sum; and if by the appointed time I cannot tell the money into your hand, I hereby engage to relinquish every claim, which her generous preference has given me, upon your daughter's hand." "It is well put," replied the cold and cautious voice in the assembly. "A year, at any rate, would have elapsed between the present betrothing and the damsel's marriage. If the young man before the bells of twelve, on this night twelvemonth, layeth down upon the table, either in coined money, or in gold, or golden ore, the same sum which we were here ready to guarantee on the part of my grandson, why I, for one, shall not object to the maiden's whim—*provided it continueth so long*—being consulted, in the disposal of her hand, in preference to her father's judgment and desires. The sum is only three thousand livras!" A laugh of scorn and derision arose among the relations. "Yes, yes," said they, "it is but just. Let the mineralo produce three thousand livras, and he shall have his bride. Neighbour Niccoli, it is a fair proposal; allow us to intercede for Francesco, and beg your assent!" "Sirs," said Francesco, in perplexity mingled with anger, "the sum of three thousand livras"—He was interrupted by another forced laugh of derision. "It is a fair proposal," repeated the relations; "agree, neighbour Niccoli, agree!" "I agree," said Niccoli disdainfully. "It is agreed!" replied Francesco, in a burst of haughty indignation; and with a swelling heart he withdrew.

A very remarkable change appeared to take place from that moment in the character and habits of the mineralo. He not only deserted the company of his riotous associates, but even

that of the few respectable persons to whose houses he had obtained admission, either by his talents for singing, or the comparative propriety of his conduct. Day after day he laboured in his precarious avocation. The changes of the seasons were not now admitted as excuses. The storm did not drive him to the wine-shed, and the rain did not confine him to his hut. Day after day, and often night after night, he was to be found in the field—or the mountains—by the sides of the rain-courses—on the shores of the torrent.

He rarely indulged himself even in the recreation of meeting his mistress, for whom all this labour was submitted to. Gold, not as a means but as an end, seemed to be his thought by day and his dream by night, the object and end of his existence. When they did meet in darkness, and loneliness, and mystery, it was but to exchange a few hurried sentences of hope and comfort, and affected reliance upon fortune. On these occasions tears, and tremblings, and hysterical sobs, sometimes told, on her part, at once the hollowness of her words and the weakness of her constitution; but on his all was, or seemed to be, enthusiasm and steadfast expectation.

Days and weeks, however, passed by—moons rolled away—the year was drawing to its wane, and a great part of the enormous sum was still in the womb of the mountains. Day by day, week by week, and month by month, the hopes of the mineralo became fainter. He could no longer bestow the comfort which did not cheer even his dreams. Gloomy and sad, he could only strain his mistress in his arms, without uttering a word when she ventured an inquiry respecting his progress, and then hurry away to resume, mechanically, his hopeless task.

It is a strange, sometimes an awful thing, to look into the mystery of the female mind. Lelia's health had received a shock from the circumstances we have recorded, which left her cheek pale, and her limbs weak, for many months; and to this physical infirmity was now added the effect of those dumb, but too eloquent, interviews with her lover. The lower he sank in despondency, however, and the more desperate grew their affairs, the higher her spirits rose, as if to quell and control their fortune. Her hopes seemed to grow in proportion with his fears, and the strength which deserted him went over as an ally and supporter to her weakness. Even her bodily health received its direction from her mind. Her nerves seemed to recover their tone, her cheek its hue, and her eye its brilliancy. The cold and sluggish imagination of a man is unacquainted with

half the resources of a woman in such circumstances. Disappointed in her dependence on fortune and casualty, Lelia betook herself to the altars and gods of her people! Saints and martyrs were by turns invoked; vows were offered up, and pilgrimages and religious watchings performed. Then came dreams and prodigies into play, and omens, and auguries. Sortes were wrested from the pages of Dante, and warnings and commands translated from the mystic writings of the sky—

"The stars which are the poetry of heaven."

The year touched upon its close; and the sum which the gold-seeker had amassed, although great almost to a miracle, was still far—very far, from sufficient. The last day of the year arrived, ushered in by storm, and thunderings, and lightnings; and the evening fell cold and dark upon the despairing labours of Francesco. He was on the side of the mountain opposite Niccoli's house; and, as daylight died in the valley, he saw, with inexpressible bitterness of soul, by the number of lights in the windows, that the fete was not forgotten. Some trifling success, however, induced him, like a drowning man grasping at a straw, to continue his search. He was on the spot indicated by a dream of his enthusiastic mistress; and she had conjured him not to abandon the attempt till the bell of the distant church should silence their hopes for ever.

His success continued. He was working with the pickaxe, and had discovered a very small perpendicular vein; and it was just possible that this, although altogether inadequate in itself, might be crossed at a greater depth by a horizontal one, and thus form one of the *gruppi*, or nests, in which the ore is plentiful and easily extracted. To work, however, was difficult, and to work long, impossible. His strength was almost exhausted; the storm beat fiercely in his face; and the darkness increased every moment. His heart wholly failed him; his limbs trembled; a cold perspiration bedewed his brow; and, as the last rays of daylight departed from the mountain-side he fell senseless upon the ground.

How long he remained in this state he did not know; but he was recalled to life by a sound resembling, as he imagined, a human cry. The storm howled more wildly than ever along the side of the mountain, and it was now pitch-dark; but on turning round his head he saw, at a little distance above where he lay, a small, steady light. Francesco's heart began to quake. The light advanced towards him, and he perceived that it was borne by a figure

arrayed in white from head to foot. "Lelia!" cried he in amazement, mingled with superstitious terror, as he recognized the features of his young fair mistress. "Waste not time in words," said she, "much may yet be done, and I have the most perfect assurance that now at least I am not deceived. Up, and be of good heart! Work, for here is light. I will sit down in the shelter, bleak though it be, of the cliff, and aid you with my prayers, since I cannot do with my hands." Francesco seized the axe, and stirred, half with shame, half with admiration, by the courage of the generous girl, resumed his labour with new vigour. "Be of good heart," continued Lelia, "and all will yet be well. Bravely—bravely done!—be sure the saints have heard us!" Only once she uttered anything resembling a complaint—"It is so cold!" said she, "make haste, dearest, for I cannot find my way home, if I would, without the light." By-and-by she repeated more frequently the injunction to "make haste." Francesco's heart bled while he thought of the sufferings of the sick and delicate girl on such a night, in such a place; and his blows fell desperately on the stubborn rock. He was now at a little distance from the spot where she sat, and was just about to beg her to bring the light nearer, when she spoke again. "Make haste—make haste!" she said, "the time is almost come—I shall be wanted—I am wanted—I can stay no longer—farewell!" Francesco looked up, but the light was already gone.

It was so strange, this sudden desertion! If determined to go, why did she go alone?—aware, as she must have been, that his remaining in the dark could be of no use. Could it be that her heart had changed, the moment her hopes had vanished? It was a bitter and ungenerous thought; nevertheless it served to bridle the speed with which Francesco at first sprang forward to overtake his mistress. He had not gone far, however, when a sudden thrill arrested his progress. His heart ceased to beat, he grew faint, and would have fallen to the ground, but for the support of a rock against which he staggered. When he recovered he retraced his steps as accurately as it was possible to do in utter darkness. He knew not whether he found the exact spot on which Lelia had sat, but he was sure of the surrounding localities; and, if she was still there, her white dress would no doubt gleam even through the thick night which surrounded her.

With a lightened heart—for, compared with the phantom of the mind which had presented itself, all things seemed endurable—he began

again to descend the mountain. In a place so singularly wild, where the rocks were piled around in combinations at once fantastic and sublime, it was not wonderful that the light carried by his mistress should be wholly invisible to him, even had it been much nearer than was by this time probable. Far less was it surprising that the shouts which ever and anon he uttered should not reach her ear; for he was on the lee-side of the storm, which raved among the cliffs with a fury that might have drowned the thunder.

Even to the practised feet of Francesco the roate, without the smallest light to guide his steps, was dangerous in the extreme; and to the occupation thus afforded to his thoughts it was perhaps owing that he reached Niccoli's house in a state of mind to enable him to acquit himself in a manner not derogatory to the dignity of manhood. "Niccoli," said he, on entering the room, "I have come to return you thanks for the trial you have allowed me. I have failed, and, in terms of the engagement between us, I relinquish my claims to your daughter's hand." He would then have retired as suddenly as he had entered; but old Niccoli caught hold of his arm:—"Bid us farewell," said he, in a tremulous voice; "go not in anger, Forgive me for the harsh words I used when we last met. I have watched you, Francesco, from that day—and—." He wiped away a tear as he looked upon the soiled and neglected apparel, and the haggard and ghastly face, of the young man—"No matter—my word is plighted—farewell.—Now call my daughter," added he, "and I pray God that the business of this night end in no ill!"

Francesco lingered at the door. He would fain have seen but the skirt of Lelia's mantle before departing! "She is not in her room!" cried a voice of alarm. Francesco's heart quaked. Presently the whole house was astir. The sound of feet running here and there was heard, and agitated voices called out her name. The next moment the old man rushed out of the room, and, laying both his hands upon Francesco's shoulders, looked wildly in his face. "Know you aught of my daughter?" said he: "Speak, I conjure you, in the name of the blessed Saviour! Tell me that you have married her, and I will forgive and bless you! Speak!—will you not speak? A single word! Where is my daughter? Where is my Lelia?—my life—my light—my hope—my child—my child!" The miserario started, as if from a dream, and looked round, apparently without comprehending what had passed. A strong shudder then shook his frame for an instant.

"Lights!" said he, "torches!—every one of you! Follow me!" and he rushed out into the night. He was speedily overtaken by the whole of the company, amounting to more than twelve men, with lighted torches, that flared like meteors in the storm. As for the leader himself, he seemed scarcely able to drag one limb after the other, and he staggered to and fro, like one who is drunken with wine.

They at length reached the place he sought; and, by the light of the torches, something white was seen at the base of the cliff. It was Lelia. She leaned her back against the rock; one hand was pressed upon her heart, like a person who shrinks with cold; and in the other she held the lamp, the flame of which had expired in the socket. Francesco threw himself on his knees at one side, and the old man at the other, while a light, as strong as day, was shed by the torches upon the spot. She was dead—dead—stone dead!

After a time the childless old man went to seek out the object of his daughter's love; but Francesco was never seen from that fatal night. A wailing sound is sometimes heard to this day upon the hills, and the peasants say that it is the voice of the mineralo seeking his mistress among the rocks; and every dark and stormy night the lamp of Lelia is still seen upon the mountain, as she lights her phantom-lover in his search for gold.

Such is the story of the storm-lights of Anzasca, and the only part of it which is mine is the translation into the language of civilized men of the sentiments of a rude and ignorant people.

LEITCH RITCHIE.

GOD AND HEAVEN.

The silver cord in twain is snapped,
The golden bowl is broken,
The mortal mould in darkness wrapped,
The words funeral spoken;
The tomb is built, or the rock is cleft,
Or delved in the grassy close.
And what for mourning man is left?
O what is left—but God!

The tears are shed that mourned the dead,
The flowers they wore are faded;
The twilight dews hath veiled the sun,
And hope's sweet dreamings shaded:
And the thoughts of joy that were planted deep
From our heart of hearts are riven;
And what is left as when we weep?
O what is left—but heaven!

BOWRING.

THE PARTITION OF THE EARTH.

IMITATED FROM SCHILLER.

"Take ye the world! I give it ye for ever,"
Said Jupiter to men; "for now I mean ye
To hold it as your heritage: so sever
The earth like brothers, as ye please, between ye."

All who had hands took what they could: the needy
Both old and young, most basely employ'd 'ems;
The farmer had the fields; the lord, more greedy,
Seized on the woods for chase, and he enjoy'd 'ems.

To get his share the mercians took all sly ways;
The abbot had the vineyards in partition;
The king kept all the bridges and the highways;
And claimed a tenth of all things in addition.

Long after the division was completed
Came in the poet—absent, not at distance;
Alas, 'twas over—not to be repealed—
All given away, as if he'd no existence.

"Ah, woe is me! 'mid bounty so unbounded,
Shall I, thy truest son, be thus neglected?"
He cried aloud, and his complaint resounded,
As he drew near Jove's throne quite unexpected.

"If in the Land of Visions you resided,"
Said Jove, "and anger feel, to me don't show it.
Where were you when the world was first divided?"
"I was close by thence," answer'd the poor poet.

"With glory of thy face mine eyes were aching,
And music fill'd mine ears while gifts you squander'd;
The earthly for the heavenly thus forsaking,
Forgive my spirit that a while it wander'd."

"What's to be done?" said Jove—"the world is given:
Fields, clunes, towns, circumferences, and centre.
If you're content to dwell with me in heaven,
'Tis open to you when you please to enter."

[*The Tatler.*]

C. P. J.

SONG.

Yellow, yellow leaves!
All grown pale with sighing
For the sweet days dead.
For the sad days dying:
Yellow, yellow leaves,
How thin parting grieves!

Yellow, yellow leaves!
Falling, falling, falling;
Death is best when hope
There is no reviving:
Yet, O yellow leaves,
How the parting grieves!

ISA. CRAIG-KNOX.

THE BITTER WEDDING: A SWISS
LEGEND.BY J. R. WYSS.¹

One fine summer morning, many hundred years ago, young Berthold set out with a very heavy heart from his alpine hut, with the view of reaching in the evening the beautiful valley of Siebenthal, where stood his native village, and where he designed to be an unknown and silent guest at the dancing and festivity of certain merry-makers.

"Ah, heavens!" sighed he, "it will be a *bitter* wedding: had I died last spring it were better with me now."

"Fiddle faddle!" exclaimed a snarling voice from the roadside. "Fiddle faddle! Where Master Almerich touches his fiddle there it goes merrily—there is the hurly-burly, dirling the bottoms out of the tubs and pitchers! Good morning, my child! Come, cheer up, my hearty, and let us trudge on together in good fellowship!"

The young herdsman had stopped when he first heard the croaking voice, and now he could not speak for laughing. An odd-looking dwarfish figure, mounted upon one leg and a half, and propped upon a crutch, with a nose as long as one's thumb, made half-a-dozen wry faces as he hobbled up quite out of breath from a foot-path on the left side of the road. Behind the dwarf trailed an enormous fiddle, on which lay a large wallet,—appertenances which seemed to be attached to the little odd figure by way of ballast, lest the rush of the wind down the valley should sweep it away.

"Good morning!" Berthold at last roared out; "you are a merry fellow, Master Fiddler, and shall be a comfort to me to-day. In spite of my misfortunes I could not help laughing at the sight of you and your huge fiddle. Take it not amiss; a laugh has been a rare thing with me for many a day."

"Has it indeed," rejoined the dwarf, "and yet so young! Perhaps you are heart-sick, my son?"

"Yes, if you will call it so," replied the herdsman. "Here, in our mountains and valleys, a great many fellows run about fancying themselves in love, while they are all the time eating, drinking, and sleeping as sound as any marmot, and in one year's time will easily pass from Margaret to Rosamond. That is all a mockery; I would much rather die than forget

Siegelind,—though with me all rest and joy are for ever gone."

"Aye, aye," replied Master Almerich, "I thought you were going to the dance, my hearty. I heard you crying out of a bitter wedding, and I thought to myself, 'Aha! he does not get the right one.'"

"Ah! that's true enough," replied Berthold; "he does not get the right one,—that Hildebrand. I will tell you the whole matter, Master Almerich, as you seem to be going the same way, if I understood you aright."

"Ah, yes, good heavens!" sighed the dwarf; "surely, surely, if I had only got a pair of stout legs; look you here, my dear child, what a miserable stump is this for crawling down the mountain! I am asthmatic too, and my throat has been enlarging these last fifty years; and that wallet has galled my back sore all yesterday in climbing over the rough hills—Heaven knows when I shall get to the wedding! There was such a talking of that feast on the other side of the mountain, that, thought I to myself, I will go thither also and make some money; so I took my fiddle and began to crawl up the ascent; yesterday I became quite exhausted, and now I must lay me down here by the side of the road and submit to fate. Tell me all about the wedding when you return, my hearty,—if the wolves have not swallowed or hunger killed me before that time."

With these words the dwarf, apparently exhausted, sunk down with a deep and melancholy sigh on the nearest stone, threw his bundle on the grass, and stretched out his bony hand as if to take a last farewell of young Berthold, who in silence leaned upon his staff, gazing on the fiddler and quite unable to comprehend what ailed him.

"Master," began the herdsman, "how you sink! you have left all your gay spirits at home. Although it is a weary journey for me as well as you, I will yet endeavour to carry your wallet and fiddle, so I may enjoy your company on the road. You must really hear what presses upon my soul,—perhaps I may obtain some relief in speaking it out, and you will have some pithy word of comfort for me."

The dwarf thanked him heartily for his kind offer, and quickly transferred his wallet and fiddle to the stout shoulders of the herdsman,—then took his crutch, whistled a merry tune, and trudged gaily on by the side of Berthold.

"It is a long story, this wedding," began the herdsman; "but I will be as brief as possible, for it still grieves me to the heart when I think about it, and whosoever can understand it

¹ From *Foreign Tales and Traditions, selected chiefly from the Fugitive Literature of Germany.*

at all, understands it soon,—my sufferings will never be at an end, though I should talk the whole day about it.

"In the village there, below us, old Bernhard has a pretty sweet girl of a daughter, Siegelind; he has lived for many years in a nice little cottage, and his wife Gertrude with him, close by the stream, where the road strikes off into the wood. Their employment is to make wooden spoons for the herdsmen, by which, and the help of a goat and a couple of sheep, they gain a scanty livelihood.

"Last winter, having gone thither and got some ashen spoons and cups nicely eat, I thought with myself: That will do exactly,—my father is already old, and sends me with the cattle to the mountain in spring, and if I only behave there as becomes a herdsman, I descend in autumn and marry Siegelind, and find myself a right free, happy man.

"Ah! Master Almerich, my words do poor justice to my heart; my feelings always get the start of them, and reason comes limping after!

"I beheld Siegelind, you see, moving actively about,—wearing a cheerful countenance late and early,—all goodness and discretion from top to toe, and pretty too,—overflowing with gay spirits and merry songs without number: all that my eye, my ear, and my heart drunk in smoothly,—she was satisfied, and the old people too; so in summer I was to go to the mountains, and at harvest-home to the wedding, and she gave me this waist-coat to wear on the hills in remembrance of her.

"Meanwhile the spring came, and old Bernhard traversed the forest selecting the finest stems for his carving work, and exerting all his skill to provide us with fine furniture against the wedding.

"So one morning he was ascending the mountain merrily, through those ravines where there are some marvellously fine trees, when a little man, in an odd sort of dress, hastened to meet him, screaming violently, and beckoning and calling him so earnestly that he could not but go with him. They soon reached a barn, where he found the wife of the little dwarfish stranger lying sick and in extremity. Her he relieved and cured; but for me—bride, peace, and happiness were lost from that hour."

"Ah, good heavens!" exclaimed Almerich; "you are talking bravely, whilst I am almost starving—hop, hop, hop!—we are trudging incessantly on, and my stomach is as empty as a bagpipe; yesterday evening—nothing; this morning—nothing; oh that brave wedding-

dance; the fiddle runs off, and Master Almerich is starving here!"

"Now, now, the deuce!" bawled the herdsman; "what have you got here in this cursed wallet? Here am I toiling on with this plagued bag, rubbing the very skin off my shoulder. I thought there were at least ham and cheese and fresh bread in it; if not, why should I be smothered under such a bundle of rags!"

"Softly, softly, my son!" replied the fiddler, "there are treasures in it; an old barrel-cap of Siegfried, and an old sword-belt of Dieterich, and a couple of old leather soles of Ysan, child!—These are no everyday concerns, my heart! They are all sacred reliques to him who understands the thing; they are worth a whole mountain of sweet wine and seven acres of thick golden wheat to him who knows their value!"

"It may be so," said the herdsman, "I only wish we had a few cups of milk in the place of your treasures; but if it is so with your stomach, my good master, look you here, I have a mouthful of meagre goat-milk cheese, which I meant to serve me for the night; but never mind, I am little disposed to eat."

Berthold now produced his provisions, and Almerich devoured them as greedily, as if he meant to swallow the herdsman after them by way of dessert. The bread was quickly devoured, and honest Berthold saw his supper devoured beforehand; then the fiddler wiped his mouth, leaped briskly up, was again in good spirits, and stumped away before the herdsman as freshly as if nothing had ailed him. All this, however, seemed very odd to Berthold; and when he again felt the annoyance of the wallet, he drew a sigh so deep that it echoed back from the neighbouring rocks.

"Lack-a-day!" said Almerich again, "the poor lad has lost his bride and his peace of heart; I have been so concerned about him that I could not eat a bit!"

"That fellow could devour the Stockhorn,"¹ thought Berthold somewhat angrily; "the club-foot is not in his right senses, I believe.

"It was really too bad," began he at last aloud; "the dwarf in the barn returned a profusion of thanks to old Bernhard, and said: 'I am a foreign miner, and have lost the road with my good wife; so I have nothing to reward you with for your kind services, save a little bit of cheese and a few draughts of wine. So take that, and remember the poor fellow who gave you what he could, and will pray that Heaven may reward you farther.'

¹ The Stockhorn, a well-known rock behind Erlenbach in the Siebenthal.



Paul Hardy

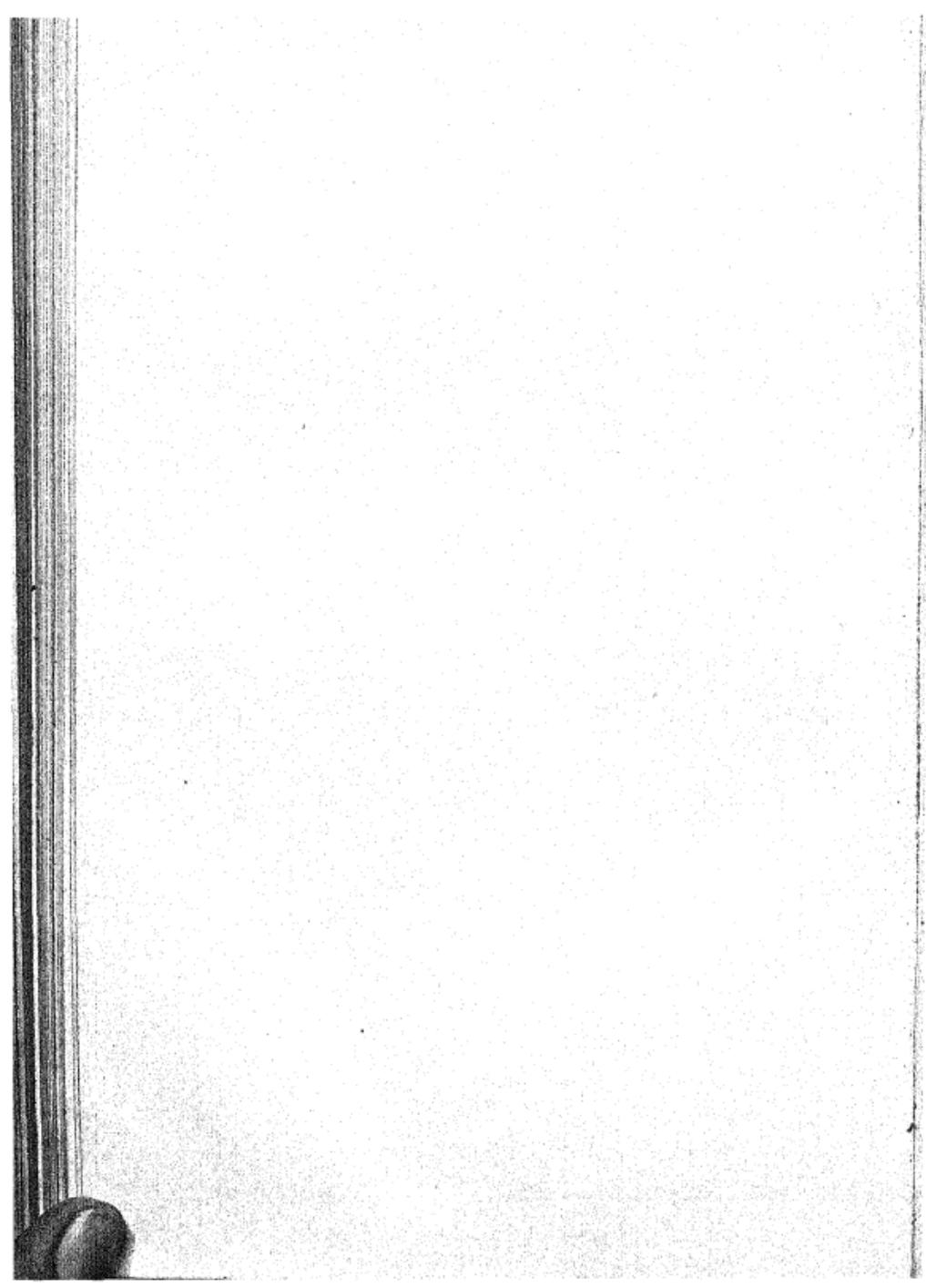
PAUL HARDY

PAUL HARDY

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"THE DWARF TRUDGED GAILY ON BY THE SIDE OF BERTHOLD."

Vol. II, page 354.



"To old Bernhard the crumb of cheese and the few spoonfuls of wine seemed poor enough, and he accepted the little bottle and piece of cheese only to get rid of the importunity of the dwarf, who would take no refusal.

"Towards noon Bernhard was proceeding to his village; the road was long, and feeling fatigued he lay down in the shade of a tree, took out the gift of the dwarf, and began to eat and to drink. Meanwhile my evil stars bring young Hildebrand, the most miserable fellow in the village, in his way:—'God bless you, Father Bernhard!'—'Thank you, my son.' Thus the conversation proceeded. The niggard sees the old man comfortably enjoying his repast; so he sets himself down beside him and takes a share. There they eat and eat for about an hour,—the wine never gets less, and the cheese is never done, and both behold the miracle till their hair stands on end.

"All was now over, Master Fiddler, and poor Berthold was undone!

Hildebrand chose words as polished as marble; they went down with Bernhard as smoothly as honey; my dear sweet Sieglinde was pledged to the rich miser with the marvellous cheese for her dowry. The old man was quite beside himself,—the young man talked finely,—they were to enthrone the whole village and keep their secret to themselves; I was called a miserable wretch; and the spirit of mischief just brought me into their way in time to hear the whole sad story."

"Ah! good heavens!" again exclaimed Almerich, "I am undone with cold; it is turning a cold rainy day, and my bones are too naked!—Hew, hew! how the storm blows into my very soul! This day will be my death,—I thought so before. Go, my son, I give you the fiddle in a present,—leave me the wallet here, I will stretch myself out to die upon it."

"The mischief's in it!" grumbled Berthold; "if matters are to go on this way, we shall be a year and a day hence still travelling this cursed road. Hark ye, old boy, you are an odd fellow! with crutches, without meat and drink, and without a worsted coat, wandering through our rough country with a fiddle as big as yourself, and a wallet as heavy as seven three-stone cheeses! That may indeed be called a tempting of Providence! Why the deuce do you drag after you that ass's burden of old rubbish, and have not the convenience of a cloak in your bundle?"

"It is all very true," said Almerich; "I am not yet accustomed to be the lame, feeble man you see me. Thirty years ago I skipped like

a leveret over hills and dales; but now, farewell to friend Almerich, I shall never leave this place; however, it is all one,—perish here or die there, a dying bed is ever a hard one, even though it should be of down and silk."

"Now really," replied Berthold, "you are too whimsical, fiddler. The cold blast never hurts a tough fellow who is accustomed to run about the mountains,—there, slip into my coat and walk smartly on, for a shower is approaching; and that rascally wallet is weighing me down."

"Patience, child, patience!" said Almerich, "that coat is quite warm from your shoulders,—I feel very comfortable in it,—slowly, gently; your story of the marvellous cheese and wine has quite restored me to warmth—how did the master go on?"

"You rogue and rascal," thought Berthold to himself, and then continued his lamentable tale.

"How did it go on!—Gertrude sang to the same tune as her husband; Sieglinde grew sad and lost her colour and strength; the old boy urged the matter, and Hildebrand too,—Bernhard was anxious to get the rich and proud son-in-law, and was in great fear lest the enchanted wine should soon dry up,—the young fellow had money in his eye, and wished to turn the bewitched cheese to usury,—thus the wedding was determined on, and I was left in sadness upon my mountain. I tried to forget it; I thought Sieglinde could not have borne me in her heart, otherwise she would not, to escape death and martyrdom, have married the red-haired Hildebrand. Last night I could find neither rest nor sleep upon my straw; I must go and see her with my own eyes take that miser for her husband. Near the village I will wrap up my head and dye my hands and cheeks with berries, so that nobody will know me; and in the bustle of the wedding, when everything is turning topsy-turvy, not a living soul will care for poor Berthold. When all is over I will, so it please Heaven, become wise again; or if not, my head will turn altogether, and that will be a blessing too."

"My good child," said the dwarf, "all that will pass over. Now, I perceive well that it is a hard journey and a bitter wedding too for you; it is however good luck, my child, that you have me for a companion. I will fiddle till your heart leaps again; your sorrow grieves me as much as if it were my own."

Whilst talking thus a few drops of rain fell which proved the prelude to a heavy shower; and although the travellers had already gone a

considerable way, they were still far from the end of their journey, and gush after gush the rain poured upon their head till the water ran down from their hats as from a spout.

Berthold trudged silently on, sighing frequently and heavily under his burden,—he could have sworn that it increased a pound's weight every stop; nevertheless it was impossible for his good nature to think of giving it back to the poor cripple in such a tempest. The moisture began to trickle through his waistcoat, and run in a cold stream down his back; he wished himself, the dwarf, and the wedding, all far enough, but stalked sullenly on through the mud as if he had been wading through the highest alpine grass.

The fiddler limped close behind him, croaking occasionally through his raven throat an old spring song which told of sunshine and singing-birds and pleasure and love. He then drew himself snugly together, and extolled on the excellence of the herdsman's coat, which he said was quite water-proof; next he called to Berthold to step leisurely, to pay particular attention to the wallet and fiddle, and not to overheat himself.

The herdsman would have lost all patience and courage a thousand times over in dragging his hundredweight of a load and playing the fool to the crazy fiddler, if he had not been ashamed to throw away the burden which he had volunteered to carry, and to forsake the person whose company he had himself invited. But in his heart he vowed deeply and solemnly never again to lend his coat to a fiddler, nor give away his cheese, nor carry a fiddle and wallet,—and after all be mocked and laughed at by such an odd quizz of a fellow! “If,” thought he at last, “the upshot of all this is a fever in the evening which carries me quickly off—be it so—it remains a bitter wedding.”

After a few hours of rain the two companions reached the valley, where a swollen and rapid torrent rushed across their path, which had swept away every vestige of the little bridge that led to the village, with the exception of a single small plank; the herdsman heeded not the narrow footing, and was stepping boldly across, when the fiddler began to roar out lustily about the dangers of the path: “For my life and soul I will not move from this spot! Neither cat nor rat could pass over there,—I would be a dead man if I ventured on that cursed plank! Let them fiddle yonder who can swim,—I wish I was in a down bed with my fiddle for a pillow!”

“Don't make such a noise about it!” cried

Berthold; “If our journey has led us as far as this, we shall surely get on a little farther; if I have brought the fiddler this length to the bitter dance, I will also bring him to the wedding-house—though I am a fool, I am nevertheless a good-natured one.”

With these words the herdsman took off the fiddle and wallet from his back, and supplied their place with the dwarf, whom he carried over as easily as a bundle of straw. Then he fetched the fiddle, wallet, and crutch, which lay as heavy as so many stones upon his shoulders.

“Well, the best of it now is,” said he, “that we shall soon reach the village—either my head is turned or that wallet is filled with flesh and blood, and Master Almerich's body is stuffed with chaff!”

“Nonsense!” replied the fiddler with a broad grin. “You have behaved well, child; it would be great pity if the bride yonder should not get you; you have the genuine patience of the lamb in you, yet I perceive you have also strength enough, with your heart in the right place, and as much wisdom as there is any need of in the country. Come, let us paint your cheeks and take out the old cap you will find in my wallet, and the green waistcoat, and get that belt about you; then take up the rest of the things and follow me; to-day you shall be the fiddler's boy, and not a living creature know you.”

The fiddler opened his wallet and threw out the disguise to Berthold—shut it hastily again—painted his face with cranberries, and his beard and eyebrows with a bit of coal, and then they walked gaily on the last quarter of an hour towards the village.

Evening was just coming on, and the sun broke out all at once from under the clouds—the birds began to sing cheerfully—the flowers opened their leaves as if to listen, and Berthold felt his clothes sooner dried than if he had been sitting close to a large fire.

In a few minutes our wanderers mingled with the merry wedding-guests; noise and merriment was echoing all around, and no one looked sad but Siegelind, who kept her tearful eyes fixed upon the ground. The old fiddler was welcomed with shouts of applause; the rain had prevented the arrival of the band of fiddlers and pipers who had been invited on the occasion, and everybody pronounced it a piece of marvellous good luck for the wedding, that Master Almerich should have got through.

“Now, children!” exclaimed the old boy, “fetch us something to drink, and some cheese

and bread,—and do not forget that youth who has dragged myself as well as my fiddle here to-day."

The guests ran about to execute the old fiddler's commands, and even Gertrude and Bernhard seemed well-pleased and brought whatever was on the table. Poor Berthold's heart was bleeding; he kept, however, eating and drinking that he might not be obliged to speak. Meanwhile the old fiddler put dry strings on his instrument, and began to tune it so stoutly that it thrilled through marrow and bone, and quickly drew the attention of all upon the musician.

"Bless me!" whispered Bernhard to Gertrude, "upon my faith it is the very dwarf who gave me the bewitched wine and cheese! Be gentle to him, wife, and say not a single word."

All at once the fiddler struck up so stoutly and briskly upon his fiddle that the very house shook; blow upon blow, he commenced such a furious strain that the whole company leaped up from their benches, and began dancing as if they were mad. "Heigh! heigh!" shouted the people, "there is a fiddle;" and everyone capered and whirled through the wedding-chamber as if they danced for a wager. The young people led out the dance, and the old ones hobbled as fast after them as they could; nobody remained in her place but Siegeland—who wished herself ten thousand miles away from the merriment—and Berthold, who looked steadfastly and sorrowfully upon his beloved.

In the midst of his fiddling Master Almerich beckoned to the beautiful bride to step near to him: "there stands a little bottle yonder where your bridegroom has been seated, and some old cheese with it—I daresay it will not be the worst in the house—I would taste a little of it—this playing makes me a little nice in the palate."

The good-natured bride was little interested in the preservation of the precious articles; she brought them and placed them upon a chair beside him, thinking the old man might take as much as he could eat.

The dwarf quickly laid his fiddle aside, raised the bewitched bottle in his right hand, and the cheese in his left, and exclaimed with a loud voice: "Well, my good people, well, here's the health of that beautiful bride there and her sweetheart; may she live long and joyfully!"

"Long and joyfully!" resounded through the room, while fifty bonnets and hats were tossed up into the air.

But horror-struck and deadly pale did Hildebrand and Bernhard and Gertrude become when they saw the wondrous wine and enchanted cheese in Almerich's uplifted fist. "Dares he—can he—will he," darted through their hearts; but woe and alas! in one turn of his hand the glutton with his large ox mouth had swallowed the bewitched draught and marvellous cheese without leaving a morsel!

A roar of passion from the red-haired Hildebrand, and a gush of tears from Gertrude, now terrified the people; while old Bernhard stood like one petrified. A cheerful smile flew over the countenance of Siegeland, and Berthold rose boldly from his bench, and stood ready to use his fists upon Hildebrand if he should dare to touch the fiddler.

"You rogue! you beggar!" at last exclaimed Hildebrand, "who told you to give that old fool of a fiddler that gift of Heaven? You may now give your house, and your bride too, to the rabbles; I do not care a straw more for you and all that remains to you!"

With words of venom and execration Hildebrand rushed out of the room, while, silent and terrified, the outraged Bernhard and his crowd of guests looked after him. "I am a dead man!" at last exclaimed Bernhard, "my child and we all are ruined; the wedding-feast and the adornments are all unpaid! Oh cursed, horrid miser! bring me a knife—a knife!"

"A fig for a fiddler!" exclaimed the fiddler; "there the bridegroom has just come and has brought with him a whole wallet full of gold—and the bride loves him with all her heart—and the guests are still together, and my fiddle is in glorious tune."

With these words Almerich crept forward to the half-bewildered and yet joyful Berthold and drew him into the circle; he wiped his face with the skirt of his coat, and showed to the delighted bride and the astonished guests their well-known neighbour, who was dear and welcome to all. The wallet was hastily dragged forward, and Almerich having quickly opened the lock, behold pure red gold in coins and chains tumbled out from it, dazzling the eyes of all with their splendor! Old Bernhard and Gertrude embraced by turns the lovely Siegeland and the ugly dwarf. Almerich took his fiddle and struck up a tune which bewitched them all, and they danced till midnight in joy and glory. The musician then escaped and left a whole house full of merry-makers around the two happy lovers, who, till their last day, a thousand times blessed the bitter wedlind in which they had been so wonderfully united by the benevolent lame dwarf.

[Westland Marston, LL.D., born at Boston, Lincolnshire, 9th January, 1820; died 1890. Although he successfully employed his pen as a novelist (*A Lady in Her Own Right*, &c.), it was as a dramatic poet that Dr. Marston won the distinguished place he held in modern literature. He was one among the very few recent representatives of what was classed as the legitimate drama. *The Patriot's Daughter*, tragedy, produced in 1842 at Drury Lane, with Mr. Macready, Mr. Phelps, and Miss Helen Faucit as the impersonators of the principal characters, at once established his reputation. It was followed by a long series of poetic plays, of which it will suffice to mention: *Philip of France*; *Anne Blake*; *The Heart and the World*; *A Life's Ransom*; *Strathmore*; and, after an interval

Life for Life. Of *Strathmore*, from which the following scene is taken, a critic in the *Athenaeum* remarked: "This play is undoubtedly the author's best. It is full of delicacy and true humour." The action of the play takes place at the time of the struggle for supremacy in Scotland between Episcopacy and the Covenanters. Strathmore, who was betrothed to the daughter of Sir Rupert Lorn, a staunch royalist, has, in spite of his love and friendship, espoused the cause of the Covenanters. The fierce contest between his love for Katharine Lorn and his sense of justice forms the groundwork of the play, and finds its climax in the last scene, when Sir Rupert has been rescued by his son, Henry Lorn, from the hands of the Covenanters, and Strathmore is made prisoner.]

SCENE.—*A Chamber in Lorn Castle. Enter HENRY LORN, ISABEL (his wife), SIR RUPERT, and KATHARINE, leaning on her father.*

Sir R. (to Isabel.) So, lass! my brave boy's succour has postponed Your heritage awhile. But, for that aid, Another sun had seen his Lord of Lorn! How went it with the knaves?

Henry. Some few were slain, Some taken; but their leaders, by the steeps Where horsemen might not follow, have escaped— Save one I shrink to name.

Isabel. Strathmore!

Henry. Yes, wounded. Our forces had beat him down: he must have perished But for my rescue.

Sir R. Though he merits death, Yet am I glad he fell not by our sword.

Henry. Alas! his doom is but delayed. Fierce Dalzell— Who, under Monmouth, through a bloody field Has chased the rebels—hither hastes his march. He will demand the prisoners at our hands.

Kath. My father!

Henry. Dalzell bears a heart of flint That ne'er knew pity; I have heard him name Strathmore with those whose doom, when seized, is death— Without reprieve or trial.

Kath. Do you hear?

Sir R. My child! I would not cloud this day with grief, Nor can thy father stoop to base revenge. Yet, mark! I will not shield persisting treason. If Halbert Strathmore formally subscribe Such recantation of his guilt as I Will forthwith frame, and, to atone it, pledge A loyal future—by our tried allegiance I will beseech his life. I think even Dalzell Will grant that boon to service proved like ours. But, heed me, Katharine, if Strathmore spurn These terms of mercy, though he were my son, I would not waste a breath!

Henry. His party crushed, Persistence now were madness.

Kath. One more boon—
That your conditions *I* may bear to Strathmore.
Sir R. Be it so, girl! He may prove obdurate.
Remember, though, this meeting is your last.
You parley with the rebel—not the friend!
Come! I'll prepare the bond.

Kath. I'll follow you.

Exeunt SIR RUPERT, HENRY, and ISABEL.

Rebel! What means that word. Fear for my father
Has blinded me to truth: now I see all!
Right trampled on—pure conscience counted crime—
And hatred banqueting on good men's groans!
My brother owned it! And the man who beards
This wrong's a rebel! Sure, the courts of heaven—
Are peopled with the outcasts of this world!
My Hubert! Oh, he will reject these terms.
I dare not think on that. One last farewell,
One prayer to save him end my dream of life. [Exit.]

Enter STRATHMORE, wounded, supported by ROLAND.

Roland. Lean on me, sir! lean on me! You are faint,
I saw you struck. Your wound needs rest and quiet.

Strath. (sitting) Good friend, I feel it not!

Roland. So sharp a hurt
Asks better surgery than you afford.

Strath. Dalsell, you say, comes hither?

Roland. Ay, sir!

Strath. Then
Each captive's fate is sealed. Beseech Sir Rupert
To give me audience. (aside) My offence being chief,
My death should free the rest.

Roland. I'll do your bidding. [Exit.]

Strath. Could I save the rest,
I'd know no other care! My soul breathes freely—
Leaving all with God. As through half-open gates
Of Death's grim arch, I catch the fields of day.
Yet, Katharine! There earth's fond last weakness clings,
To her my name must be a thought to shrink from.
I shall not have a tomb in that fair realm
Where I had once a home.

Enter KATHARINE, with a paper.

(rising) Has my heart's cry
To look on thee been heard?

Kath. We meet once more—
To part for ever!

Strath. With a faltering voice
You say it—not in hatred!

Kath. Hatred! (looking mournfully in his face) Oh, how fierce
Has been thy struggle!

Strath. Can you feel
That I have struggled?

Kath. Nobly! Yes, I know it.

Strath. You know it, and absolve me! You will bear
To think upon my memory!

Kath. Thy memory!
While I can bear to think,

Strath. I did not hope
 For this. I shall die, smiling!
 Kath. Die! thou shalt not!
 My father, and my brother, who have served
 The royal cause so well, will plead with Dalzell.
 Sign but this scroll!

Strath. (feebly, after perusing it) Ah! know'st thou what conditions
 The bond demands?

Kath. I do.

Strath. That I confess
 My treason, and abjure it, never more
 Further my righteous cause, by tongue or sword,
 In act become a traitor—to escape
 A traitor's sentence!

Kath. But your cause is crushed!

Strath. Crushed! No, it triumphs still. Though freedom's hosts
 Bleach the green earth with death, that cause is safe
 That has its Chief above!

Kath. You will not sign!

Strath. And canst thou ask me?

Kath. Ay, while I have breath,
 Who gave thee right to quench my life in thine?
 Though we must part, 'tis comfort still to think
 One world contains us. I should curse the sun
 If it could light a world that held not thee!

Strath. My Katharine!

Kath. Twas you upheld my steps
 When we were children. On the hill-side flowers
 The golden gorse, from which you plucked the thorn
 That else had harmed me. In the brook still float
 Lilies like those we wove. Another spring
 Will find them there—but thou! (falling on his neck)

Strath. My truth! my truth!

Kath. I will not let thee go. Ere see thee perish,
 I'll burst all ties of duty, dare all shame,
 Renounce all kindred! They are gone! Be thou
 Friend, father, brother, home, and universe!

Strath. Forbear, forbear! (sinks into chair)

Kath. Whate'er I know or feel
 Of good, you taught me. You relent; you'll sign?

Strath. (feebly, but with increasing energy as he proceeds)

You shall decide. (she kneels by his side)

Two paths before me lie,

The one through death to honour—

Kath. Halbert!

Strath. Nay,

There are but two! First, say we choose the nobler—
 Then wilt thou think of Strathmore as of one
 Who, by his last act, fitly sealed a life
 He would bequeath thee spotless.

Kath. Ah, bequeath!

And I shall never see thee more!

Strath. (pointing upwards) Yes, Katharine!

Kath. The other path?

Strath. It leads to life through shame,
 Wouldst have me take it—live to own no bond
 But with dishonour; when I catch the tide

Of heroes, vainly groan—such once *I was!*

And, when the coward's shudder—such *I am!*

Kath. This gloom will melt in a bright future.

Strath.

No:

He has no future who betrays his past.

Kath. Still live!

Strath.

To give the lie

To my true youth; find every stream of joy,
When I would drink; reflect my branded brow,
And so recoil; shrink, when thy straining breast
Throbs to a traitor; read in those dear eyes

The Temptress, not the wife!

Kath.

Cease, Halbert! cease!

Strath. (rising) Speak, shall I sign?

Kath. (starting to her feet) NO—DIE!

Strath. (embracing her) My wife! my Katharine! We are one for ever.

Kath. Teach Fate that truth, that we may die together.

Strath. Fount of my peace! My own!

Kath.

I am at rest.

How is it with thee?

Strath. Sweet, sharp care has mined

The bulwarks of my life, and thy great sea

Of love doth overflow it!

Enter HENRY LORN, SIR RUPERT, and ISABEL.

Henry. Where's the confession? Dalzell comes; your judge!

Kath. Help, Henry!

Henry. Strathmore! (supporting him as he sinks)

Kath.

You are come too late!

Strath. No, love is ne'er too late. Harry! old playmate!

Is that Sir Rupert?

Henry. Speak to him!

Sir R.

A night

Deepens upon his face. Halbert, this hour

Eclipses all our rancours, and I but behold

Thy Father in thee!

Strath. We're at peace—all, all!

I pray you to deal gently with my brethren.

Isabel. Lean on my bosom, sister!

Kath.

No; 'tis well!

Strath. Where art thou, Katharine? (she kneels and places her hand in his) So—I turn my life

To the bright East, where all its beauty rose,

And sleep beneath its beam—we do not part!

(dies—ISABEL and SIR RUPERT advance as if to remove KATHARINE, who motions them away)

Kath. I am his now—I am his own in death!

(she falls prostrate on the body)

OF LIFE AND DEATH.

The parts of death are sins; of life, good deeds,
Through which our merit leads us to our needs.
How wilful blind is he then, that should stray,
And hath it in his powers to make his way!

This world death's region is, the other life's:
And here it should be one of our first strife,
So to front death, as men might judge us past it,
For good men but as death, the wicked frost it.

BEN JONSON.

THE MOUNTAIN STORM.

[Thomas Gillespie, D.D., born in Closeburn, Dumfriesshire; died at Dunino, Fifeshire, 11th September, 1844. Educated at the Dumfries Academy and Edinburgh University, he succeeded the father of David Wilkie, the painter, in the ministry of Caius, Cupar-Fife. He was subsequently appointed professor of humanity in the St. Andrew's University. His principal publication was a volume of sermons on the *Seasons*; but he contributed prose and verse to the periodicals of his day. His contributions to the once famous *Visits of the Bards* display great powers of description and pathos.]

Packman *loquitur*.—For several days the wind had been easterly, with an intense frost. At last, however, the weather subsided into a calm and dense fog, under which, at mid-day, it was difficult to find one's way amidst those mountain tracks along which, in general, my route lay. The grass and heath were absolutely loaded with hoar-frost. My cheeks became encompassed by a powdered covering; my breath was intensely visible, and floated and lingered about my face with an oppressive and almost suffocating density. No sun, moon, or star had appeared for upwards of forty-eight hours; when, according to my preconcerted plan, I reached the farm-town of Burnfoot. I was now in the centre of Queensberry Hills, the most notable sheep pasturage in the south of Scotland. It was about three o'clock of the fifteenth day of January, when, under a cheerful welcome from the guidwife, I rested my pack (for, be it known, I belong to this class of peripatetic merchants) upon the meat ark, disengaged my arms from the leather straps by which the pack was suspended from my shoulders, and proceeded to light my pipe at the blazing peat-fire. Refreshments, such as are best suited to the *packman's drouth*, were soon and amply supplied, and I had the happiness of seeing my old acquaintances (for I visited Burnfoot twice a year, on my going and coming from Glasgow to Manchester) drop in from their several avocations, one after another, and all truly rejoiced to behold my face, and still more delighted to inspect the treasure and the wonders of "the pack." At last the guidman himself suspended his plaid from the mid-door head, put off his shoes and leggings, assumed his slippers, along with his prescriptive seat at the head or upper end of the lang-settle. The guidwife, returning *butt* from bedding the youngest of some half-score of children, welcomed her husband with a look of the most genuine affection. She put a little creepie stool under his feet, felt that his clothes

were not wet, scolded the dogs to a respectful distance, and inspired the peats into a double blaze. The oldest daughter, now "woman grown," sat combing the hoar-frost from her raven locks, and looking out from beneath beautifully arched and bushy eyebrows upon the interesting addition which had been made to the meal-ark. Some half-a-score of healthy lads and lasses occupied the bench ayont the fire, o'er-canopied by sheep-skins, aprons, stockings, and footless hose. The dogs, after various and somewhat noisy differences had been adjusted, fell into order and position around the hearth, enjoying the warmth, and licking, peacefully and carefully, the wet from their sides. The cat, by this time, had made a returning motion from the cupboard head, from which she had been watching the arrangements and movements beneath. As this appeared to "Help" to be an infringement of the terms of armistice and of the frontier laws, he sprang with eagerness over the hearth. Pussy, finding it dangerous, under this sudden and somewhat unexpected movement, "dare terga," instantly drew up her whole body into an attitude not only of defence but defiance; curving herself into a bristling crescent, with the head of a dragon attached to it, and, with one horrid hiss and sputter, compelled Help first to hesitate and then to retreat.

"Three paces back the youth retired,
And saved himself from harm."

The guidwife, however,—who seemed not unaccustomed to such demonstrations, and who manifestly acted on the humane principle of assisting the weaker by assailing the stronger combatant—gave Help such demonstrations of her intentions, as at once reduced matters to the *status quo ante bellum*. (I have as good a right to scholarship as my brother packman, Plato, who carried oil to Egypt.) Thus peace and good order being restored, the treasures of my burden became an immediate and a universal subject of inquiry. I was compelled, nothing loath, to unstrap my various packages, and disclose to view all the varied treasures of the spindle and loom. Shawls were spread out into enormous display, with central, and corner, and border ornaments, the most amazing and the most fashionable; waistcoat pieces of every stripe and figure, from the straight line to the circle, of every hue and colouring which the rainbow exhibits, were unfolded in the presence and under the scrutinizing thumb of many purchasers. The guidwife herself half coaxed and half scolded a fine remnant of Flanders lace, of most tempting aspect, out of

the guidman's reluctant pocket. The very dogs seemed anxious to be accommodated, and applied their noses to some unopened bales, with a knowing look of inquiry. Things were proceeding in this manner when the door opened, and there entered a young man of the most prepossessing appearance; in fact, what Burns terms a "strapping youth." I could observe that, at his entrance, the daughter's eye (of whom I have formerly made mention) immediately kindled into an expression of the most universal kindness and benevolence. Hitherto she had taken but a limited interest in what was going on; but now she became the most prominent figure in the group—whilst the mother dusted a chair for the welcome stranger with her apron, and the guidman welcomed him with a—

"Come awa, Willie Wilson, an' tak a seat. The nicht's gay dark an' dreary. I wonder how ye cleared the Whitstane Cleugh and the Side Scar, man, on sic an eerie nicht."

"Indeed," responded the stranger, casting a look, in the meantime, towards the guidman's buxom, and, indeed, lovely daughter—"indeed it's an unco fearfu' nicht—sic a mist and sic a cauld I ha'e seldom if ever encountered; but I dinna ken hoo it was—I couldna rest at hame till I had tellt ye a' the news o' the last Langhoun market."

"Ay, ay," interrupted the guidwife, "the last Langhoun market, man, is an auld tale noo, I trow. Na, na, yer mither's son camme here on sic a night, and at sic an hour, on sic an unmeaneen errand"—finishing her sentence, however, by a whisper into Willie's ear, which brought a deeper red into his cheek, and seemed to operate in a similar manner on the apparently deeply engaged daughter.

"But, Watty," continued my fair purchaser, you must give me this Bible a little cheaper—it's ower dear, man—heard ever anybody o' five white shillings gien for a Bible, and it only a New Testament, after a'—it's baith a sin an' a shame, Watty."

After some suitable reluctance, I was on the point of reducing the price by a single sixpence, when Willie Wilson advanced towards the pack, and at once taking up the book and the conversation—

"Ower dear, Jessie, my dear!—it's the word o' God, ye ken—His ain precious word; and I'll e'en mak ye a present o' the book at Watty's ain price. Ye ken he maun live, as we a' do, by his trade."

The money was instantly paid down from a purse pretty well filled; for William Wilson was the son of a wealthy and much-respected

sheep-farmer in the neighbourhood, and had had his name *once* called in the kirk, along with that of "Janet Harkness of Burnfoot, both in this parish."

"Hoot noo, bairns," rejoined the mother; "ye're baith wrang—that Bible winna do ava. Ye manna ha'e a big ha' Bible to tak the buik wi', and worship the God o' yer fathers nicht and morning, as they ha'e done afore ye; and Watty will bring ye ane frae Glasgow the next time he comes roun'; and it will, maybe, be usefu', ye ken, in *another way*."

"Tout, mither, wi' yer nonsense," interrupted the conscious bride; "I never liked to see my name and age marked and pointed out to anybody on oor muckle Bible; see just haud yer tongue, mither, and tak a present frae William and *me*," added she, blushing deeply, "that big-printed Testament. The minister, ye ken, seldom meddles wi' the auld Bible, unless it be a bit o' the Psalms; and yer een noo are noo sae gleg as they were when ye were married to my father there."

The father, overcome by this well-timed and well-directed evidence of goodness, piety, and filial affection, rose from his seat on the lang-settle, and, with tears in his eyes, pronounced a most fervent benediction over the shoulders of his child.

"O God in heaven, bless and preserve my dear Jessie!" said he—his child's tears now falling fast and faster. "Oh, may the God of thy fathers make thee happy—thee and thine—him there and his!—and when thy mother's gray hairs and mine are laid and hid in the dust, mayest thou have children, such as thy fond and dutiful self, to bless and comfort, to rejoice and support thy heart!"

There was not, by this time, a dry eye in the family; and, as a painful silence was on the point of succeeding to this outbreaking of nature, the venerable parent slowly and deliberately took down the big ha' Bible from its hole in the wall, and, placing it on the lang-settle table, he proceeded to family worship with the usual solemn prefatory announcement—"Let us worship God."

Love, filial affection, and piety—what a noble, what a beautiful triumvirate! By means of these Scotland has rendered herself comparatively great, independent, and happy. These are the graces which, in beautiful union, have protected her liberties, sweetened her enjoyments, and exalted her head amongst the nations, and which, over all, have cast an expression and a feature irresistibly winning and nationally characteristic. It is over such scenes as the kitchen fireside of Burnfoot now

presented, that the soul hovers with ever-awakening and ever-intenser delight; that even amidst the coldness, and unconcern, and irreligion of an iron age, the mind, at least at intervals, is redeemed into ecstasy, and feels, in spite of habit, and example, and deadened apprehensions, that there is beauty in pure and virgin love, a depth in genuine and spontaneous filial regard, and an impulse in communion with Him that is most high, which, even when taken separately, are hallowing, sacred, and elevating; but which, when blended and softened down into one great and leading feature, prove uncontestedly that man is, in his origin and unalloyed nature, but a little lower than the angels.

Such was the aspect of matters in this sequestered and sanctified dwelling, when the house seemed, all at once, to be smitten, like Job's, at the four corners. The soot fell in showers into the grate; the rafters creaked; the dust descended; every door in the house rattled on its sneck and hinges; and the very dogs sprung at once from their slumbers and barked. There was something so awful in the suddenness and violence of the commotion, that the prayer was abruptly and suddenly brought to a conclusion.

"Ay, fearfu', sirs!" were John Harkness' first words when springing to his feet; "but there's an awfu' nicht. Open the outer door, Jamie, and let us see what it is like." The outer door was opened; but the drift burst in with such a suffocating swirl, that a strong lad who encountered it reeled and gasped for breath.

"The hogs!" exclaimed the guidman, "and the gimmers!—where did ye leave them, Jamie?"

"In Capleslacks," was the answer, "by east the Dod. The wind has set in frae the nor'-east, and fifty score o' sheep, if this continue, will never see the mornin'."

But what was to be done?

"The wind blow as 'twould blown its last."

and the whole atmosphere was one almost solid wreath of penetrating snow; when you thrust forth your hand into the open air, it was as if you had perforated an iceberg. Burnfoot stands at the convergence of two mountain glens, adown one of which the tempest came as from a funnel—collected, compressed, irresistible. There was a momentary look of suspense—every one eyeing the rest with an expression of indecision and utter helplessness. The young couple, by some law of affinity, stood together in a corner. The

shepherd lads, with Jamie Hogg at their head, were employed in adjusting plaids to their persons. The guidman had already resumed his leggings, and the dogs were all exceedingly excited—amazed at this unexpected movement, but perfectly resolved to do their duty.

"Jamie," said the guidman, "you and I will try to mak oor way by the Head Scar or Capleyetta, where the main hirsel was left; and Will, Tam, and Geordie will see after the hogs and gimmers ayont the Dod."

"I, too," exclaimed a voice from the corner, over which, however, a fair hand was pressed, and which was therefore but indistinctly heard—
—"I will—(canna ye let me speak, Jessie)—I will not—I shall not be left behind—I will accompany the guidman, and do what I can to seek and to save."

"Indeed and indeed, my dear William, ye can do nae guid—ye dinna ken the grun' like my faither; and there's mony a kittle step forbye the Head Scar; and, the Lord be wi' us! on sic a nicht too." So saying, she clasped her brother firmly around the neck, and absolutely compelled him to relinquish his purpose. Having gained this one object, the fair and affectionate bride rushed across the room to her father, and falling down on her knees, grasped him by the legs, and exclaimed—

"O mither, mither! come and help me—come and help me! faither, my dear faither, let Jamie Hogg gang, and the rest; they are young, ye ken, and as weel acquaint as yersel' wi' the ly o' the glens! but this is no a nicht for the faither o' a family to risk his life to save his substance. O faither, faither! I am soon, ye ken, to leave you and bonny Burnfoot—grant me, oh, grant me this one, this last request!"

The mother sat all this while wringing her hands and exclaiming—

"Ay, ay, Jenny, get him to stay, get him to stay!"

The father answered not a word, but, making a sign to Hogg, and whistling on Help, and at the same time kissing his now all but fainting child, he rushed out of the door (as Mrs. Harkness said) "like a fey man," and he and his companion, with a suitable accompaniment of dogs, were almost instantly invisible. The three other lads, suitably armed and accompanied, followed the example set to them; and the midwife, the two lovers, five or six younger branches, and the female servants of the family, with myself, remained at home in a state of anxiety and suspense which can be better conceived than expressed.

"The varnished clock that clicked behind the door," with a force and a stroke loud and painful in the extreme, struck first ten, then eleven, then twelve; but there was no return. Again and again were voices heard commanding with the tempest's rush; again and again did the outer door seem to move backwards on its hinges; but nothing entered save the shrill pipe of the blast, accompanied by the comminuted drift, which penetrated through every seam and cranny. This state of uncertainty was awful; even the ascertained reality of death, partial or universal, had perhaps less of soul-benumbing cold in it than this inconceivable suspense. It required Willie Wilson's utmost efforts and mine to keep the frantic woman from madly rushing into the drift; and the voice of lamentation was sad and loud amongst the children and the servant lasses—each of the latter clasped, indeed, the fate of all, but there was always an under prayer offered up for the safety of Georgie, or Will, or Jamie, in particular. At last the three lads who had encompassed the Dod arrived—all, indeed, but almost breathless and frozen to death. They had, however, surmounted incredible difficulties, and had succeeded in placing their hirsel in a position of comparative security; but where were Jamie Hogg and the guideman? The violence of the storm had nothing abated, the snow was every moment accumulating, and the danger and difficulty increasing ten-fold. Spirits, heat, and friction gradually restored the three lads to their senses, and to the kind attentions of their several favourites of the female order; but there sat the mother and the daughter, whilst the father was either, in all probability, dead or dying. The very thought was distracting; and, accordingly, the young bride, now turning to her lover with a look of inexpressible anguish, exclaimed—

"O Willie! my ain dear Willie, ye maun gang, after a', ye maun gang this instant" (Willie was on his feet and plaided whilst yet the sentence was unfinished), "and try to rescue my dear, dear faither from this awfu' and untimely end; but tak care, oh tak care o' the big Scaur, and keep far west by Caple-cleuch, and maybe ye'll meet them coming back that way." These last words were lost in the drift, whilst Willie Wilson, with his faithful follower, Rover, were penetrating, and floundering, and floundering their way towards the place pointed out.

In about half an hour after this, the howl and scratch of a dog were heard at the door-back and Help immediately rushed in, the welcome forerunner of his master and Hogg. They had,

indeed, had a fearful struggle and fearful wanderings; but, in endeavouring to avoid the dangerous, because precipitous, Head Scaur, they had wandered from their track and from the object of their travel; and, after having been inclined once or twice to lie down and take a rest (the deceitful messenger of death), they had at last got upon the track of Caple Water; and, by keeping to its windings—which they had often traced at the risk of being drowned—they had at last weathered the old chan'x, the byre, and peat-stack, and were now, thank God! within "bigget wa's."

But where, alas! was Willie Wilson? Him, in consequence of their deviations, they had missed; and over him, thus exposed, the tempest was still renewing at intervals its hurricane gusts. There was one scream heard, such as would have penetrated the heart of a tiger, and all was still. There she lay, the heanteous, but now marble bride; her head reposing on her mother's lap, her lips pale as the snow-drop, her eyes fixed and soulless, her cheek without a tint, and her mouth half open and breathless. Long, long was the withdrawal—again and again was the dram-glass applied to the mouth, to catch the first expiration of returning breath—ere the frame began to quiver, the hands to move, the lips and cheeks to colour, and the eyes to indicate the approaching return to reason and perception.

"I have killed him! I have killed him!" were the first frantic accents. "I have murdered, murdered my dear Willie! It was me that sent him—forced him—compelled him out—out into the drift—the cold, cold drift. Away!" added the maniac—"away! I'll go after him—I'll perish with him—where he lies, there will I lie, and there will I be buried. What! is there none of ye that will make an effort to save a perishing—a choking—oh, my God! a suffocating man?"

Hereupon she again sank backwards, and was prevented from falling by the arms of a father.

"O my child!" said parental love and affection—"O my dear wean!—oh, be patient—God is guid—He has preserved *us* all—He will not desert *him* in the hour of his need—He neither slumbers nor sleeps—His hand is not shortened that He cannot save—and what He can, He will—He never deserted any that trusted in Him. O my child! my bairn!—my first-born!—be patient—be patient. There—there—there is a scratch at the door-back—it is Rover."

And to be sure Rover it was—but Rover in despair. His faithful companion and friend

only entered the house to solicit immediate aid—he ran round and round, looking up into the face of every one with an expression of the most imploring anxiety. The poor frantic girl sprung from her father's embrace, and clung to the neck of the well-known cur—she absolutely kissed him—(oh, to what will not love, omnipotent, virtuous love, descend!)—then rising, in renewed recollection, she sat herself down on the long-settle beside her father, and burst into loud and passionate grief.

It was now manifest to all that something must be attempted, else the young farmer must perish. Hogg, though awfully exhausted, was the first to volunteer a new excursion. The whole band were at once on their feet; but Jessie now clung to her father, as she had formerly done to her lover, and would not let him go—indeed, the guidman was in no danger of putting his purpose into effect, for he could scarcely stand on his feet. He sat, or rather fell down, consequently, beside his daughter, and continued in constant prayer and supplication at the throne of grace. The daughter listened, and said she was comforted—the voyagers were again on their way—the tempest had somewhat abated—the moon had once or twice shone out—and there was now a greater chance of success in their undertaking.

How we all contrived to exist during an interval of two hours, I cannot say; but this I know, that the endurance of this second trial was worse than the first, to all but the sweet bride herself. Her mind had now taken a more calm and religious view of the case. She repeated, at intervals and pauses in her father's ejaculatory prayer—

“Yes—oh, yes—*His* will—*His* holy will be done! The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away—blessed be the name of the Lord, for ever! We shall meet again—oh, yes—where the weary are at rest.

“A few short years of evil past,
We reach the happy shore
Where death-divided friends at last
Shall meet to part no more.”

O father, is not that a gracious saying, and worthy of all acceptance!”

At length the door opened, and in walked William Wilson.

The reader need scarcely to be told that the sagacious dog had left his master floundered and unable to extricate himself in a snow wreath; that the same faithful guide had taken the searchers to the spot, where they found Wilson just in the act of falling into a sleep—from which, indeed, but for the providential sagacity

of his dog, he had never wakened; and that, by means of some spirits which they had taken in a bottle, they completely restored and conducted him home.

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THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

‘Twas in the prime of summer time,
An evening calm and cool,
And four-and-twenty happy boys
Came bounding out of school.
There were some that ran and some that leapt
Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped with gamesome minds,
And souls untouched by sin;
To a level mead they came, and there
They drove the wicketts in:
Pleasantly shone the setting sun
Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,
And shouted as they ran,—
Turning to mirth all things of earth,
As only boyhood can;
But the usher sat remote from all,
A melancholy man!

His hat was off, his vest apart,
To catch heaven’s blessed breeze,
For a burning thought was in his brow,
And his bosom ill at ease:
So he lean’d his head on his hands, and read
The book between his knees!

Leaf after leaf he turn’d it o’er,
Nor ever glanced aside;

For the peace of his soul he read that book
 In the golden eventide;
 Much study had made him very lean,
 And pale, and leaden-eyed.

At last he shut the ponderous tome,
 With a fast and fervent grasp
 He stran'd the dusky covers close,
 And fix'd the brazen hasp:
 "O God, could I so close my mind,
 And clasp it with a clasp!"

Then leaping on his feet upright,
 Some moody turns he took,—
 Now up the mead, then down the mead,
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 And lo! he saw a little boy
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"My gentle lad, what is't you read—
 Romance or fairy fable?
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 The young boy gave an upward glance,—
 "It is 'The Death of Abel.'"

The usher took six hasty strides,
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 Then slowly back again;
 And down he sat beside the lad,
 And talk'd with him of Cain;

And, long since then, of bloody men,
 Whose deeds tradition saves;
 Of lonely folk cut off unseen,
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 Of horrid stabs, in groves forlorn,
 And murders done in caves;

And how the sprites of injured men
 Shriek upward from the sod,—
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"And well," quoth he, "I know, for truth.
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"O God, it made me quake to see
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 But when I touched the lifeless clay,
 The blood gush'd out amain!
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"My head was like an ardent coal,
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A sluggish water, black as ink,
The depth was so extreme.—
My gentle boy, remember this
Is nothing but a dream!"

"Down went the corpse with a hollow plunge
And vanished in the pool;
Anon I cleansed my bloody hands,
And washed my forehead cool,
And sat among the urchins young,
That evening in the school!"

"Oh heaven, to think of their white souls,
And mine so black and grim!
I could not share in childish prayer,
Nor join in evening hymn :
Like a devil of the pit, I seem'd,
Mid holy cherubim !

"And peace went with them, one and all,
And each calm pillow spread ;
But guilt was my grim chamberlain
That lighted me to bed ;
And drew my midnight curtains round,
With fingers bloody red !

"All night I lay in agony,
In anguish dark and deep ;
My fever'd eyes I dared not close,
But stared aghast at Sleep :
For Sin had render'd unto her
The keys of hell to keep !

"All night I lay in agony,
From weary chime to chime,
With one besetting horrid hint,
That rack'd me all the time,—
A mighty yearning, like the first
Fierce impulse unto crime !

"One stern tyrannic thought, that made
All other thoughts its slave ;
Stronger and stronger every pulse
Did that temptation crave,—
Still urging me to go and see
The dead man in his grave !

"Heavily I rose up, as soon
As light was in the sky,
And sought the bleak accursed pool
With a wild misgiving eye ;
And I saw the dead in the river-bed,
For the faithless stream was dry !

"Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The dewdrop from its wing ;
But I never mark'd its morning flight,
I never heard it sing :
For I was stooping once again
Under the horrid thing.

"With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,
I took him up and ran,—
There was no time to dig a grave
Before the day began :
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves
I hid the murder'd man !

"And all that day I read in school,
But my thought was other where ;
As soon as the mid-day task was done,
In secret I was there :
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
And still the corse was bare !

"Then down I cast me on my face,
And first began to weep,
For I knew my secret then was one
That earth refused to keep :
Or land, or sea, though he should be
Ten thousand fathoms deep !

"So wills the fierce Avenging Sprite,
Till blood for blood atones !
Ay, though he's buried in a cave,
And trodden down with stones,
And years have rotted off his flesh—
The world shall see his bones !

"Oh God, that horrid, horrid dream
Betsets me now awake !
Again—again, with a dizzy brain,
The human life I take ;
And my red right hand grows raging hot
Like Crammer's at the stake.

"And still no peace for the restless clay
Will wave or mould allow ;
The horrid thing pursues my soul,—
It stands before me now !"—
The fearful boy looked up, and saw
Huge drops upon his brow !

That very night, while gentle sleep
The urchin eyelids kiss'd,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,
Through the cold and heavy mist ;
And Eugene Aram walked between,
With gyves upon his wrist.¹

DORIS.

I sat with Doris, the shepherd-maiden ;
Her crook was laden with wreathed flowers ;
I sat and woo'd her, through sunlight wheeling,
And shadows stealing, for hours and hours.

And she, my Doris, whose lap incloses
Wild summer-roses of faint perfume,
The while I sued her kept hush'd and hearken'd,
Till shades had darken'd from goss to gloom.

She touch'd my shoulder with fearful finger ;
She said, "We linger, we must not stay :
My flock's in danger, my sheep will wander ;
Behold them yonder, how far they stray !"

ARTHUR MUNBY.²

¹ Admiral Burney went to school at an establishment where the unhappy Eugene Aram was usher subsequent to his crime. The admiral stated, that Aram was generally liked by the boys; and that he used to discourse to them about *murder* in somewhat of the spirit which is attributed to him in the poem.

² *Times New and Old.* London: Bell & Daldy.

A LEGEND OF LAMPIDOSA.

In one of those short and brilliant nights peculiar to Norway a small hamlet near its coast was disturbed by the arrival of a stranger. At a spot so wild and unfrequented the Norwegian government had not thought fit to provide any house of accommodation for travellers; but the pastor's residence was easily found. Thorsen, though his hut hardly afforded room for his own numerous family, gave ready admission even to an unknown guest, and placed before him the remains of a dried torsk-fish, a thrush, and a loaf composed of oatmeal mixed with fir-bark. To this coarse but hospitable banquet the traveller seated himself with a courteous air of appetite, and addressed several questions to his host respecting the produce, customs, and peculiarities of the district. Thorsen gave him intelligent answers, and dwelt especially on the cavern of Dolstein, celebrated for its extent beneath the sea. The traveller listened earnestly, commented in language which betrayed deep science, and ended by proposing to visit it with his host.

The pastor loved the wonders of his country with the pride and enthusiasm of a Norwegian; and they entered the cave of Dolstein together, attended only by one of those small dogs accustomed to hunt bears. The torches they carried could not penetrate the tremendous gloom of this cavern, whose vast aisles and columns seem to form a cathedral fit for the spirits of the sea, whose eternal hymn resounds above and around it.

"We must advance no farther," said Thorsen, pausing at the edge of a broad chasm; "we have already ventured two miles beneath the tide."

"Shall we not avail ourselves of the stairs which nature has provided here?" replied the traveller, stretching his torch over the abyss, into which large masses of shattered basaltine pillars offered a possible, but dreadful, mode of descent. The pastor caught his cloak.

"Not in my presence shall any man tempt death so impiously! Are you deaf to that terrible murmur? The tide of the northern ocean is rising upon us: I see its white foam in the depth."

Though retained by a strong grasp, the stranger hazarded a step beneath the chasm's edge, straining his sight to penetrate its extent, which no human hand had ever fathomed. The dog leaped to a still lower resting-place, was out of sight a few moments, and returned with a piteous moan to his master's feet.

"Even this poor animal," said Thorsen, "is

awed by the divinity of darkness, and asks us to save ourselves."

"Loose my cloak, old man!" exclaimed the traveller, with a look and tone which might have suited the divinity he named; "my life is a worthless hazard. But this creature's instinct invites me to save life, not to lose it. I hear a human voice!"

"It is the scream of the fish-eagle!" interrupted his guide; and exerting all his strength, Thorsen would have snatched the torch from the desperate adventurer, but he had already descended a fathom deep into the gulf. Panting with agony, the pastor saw him stand unsupported on the brink of a slippery rock, extending the iron point of his staff into what appeared a wreath of foam left on the opposite side by the sea, which now raged below him in a whirlpool more deafening than the Maelstrom. Thorsen with astonishment saw this white wreath attach itself to the pike-staff; he saw his companion poised it across the chasm with a vigorous arm, and beckon for his aid with gestures which the clamour of waves prevented his voice from explaining. The sagacious dog instantly caught what now seemed the folds of a white garment; and while Thorsen, trembling, held the offered staff, the traveller ascended with his prize.

Both fell on their knees, and silently blessed Heaven. Thorsen first unfolded the white garment, and discovered the face of a boy, beautiful though ghastly, about eleven years old.

"He is not dead yet!" said the good pastor, eagerly pouring wine between his lips from the flask they had brought to cheer them. He soon breathed, and the traveller, tearing off his wet, half-frozen vestments, wrapped him in his own furred coat and cloak, and spoke to him in a gentle accent. The child clung to him whose voice he had heard in the gulf of death, but could not discern his deliverers.

"Poor blind boy!" said Thorsen, dropping tears on his cheek, "he has wandered alone into this hideous cavern, and fallen down the precipice."

But this natural conjecture was disproved by the boy's replies to the few Norwegian words he seemed to understand. He spoke in a pure Swedish dialect of a journey from a very distant home with two rude men who had professed to bring him among friends, but had left him sleeping, he believed, where he had been found. His soft voice, his blindness, his unsuspecting simplicity increased the deep horror which both his benefactors felt as they guessed the probable design of those who had abandoned him. They carried him by turns in silence,

preceded by their watchful dog; and quenching their torches at the cavern's mouth, seated themselves in one of its most concealed recesses. The sun was rising, and its light shone through a crevice on the stranger's face and figure, which, by enveloping the child in his furred mantle, he had divested of disguise. Thorsen saw the grace and vigour of youth in its contour—features formed to express an ardent character—and that fairness of complexion peculiar to northern nations. As if aware of his guide's scrutiny, the traveller wrapped himself again in his cloak, and looking on the sleeping boy, whose head rested on his knee, broke the thoughtful pause.

"We must not neglect the existence we have saved. I am a wanderer, and urgent reasons forbid me to have any companion. Providence, sir, has given you a right to share in the adoption of this child. Dare you accept the charge for one year with no other recompence than your own benevolence and this small purse of dollars?"

Thorsen replied, with the blush of honest pride in his forehead, "I should require no bribe to love him; but I have many children, and their curiosity may be dangerous. There is a good old peasant whose daughter is his only comfort and companion. Let us intrust this boy to her care, and if in one year——"

"In one year, if I live, I will reclaim him," said the stranger, solemnly: "show me this woman."

Though such peremptory commands startled Thorsen, whose age and office had accustomed him to respect, he saw and felt a native authority in his new friend's eye, which he obeyed. With a cautious fear of spies, new to an honest Norwegian, he looked round the cavern entrance, and led the stranger by a private path to the old fisherman's hut. Claribell, his daughter, sat at its door, arranging the down feathers of the beautiful Norwegian pheasant, and singing one of the wild ditties so long preserved on that coast. The fisherman, himself fresh-coloured and robust, though in his ninetieth year, was busied amongst his winter stock of oil and deer-skins. Thorsen was received with the urbanity peculiar to a nation whose lowest classes are artisans and poets; but his companion did not wait for his introduction.

"Worthy woman," he said to Claribell, "I am a traveller with an unfortunate child, whose weakness will not permit him to accompany me farther. Your countenance confirms what this venerable man has told me of your goodness: I leave him to appeal to it."

He disappeared as he spoke, while the blind boy clung to Claribell's hand, as if attracted by the softness of a female voice.

"Keep the dollars, pastor!" said Hans Hofland, when he had heard all that Thorsen chose to tell: "I am old, and my daughter may marry Brande, our kinsman; keep the purse to feed this poor boy, if the year should pass and no friends remember him."

Thorsen returned well satisfied to his home, but the stranger was gone, and no one in the hamlet knew the time or way of his departure. Though a little Lutheran theology was all that education had given the pastor, he had received from nature an acute judgment and a bountiful heart. Whether the deep mystery in which his guest had chosen to wrap himself could be connected with that which involved his ward was a point beyond his investigation; but he contented himself with knowing how much the blind boy deserved his pity. To be easy and useful was this good man's constant aim, and he always found both purposes united.

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could not know the face of his second foster-mother.

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"They shall remain with us, and we will form one family—we are no longer poor—the traveller gave me this gold—and bade me keep it as your dowry."

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"Claribell! it is yours! it is his free gift, and I am innocent!"

"Follow me, then!" said she, putting the treasure in her bosom; and quitting her father's dwelling, she led the way to Thorsen's. He was awake, reading by the summer moonlight.

"Sir," said Claribell, in a firm and calm tone, "your friend deposited this gold in my kinsman's hands—keep it in trust for Adolphus in your own."

Brände, surprised, dismayed, yet rescued from immediate danger, acquiesced with downcast eyes; and the pastor, struck only with respectful admiration, received the deposit.

Another year passed, but not without event. A tremendous flood bore away the chief part of the hamlet, and swept off the stock of timber on which the good pastor's saw-mills depended. The hunting season had been unproductive, and the long polar night found Claribell's family almost without provision. Her father's strength yielded to fatigue and grief; and a few dried fish were soon consumed. Wasted to still more extreme debility, her miserable mistress lay beside the hearth, with

preceded by their watchful dog; and quenching their torches at the cavern's mouth, seated themselves in one of its most concealed recesses. The sun was rising, and its light shone through a crevice on the stranger's face and figure, which, by enveloping the child in his furred mantle, he had divested of disguise. Thorsen saw the grace and vigour of youth in its contour—features formed to express an ardent character—and that fairness of complexion peculiar to northern nations. As if aware of his guide's scrutiny, the traveller wrapped himself again in his cloak, and looking on the sleeping boy, whose head rested on his knee, broke the thoughtful pause.

"We must not neglect the existence we have saved. I am a wanderer, and urgent reasons forbid me to have any companion. Providence, sir, has given you a right to share in the adoption of this child. Dare you accept the charge for one year with no other recompense than your own benevolence and this small purse of dollars?"

Thorsen replied, with the blush of honest pride in his forehead, "I should require no bribe to love him; but I have many children, and their curiosity may be dangerous. There is a good old peasant whose daughter is his only comfort and companion. Let me intrust this boy to her care, and if in one year—"

"In one year, if I live, I will reclaim him," said the stranger, solemnly: "show me this woman."

Through such peremptory commands startled Thorsen, whose age and office had accustomed him to respect, he saw and felt a native authority in his new friend's eye, which he obeyed. With a cautious fear of spies, new to an honest Norwegian, he looked round the cavern entrance, and led the stranger by a private path to the old fisherman's hut. Claribell, his daughter, sat at its door, arranging the down feathers of the beautiful Norwegian pheasant, and singing one of the wild ditties so long preserved on that coast. The fisherman, himself fresh-coloured and robust, though in his ninetieth year, was busied amongst his winter stock of oil and deer-skins. Thorsen was received with the urbanity peculiar to a nation whose lowest classes are artisans and poets; but his companion did not wait for his introduction.

"Worthy woman," he said to Claribell, "I am a traveller with an unfortunate child, whose weakness will not permit him to accompany me further. Your countenance confirms what this venerable man has told me of your goodness; I leave him to appeal to it."

He disappeared as he spoke, while the blind boy clung to Claribell's hand, as if attracted by the softness of a female voice.

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only enough of life to feel the approach of death. Adolphus warmed her frozen hands in his, and secretly gave her all the reindeer's milk, which their neighbours, though themselves half-famished, bestowed upon him. Branded, encouraged by the despairing father's presence, ventured to remind Claribell of their marriage-contract. "Wait," she replied, with a bitter smile, "till the traveller returns to sanction it." Moody silence followed; while Hans, shaking a tear from his long silver eyelashes, looked reproachfully at his daughter.

"Have mercy on us both," said Branded, with a despatched gesture. "Shall an idiot woman and a blind boy rob even your father of your love?"

"They have trusted me," she answered, fixing her keen eyes upon him, "and I will not forsake them in life or death. Hast thou deserved trust better?"

Branded turned away his face and wept. At that terrible instant the door burst open, and three strangers seized him. Already unmanned, he made no resistance; and a caravan sent by judicial authority conveyed the whole family to the hall of the viceroy's deputy. There, heedless of their toilsome journey and exhausted state, the minister of justice began his investigation. A charge of murder had been lodged against Branded, and the clothes worn by the unfortunate traveller, found at the foot of a precipice, red with blood and heaped together, were displayed before him. Still he professed innocence, but with a faltering voice and unsteady eye. Thorsen, strong in benevolence and truth, had followed the prisoner's car on foot, and now presented himself at the tribunal. He produced the gold deposited in his hands, and advanced a thousand proofs of Claribell's innocence, but she maintained herself an obstinate silence. A few silver ducats found in old Holland's possession implicated him in the guilt of his kinsman; and the judge, comparing the actual evidence of Branded's conduct on the fatal night of the assassination with his present vague and incoherent statements, sentenced the whole family to imprisonment in the mine of Coulingsburgh.

Branded heard his decree in mute despair; and Claribell, clinging to her heart-broken father, fixed her eyes, dim with intense agony, on the blind boy, whose face during this ignominious trial had been hidden upon her shoulder. But when the conclusive sentence was pronounced, he raised his head and addressed the audience in a strong and clear tone.

"Norwegians! I have no home; I am an orphan and a stranger among you. Claribell

has shared her bread with me, and where she goes I will go."

"Be it so," said the judge, after a short pause, "darkness and light are alike to the blind, and he will learn to avoid guilt if he is allowed to witness its punishment."

The servants of justice advanced, expecting their superior's signal to remove the victim, but his eye was suddenly arrested. The Lady Johanna, whose chair had been brought before the tribunal, now rose from it, and stood erect, exclaiming,

"I accuse him!"

At this awful cry from lips which had never been heard to utter more than the low moan of insanity the judge shuddered, and his assistants shrank back as if the dead had spoken. The glare of her pale gray eyes, her spectre-like face, shadowed by long and loose hair, were such as a Norwegian sorceress exhibits. Raising her skeleton hands high above her head, she struck them together with a force which the hall echoed. "There was but one witness, and I go to him!" With these words, and a shrill laugh, she fell at the judge's feet, and expired.

Six years glided away; and the rigorous sentence passed on these unfortunate Norwegians had been long exerted and forgotten, when the Swedish viceroy visited the silver mines of Cronenburgh. Lighted by a thousand lamps attached to columns of the sparkling ore, he proceeded with his retinue through the principal street of the subterranean city, while the miners exhibited the various processes of their labours. But his eye seemed fixed on a bier followed by an aged man, whose shoulder bore the badge of infamy, leading on a meagre woman and a boy, whose voice mingled with the rude chant peculiar to Norwegian mourners, like the warbling of an Eolian lute among the means of a stormy wind. At this touching and unexpected sound the viceroy stopped and looked earnestly at his guide.

"It is the funeral of a convicted murderer," replied the superintendent of the miners; "and that white-haired man was his kinsman and supposed accomplice."

"The woman is his widow, then?" said the viceroy, shuddering.

"No, my lord; her imprisonment was limited to one year, but she chose to remain with her unhappy father, to prepare his food and assist in his labours: that lovely boy never leaves her side, except to sing hymns to the sick miners, who think him an angel come among us." While the humane intendant spoke

the bier approached, and the torches carried by its bearers shone on the corpse of Branda, whose uncovered countenance retained all the sullen fierceness of his character. The viceroy followed to the grave; and advancing as the body was lowered into it, said, "Peace be with the dead and with the living. All are forgiven."

The intendant of the mines, instructed by one of the viceroy's retinue, removed the fetters from Hans Hofland's ankles, and placed him with his daughter and the blind boy in the vehicle used to reach the outlet of the mine. A carriage waited to receive them, and they found themselves conveyed from the most hideous subterranean dungeon to the splendid palace of the viceroy. They were led into his cabinet, where he stood alone, not in his rich official robes, but in those he had worn at Dolstein.

"It is the traveller!" exclaimed Claribell; and Adolphus sprang into his arms.

"My son!" was all the viceroy could utter as he held him close to his heart.

"Claribell!" he added, after a few moments of agonizing joy. "I am the father of Adolphus, and the Lady Johanna was my wife. Powerful enemies compelled me to conceal even my existence; but a blessed chance enabled me to save my only son, whom I believed safe in the care of the treacherous hussar who coveted my inheritance, and hoped to destroy us both. Branda was the agent of his guilt; but fearing that his secrecy might fail, the chief traitor availed himself of his power as a judge to bury this accomplice and his innocent victim for ever. Providence saved my life from his machinations, and my sovereign has given me power sufficient to punish and reward. Your base judge is now in the prison to which he condemned your father and yourself; you, Claribell, if you can accept the master of this mansion, are now in your future home. Continue to be the second mother of Adolphus, and enoble his father by a union with your virtues."—*European Magazine*.

INSCRIPTION ON A SUN-DIAL.

Save when the Sun's resplendent ray
May gild the passing hour,
To mark the minutes on their way
I lose the ready power.

So only can that time be lost,
And called by man his own,
In which the sunbeam of the breast,
The Conscience, may have shone!

EPISTLE TO THE COUNTESS OF CUMBERLAND.-

He that of such a height hath built his mind,
And rear'd the dwelling of his thoughts so strong.
As neither fear nor hope can shake the frame
Of his resolved powers; nor all the wind
Of vanity or malice pierce to wrong
His settled peace, or to disturb the same:
What a fair seat hath he, from whence he may
The boundless wastes and wilds of man survey!

And with how free an eye doth he look down
Upon these lower regions of tarmol,
Where all the storms of passions mainly beat
On flesh and blood: where honour, power, renown,
Are only gay afflictions, golden toil;
Where greatness stands upon as feeble feet,
As frailty doth; and only great doth seem
To little minds, who do it so esteem,

He looks upon the mightiest monarch's wars,
But only as on stately robberies;
Where evermore the fortune that prevails
Must be the right: the ill-succeeding man
The fairest and the best-fa'd enterprize,
Great pirate Pompey lesser pirates quale:
Justice, he sees (as if seduced) still
Conspires with power, whose cause must not be ill.

He sees the face of right to appear as mouldfold
As are the passions of uncertain man.
Who puts it in all colours, all attires,
To serve his ends, and make his courses hold
He sees, that let descent work what it can,
Plot and contrive base ways to high desire;
That the all-guiding Providence doth yet
All disappoint, and mocks this smoke of wit.

Nor is he mov'd with all the thunder-cracks
Of tyrants' threats, or with the early bwoe
Of power, that proudly sits on others' erines:
Charg'd with more crying sins than those he chucks
The storm of all confusion, that may grow
Up in the present for the coming times,
Appal not him; that hath no side at all,
But of himself, and knows the worst can fall.

Although his heart (so near allied to earth)
Cannot but pity the perplexed state
Of troublous and distress'd mortality,
That thus make way unto the ugly birth
Of their own sorrows, and do still begot
Affliction upon imbecility:

Yet seeing thus the course of things must run,
He looks thereon not strange, but as fore-done.

And whilst distraught ambition compasses,
And is encompass'd: whilst as craft deceives,
And is deceiv'd; whilst man doth runsack man,
And builds on blood, and rises by distress;

¹ Hazlitt stated that this was one of Wollaston's favourite poems.

And th' inheritance of desolation leaves
To great expecting hopes: he looks thereon,
As from the shore of peace, with unwept eye,
And bears no venture in impurity.

SAMUEL DANIEL (born 1562; died 1619).

THE BACHELOR'S THERMOMETER.

30. Looked back, through a vista of ten years. Remembered that at twenty I looked upon a man of thirty as a middle-aged man; wondered at my error, and protracted the middle age to forty. Said to myself, "Forty is the age of wisdom." Reflected generally upon past life; wished myself twenty again; and exclaimed, "If I were but twenty, what a scholar I would be by thirty! but it's too late now." Looked in the glass; still youthful, but getting rather fat. Young says, "A fool at forty is a fool indeed;" forty, therefore, must be the age of wisdom.

31. Read in the *Morning Chronicle* that a watchmaker in Paris, aged thirty-one, had shot himself for love. More fool the watchmaker! Agreed that nobody fell in love after twenty. Quoted Sterne, "The expression *fall* in love, evidently shows love to be beneath a man." Went to Drury lane: saw Miss Crotch in Rosetta, and fell in love with her. Received her ultimatum: none but matronians need apply. Was three months making up my mind (a long time for making up such a little parcel), when Kitty Crotch eloped with Lord Buskin. Pretended to be very glad. Took three turns up and down Library, and looked in glass. Getting rather fat and florid. Met a friend in Gray's Inn, who said I was evidently in rads health. Thought the compliment ruder than the health.

32. Passion for dancing rather on the decline. Voted sitting out play and farce one of the impossibilities. Still in stage-box three nights per week. Sympathized with the public in vexation, occasioned by non-attendance the other three: can't please everybody. Began to wonder at the pleasure of kicking one's heels on a chalked floor till four in the morning. Sold bay mare, who reared at three carriages, and shook me out of the saddle. Thought saddle-making rather worse than formerly. Hair growing thin. Bought a bottle of Tricosian fluid. Menn. "a flattering unction."

33. Hair thinner. Serious thoughts of a wig. Met Colonel Buckhorse, who wears one. Devil in a bush. Serious thoughts of letting

it alone. Met a fellow Etonian in the Green Park, who told me I wore well: wondered what he could mean. Gave up cricket-club, on account of the bad air about Paddington: could not run in it without being out of breath.

34. Measured for a new coat. Tailor proposed fresh measure, hinting something about bulk. Old measure too short; parchment shrinks. Shortened my morning ride to Hampstead and Highgate, and wondered what people could see at Hendon. Determined not to marry: means expensive, end dubious. Counted eighteen bald heads in the pit at the Opera. So much the better; the more the merrier.

35. Tried on an old greatcoat, and found it an old little one; cloth shrinks as well as parchment. Red face in putting on shoes. Bought a shoe-horn. Remember quizzing my uncle George for using one: then young and foolish. Brother Charles' wife lay-in of her eighth child. Served him right for marrying at twenty-one; age of discretion too! Hunting-belts for gentlemen hung up in glover's windows. Longed to buy one, but two women in shop cheapening mittens. Three gray hairs in left eye-brow.

36. Several gray hairs in whiskers: all owing to carelessness in manufactory of shaving-soap. Remember thinking my father an old man at thirty-six. Settled the point! Men grew old sooner in former days. Laid blame upon flapped waistcoats and tie-wigs. Skated on the Serpentine. Gout. Very foolish exercise, only fit for boys. Gave skates to Charles' eldest son.

37. Fell in love again. Rather pleased to find myself not too old for the passion. Emma only nineteen. What then? Women require protectors; day settled; devilishly frightened; too late to get off. Luckily jilted. Emma married George Parker one day before me. Again determined never to marry. Turned off old tailor, and took to new one in Bond Street. Some of those fellows make a man look ten years younger. Not that that was the reason.

38. Stuck rather more to dinner-parties. Gave up country-dancing. Money-musk certainly more fatiguing than formerly. Fiddlers play it too quick. Quadrilles stealing hither over the Channel. Thought of adding to number of grave gentlemen who learn to dance. Dick Dapper dubbed me one of the over-grown. Very impertinent, and utterly untrue.

39. Quadrilles rising. Wondered sober mistresses of families would allow their carpets to be beat after that fashion. Dinner-parties

increasing. Found myself gradually *Toutineing* it towards top of table. Dreaded *Ultima Thule* of hostess's elbow. Good places for cutting turkeys; bad for cutting jokes. Wondered why I was always desired to walk up. Met two school-fellows at Pinlicoe; both fat and red-faced. Used to say at school that they were both of my age; what lies boys tell!

40. Look back ten years. Remember, at thirty, thinking forty a middle-aged man. Must have meant fifty. Fifty certainly the age of wisdom. Determined to be wise in ten years. Wished to learn music and Italian. Tried *Logier*. 'Twould not do. No defect of capacity, but those things should be learned in childhood.

41. New furnished chambers. Looked in new glass: one chin too much. Looked in other new glass; chin still double. Art of glass-making on the decline. Sold my horse, and wondered people could find any pleasure in being bumped. What were legs made for?

42. Gout again: that disease certainly attacks young people more than formerly. Caught myself at a rubber of whist, and blushed. Tried my hand at original composition, and found a hankering after epigram and satire. Wondered I could ever write love-sonnets. Imitated Horace's ode "Ne sit ancilla." Did not mean anything serious, though Susan certainly civil and attentive.

43. Bought a hunting-belt. Braced myself up till ready to burst. Intestines not to be trifled with: threw it aside. Young men now-a-days much too small in the waist. Read in *Morning Post* an advertisement "Pills to prevent Corpulence;" bought a box. Never the slimmer, though much the sicker.

44. Met Fanny Stapleton, now Mrs. Meadows, at Bullock's Museum. Twenty-five-years

old wanted to marry her. What an escape! Women certainly age much sooner than men. Charles' eldest boy began to think himself a man. Starched cravat and a cane. What presumption! At his age I was a child.

45. A few wrinkles about the eyes, commonly called crow's feet. Must have caught cold. Began to talk polities, and shirk the drawing-room. Eulogized Garrick; saw nothing in Kean. Talked of Lord North. Wondered at the Bientousness of the modern press. Why can't people be civil, like Junius and John Wilkes, in the good old times?

46. Rather on the decline, but still handsome, and interesting. Growing dislike to the company of young men: all of them talk too much or too little. Began to call chambermaids at inns "My dear." Listened to a howl from Capt. Quarrelous about family expenses, price of bread and butcher's meat. Did not care a jot if bread was a shilling a roll, and butcher's meat fifty pounds a calf. Hugged myself in "single blessedness."

47. Top of head quite bald. Pleaded Lord Grey in justification. Shook it, on reflecting that I was but three years removed from the "Age of Wisdom." Teeth sound, but not so white as heretofore. Something the matter with the dentifrice. Began to be cautious in chronology. Bad thing to remember too far back. Had serious thoughts of not remembering Miss Farren.

48. Quite settled not to remember Miss Farren. Told Laura Willis that Palmer, who died when I was nineteen, certainly did not look forty-eight.

49. Resolved never to marry for any thing but money or rank.

50. Age of wisdom. Married my cook.

JAMES SMITH.

THE SACK OF BALTIMORE.¹

[Thomas Davis, born in Ireland, 1814; died 1854. He attached himself to the "Young Ireland" party, and in 1844 contributed much fierce political prose and verse to the *Nation* newspaper. He, however,

also wrote a number of pleasing love-songs, and the following ballad will preserve his memory amongst the lovers of Irish poetry, long after his political indiscretions have been forgotten.]

The summer sun is falling soft on Carb'ry's hundred isles—
The summer sun is gleaming still through Gabriel's rough fortresses—
Old Inisherkin's crumbled fane looks like a moulting bird;
And in a calm and sleepy swell the ocean tide is heard;

¹ Baltimore is a small seaport in the barony of Carbery, in South Munster. It grew up round a castle of O'Driscoll's, and was, after his ruin, colonized by the English. On the 20th of June, 1651, the crew of two Algerine galleys landed in the dead of the night, sacked the town, and bore off into slavery all who were not too old, or too young, or too fierce for their purpose. The pirates were steered up the intricate channel by one Hackett, a Dungarvan fisherman, whom they had taken at sea for the purpose. Two years after he was convicted and executed for the crime.

The hookers lie upon the beach; the children cease their play;
The gossips leave the little inn; the households kneel to pray—
And full of love, and peace, and rest—it's daily labour o'er—
Upon that cosy creek there lay the town of Baltimore.

A deeper rest, a starry trance, has come with midnight there;
No sound except that throbbing wave in earth, or sea, or air.
The massive capes and ruined towers seem conscious of the calm;
The fibrous sod and stunted trees are breathing heavy balm.
So still the night, these two long barges, round Dunashad that glide
Must trust their oars—methinks not few—against the ebbing tide—
Oh! some sweet mission of true love must urge them to the shore—
They bring some lover to his bride, who sighs in Baltimore!

All, all asleep within each roof along that rocky street,
And these must be the lover's friends, with gently gliding feet—
A stifled gasp! a dreamy noise! “the roof is in a flame!”
From out their beds, and to their doors, rush maid, and sire, and dame—
And meet, upon the threshold stone, the gleaming sabre's fall,
And o'er each black and bearded face the white or crimson shawl—
The yell of “Allah” breaks above the prayer, and shriek, and roar—
Oh, blessed God! the Algerine is lord of Baltimore!

Then flung the youth his naked hand against the shearing sword;
Then sprung the mother on the brand with which her son was gord';
Then sunk the grand sire on the floor, his grand-babes clutching wild;
Then fled the maiden moaning faint, and nestled with the child:
But see you pirate strangled lies, and crushed with splashing heel,
While o'er him in an Irish hand there sweeps his Syrian steel—
Though virtue sink, and courage fail, and misers yield their store,
There's aye a hearth well avenged in the sack of Baltimore!

Mid-summer morn, in woodland nigh, the birds begin to sing—
They see not now the milking maids, deserted is the spring!
Mid-summer day—this gallant rides from distant Bandon's town—
These hookers crossed from stormy Skul, that skiff from Affadow;
They only found the smoking walls, with neighbours' blood besprent,
And on the strewed and trampled beach awhile they wildly went—
Then dash'd to sea, and passed Cape Cleir, and saw five leagues before
The pirate galley vanishing that ravaged Baltimore.

Oh! some must tug the galley's oar, and some must tend the steed—
This boy will bear a Scheik's chibouk, and that a Bey's jerreed.
Oh! some are for the arsenals, by beauteous Dardanelles;
And some are in the caravan to Mecca's sandy dells.
The maid that Bandon gallant sought is chosen for the Dey—
She's safe—she's dead—she stab'd him in the midst of his Serai;
And, when to die a death of fire, that noble maid they bore,
She only smiled—O'Driscoll's child—she thought of Baltimore.

Tis two long years since sunk the town beneath that bloody band,
And all around its trampled hearths a larger concourse stand,
Where, high upon a gallows tree, a yelling wretch is seen—
'Tis Hackett of Dungarvan—he who steered the Algerine!
He fell amid a sullen shout, with scarce a passing prayer,
For he had slain the kith and kin of many a hundred there—
Some muttered of MacMorrogh, who had brought the Norman o'er—
Some cur'd him with Iscariot, that day in Baltimore.

A PARABLE.

A certain hermit, not well satisfied with the administration of this world and its affairs, and the divers occurrences of Divine Providence in relation to it, resolved to quit his cell and travel abroad to view the course of things, and make what observations he could, whereby to form a judgment of what disturbed him. He had not gone above half a day's journey before he was overtaken by a young stranger, who came up to him, and joined company with him, who soon insinuated himself into the hermit's affections, that he thought himself happy in having so soon met with so agreeable a companion. As their journey lay the same way, they agreed to eat and lodge always at one house, wheresoever they came: they travelled some few days before the hermit took notice of anything that occurred worthy his observation: but at length he could not but be concerned to see, that at a house where they were very kindly and generously entertained, his fellow-traveller, with whom in this time he had contracted an endearing friendship, at his departure stole a gold cup, and took it away with him. The hermit was astonished that his friend, whom he thought a devout Christian, should be guilty of theft and ingratitude, where he had received such particular obligations: he was, however, resolved to see what his behaviour would be at other places before he inquired into it. At night they came to a house of as ill accommodation as the other was good, and where the owner was a man of so morose and inhospitable a temper, that they were a long time denied admittance, and, when received, were treated with the utmost surliness and brutality. Yet such was the different carriage of the young traveller to the morose host, that in the morning he rewarded his inhumanity with his gold cup, which he left behind him in one of the windows. The hermit was not less surprised at this sight than the former, and could not fathom the mystery of so unequal a procedure: yet he still took no notice either of one action or the other.

The next night they by agreement returned to the house from whence the cup was taken. They were treated as courteously as before, but the return for it was more shocking and astonishing; for, at their leaving the place, the hermit saw his companion privately strangle a little child as it lay in the cradle, the only child of the family, and in whom all the temporal happiness of both father and mother were centred. Notwithstanding this last action,

he prevailed with himself to contain himself another day; and at night they came to a house of the best entertainment they had met with yet, the master of it doing everything, not only to accommodate them, but to divert them, and make their stay pleasant. In the morning, as the way they were to go was intricate, he sent a faithful servant, for whom he had the greatest esteem for his fidelity, to conduct them. Thus they travelled for a while, till, coming to a bridge which crossed a deep and rapid stream, the young traveller, on a sudden, laid violent hands on the servant, and threw him over into the water and drowned him. Upon this the hermit could contain no longer, but charged his companion with ingratitude, theft, and murder; he enlarged on the heinousness of his crimes in the barbarous requitals he had made his benefactors, and concluded he was resolved to leave so vile and wicked a companion, return to his cell, and confine himself there for ever, rather than converse with mankind who committed such crimes without remorse of conscience.

But now behold as strange a sight of another kind! the young man, smiling at the honest zeal of the hermit, putting off his mortal disguise, appeared to him in the form and lustre of an angel of God, telling him he was sent to ease his mind of the perplexity and doubts he had so long laboured under, as to the Divine Providence.—What you have seen, said he, seems astonishing and unaccountable; but, in reality, nothing could be more just and equitable; which, for want of your right understanding, has been so great an offence to you. To prove this, know, that the first man from whom the cup was taken had the best compensation made for his kindnesses, the cup having occasioned great mischiefs while he had it: he is, indeed, courteous and hospitable; but has one great failing, which tarnishes those good deeds, that is, an inclination to drink more than becomes him; and especially when this cup was brought out: therefore, the best office I could do was to remove this temptation, that he might be brought to a better government of himself. When I had taken away this snare, I left it with the morose inhospitable man, as a means of his destruction, that by it he might fall into intemperance, diseases, and even death itself; for there is an enchantment in this cup, that whosoever possesses it will be in danger of being bewitched by it. But perhaps you think nothing can be said for my strangling the little innocent babe in the cradle, and in a place where I had been so civilly entertained. Know then, that this was done in great mercy

to the parents, and no real hurt to the child, who is now in happiness in heaven. This gentleman and his wife had hitherto lived in great reputation for their piety, justice, sobriety, and other Christian virtues: but, above all, their charity was eminent; divers of their sick and indigent neighbours owing their subsistence, next under God, to their munificence; but since the birth of this child, their minds have degenerated into a love of this world; they were no longer charitable, but their whole thoughts have been employed how to enrich themselves and leave a great fortune to this infant and its posterity. Hence I took this momentary life from the body of the child, that the souls of the parents might live forever: and I appeal to you if this was not the greatest act of kindness and friendship to them.—There remains one action more to defend, my destroying the servant of a gentleman, who had used me so extraordinary civil, and who professed a great esteem for his fidelity: but this was the most faithful instance of gratitude I could show to one who used me so kindly: for this servant was in fact a rogue, and had entered into a conspiracy to rob and kill his master.—Now know, that Divine Providence is just, and the ways of God are not as your ways, nor his thoughts as your thoughts; for as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are his ways higher than your ways, and his thoughts than your thoughts.

At these words he vanished, leaving the good man to meditate on what had passed, and the reasons given for it; who hereupon, transported with joy and amazement, lifted up his hands and eyes to heaven, and gave glory to God, who had delivered him from his anxiety about the ways of Divine Providence; satisfied as to the wisdom of God's dealings, and those unseen reasons for them which surpass all human conception, he returned with cheerfulness to his cell, and spent the residue of his life in piety and peace.

DR. H. MORE.¹

THE BOON OF MEMORY.

"Many things answered me."—Many, indeed, I go I go!—And must mine image fade From the green spots whereon my childhood play'd, By my own streams? Must my life part from each familiar place, As a bird's song, that leaves the woods no trace Of its lone themes?

¹ "Divine Dialogues, containing sundry Disquisitions and Instructions concerning the Attributes and Providence of God; by Henry More, D.D. London, 1688." See

Will the friend pass my dwelling, and forget
The welcomes there, the hours when we have met
In grief or glee?
All the sweet counsel, the communion high,
The kindly words of trust, in days gone by,
Pour'd full and free?

A boon, a talisman, O Memory! give
To shrine my name in hearts where I would live
For evermore!

Bid the wind speak of me, where I have dwelt,
Bid the stream's voice, of all my soul hath felt,
A thoughts restore!

In the rich rose whose bloom I loved so we I,
In the dim brooding violet of the dell,
Set deep that thought!
And let the sunset's melancholy glow,
And let the spring's first whisper, faint and low,
With me be fraught!

And Memory answer'd me—"Wild wish and vain!
I have no hues the loveliest to detain
In the heart's core:
The place they held in bosoms all their own,
Soon with new shadows fill'd, new flowers o'ergrown,
Is theirs no more!"

Hast thou such power, O Love?—And Love replied,
"It is not mine!—Pour out thy soul's full tide
Of hope and trust,
Prayer, tear, devotedness, that boon to gain—
'Tis but to write with the heart's diary rain
With words on dust!"

Song! is the gift with thee? I ask a lay,
Soft, fervent, deep, that will not pass away
From the still breast;
Fill'd with a tone—oh! not for worthless fame,
But a sweet haunting murmur of my name
When it would rest!

And Song made answer: "It is not in me,
Though call'd immortal—though my power may be
All but divine:
A place of lonely brightness I can give;—
A changeless one, when thou with Love wouldest live,
This is not mine!"

Death, Death, wilt thou the restless wish fulfil?
—And Death, the strong one, spoke:—"I can but still
Each vain regret—
What if forgotten?—All the soul would crave,
Thou too, within the mantle of the grave
Will soon forget."

Then did my soul in lone faint sadness die,
As from all nature's voices one reply,
But one, was given:
"Earth has no heart, fond dreamer! with a tone,
To give thou back the spirit of thine own—
Seek it in heaven!"

MRS. HEMANS.

ON THE WANT OF MONEY.

It is hard to be without money. To get on without it is like travelling in a foreign country without a passport—you are stopped, suspected, and made ridiculous at every turn, besides being subjected to the most serious inconveniences. The want of money I here allude to is not altogether that which arises from absolute poverty—for where there is a downright absence of the common necessities of life, this must be remedied by incessant hard labour, and the least we can receive in return is a supply of our daily wants—but that uncertain, casual, precarious mode of existence, in which the temptation to spend remains after the means are exhausted, the want of money joined with the hope and the possibility of getting it, the intermediate state of difficulty and suspense between the last guinea or shilling and the next that we may have the good luck to encounter. This gap, this unwelcome interval constantly recurring, however shabbily got over, is really full of many anxieties, misgivings, mortifications, meannesses, and deplorable embarrassments of every description. I may attempt (this essay is not a fanciful speculation) to enlarge upon a few of them.

It is hard to go without one's dinner through sheer distress, but harder still to go without one's breakfast. Upon the strength of that first and aboriginal meal one may muster courage to face the difficulties before one, and to dare the worst: but to be roused out of one's warm bed, and perhaps a profound oblivion of care, with golden dreams (for poverty does not prevent golden dreams), and told there is nothing for breakfast, is cold comfort for which one's half-strung nerves are not prepared, and throws a damp upon the prospects of the day. It is a bad beginning. A man without a breakfast is a poor creature, unfit to go in search of one, to meet the frown of the world, or to borrow a shilling of a friend. He may beg at the corner of a street—nothing is too mean for the tone of his feelings—robbing on the highway is out of the question, as requiring too much courage, and some opinion of a man's self. It is, indeed, as old Fuller, or some worthy of that age, expresses it, "the heaviest stone which melancholy can throw at a man," to learn, the first thing after he rises in the morning, or even to be dunned with it in bed, that there is no loaf, tea, or butter in the house, and that the baker, the grocer, and

butterman have refused to give any farther credit. This is taking one sadly at a disadvantage. It is striking at one's spirit and resolution in their very source—the stomach—is attacking one on the side of hunger and mortification at once; it is casting one into the very mire of humility and Slough of Despond. The worst is, to know what face to put upon the matter, what excuse to make to the servants, what answer to send to the tradespeople; whether to laugh it off, or be grave, or angry, or indifferent; in short, to know how to parry off an evil which you cannot help. What a luxury, what a God-send in such a dilemma, to find a half-crown which had slipped through a hole in the lining of your waistcoat, a crumpled bank-note in your breeches pocket, or a guinea clinking in the bottom of your trunk, which had been thoughtlessly left there out of a former leap! Vain hope! Unfounded illusion! The experienced in such matters know better, and laugh in their sleeves at so improbable a suggestion. Not a corner, not a cranny, not a pocket, not a drawer has been left unrummaged, or has not been subjected over and over again to more than the strictness of a custom-house scrutiny. Not the slightest rustle of a piece of bank-paper, not the gentlest pressure of a piece of hard metal, but would have given notice of its hiding-place with electrical rapidity, long before, in such circumstances. All the variety of pecuniary resources which form a legal tender on the current coin of the realm, are assuredly drained, exhausted to the last farthing, before this time.

But is there nothing in the house that one can turn to account? Is there not an old family watch, or piece of plate, or a ring, or some worthless trinket, that one could part with? nothing belonging to one's self or a friend, that one could raise the wind upon, till something better turns up? At this moment an old-clothes man passes, and his deep, harsh tones sound like an intended insult on one's distress, and punish the thought of applying for his assistance, as one's eye glanced furtively at an old hat or a great-coat, hung up behind a closet-door. Humiliating contemplations! Miserable uncertainty! One hesitates, and the opportunity is gone by; for without one's breakfast one has not the resolution to do anything! The late Mr. Sheridan was often reduced to this unpleasant predicament. Possibly he had little appetite for breakfast himself; but the servants complained bitterly on this head, and said that Mrs. Sheridan was sometimes kept waiting for

a couple of hours, while they had to hunt through the neighbourhood and beat up for coffee, eggs, and French rolls. The same perplexity in this instance appears to have extended to the providing for the dinner; for so sharp-set were they, that to cut short a debate with a butcher's apprentice about leaving a leg of mutton without the money, the cook clapped it into the pot: the butcher's boy, probably used to such encounters, with equal coolness took it out again, and marched off with it in his tray in triumph. It required a man to be the author of "*THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL*," to run the gauntlet of such disagreeable occurrences every hour of the day. There was one comfort, however, that poor Sheridan had: he did not foresee that Mr. Moore would write his life!¹

¹ Taylor, of the Opera-house, used to say of Sheridan, that he could not pull off his hat to him in the street without its costing him fifty pounds; and if he stopped to speak to him, it was a hundred. "No one could be a stronger instance than he was of what is called *living from hand to mouth*. He was always in want of money, though he received vast sums which he must have disbursed; and yet nobody can tell what became of them, for he paid nobody. He spent his wife's fortune (sixteen hundred pounds in a six weeks' juncture) to Bath, and returned to town as poor as a rat. Whenever he and his son were invited out into the country they always went in two post-chaises and four; he in one, and his son Tom following in another. This is the secret of those who live in a round of extravagance, and are at the same time always in debt and difficulty—they throw away all the ready money they get upon any new-fangled whim or project that comes in their way, and never think of paying off old scores, which of course accumulate to a dreadful amount. "Send gain the cap of him who makes them fire, yet keeps his book uncorrected." Sheridan once wanted to take Mrs. Sheridan in a very handsome dress down into the country, and went to Barber and Nunn's to order it, saying he must have it by such a day, but promising they should have ready money. Mrs. Barber (I think it was) made answer that the time was short, but that ready money was a very charming thing, and that he should have it. Accordingly, at the time appointed she brought the dress, which came to five-and-twenty pounds, and it was sent in to Mr. Sheridan: who sent out a Mr. Grimm (one of his jockeys) to say he admitted it exceedingly, and that he was sure Mrs. Sheridan would be delighted with it, but he was sorry to have nothing under a hundred pound bank-note in the house. She said she had come provided for such an accident, and could give change for a hundred, two hundred, or five hundred pound note, if it were necessary. Grimm then went back to his principal for further instructions: who made an excuse that he had no stamped receipt by him. For this, Mrs. B. said, she was also provided; she had brought one in her pocket. At each message, she could hear them laughing heartily in the next room at the idea of having met with their master for once; and presently after, Sheridan came out in high good humour, and paid her the amount of her bill, in ten, five, and one pounds. Once when a creditor brought him a bill for payment, which had often been pre-

The going without a dinner is another of the miseries of wanting money, though one can bear up against this calamity better than the former, which really "blights the tender blossom and promise of the day." With one good meal one may hold a parley with hunger and moralize upon temperance. One has time to turn one's-self and look about one—to "screw one's courage to the sticking-place," to graduate the scale of disappointment, and stave off appetite till supper-time. You gain time, and time in this weathercock world is everything. You may dine at two, or at six, or seven—as most convenient. You may in the meanwhile receive an invitation to dinner, or some one (not knowing how you are circumstanced) may send you a present of a haunch

scuttled before, and the man complained of its soiled and tattered state, and said he was quite ashamed to see it, "I'll tell you what I'd advise you to do with it, my friend," said Sheridan, "take it home and write it upon *payment due*!" He once mounted a horse which a horse-dealer was showing off near a coffee-house at the bottom of St. James's Street, rode it to Tattersall's and sold it, and walked quietly back to the spot from which he set out. The owner was furious, swore he would be the death of him; and, in a quarter of an hour afterwards, they were seen sitting together over a bottle of wine in the coffee-house, the horse-jockey with the tears running down his face at Sheridan's jokes, and almost ready to hug him as an honest fellow. Sheridan's house and lobby were beset with duns every morning, who were told that Mr. Sheridan was not yet up, and shown into the several rooms on each side of the entrance. As soon as he had breakfasted he asked, "Are these doors all shut, John?" and, being assured they were, marched out very deliberately between them, to the astonishment of his self-invited guests, who soon found the bird was flown. I have heard one of his old city friends declare, that such was the effect of his frank, cordial manner, and instituting elegance, that he was always afraid to go to ask him for a debt of long standing, lest he should borrow twice as much. A play had been put off one night, or a favourite actor did not appear, and the audience demanded to have their money back again; but when they came to the door, they were told by the check-takers there was no room for them, for that Mr. Sheridan had been in the meantime, and had carried off all the money in the till. He used often to get the old cobbler who kept a stall under the ruins of Drury Lane to braise a beefsteak for him, and take their dinner together. On the night that Drury Lane was burned down, Sheridan was in the House of Commons, making a speech, though he could hardly stand without leaning his hands on the table, and it was with some difficulty he was forced away, urging the plea, "What signified the concerns of a private individual, compared to the good of the state?" When he got to Covent Garden, he went into the Plaza coffee-house, to steady himself with another bottle, and then strolled out to the end of the Plaza to look at the progress of the fire. Here he was accosted by Charles Kemble and Fawcett, who complimented him on the calmness with which he seemed to regard so great a loss. He declined this praise, and said,

of vension or a brace of pheasants from the country, or a distant relation may die and leave you a legacy, or a patron may call and overwhelm you with his smiles and bounty,

"As kind as kings upon their coronation-day;"

or there is no saying what may happen. One may wait for dinner—breakfast admits of no delay, of no interval interposed between that and our first waking thoughts.¹ Besides, there are shifts and devices, shabby and mortifying enough, but still available in case of need. How many expedients are there in this great city (London), time out of mind and times without number, resorted to by the dilapidated and thrifty speculator, to get through this grand difficulty without utter failure! One may dive into a cellar, and dine on boiled beef and carrots for tenpence, with the knives and forks chained to the table, and jostled by greasy elbows that seem to make such a precaution not unnecessary (hunger is proof against indignity!)—or one may contrive to part with a superfluous article of wearing apparel, and carry home a mutton-chop and cook it in a garret; or one may drop in at a friend's at the dinner-hour, and be asked to stay or not; or one may walk out and take a turn in the Park, about the time, and return home to tea, so as at least to avoid the sting of the evil—the appearance of not having dined. You then have the laugh on your side, having deceived the gossips, and can submit to the want of a sum-

"Gentlemen, there are but three things in human life that in my opinion ought to disturb a wise man's patience. The first of these is bodily pain, and that (whatever the ancient Stoics may have said to the contrary) is too much for any man to bear without flinching: this I have felt severely, and I know it to be the case. The second is the loss of a friend whom you have dearly loved; that, gentlemen, is a great evil: this I have also felt, and I know it to be too much for any man's fortitude. And the third is the consciousness of having done an unjust action. That, gentlemen, is a great evil, a very great evil, too much for any man to endure the reflection of; but that" (laying his hand upon his heart), "but that, thank God, I have never felt!" I have been told that these were nearly the very words, except that he appealed to the men present very emphatically three or four times over, by an excellent authority, Mr. Matthews the player, who was on the spot at the time, a gentleman whom the public admired deservedly, but with whose real talents and nice discrimination of character his friends only were acquainted. Sheridan's reply to the watchman who had picked him up in the street, and who wanted to know who he was, "I am Mr. Wilberforce!" is well known, and shows that, however frequently he might be at a loss for money, he never wanted wit!

¹ In Scotland, it seems, the draught of ale or whisky with which you commence the day is emphatically called "taking your morning."

tuous repast without murmuring, having saved your pride, and made a virtue of necessity. I say all this may be done by a man without a family (for what business has a man without money with one?—See *English Malthus and Scottish Macculloch*)—and it is only my intention here to bring forward such instances of the want of money as are tolerable both in theory and practice. I once lived on coffee (as an experiment) for a fortnight together, while I was finishing the copy of a half-length portrait of a Manchester manufacturer, who had died worth a plum. I rather slurred over the coat, which was a reddish brown, "of formal cut," to receive my five guineas, with which I went to market myself, and dined on sausages and mashed potatoes, and while they were getting ready, and I could hear them hissing in the pan, read a volume of *Oil Blas*, containing the account of the fair Aurora. This was in the days of my youth. Gentle reader, do not smile. Neither Monsieur de Very, nor Louis XVIII., over an oyster-pate, nor Apicius himself, ever understood the meaning of the word *luxury* better than I did at that moment! If the want of money has its drawbacks and disadvantages, it is not without its contrasts and counterbalancing effects, for which I fear nothing else can make us amends. Amelin's *hashed mutton* is immortal; and there is something amusing, though carried to excess and caricature (which is very unusual with the author), in the contrivances of old Caleb, in *The Bride of Lammermuir*, for raising the wind at breakfast, dinner, and supper time.

I recollect a ludicrous instance of a disappointment in a dinner which happened to a person of my acquaintance some years ago. He was not only poor, but a very poor creature, as will be imagined. His wife had laid by fourpence (their whole remaining stock) to pay for the baking of a shoulder of mutton and potatoes, which they had in the house, and on her return home from some errand she found he had expended it in purchasing a new string for a guitar. On this occasion a witty friend quoted the lines from Milton:

"And ever against eating care,
Wrap me in soft Lydian airs!"

Defoe, in his *Life of Colonel Jack*, gives a striking picture of his young beggarly hero sitting with his companion for the first time in his life at a threepenny ordinary, and the delight with which he relished the hot smoking soup, and the airs with which he called about him—"and every time," he says, "we called

for bread, or beer, or whatever it might be, the waiter answered, 'Coming, gentlemen, coming;' and this delighted me more than all the rest!" It was about this time, as the same pithy author expresses it, "the colonel took upon him to wear a shirt!" Nothing can be finer than the whole of the feeling conveyed in the commencement of this novel, about wealth and finery from the immediate contrast of privation and poverty. One would think it a labour, like the tower of Babel, to build up a beau and a fine gentleman about town. The little vagabond's admiration of the old man at the banking-house, who sits surrounded by heaps of gold as if it were a dream of poetic vision, and his own eager, anxious visits, day by day, to the hoard he had deposited in the hollow tree, are in the very foremost style of truth and nature. See the same intense feeling expressed in Luke's address to his riches in the *City Madam*, and in the extraordinary raptures of the "Spanish Rogue" in contemplating and hugging his ingots of pure gold and Spanish pieces of eight: to which Mr. Lamb has referred in excuse for the rhapsodies of some of our elder poets on this subject, which to our present more refined and tamer apprehensions sound like blasphemy.¹ In earlier times, before the diffusion of luxury, of knowledge, and other sources of enjoyment had become common, and acted as a diversion to the cravings of avarice, the passionate admiration, the idolatry, the hunger and thirst of wealth and all its precious symbols, was a kind of madness or hallucination, and Mammon was truly worshipped as a god!

It is among the miseries of the want of money, not to be able to pay your reckoning at an inn—or, if you have just enough to do that, to have nothing left for the waiter;—to be stopped at a turnpike gate, and forced to turn back;—not to venture to call a hackney-coach in a shower of rain—(when you have only one shilling left yourself, it is a bore to have it taken out of your pocket by a friend, who comes into your house eating peaches on a hot summer's-day, and desiring you to pay for the coach in which he visits you);—not to be able to purchase a lottery-ticket by which you might make your fortune, and get out of all your difficulties;—or to find a letter lying for you at a country post-office, and not to have money in your pocket to free it, and be obliged to return for it the next day. The letter so unseasonably withheld may be sup-

posed to contain money, and in this case there is a foretaste, a sort of actual possession taken through the thin folds of the paper and the wax, which in some measure indemnifies us for the delay: the bank-note, the post-bill seems to smile upon us, and shake hands through its prison bars;—or it may be a love-letter, and then the tantalization is at its height; to be deprived in this manner of the only consolation that can make us amends for the want of money, by this very want—to fancy you can see the name—to try to get a peep at the hand-writing—to touch the seal, and yet not dare to break it open—is provoking indeed—the climax of amorous and gentlemanly distress.

Players are sometimes reduced to great extremity, by the seizure of their scenes and dresses, or (what is called) the *property of the theatre*, which hinders them from acting; as authors are prevented from finishing a work for want of money to buy the books necessary to be consulted on some material point or circumstance, in the progress of it. There is a set of poor devils, who live upon a printed *prospectus* of a work that never will be written, for which they solicit your name and half-a-crown. Decayed actresses take an annual benefit at one of the theatres; there are patriots who live upon periodical subscriptions, and critics who go about the country lecturing on poetry. I confess I envy none of these; but there are persons who, provided they can live, care not how they live—who are fond of display, even when it implies exposure; who court notoriety under every shape, and embrace the public with demonstrations of wantonness. There are genteel beggars, who send up a well-penned epistle requesting the loan of a shilling. Your snug bachelors and retired old-maids pretend they can distinguish the knock of one of these at their door. I scarce know which I dislike the most—the patronage that affects to bring premature genius into notice, or that extends its piecemeal formal charity towards it in its decline. I hate your Literary Funds, and Funds for Decayed Artists—they are corporations for the encouragement of meanness, pretence, and insolence. Of all people, I cannot tell how it is, but players appear to me the best able to do without money. They are a privileged class. If not exempt from the common calls of necessity and business, they are enabled "by their so potent art" to soar above them. As they make imaginary ills their own, real ones become imaginary, sit light upon them, and are thrown off with comparatively little trouble. Their life is theat-

¹ Shylock's lamentation over the loss of "his daughter and his ducats," is another case in point.

rical—its various accidents are the shifting scenes of a play—rags and finery, tears and laughter, a mock-dinner or a real one, a crown of jewels or of straw, are to them nearly the same. I am sorry I cannot carry on this reasoning to actors who are past their prime. The gilding of their profession is then worn off, and shows the false metal beneath; vanity and hope (the props of their existence) have had their day; their former gaiety and carelessness serve as a foil to their present discouragements; and want and infirmities press upon them at once. "We know what we are," as Ophelia says, "but we know not what we shall be."

A workhouse seems the last resort of poverty and distress—a *parish-pauper* is another name for all that is mean and to be deprecated in human existence. But that name is but an abstraction, an average term—"within that lowest deep, a lower deep may open to receive us." I heard not long ago of a poor man, who had been for many years a respectable tradesman in London, and who was compelled to take shelter in one of those receptacles of age and wretchedness, and who said he could be contented with it—he had his regular meals, a nook in the chimney, and a coat to his back—but he was forced to lie three in a bed, and one of the three was out of his mind and crazy, and his great delight was, when the others fell asleep, to tweak their noses, and flourish his night-cap over their heads, so that they were obliged to lie awake, and hold him down between them. One should be quite mad to bear this. To what point of insignificance may not human life dwindle! To what fine, agonizing threads will it not cling! Yet this man had been a lover in his youth, in a humble way, and still begins his letters to an old-maid (his former flame), who sometimes comforts him by listening to his complaints, and treating him to a dish of weak tea, "MY DEAR MISS NANCY!"

Another of the greatest miseries of a want of money is the tap of a dun at your door, or the previous silence when you expect it—the uneasy sense of shame at the approach of your tormentor; the wish to meet, and yet to shun the encounter; the disposition to bully; the fear of irritating; the real and the sham excuses; the submission to impertinence; the assurances of a speedy supply; the disingenuousness you practise on him and on yourself; the degradation in the eyes of others and your own. Oh! it is wretched to have to confront a just and oft-repeated demand, and to be without the means to satisfy it; to deceive the

confidence that has been placed in you; to forfeit your credit; to be placed at the power of another, to be indebted to his lenity; to stand convicted of having played the knave or the fool; and to have no way left to escape contempt but by incurring pity. The suddenly meeting a creditor on turning the corner of a street, whom you have been trying to avoid for months, and had persuaded you were several hundred miles off, discomposes the features and shatters the nerves for some time. It is also a serious annoyance to be unable to repay a loan to a friend, who is in want of it—nor is it very pleasant to be so hard-run, as to be induced to request the repayment. It is difficult to decide the preference between debts of honour and legal demands; both are bad enough, and almost a fair excuse for driving any one into the hands of money-lenders—to whom an application, if successful, is accompanied with a sense of being in the vulture's grip—a reflection akin to that of those who formerly sold themselves to the devil—or, if unsuccessful, is rendered doubly galling by the smooth, civil leer of cool contempt with which you are dismissed, as if they had escaped from your clutches—not you from theirs. If anything can be added to the mortification and distress arising from straitened circumstances, it is when vanity comes in to harb the dart of poverty—when you have a picture on which you had calculated, rejected from an exhibition, or a manuscript returned on your hands, or a tragedy damned, at the very instant when your cash and credit are at the lowest ebb. This forlorn and helpless feeling has reached its *acme* in the prison scene in Hogarth's *RAKE'S PROGRESS*, where his unfortunate hero has just dropped the manager's letter from his hands, with the laconic answer written in it:—"Your play has been read, and won't do."¹

To feel poverty is bad; but to feel it with the additional sense of our incapacity to shake it off, and that we have not merit enough to retrieve our circumstances—and, instead of being held up to admiration, are exposed to persecution and insult—is the last stage of human infirmity. My friend, Mr. Leigh Hunt (no one is better qualified than he to judge) thinks that the most pathetic story in the world is that of Smollett's fine gentleman and lady in jail, who have been roughly handled by the mob for some paltry attempt at raising the wind, and she exclaims in ex-

¹ It is provoking enough, and makes one look like a fool, to receive a printed notice of a blank in the last lottery, with a postscript hoping for your future favour,

tenniation of the pitiful figure he cuts, "Ah! he was a fine fellow once!"

It is justly remarked by the poet, that poverty has no greater inconvenience attached to it than that of making men ridiculous. It not only has this disadvantage with respect to ourselves, but it often shows us others in a very contemptible point of view. People are not soured by misfortune, but by the reception they meet with in it. When we do not want assistance, every one is ready to obtrude it on us, as if it were advice. If we do, they shun us instantly. They anticipate the increased demand on their sympathy or bounty, and escape from it as from a falling house. It is a mistake, however, that we court the society of the rich and prosperous merely with a view to what we can get from them. We do so, because there is something in external rank and splendour that gratifies and imposes on the imagination; just as we prefer the company of those who are in good health and spirits to that of the sickly and hypochondriacal, or as we would rather converse with a beautiful woman than with an ugly one. I never knew but one man who would lend his money freely and fearlessly in spite of circumstances (if you were likely to pay him, he grew peevish, and would pick a quarrel with you). I can only account for this from a certain sanguine buoyancy and magnificence of spirit, not deterred by distant consequences, or damped by untoward appearances. I have been told by those who shared of the same bounty, that it was not owing to generosity, but ostentation—if so, he kept his ostentation a secret from me, for I never received a hint or a look from which I could infer that I was not the lender, and he the person obliged. Neither was I expected to keep in the back-ground or play an under-part. On the contrary, I was encouraged to do my best; my dormant faculties roused, the ease of my circumstances was on condition of the freedom and independence of my mind, my lucky hits were applauded, and I was paid to shine. I am not ashamed of such patronage as this, nor do I regret any circumstance relating to it but its termination. People endure existence even in Paris: the rows of chairs on the Boulevards are gay with smiles and dress; the saloons, they say, are brilliant; at the theatre there is Mademoiselle Mars—what is all this to me? After a certain period, we live only in the past. Give me back one single evening at Boxhill, after a stroll in the deep-empurpled woods, before Bonaparte was yet beaten, "with wine of attic taste," when wit, beauty, friendship presided at the board! Oh no! Neither

the time nor friends that are fled can be recalled!—Poverty is the test of sincerity, the touchstone of civility. Even abroad, they treat you sourly if your remittances do not arrive regularly, and though you have hitherto lived like a *Milord Anglais*. The want of money loses us friends not worth the keeping, mistresses who are naturally jilts or coquettes; it cuts us out of society, to which dress and equipage are the only introduction; and deprives us of a number of luxuries and advantages of which the only good is, that they can only belong to the possessors of a large fortune. Many people are wretched because they have not money to buy a fine horse, or to hire a fine house, or to keep a carriage, or to purchase a diamond necklace, or to go to race-ball, or to give their servants new liveries. I cannot myself enter into all this. If I can *live to think, and think to live*, I am satisfied. Some want to possess pictures, others to collect libraries. All I wish is, sometimes to see the one and read the other. Gray was mortified because he had not a hundred pounds to bid for a curious library; and the Duchess of —— has immortalized herself by her liberality on that occasion, and by the handsome compliment she addressed to the poet, that "if it afforded him any satisfaction, she had been more than paid, by her pleasure in reading the *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*."

Literally and truly, one cannot get on well in the world without money. To be in want of money is to pass through life with little credit or pleasure; it is to live out of the world, or to be despised if you come into it; it is not to be sent for to court, or asked out to dinner, or noticed in the street; it is not to have your opinion consulted or else rejected with contempt, to have your acquirements carp'd at and doubted, your good things disparaged, and at last to lose the wit and the spirit to say them; it is to be scrutinized by strangers, and neglected by friends; it is to be a thrall to circumstances, an exile in a foreign land; to foreign leisure, freedom, ease of body and mind, to be dependent on the good-will and caprice of others, to earn a precarious and irksome livelihood by some laborious employment: it is to be compelled to stand behind a counter, or to sit at a desk in some public office, or to marry your landlady, or not the person you would wish; or to go out to the East or West Indies, or to get a situation as judge abroad, and to return home with a liver complaint; or to be a law-stationer, or a scrivener or scavenger, or newspaper reporter; or to read law and sit in court without a brief, or be deprived of the

use of your fingers by transcribing Greek manuscripts, or to be a seal engraver and pore yourself blind; or to go upon the stage, or try some of the fine arts; with all your pains, anxiety, and hopes, most probably to fail; or, if you succeed, after the exertions of years, and undergoing constant distress of mind and fortune, to be assailed on every side with envy, back-biting, and falsehood, or to be a favourite with the public for a while, and then thrown into the back-ground—or a jail, by the fickleness of taste and some new favourite; to be full of enthusiasm and extravagance in youth, of chagrin and disappointment in after-life; to be jostled by the rabble because you do not ride in your coach, or avoided by those who know your worth and shrink from it as a claim on their respect or their purse; to be a burden to your relations, or unable to do anything for them; to be ashamed to venture into crowds; to have cold comfort at home; to lose by degrees your confidence and any talent you might possess; to grow crabbed, morose, and querulous, dissatisfied with every one, but most so with yourself; and plagued out of your life, to look about for a place to die in, and quit the world without any one's asking after your will. The *weezares* will possibly, however, crowd round your coffin, and raise a monument at a considerable expense, and after a lapse of time, to commemorate your genius and your misfortunes!

The only reason why I am disposed to envy the professions of the church or army is, that men can afford to be poor in them without being subjected to insult. A girl with a handsome fortune in a country town may marry a poor lieutenant without degrading herself. An officer is always a gentleman; a clergyman is something more. *Richard's* book *On the Contempt of the Clergy* is unfounded. It is surely sufficient for any set of individuals raised above actual want, that their characters are not merely respectable, but sacred. Poverty, when it is voluntary, is never despicable, but takes an heroic aspect. What are the begging friars? Have they not put their bare feet upon the necks of princes? Money as a luxury is valuable only as a passport to respect. It is one instrument of power. Where there are other admitted and ostensible claims to this, it becomes superfluous, and the neglect of it is even admired and looked up to as a mark of superiority over it. Even a strolling beggar is a popular character, who makes an open profession of his craft and calling, and who is neither worth a doit nor in want of one. The Scots are proverbially poor and proud: we

know they can remedy their poverty when they set about it. No one is sorry for them. The French emigrants were formerly peculiarly situated in England. The priests were obnoxious to the common people on account of their religion; both they and the nobles, for their politics. Their poverty and dirt subjected them to many rebuffs; but their privations being voluntarily incurred, and also borne with the characteristic patience and good-humour of the nation, screened them from contempt. I little thought, when I used to meet them walking out in the summer evenings at Somers' Town, in their long great-coats, their beards covered with snuff, and their eyes gleaming with mingled hope and regret in the rays of the setting sun, and regarded them with pity bordering on respect, as the last filmy vestige of the ancient regime, as shadows of loyalty and superstition still flitting about the earth and shortly to disappear from it for ever, that they would one day return over the bleeding corpse of their country, and sit like harpies, a polluted triumph, over the tomb of human liberty! To be a lord, a papist, and poor, is perhaps to some temperaments a consummation devoutly to be wished. There is all the subdued splendour of external rank, the pride of self-opinion, irritated and gonded on by petty privations and vulgar obloquy to a degree of morbid acuteness. Private and public annoyances must perpetually remind him of what he is, of what his ancestors were (a circumstance which might otherwise be forgotten); must narrow the circle of conscious dignity more and more, and the sense of personal worth and pretension must be exalted by habit and contrast into a refined abstraction—"pure in the last recesses of the mind"—unmixed with, or unalloyed by "baser matter!"—It was an hypothesis of the late Mr. Thomas Wedgwood, that there is a principle of compensation in the human mind, which equalizes all situations, and by which the absence of anything only gives us a more intense and intimate perception of the reality; that insult adds to pride, that pain looks forward to ease with delight, that hunger already enjoys the unsavoury morsel that is to save it from perishing, that want is surrounded with imaginary riches, like the poor poet in Hogarth, who has a map of the mines of Peru hanging on his garret walls; in short, that "we can hold a fire in our hand by thinking on the frosty Caucasus"—but this hypothesis, though ingenious and to a certain point true, is to be admitted only in a limited and qualified sense.

There are two classes of people that I have observed who are not so distinct as might be imagined—those who cannot keep their own money in their hands, and those who cannot keep their hands from other people's. The first are always in want of money, though they do not know what they do with it. They *mislead* it away, without method or object, and without having anything to show for it. They have not, for instance, a fine house, but they hire two houses at a time; they have not a hot-house in their garden, but a shrubbery within doors; they do not gamble, but they purchase a library, and dispose of it when they move house. A princely benefactor provides them with lodgings, where, for a time, you are sure to find them at home; and they furnish them in a handsome style for those who are to come after them. With all this sieve-like economy they can only afford a leg of mutton and a bottle of wine, and are glad to get a lift in a common stage; whereas with a little management and the same disbursements, they might entertain a round of company and drive a smart tilbury. But they set no value upon money, and throw it away on any object or in any manner that first presents itself, merely to have it off their hands, so that you wonder what has become of it. The second class above spoken of not only make away with what belongs to themselves, but you cannot keep anything you have from their rapacious grasp. If you refuse to lend them what you want, they insist that you *must*; if you let them have anything to take charge of for a time (a print or a bust) they swear that you have given it them, and that they have too great a regard for the donor ever to part with it. You express surprise at their having run so largely in debt; but where is the singularity while others continue to lend? And how is this to be helped, when the manner of these sturdy beggars amounts to dragging you out of your money, and they will not go away without your purse, any more than if they came with a pistol in their hand. If a person has no delicacy, he has you in his power, for you necessarily feel some towards him; and since he will take no denial, you must comply with his peremptory demands, or send for a constable, which out of respect for his character you will not do. These persons are also poor—*light come, light go*—and the bubble bursts at last. Yet if they had employed the same time and pains in any laudable art or study that they have in raising a surreptitious livelihood, they would have been respectable, if not rich. It is their facility in bor-

rowing money that has ruined them. No one will set heartily to work who has the face to enter a strange house, ask the master of it for a considerable loan, on some plausible and pompous pretext, and walk off with it in his pocket. You might as well suspect a highwayman of addicting himself to hard study in the intervals of his profession.

There is only one other class of persons I can think of in connection with the subject of this essay—those who are always in want of money from the want of spirit to make use of it. Such persons are perhaps more to be pitied than all the rest. They live in want, in the midst of plenty, dare not touch what belongs to them, are afraid to say that their soul is their own, have their wealth locked up from them by fear and meanness as effectually as by bolts and bars, scarcely allow themselves a coat to their backs or a morsel to eat, are in dread of coming to the parish all their lives, and are not sorry, when they die, to think that they shall no longer be an expense to themselves—according to the old epigram:

"Here lies Father Charges,
Who died to save charges!"

WILLIAM HAZLITT

PET'S PUNISHMENTS.

O if my love offended me,
And we had words together,
To show her I would master her,
I'd whip her with a feather.

If then she, like a naughty girl,
Would tyranny declare it,
I'd give my love a cross of pearl,
And make her always bear it.

If still she tried to sulk and sigh,
And threw away my posies,
I'd catch my darling on the sly,
And smother her with roses!

But should she clench her dimpled fists,
Or contradict her betters,
I'd manacle her tiny wrists
With dainty golden fetters!

And if she dared her lips to pout,
Like many pert young misses,
I'd wind my arm her waist about
And punish her with kisses!

J. ASHBY-STERREY

THE POET'S COURTSHIP.

I play'd a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song, that suited well
That rain wild and hoary.

She listen'd, with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
For well she knew I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the knight who wore
Upon his shield a burning brand;
And that for ten long years he woos'd
The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined; and, ah!
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love
Interpreted my own.

But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed that bold and lovely knight;
And that he cross'd the mountain woods,
Nor rested day nor night.

And that, unknowing what he did,
He leap'd amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
The Lady of the Land.

And that she nursed him in a cave,
And how his madness went away,
When, on the yellow forest leaves,
A dying man he lay.

His dying words—but when I reach'd
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturb'd her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrill'd my guileless Genevieve;
The music, and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hopes,
An undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherish'd long!

She wept with pity and delight;
She blush'd with love and virgin shame;
And, like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

She half inclosed me with her arms,
She press'd me with a meek embrace;
And, bending back her head, look'd up
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel than see
The beatings of her heart.

CONTINUATION

THE ANGEL AND THE CHILD.

FROM JEAN REBOUL, THE BAKER OF NISMES.

An angel with a radiant face
Above a cradle bent to look,
Seemed his own image there to trace,
As in the waters of a brook.

"Dear child! who me resemblest so,"
It whispered, "Come, O come with me!
Happy together let us go,
The earth unworthy is of thee!"

"Here none to perfect bliss attain;
The soul in pleasure suffering lies;
Joy hath an undertone of pain,
And even the happiest hours their sighs.

"Fear doth at every portal knock;
Never a day serene and pure
From the overshadowing tempest's shock,
Hath made the morrow's dawn secure.

"What, then, shall sorrows and shall fears
Come to disturb so pure a brow?
And with a bitterness of tears
These eyes of azure troubled grow?

"Ah no! into the fields of space,
Away shalt thou escape with me;
And Providence will grant thee grace
Of all the days that were to be.

"Let no one in thy dwelling cower,
In sombre vestments draped and veiled;
But let them welcome thy last hour,
As thy first moments once they hailed.

"Without a cloud be there each brow;
There let the grave no shadow cast;
When one is pure as thou art now,
The fairest day is still the last."

And waving wide his wings of white,
The angel, at these words, had sped
Towards the eternal realms of light:
Poor mother! see, thy son is dead!

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

GASCON STORIES.

I.

BERNADOTTE; OR, WHITE HANDS.

A man and his wife had an only daughter, and they were so proud of her that she had scarcely come into the world when they began to think about her marriage. The man, labouring with the greatest perseverance, sought to accumulate for her one of those attractive dowries which fascinate rich young bachelors; the wife seconded his efforts so courageously, grubbing in the ground all day, and stitching all night, constantly preparing the bride's outfit, that she fell sick and died, not being willing to call in the doctor, that she might save the cost of the remedies.

Father Hugh, left alone with his daughter, was only the more anxious to have a son-in-law, some sturdy labourer possessing a competence, one who would insure both the prosperity of his house and the happiness of his beloved Bernadotte.

When she got to be eighteen years of age there was no lack of suitors. Father Hugh owed to his avarice the reputation of a man in easy circumstances, one who had cleverly turned his pennies to account by making short loans at a rate of interest not sanctioned by the Code; but all young men wishing to marry took very good care not to reproach him with an infraction of the statute; the sin would remain with the father-in-law and the profits with the grandchildren, so they rubbed their hands and repeated the proverb: "Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good!"

Bernadotte, worthy of her sive in economy and in activity, trudged to town every forenoon to sell her chickens, eggs, and fruit. She frequently encountered young Micouet, the ploughman, who would drive up his oxen to the end of the furrow by the roadside and keep them standing a long time to bid the young girl good-morning, and chat with her about the rain, and the fine weather, and the chickens, and the cows, and the growing corn, and the beans that were about drying. Bernadotte, no matter what might be her haste to get to market, always had a few moments to spare for her talkative friend, and even after leaving him to go back repeatedly to answer, as far as he could make her hear them, the last kind words which he sent after her over the hedge.

Arrived at the market-place, the first cus-

tomer whom Bernadotte usually found there was the young baker, Casterez, who, under the pretext of examining her eggs and fruit, prolonged the conversation a full hour, praising the bright feathers of the chickens, their remarkable plumpness, and bestowing a thousand compliments upon the clever housekeeper who knew how to get them into such nice condition. Passing from words to acts, he would bargain for the entire lot, appear perfectly satisfied with the price, and carry the basket off to his shop, where the fair merchant always found some refreshment and a couple of nice tarts garnished with sweetmeats.

Bernadotte, on returning home from market lightened of her load, passed before the shop of the hairdresser Firmin, a young dandy as frizzled and smoothly shaved as the little Saint John in the procession of the Fête-Dieu. Monsieur Firmin had just completed his tour through France, as stated on a handsome sign in big letters adorned with a pair of scissors and a razor, after the fashion of a heraldic shield stamped with a double device. "Heigh! Bernadotte," exclaimed the artistic barber, "have you any eggs to sell me to-day?" Bernadotte nodded affirmatively. She had been careful to conceal a dozen from the wholesale buyer Casterez, purposely to have some left for Monsieur Firmin. Prudence is the mother of certainty. Micouet was undoubtedly very attentive, Casterez very devoted, but Monsieur Firmin was no less agreeable, and nobody knew what might happen.

The eggs were accordingly handed to Monsieur Firmin, who found their freshness quite worthy of her who brought them. Far from attempting to abate the price, he added to the money he gave her a small flask of lavender water or a cake of scented soap. He wanted to know how Father Hugh was, and all about Braguette, the cow whose excellent milk maintained the rosy hue of the milker's cheeks, and about the sheep providing the wool with which to knit those pretty stockings so snugly fitting those little feet. Monsieur Firman, in his tour through France, had become very impudent; his presumption might have offended the young rustic had not her interests obliged her to dissimulate and to be somewhat tolerant. He asked her to bring him eggs the next day, butter every time she emptied her churn; and notwithstanding his impertinence, a fault in young men which young girls often complain of to satisfy their consciences, Bernadotte found the hairdresser quite as agreeable as he was attentive.

Micoutet, the ploughman, daily in the field, no matter what might be the state of the weather, and at the earliest hour, because he could not sleep in his anxiety to see daylight and Bernadotte, became so worn out by this way of living that he resolved to get back both his sleep and his usual tranquillity. He betook himself to the house of the father of her who had robbed him of his repose, and, cap in hand, with downcast eyes and a stammering voice, spoke to him a long time about Bernadotte, praising her vigorous arms, made for work, and the good health apparent in every form and feature, and finally demanded her hand.

Father Hugh did not say yes, and still less no. He knew the full value of those little words of few letters; like his coins, he would not let them go without certain guarantees of their being properly placed. He put off the young man to the following Sunday, and meanwhile communicated the proposal to his daughter.

"Micoutet is a very nice young man," said Bernadotte. "I stop and talk with him every morning on passing his farm. He has fine oxen, good fields, and an excellent vineyard. Casterez, the baker, however, appears also to good advantage; would it not be well?"

"Casterez the baker!" replied Father Hugh, in a reflective mood. "By our Lady, there is always bread on a baker's counter!"

"And tarts on the dinner-table!" added Bernadotte.

"I will find out, my child, what the baker means before deciding."

"His meaning, father, is plain enough. He buys every morning all that I take to town, and without higgling about the price, please you. If I were to ask him double, he would not make the slightest objection."

"Without higgling about the price!" repeated Father Hugh, who did not do business in that fashion. "That young fellow is very much smitten. We will look into the matter, Bernadotte; and if his granary and his purse are as well stocked with flour and cash as his heart seems to be with love, we will try to make some arrangement."

Father Hugh strode off to town to see the baker, who, delighted with this proceeding, showed himself deeply enamoured.

"Which of the two?" exclaimed Father Hugh to himself. "The thing works well. We will set them to competing; goods in demand increase in value."

He returned home, and, communicating the baker's sentiments to his daughter, promised

her to decide quickly which of the two it would be best for her to marry.

"The baker is a very nice young man," added Bernadotte, the same as she had said of the ploughman Micoutet, "but there is another, the hairdresser Firmin. He buys something of me every day, and keeps me an hour talking about his tour through France, the yarn my stockings are made of, and my good milch-cow. He assures me that he has never seen any one more engaging than she whom he has the pleasure of looking at when he looks at me."

"The compliments of a barber!" interposed Father Hugh. "Everybody knows what they are worth. No matter, the affair progresses; competition among three makes the profit all the greater. We will see the hairdresser, my dear, and find out what to expect from his admiration."

Hugh again returned to town, where he had an interview with Monsieur Firmin; and as he knew that the larger the company of buyers the more active the bidding, he invited each of the competitors to come to his house the following Sunday after mass.

"Humph!" he muttered to himself, as he canvassed the situation, "the ploughman courts my daughter, but without neglecting his work or spending a farthing; the baker is doing the same thing, loitering about the market-place, and spending his money to win the saleswoman; the barber overwhelms Bernadotte with fulsome compliments and trifling presents. There is no hurry. Things can be cleared up, and the characters of these gallants tested, to make them solve one of my riddles."

When Sunday came, Bernadotte made herself look as beautiful as the virgin queen of a May-day festival; she put on her best starched muslin cap, calico petticoat, red cotton handkerchief, and morocco shoes, and awaited the appearance of her three suitors, whom, on presenting themselves, the father welcomed in these terms:

"You three wish to provide a husband for my daughter, and you all cherish the same object. As custom obliges her to reject two in the selection of one, she must proceed cautiously in this ever-uncertain lottery. Every scholar who goes to college passes five or six years in ascertaining whether he will wear the uniform of a soldier, the robe of a lawyer, or that of a doctor. A young girl may be excused if she asks eight days to decide what kind of a noose she will put round her neck. Come back here next Sunday, my friends, in your

best attire; I am a little particular, in the interest of my dear Bernadotte, and I have always felt somewhat superstitious in the matter of tidiness. You must not be surprised if you see me give my daughter to the one who shall show me the whitest hands."

Micouet was almost ready to die with grief; working in the fields had made his skin drier than so much pumice-stone. The baker and the barber, on the contrary, always working in butter or soap, had hands as soft as the satin folds of a duchess's gown.

The poor rustic felt that he was set aside, regarding the forthcoming struggle as calculated for only city gallants. The latter, animated by equally well-founded hopes, spent the week in getting their hands in proper condition, using unguents of the most mollifying character, and they became as fragrant and as white as possible, which stimulated their pride to the highest degree.

Micouet had not even the courage to wash his hands in the brook, so inferior did he regard himself to these town gentilys. His grandfather Simon, who was covertly regarding him through his white eyelashes, comprehended his embarrassment and came to his assistance.

"Micouet, my boy," said he, handing him a little gray bag covered with dust, "put that in your pocket and keep your appointment at Father Hugh's. When the time comes to show your hands, plunge them into this bag and fill them with the unguent it contains."

"But my skin is as dark and coarse as the bark of an old oak-tree. How can you?"

"Follow my advice, my boy. The wash-ball I give you is so efficacious, the most obdurate spots will not resist its action. Its use is of very ancient date, and time has not diminished its virtue."

Micouet took the soap-bag and resorted to Bernadotte's house. The baker and the barber were not far behind him.

Casterez first showed his fingers; they were whiter than the blossom of the dog-rose. The hairdresser then displayed his, and they looked as fresh as a lily but just in bloom. It now came Micouet's turn. Firmin and Casterez began to laugh as he drew his huge hands from his pocket and held them forth, when Father Hugh uttered a cry of admiration, for they were filled with bright and beautiful gold crowns.

"Aha! my boy, that is the real durable whiteness which I love. Bernadotte is yours, for you have courted her without quitting your field, and you know the whiteness the most agreeable in the hands of a son-in-law."

The two abashed and mute town candidates returned to their shops with their ears hanging lower than those of a hound after losing a hare. Bernadotte and Micouet good-naturedly invited them to their wedding, and they had wit enough to go, as townsmen scarcely ever neglect to enjoy what is good in the dwelling of a disdained peasant. The happy couple, happy as everybody is with as much money as good temper, laboured throughout their lives to swell the contents of the soap-bag, the gift of their venerable grandfather.

II.

CLAIRETTE; OR, THE HUSBAND-HUNTER.

Clairette lost her father and her mother when she was but thirteen years of age. She was a good-natured girl, but had rather a flighty head, and always looked at things upon the surface, and took very little pains to get at the sense which lay hidden beneath them. She accordingly allowed her uncle and guardian to neglect her property, paying no attention to it, and liked better to frequent fairs, markets, the festivals of patron saints, and to enjoy Sunday amusements, rather than to hoe in her fields, spade up her garden, and lead her sheep to the pasture.

Clairette was by no means indolent or inactive; she would pass an hour every morning dressing herself, and two more during the day smoothing her ribbons, doing up her scarfs, and putting away her skirts. After this came a walk here and a promenade there, so that the poor child had not a moment to spare. To make amends she had several nice companions—how many one has at her age! The child seems to make stores of friends, and all the more because at every step it takes in the world it is sure to lose one. A dozen young girls had attended school and made their first communion with Clairette. After this important act, which brings us out of our infancy and which assigns to us our place in the great workshop here below, each was allotted her task in the family. Marghelide did sewing during the day and spun in the evening; Bieba looked after the house, and carried out meals to the field hands; Lixandrine took the sheep and the cows to pasture.

Clairette alone, as idle as a little savage—she called this liberty—was proud of her independence, and pitied her poor companions who gave themselves so much trouble in the world. "Of what use is it?" Is Bieba's Sunday dress any the better for plodding along muddy paths

strewn with briers? Has Lixandrine a finer complexion for getting tanned in a scorching summer sun tending her cows?"

The time came, however, when in spite of her pride in her half-vagabond life, Clairette was less ambitious of independence, and felt disposed to come under the dominion of a husband. This very natural desire, but still a vague one at eighteen, besides being subject to circumstances, became imperious, like the satisfaction of a point of honour, when Clairette returned from the wedding of Marghelide with the tailor Latané.

Marghelide was the younger. By what inexplicable grace of St. Joseph, the patron of spouses, should she take the lead of her associates? She was assuredly less pretty than Clairette, and likewise less available—who would dispute that? What charm had given her the preference in the eyes of the brisk young Latané?

Ah! here it is. Marghelide wore a splendid red petticoat as brilliant as a poppy, and which scared away the cattle, but which produced a quite contrary effect on all the young men; the colour of this lucky petticoat relieved so sharply on the green of the meadows and the gray of the brambles as to be very easily seen half a league off. Latané, completely bewildered, must have run for the petticoat the same as a lot of frogs after the baited hook on the end of a fish-line.

Woman is naturally disposed to regard her toilet as a sort of talisman, and not alone the city dame, but the simplest young girl of the fields. It suffices to wear a petticoat to possess an instinct for colours and calicoes. Clairette had it in the highest degree; she was sure that she had discovered Marghelide's secret; she ran off to sell six of her sheep, and bought the deepest scarlet petticoat she could find in the market.

From that day forth Clairette never went to the spring, to church, to a ball, or to a fair without wearing the attractive garment in which the lucky Marghelide had captured the tailor Latané.

In vain, however, did she glide through the crowd and thus display herself. The women found her tawdry, the young girls looked envious, while the young men politely invited her to dance; but no mother ever dreamed of selecting her as a wife for her son, and no son ever uttered a word about taking her for a housekeeper.

A year of fruitless efforts had passed, and not a whisper of a proposal of marriage. What bad luck! Soon her friend Biebe followed the

same delightful road as Marghelide, and espoused the farmer Menichot.

Clairette became despondent. She had lost fifteen months in displaying her red petticoat, and she could not imagine the cause of her failure. Was Biebe, then, the more charming? Nobody would dare maintain that falsehood. It was sufficient to see them alongside of each other at a dance. Clairette always had thirty partners more than her rival. Was she more entertaining? Biebe could not put together two consecutive ideas, and when her beaux spoke to her, she answered only with downcast eyes.

"I have it," said Clairette, meditating, and eager to know the cause of her disgrace. "Biebe wears a distaff at her side constantly, even with the water-jar on her head, and when carrying the basket with the workmen's meal."

The distaff, it must be admitted, had about it a certain matrimonial virtue which enticed young men anxious to marry, the same as a mirror attracts looks. Clairette was determined to have one of these magical utensils. If a plain willow distaff proved so highly advantageous to the housekeeper Biebe, what would not be the effect of a handsome distaff of hazel, exquisitely carved by the best workman of the village, decked with the finest white wool instead of coarse flax, and entwined with red ribbons instead of pack-thread?

The young girl fits herself out; she buys the choicest spinning apparatus in the country, covers it with wool as white as snow, adorns it with ribbons artistically arranged in bows, and never shows herself outside her door, in the street, or in the village, without this elegant implement of all good and industrious maidens.

One point only had been forgotten, and that was to twirl the spindle. The motionless distaff at her belt always displayed the same flock of wool.

Now what happened? Clairette's elegant instrument proved to be less efficacious than the rude willow stick of the industrious Biebe. The year passed away. Clairette, at every festivity found dancers eager enough to clasp her waist and to press her hand, but never a beau disposed to talk of marriage. She was now twenty, and she saw her cousin Françoise, her friend Lixandrine——

"Lixandrine, the most ungainly creature in the whole village, a girl that limps," reported those clairvoyant people who are called backbiters. "Yes, indeed, Lixandrine, that red-headed black face with wry lips! What witch did she go to to get a charm for that

miserable Jean Pierron? What secret did she turn up in her grandmother's work-bag?" Clairette patiently sought a solution of these difficulties. She thought, finally, that she had found one in the presence of a little white lambkin which constantly followed the shepherdess's footsteps.

After making this important discovery it may be imagined whether Clairette was prompt in procuring a lamb as closely resembling as possible that of the dark-complexioned Lixandrine! From that day forth she was never seen without this pretty little creature bleating and skipping around her, and always coming to her to eat bread out of her hand.

Did a suitor follow in the footsteps of the lamb? No more than he came at the signal of the red petticoat, or at that of the cross-ribboned distaff. Day followed day, month followed month—poor Clairette looked in vain.

To regrets and mortification succeeded despair. Old Aunt Migueline, wise in the ways of the world, overheard her moans and administered consolation. Where is the young girl who has not some good old fairy near at hand to give her counsel, if she will only take pains enough to listen to it?

"You are weeping, Clairette," said Aunt Migueline, addressing her.

"I am crying over my twenty-one years gone without, without—stopping," she responded.

"Without fetching you a husband, you mean to say."

"One need not be a witch to guess that, Migueline."

"Your red petticoat and gay distaff are worn out in a useless service; your lambkin bleating and frisking around you has proved equally useless."

"Why do you throw those things up to me, Migueline?"

"I say what I think, Clairette. Do you suppose that my eyes, half-closed by age, do not see clearly into the toils and snares set by you and those like you on the path to matrimony! Every young girl is an imitating bird, of the parrot or magpie order, who, since the world began, is ever exclaiming, Husband! husband! and it is not necessary to teach her anything in this direction, my dear niece Clairette."

"The true, Migueline. But I thought I might be as fortunate as my friends, and in imitating their mode of display, make"—

"And you are obliged to confess that you have had all your trouble for nothing. Poor

children, always relying upon colour instead of form, and never finding out the true state of things! Yes, the habit of your companions of appearing in public associated with certain suitable and useful objects, has contributed not a little towards getting them husbands. But do you know the reason? It is because the red petticoat was woven and made up by the persevering young girl who wore it; such an example of her skill and activity in using her needle furnishing admirable proof of her knowing what to do in the situation in which she is placed. The distaff likewise proved as profitable to Biebe, because she was a fearless spinner, and did not rest satisfied, as you did, with carrying the implement around with her motionless at her belt; she kept the spindle below it and her fingers always busy, so that the flock of wool or flax had to be renewed ten times a day. If the lamb did not prove unserviceable to Lixandrine, it was because it was the leader of a fine drove of fifty which that careful little shepherdess led out daily to pasture, early in the morning in summer, and during the afternoon in winter, avoiding wet grass and fields, always getting back before it rained, and ever keeping clear of changes in the weather, of so much harm to those delicate little creatures. Your three companions worked so faithfully in their respective callings that they are known far and wide for their intelligence and activity—the best possible dowry a young girl can have, and the most reliable charm for a husband. Put aside the red petticoat which you bought and did not spin, the distaff of no avail to you, and the equally useless lamb. You have fields and meadows that are lying fallow; resume your rake and hoe, stir up the ground, and pull up the weeds; be as industrious as your companions, and you will not have to wait long for a husband."

Clairette listened to Aunt Migueline's discourse with all the attention which advice deserves when one is disposed to follow it because it seems good. No longer quitting her little plot of ground, she dug, hoed, and made hay so successfully that, at the end of the year, the son of rich old Thomas came and put to her the following question:

"Clairette, will you be my wife?"

"Why should I refuse, Monsieur Thomas, if such is your wish?" responded Clairette, with downcast eyes, and a modest feint which the least bashful of country girls can so well assume.

"You are agreed, Clairette?"

"I am;" and they joined hands.

JOHN DURAND.

THE VAGABONDS.

A WAYSIDE STORY.

[John Townsend Trowbridge, born in Ogden, Monroe, New York, 1827. He is the author of numerous tales and sketches, the best known of which are—*Gudge's Cure*; *The Old Battleground*; *The Three Scouts*; *Burnt Cliff*; *Hearts and Faces*; and *Lucy Artyx*. Many of his works were first published under the signature of Paul Creyton. His poems have had a much wider popularity than his prose works; and *The Vagabonds*, by its dramatic force and pathos, at once commanded the sympathy of all readers of English. An American critic says of his poetical genius: "He has a genuine love of nature, and a knowledge of its forms exceeding that of many greater poets."]

We are two travellers—Roger and I:

Roger's my dog. Come here, you scamp! Jump for the gentlemen—mind your eye!

Over the table, look out for the lamp—The rogue is growing a little old:

Five years we've tramped through wind and weather,

And slept out-doors when nights were cold, And ate and drank—and starved together.

We've learned what comfort is, I tell you—A bed on the floor, a bit of resin, A fire to thaw our thumbs (poor fellow, The paw he holds up there's been frozen), Plenty of catgut for my fiddle—

This out-door business is bad for strings—And a few nice buck-wheats hot from the griddle, And Roger and I set up for kings.

No, thank ye, sir—I never drink, Roger and I are exceedingly moral—

Aren't we, Roger? See him wink!

Well, something hot, then, we won't quarrel. He's thirsty, too, see him nod his head!

What a pity, sir, that dogs can't talk!

He understands every word that's said—

And he knows good milk from water and chalk.

The truth is, sir, now I reflect, I have been so sadly given to grog, I wonder I've not lost the respect (Here's to you, sir) even of my dog. But he sticks by, through thick and thin; And this old coat with its empty pockets, And rags that smell of tobacco and gin, He'll follow while he has eyes in his sockets.

There isn't another creature living Would do it, and prove through every disaster So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving To such a miserable, thankless master.

No, sir—see him wag his tail and grin! By George, it makes my old eyes water! That is, there's something in this gin That chokes a fellow—but no matter.

We'll have some music—if you're willing; And Roger—h'm, what a plague a cough is, sir—Shall march a little. Start, you villain! Stand straight, 'bout face, salute your officer. Put up that paw—dress—take your rifle (Some dogs have arms, you see), now, hold your Cap while the gentlemen give a trifle To aid a poor old patriotic soldier!

March, halt—now, show how the rebel shakes When he stands up to hear his sentence: Now tell how many drams it takes To honour a jolly new acquaintance.

Five yelps!—that's five, he's mighty knowing. The night's before us—fill the glasses; Quick, sir; I'm ill, my brain is going—Some brandy?—thank you—there, it passes!

Why not reform?—that's easily said: But I've gone through such wretched treatment, Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread, And scarce remembering what meat meant, That my poor stomach's past reform; And there are times when, mad with thinking, I'd sell out heaven for something warm To prop a horrible inward sinking.

Is there a way to forget to think? At your age, sir, home, fortune, friends—A dear girl's love—but I took to drink—The same old story: you know how it ends. If you could have seen these classic features—You needn't laugh, sir, they were not then Such a burning libel on God's creatures—I was one of your handsome men.

If you had seen her, so fair and young, Whose head was happy on this breast; If you could have heard the songs I sung When the wine went round, you wouldn't have guessed

That ever I, sir, should be straying From door to door with fiddle and dog, Ragged and penniless, and playing To you to-night for a glass of grog.

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You've set me talking, sir; I'm sorry:
It makes me wild to think of the change—
What d'ye care for a beggar's story?
Is it amusing?—you find it strange?
I had a mother so proud of me;
'Twas well she died before. Do you know
If the happy spirits in heaven can see
The ruin and wretchedness here below?

Another glass, and strong!—to deaden
This pain; then Roger and I will start—
I wonder has he such a lumpish leaden
Aching thing in place of a heart?
He is sad sometimes, and would weep if he could,
No doubt remembering things that were—
A virtuous kennel with plenty of food,
And himself a sober respectable cur.

I'm better now—that glass was warming:
You rascal, limber your lazy feet;
We must be fiddling and performing
For supper and bed—or starve in the street.
Not a very gay life to lead, you think?
But soon we shall go where lodgings are free,
And the sleepers need neither victuals nor
drink—
The sooner the better for Roger and me.

THE LETTER H.

'Twas in heaven pronounced, and 'twas muttered in hell,
And echo caught faintly the sound as it fell;
On the confines of earth 'twas permitted to rust,
And the depths of the ocean its presence confess'd;
'Twill be found in the sphere when 'tis riven asunder,
Be seen in the lightning and heard in the thunder.
'Twas allotted to man with his earliest breath,
Attends him as birth, and awaits him in death,
Presides o'er his happiness, honour and health,
Is the prop of his house, and the end of his wealth;
In the hump of the miser 'tis hearded with care,
But is sure to be lost on his prodigal heir;
It begins every hope, every wish it must bound,
With the husbandman toils, and with monarchs is
crown'd.
Without it the soldier, the seaman may roam,
But woe to the wretch who expels it from home!
In the whispers of conscience its voice will be found,
Nor e'en in the whirlwind of passion be drown'd.
'Twill not soften the heart; but though deaf be the ear,
It will make it neately and instantly hear.
Yet in shade let it rest, like a delicate flower,
Ah! breathe on it softly—it dies in an hour.

CATHERINE FARNSHAW.¹

¹The authorship of this enigma was for a long time attributed to Byron.

AN OLD LADY.²

(William Edward Norris, born in London in 1817, son of the late Sir William Norris, Chief Justice of Ceylon; educated at Eton; was called to the Bar in 1834, but has never practised. Mr. Norris is a novelist who takes for the subject-matter of his books very much the same section of society that furnished the novels of Anthony Trollope and Thackeray. He knows the world very well both at home and abroad; he can paint women of fashion, and terrible foreign adventures; and also English dukes, squires, schoolboys, and their mothers, daughters, wives, and sisters. Sometimes his touch is slightly cynical, but more often it is thoroughly wholesome and genial; and now and again he touches springs of very real tenderness. Among his many novels we may mention as particularly good, *Matrimonial Manners*; *Matrimonial, No New Thing*; *Thirty Botts; My Friend Jim; A Bachelor's Blunder*; and *Matthew Austin*. With the permission of Messrs. Smith & Elder, we print an extract from *Matrimonial*.)

My grandmother, dear old lady, is considered on all hands to be a rather alarming personage; and though I, for one, have good reason to know that her bark is worse than her bite, and that there are few kinder hearts or more liberal hands in England than hers, yet I cannot but admit that she has in some degree earned her character. Nobody, indeed, can be expected to feel very grateful for the negative benefit of not having been bitten, while it is undeniably a positive nuisance to be barked at; nor do I wonder at the unwillingness of those whose failings lie upon the surface to pay frequent visits in South Crescent. Woe unto those who lisp in their speech, lounge back in their chairs, or deliver themselves of affected sentiments in my grandmother's presence! If they are not lowered several pegs in their self-esteem before they leave the room, the fault will assuredly not lie with that ruthless disciplinarian. I have not forgotten the occasion upon which I inadvertently took a friend, who was about to set out upon the new fashionable journey round the world, to one of her afternoon tea-parties, thinking the old lady would feel an interest in so enterprising a traveller, and quite forgetting, for the moment, that he belonged to that class of languid, used-up young men whom she honours with a special measure of contempt.

"And pray, sir, what route do you propose to follow?" she inquired, after taking a grim survey of his well-cut clothes, his patent-leather shoes, and his striped silk stockings.

He looked up, with an evident sense of injury at being called upon to undertake the

²Matrimony. By W. E. Norris. Smith, Elder & Co.

fatigue of explanations, and began a vague sketch of his programme. First, he said, he should "go to India—get some shooting, perhaps—knock about there for a little. Might go on to Japan afterwards, or Chinah—"

"Oh, no, you mustn't go to China," interrupted my grandmother gravely.

"Something to do," suggested the unsuspecting one. "Might as well go there as anywhere else. Why not?"

"I'm told they eat puppies there," says Mrs. Knowles in a loud, clear voice. Her snubs are for the most part of this direct description. One could as easily affect not to notice a slap in the face; and the unfortunate at whom they are launched has to choose between accepting his chastisement in silence and making himself ridiculous by getting up and taking his leave forthwith. At the time when my revered grandmother mixed a good deal in society, she was considered, I believe, to have a very pretty wit; and if, in the effort to say smart things, she sometimes succeeded only in uttering rude ones, I dare say she merely followed the custom of a generation somewhat more thick-skinned than ours. Nowadays we have forgotten how to be witty; and though doubtless we can be sufficiently rude, after our own fashion, when we please, I think we have learnt to be a little more tolerant of the infirmities of our neighbours, and to see that it really is not worth while, for the sake of setting down one obnoxious person, to make a whole roomful of people uncomfortable. For my own part, I declare that I feel so nervous whenever my grandmother is entertaining strangers, that I have long ago abandoned the responsibility of introducing any to her; and I thought it only prudent to speak a word or two of warning to this odd, foreign-looking young Gervis as we drew nearer to our destination.

"You will find my grandmother a little eccentric," I said. "She will very likely make some personal remarks about you; but I hope you won't mind. She is very old, you see, and everybody lets her have her own way."

"I know," answered the young fellow, laughing. "The governor told me all about her; and I think she is just the sort of old person whom I should like beyond everything."

"Maybe so; but it don't follow that *you* are the sort of young person whom *she* will like beyond everything," thinks I to myself, as Mr. Hicks and a subordinate in a striped

waistcoat flung back the double doors to admit us.

As it turned out, however, I need not have felt any misgivings. My young gentleman stepped across the long drawing-room, made his bow, and introduced himself with a happy mixture of ease and respect; and I perceived at once that he was not likely to get himself into trouble by the perpetration of solecisms. Mrs. Knowles has always confessed to a weakness for handsome men; and it may have been her visitor's good looks, as well as his good manners, that prepossessed her in his favour. Or possibly the sound of his name may have softened her with the stirring of some ancient memories. It was, at all events, evident that she intended to be gracious to him; and soon they were deep in conversation.

"An old friend? Oh, yes, your father is a very old friend of mine in the sense that we were friends in very old days. To be sure, we haven't seen much of one another for a trifle of forty years or so; but we Careys and Gervises used to be almost like one family when the century was young. Poor George, who died the other day, was my contemporary; Vincent was many years younger. Long after I was married to Mr. Knowles and settled down at Stone Hall with half a dozen children to bring up, I remember him as a merry young fellow, riding over from Southlands on summer afternoons, and making us all laugh with his stories of the pranks he and his friends played at Oxford and in London. My husband used to shake his head over it all; and as for old Mr. Gervis—who didn't like paying long bills, you understand—he used to swear Vincent would end upon the gallows; but I always liked him and stood up for him. He was a most amusing rascal and a great chatterbox in those days. You don't recognize that description of your father, eh? Ah, well! time and trouble make changes in us all; and some of us grow silent, and some, like myself, become babblers in our old age. You are not much like a Gervis in face."

"No; I believe not. I suppose I take more after my mother."

"Who was an Italian. Yes, yes; to be sure. An heiress too, if I am not mistaken. After Vincent went into the diplomatic service we didn't see much of him in these parts; but I well remember the news of his marriage coming, and old Mr. Gervis saying, in his grumpy way, 'Well, he has feathered his nest, anyhow, and that's something; but he may as well turn foreigner himself now, for his wife sha'n't enter this house. I'll have no Papists

here.' And he kept his word. You Gervises are an obstinate, wrong-headed lot, do you know."

"I don't think my father is."

"H'm! I am not so sure of that. And so now he is coming back to Southlands after all. Does he mean to live here?"

"Ah, that I can't say. I hope he will; but I don't think he likes England much; and as for Varinka, I doubt whether anything would induce her to make her home out of Paris."

"And, pray, who is Varinka?"

"Oh, my stepmother. We always call her by her Christian name—I don't know why, except that, of course, she is so much nearer our own age than my father's."

"Ah, that Russian princess. I want to hear all about her. I have only seen your father once since his second marriage—that time when he came over to try if he could not hit it off with poor George, and failed. He was a good deal aged and altered then. Mr. Gervis, will you do a kindness to an inquisitive old woman, and stay and dine with us? I can't offer you French cooking; but Tom, there, who is given to self-indulgence, will take care that you have a glass of good claret."

A murmur confirmatory of this promise rose from the arm-chair on the other side of the room, whence I had been idly contemplating the rather picturesque study formed by the figures of the old woman and the lad who sat, facing one another, in a bay-window, their respective profiles clearly defined against the wan light. I have said already that it would be hard to discover a finer specimen of humanity in its prime than Claud Gervis, and it may, I suppose, be added that the human subject in the final term of its career finds no less striking a representative in the person of Mrs. Knowles. I doubt whether grandmamma was ever a beauty; her nose must always have been a trifle too long, her jaws too square, and her mouth too large. But I can imagine that when those sharp little grey eyes were surmounted by eyebrows somewhat less bushy, when the abundant snowy hair under that close-fitting quilled cap was black or dark brown, when the little bent figure was straight and strong, and the cheeks, which are sunken now and overspread by a network of delicately traced lines, with here and there a long, deep furrow among them, were round and firm—I can imagine, I say, that at the time of the battle of Waterloo, Miss Carey may have wrought some havoc among hearts which are

now lying cold and quiet in their several family vaults. Now, after a life-journey of over eighty years, Mrs. Knowles's faculties are still in fairly good working order. If she puts on spectacles to read with, she requires no such aid to observe all that goes on about her; her ears are as sharp as her tongue; she scorns easy-chairs; and I believe it is rather for the sake of effect than for use that she carries the stout gold-headed stick with which Grandpapa Knowles used to support his steps in days gone by.

She and young Gervis sat there, in opposite corners of the window, like allegorical representations of the Past and the Future striving to join hands across the gulf of the Present, and gazed at one another with a certain eager, wistful curiosity—or so, at least, it seemed to me. Every now and again in life some such chance meeting as this startles us with a sudden vision of what we have been, or shall be. Shadows from the half-forgotten years rise up and beckon to us reproachfully; but we cannot return to them; it is as much as we can do if we are able to stretch out our hands longingly towards them, while Time and Fate, inexorable taskmasters, hurry us along the road, at the end of which grim Old Age sits waiting for us. Nay, it is not even we who were young once, but some one else who is no more. Who can resist the universal law of change, or stand still while the treadmill goes round? One generation passeth away and another generation cometh; and there is one event unto all. I understand that we should wish our friends happiness, since it is undeniable that happiness is not dealt out in equal proportions to mankind; but surely it can only be in irony or thoughtlessness that we drink to their long life. Would you really like to be old? Would you like to linger on here, a worn-out mind inhabiting a worn-out body, alone among strangers, feeling yourself an interloper, yet not caring greatly whether you were so or no, having outlived all that made life worth possessing, and, worst of all, contented, in a dull way, with your sad existence? Is it conceivable that any sane man, who believes in the immortality of the soul, can desire such a fate for himself, or for those whom he loves? What must be, must; and, as science advances, length of years seems likely to fall to the lot of an increasing number among us; but it is a thing to be borne, not to be hoped for.

I was moralizing thus, with my usual originality and profundity, when that observation about the claret recalled me to myself and to

a sense of physical emptiness, such as healthy men ought to feel towards half-past seven in the evening. Young Gervis was beginning to excuse himself upon the plea that there would hardly be time for him to go back to the yacht and dress; but my grandmother, who is accustomed to obedience, and never gives an invitation unless she intends it to be accepted, did not choose to let him off.

"Pooh, pooh!" she said, "you will do very well as you are, sir. Tom, show Mr. Gervis a room where he can wash his hands, and tell them to lay another place." And so that matter was settled.

Between soup and dessert we heard all about the Gervis family—all, at least, that our guest chose to tell us; and I cannot say that, on this first evening, he struck me as being at all a reserved young man. Cross-examination is always more or less disagreeable, even to those who have nothing to conceal; but he submitted to it good-humouredly enough, answering without hesitation the questions put to him, and speaking in an easy, natural manner of his personal views and wishes. He had been sent straight to Eton, he said, as soon as he was old enough to go to school at all, and had there imbibed a love for his father's country and people which, it appeared, was by no means shared by that gentleman himself. "The governor likes foreigners and foreign life best," he sighed; "and I should like it all too, if I only had to go abroad for the holidays, you know, as I used to do. But one gets sick, in the long run, of knocking about from place to place, without any object before one, except to kill time."

"I dare say one does, after a few years," observed Mrs. Knowles, rather amused with the young fellow's serious air. "And so you have been a long time seeing the world, have you?"

"Oh, yes; ever since I left Eton. I wanted to go to Oxford, but the governor would not let me; and for the last five years we have been yachting and travelling all over Europe, he and I, sometimes taking Gen for a cruise with us—Genevieve is my sister, you know—but more often dawdling from harbour to harbour by ourselves, making no plans, and giving no address to anybody, so as to be quite free. It has been a pleasant life; but it couldn't go on for ever; and I think it was nearly time now that there should be an end of it."

"High time, I should say," agreed my grandmother. "The lady with the funny name don't care about yachting apparently."

"What lady?"

"I mean your father's second wife—Mrs. Gervis—if she calls herself so."

"Oh, Varinka. She is always called Princess Ouranoff. No; Varinka lives in Paris with Gen. Paris is in a sort of way our headquarters. I am often there; and the governor comes too—sometimes."

"I see," said Mrs. Knowles; meaning, no doubt, to imply that the significance of the word "sometimes" was not lost upon her. "We must get your father to settle down at Southwicks," she continued, after a short pause. "As for Princess Thingumy, if England isn't good enough for her, I suppose she can't do better than remain in France."

Why is it that, in cases of apparent estrangement between husband and wife, the lady is invariably assumed to be in the wrong by her own sex? My grandmother, who, for all her shrewdness, has a feminine facility for jumping to conclusions, had evidently made up her mind already that the second Mrs. Gervis was no better than she should be, and would have been prepared, had the occasion presented itself, to accord to her such a reception as rice meritis at the hands of eighty odd years of virtue.

Cloud did not take up the cudgels for the absent Varinka, but responded with some eagerness to the first part of Mrs. Knowles' sentence.

"I wish you would!" he cried. "My great fear is that he will come here on a wet day, or that some trifle will make him take a dislike to the place. If anything of that kind does happen, he will put it into the hands of an agent at once, and be off before a week is out. Do, please, try and convince him that he ought to be here for at least a part of the year, Mrs. Knowles."

"Of course, he ought to be here," replied my grandmother, decisively. "It is not much of a property, to be sure; still, such as it is, it has been in his family for six or seven generations, and there would be just enough to do in managing it to give an idle man an occupation. If telling him his duty in plain language is likely to be of any use, you may count upon me. But I should imagine you would have more influence with your father than an old woman whom he hardly knows," she added, glancing at the young fellow's handsome face, and thinking, perhaps, of her own dead sons.

He shook his head. "I am a mere cypher," he said. "My father is—well, I don't quite know how to describe him; but you will see him your-

self before long. As a general rule, people are rather frightened of him, and very few understand him. I do, I think; and we have always been very good friends, and he lets me do exactly as I like in almost everything. But then, he does as he likes too; and if our wishes happen to clash, I go to the wall—as is only natural. For instance, I wanted to go into some profession; but that did not suit him, so I had to give up the idea. Now I want to live in England; and I am very much afraid that that will not suit him either."

"In matters of personal convenience, old folks ought to give way to young ones," said my grandmother.

And with that unhesitating assertion, which sounded a little strangely, coming from one whose children and grandchildren have been accustomed to hear sustaining a diametrically opposite theory, she took up her shawl and her gold-headed cane, and left us to finish the claret.

THE BALLADE OF THE ROYAL GAME OF GOLF.¹

(EAST FIFESHIRE.)

[Andrew Lang, LL.D., born 1844, educated at St. Andrew's University and Balliol College, Oxford. Elected a Fellow of Merton College in 1865; and in 1868 appointed Gifford lecturer on natural theology at St. Andrews. Mr. Lang is a very versatile writer, being critic, poet, novelist, in turn. He has devoted special study to the folk-lore of all nations and the philosophy of occult knowledge. His principal works are *Custom and Myth*; *Myth, Ritual and Religion*; *The Prince of Omur*, and *Other Poems*; *Ballades in Blue Chant*; *Rhymes & Prose*; *Helen of Troy*; *Graves of Parvaressa*; *The Mark of Cain*; *In a Wrong Paradise*, and *Other Stories*; *The Gold of Feudalists*; *Letters to Dead Authors*; *Last Leaves*; *Old Friends*; *Books and Bookmen*; *Prince Ricardo of Pentangle*. He has also translated Thene-critus and Apuleius; in conjunction with Professor Butcher he made a prose translation of Homer's *Odyssey*, with the Messrs. Lea and Febiger he translated the *Iliad*. The following "Ballade of the Royal Game of Golf"—of which game Mr. Lang is an enthusiastic player—is taken with permission of Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., from *Ballades in Blue Chant*.]

There are laddies will drive ye a bu'
To the burn frae the farthermest toe,
But ye manna think driving is a',
Ye may heel her, and send her ajeo,
Ye may land in the sand or the sea;
And ye're done, sir, ye're no worth a preen,
Tak' the word that an auld man'll gie,
Tak' aye tent to be up on the green!

¹ From *Ballades in Blue Chant*, by Andrew Lang, Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.

The auld folk are crouse, and they craw
That their putting is pawky and sles;
In a bunker they're nee guad ava',
But girm and to gar the sand flee.
And a lassie can putt—ony she—
Be she Maggy, or Bessie, or Jean,
But a cheek-shot's the billy for me,
Tak' aye tent to be up on the green!

I hae play'd in the frost and the thaw,
I hae play'd since the year thirty-three,
I hae play'd in the rain and the snow,
And I trust I may play till I dee;
And I tell yo the truth and nee lee,
For I speak o' the thing I hae seen—
Tom Morris, I ken, will agree—
Tak' aye tent to be up on the green!

ENVY.

Prince, faith you're improving a wee,
And, Lord, man, they tell me you're keen;
Tak' the best o' advice that can be,
Tak' aye tent to be up on the green!

MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE.²

While you are laughing, or talking wildly to yourself in walking, suddenly seeing a person steal close by you, who, you are sure, must have heard it all, then, in an agony of shame, making a wretched attempt to sing, in a voice as like your talk as possible, in hopes of making your hearer think that you had been *only* singing all the while.

Seeing the boy who is next above you flogged for a repetition which you know you cannot say even half so well as he did.

Entering into the figure of a country-dance with so much spirit as to force your leg and foot through the muslin drapery of your fair partner.

After walking in a great hurry to a place, on very urgent business, by what you think a shorter cut, and supposing that you are just arriving at the door you want—"NO THOR-OUGHFARE!"

Stopping in the street to address a person whom you know rather too well to pass him without speaking, and yet not quite well enough to have a word to say to him, *he* finding himself in the same dilemma; so that,

² From "The Miseries of Human Life," or the *Greens* of Timothy Teat and Samuel Semtive, as Overheard by the Rev. James Beresford, M.A. In two vols."

after each has asked and answered the question, "How do you do, sir?" you stand silently face to face, apropos to nothing, during a minute, and then part in a transport of awkwardness.

As you are hastening down the Strand on a matter of life and death, encountering, at an arch-way, the head of the first of twelve or fourteen horses, who, you *know*, must successively strain up with an over-loaded coal-wagon before you can hope to stir an inch, unless you prefer bedevilling your white stockings and clean shoes by scampering and crawling, among and under, coaches, scavengers' carts, &c. &c., in the middle of the street.

Walking half over London, side by side with a cart containing a million of iron bars, which you must out-bray, if you can, in order to make your companion hear a word you have further to say upon the subject you were earnestly discussing before you were joined by this infernal article of commerce.

Walking briskly forwards, while you are looking backwards, and so advancing towards another passenger (a scavenger) who is doing the same; then meeting with the shock of two battering-rams, which drives your whole stock of breath out of your body, with the groan of a pavior—

"ruinam
Dant non in ingentem, perfactaque—
Pectora posturibus ruinant."¹

At length, during a mutual burst of exertions, you each move for several minutes from side to side, with the same motion, in vainly endeavouring to pass on.

On your entrance at a formal dinner-party, in reaching up your hat to a high peg in the hall, bursting your coat from the arm-hole to the pocket.

At night, after having long lain awake, nervous, restless, and unwell, with an ardent desire to know the hour and the state of the weather, being at last delighted by hearing the watchman begin his cry, from which, however, he allows you to extract no more information than "past . . . clock . . . morning!" then, after impatiently lingering through another hour for the sound of your own clock (which had before been roused down by the watchman), being roused to listen by its preparatory click and purr, followed by one stroke—which you are to make the most of—the rest being cut short by a violent fit of coughing with which you are seized at the instant.

¹ "Breast against breast with rhinous assault
And deafening shock, they come."

Being accelerated in your walk by the lively application of a chairman's pole *a posteriori*, his "by your leave" not coming till after he has taken it.

During the endless time that you are kept waiting at a door in a carriage while the ladies are shopping, having your impatience soothed by the setting of a saw close at your ear.

Sitting on the last row, and close to the partition of an upper box, at a pantomime, and hearing all the house laughing around you, while you strain your wrists, neck, and back with stretching forward—in vain.

At the play, the sickening scraps of naval loyalty which are crammed down your throat faster than you can gulp them in such after-pieces as are called "England's Glory," "The British Tara," &c., with the additional nausea of hearing them boisterously applauded.

Or packing up your own clothes for a journey, because your servant is a fool—the burning fever into which you are thrown, when, after all your standing, stamping, lying, kneeling, tugging, and kicking at the lid of your trunk, it still peremptorily refuses to approach nearer than half a yard to the lock.

A chaise window-glass, that will not be put down when it is up, nor up when it is down.

Tearing your throat to rags in abortive efforts to call back a person who has just left you, and with whom you have forgotten to touch on one of the most important subjects which you met to discuss.

After having left a company in which you have been galled by the malice of some wag by profession, thinking, at your leisure, of a reparation, which, if discharged at the proper moment, would have blown him to atoms.

After relating, at much length, a scarce and curious anecdote, with considerable marks of self-complacency at having it to tell, being quietly reminded by the person you have been so kindly instructing that you had it—from *himself!*

In conversation inadvertently touching the string which you know will call forth the longest story of the flattest proser that ever dromed.

Being compelled by a deaf person, in a large and silent company, to repeat some very washy remark three or four times over, at the highest pitch of your voice.

In reading a new and interesting book being reduced to make a paper-knife of your finger.

Or arriving at that part of the last volume of an enchanting novel in which the interest is wrought up to the highest pitch, suddenly finding the remaining leaves, catastrophe and all, torn out.

Writing on the creases of paper that has been sharply doubled.

The moment in which you discover that you have taken in a mouthful of fat by mistake for turnip.

At a formal dinner, the awful resting-time which occasionally intervenes between the courses.

In the depth of winter trying in vain to effect a union between unsoftened butter and the crumb of a very stale loaf, or a quite new one.

Cracking a hard nut with your teeth, and filling the gap left by the grinder you have knocked out with black, bitter dust.

At the instant of drawing the cork, starting back from the eagerly expected burst of froth, but without the least occasion either for your hopes or fears, the liquor all remaining in the bottle as quiet as lamb.

Dropping something, when you are either too lame or too lazy to get up for it; and almost breaking your ribs, and quite throwing yourself down, by stretching down to it over the arm of your chair, without reaching it at last.

Suddenly recollecting, as you lie at a very late hour of a *Lapland* night, that you have neglected to see, as usual, that the fires are all safe below; then, after an agonizing interval of hesitation, crawling out, like a culprit, and quivering down-stairs.

At a long table, after dinner, the eyes of the whole company drawn upon you by a loud observation that you are strikingly like Mrs. or Miss —, particularly when you smile.

The mental famine created among poor students by the modern luxury of the press—hot-pressed paper—Bulmer's types—vignettes in every page, &c., obliging every reader with less than £5000 per annum to seek for all his knowledge of new books by hearsay; or through the glimmering medium of those wills-o'-the-wisp, the reviewers; or out of the circulating library, where nothing circulates—but the catalogue!

Catching a glimpse, at a corner of a street, of your oldest and dearest friends, Punch and his party, all in full squeak and scuffle; from whom, however, the cruel decorums of age and character oblige you, after "snatching a fearful joy," to tear yourself away.

Wandering from one shop to another in search of a book, and finding twenty copies of it, of a date immediately before and after that of the only edition which will be of any use to you, and which you, *consequently*, never find.

The state of writhing torture into which you

are occasionally thrown by the sudden and unexpected questions or remarks of a child before a large company; a little wretch of your own, for instance, that will run up to an unmarried lady (one who would rather be thought a youthful sinner than an elderly saint), and then harrow you by crying out, before you have time to gag it, "Now, do, miss—let me count the *creases* in your face—there's one, there's two, there's three," &c.; or, accosting another lady in the same explicit strain, electrifies you by breaking out with, "Why do you come here so often? for, do you know, my aunt always says she can't abide you—don't you, aunt?" &c. &c.

Taking a step more or a step less than you want in going up or down stairs.

The task of inventing a new dinner every morning devolving on you in the long absence of your wife.

On shaking off a long reverie, the sudden consciousness that, during the whole of your absent fit, your eyes have been intently fixed on a letter which a stranger is writing or reading close at your elbow. JAMES BRERETON.

A SPOILT PRIEST.¹

[Katharine Tynan (Mrs. Hinkson), born at Dublin in 1851, educated at the convent of St. Catherine of Siena, Drogheda, till her fourteenth year, lived in Ireland near the Dublin mountains until her marriage in 1883, since which event she has lived in and near London. Her published works include: *Louise de la Tellière*, 1885; *Shanoreaska*, 1887; *Bulldogs and Lopwids*, 1890; *A Nun, her Friends and her Order*, 1892 (this was her first prose work); *A Cluster of Nuts*, 1894; *The Wind in the Trees* (poems), 1898; and *The Handsome Brandon*, 1898. It is from *A Cluster of Nuts* that we take the following story, with Mrs. Hinkson's permission.]

In Ireland "a spoilt priest" is a term which carries with it a certain profound contempt. One who has entered at Maynooth for the priesthood, and then relinquished the ecclesiastical for mundane things, is popularly supposed to be good for nothing. The same injustice of thought is half-unconsciously dealt out to the woman who has entered a convent, and left it finding she has mistaken her vocation. Mrs. McNeil had these feelings to an exaggerated extent, so, to her, it was a bitter pill indeed when her son Hugh, with the courage of despair, announced his unalterable resolve never to become a priest. Yet in the first bitterness I doubt that she quite gave up

¹ *A Cluster of Nuts*, by Katharine Tynan. Lawrence & Bullen.

her cherished hope for lost, or really believed that Hugh, whom she had moulded like wax between her fingers through his length of days, would continue to uphold his will against hers.

No doubt she loved the boy after her fashion. She was a terrible old woman—straight-backed, stern-featured, with eyes of cold blue set in her colourless face—a woman who had not known ache, pain, or moral backsliding, as she understood it, and was as pitiless to the helpless or sinning of this world as she would be to a lame chicken or a recalcitrant puppy. "Away with it!" she would say. Hugh all his life had been trained under sternest rule and discipline. Whatever his character might have been if it had been allowed to follow its natural bent, there was no doubt that now it had some defect of weakness. He was a brown-eyed, pleasant-faced boy, with a sweet mouth, his father's son every inch of him. The marriage of his parents had not been a happy one. His father, too, I suppose, had Hugh's pliancy. Anyhow, he was quite young when the marriage was made for him, and it was usual enough among his people to let the old folk settle matters, while the intending bride and groom were but more or less interested spectators. The result in this union was that the elder Hugh McNelis equally feared and hated his dark-browed, handsome wife, while she elbowed him aside to take the lead in all things, and regarded him with a mingled tolerance and contempt.

Mrs. Mc Nelis was a very devout woman, though she missed out all the love that is the heart of religion. She should have been a Jew of old, or a worshipper at some very fierce and narrow Little Bethel. She liked sermons on Judgment and Hell, and only tolerated the gentler pronouncements of the priests because they happened to proceed from priests. As a Catholic she was out of place, for the Catholic religion is one that insists more than any other on the Love of God. Holding the priesthood in enormous veneration, she had destined Hugh from the hour he was born to be a priest. She was a prosperous hotel-keeper in a country town, and therefore the giving of her one child to the Church would be by many esteemed a sacrifice. But this old woman would have been amazed at the idea of sacrifice. There was something heroic, though hopelessly wrong, in her passionate purpose to make a priest of Hugh. Just as readily would she stand by glorying to see him burnt at the stake for his faith's sake.

Just as readily would she herself walk upon burning ploughshares, or endure the rack, the pincers, or the thumbscrew. She would have suffered for her faith quite as readily as she would have persecuted for it.

She would probably have had her will with Hugh but for an unforeseen happening. Many most admirable priests must have acquired their vocation rather than received it. His mother kept the idea before him through all his childhood, so that he never thought of disputing it. The little town is among heroic scenery, holy with heroic memories. Northward the saw-teeth of a great range of mountains divide lowland and highland. To stand in the town street and look at them in the distance makes one's heart beat; they suggest such a glorious country beyond. It is glorious indeed. One enters it by a long pass heaped high with stones a race of giants might have used in their games; they are set with great symmetry, one upon the other, as though the giants had had a play of house-building as a child builds a card castle, being tired of hurley, putting the stone, and the other old strong games. In the highland country it is miles and miles of desolate glens or mountain ranges, or great bleak hills dreaming in solitary grandeur. There is Muckish, with slanting sides like a house roof, and Slieve League, with a giant face in stone gazing sternly from its summit into the quiet heaven, and Errigal, and many others nearly as great, but with no names to call them by. It was a great fighting country long ago. Elizabeth's men might ravage Munster, and leave famine, like the locusts, where they had found green pastures, but before this wall of the North they sat helpless and afraid.

The place and its memories are full of inspiration for the generous time of youth. Even such thoughts in her son Mrs. Mc Nelis disengaged harshly. The heroism of martyrs and missionary priests was the one heroism for her. Hugh was trained, slightly against the grain, to be quiet and prayerful. In due time he went to Maynooth, and gave none of his professors any uneasiness about him in the first year of his course.

He said afterwards, that as his mind opened to all the priesthood involved, he became disatisfied; but that was a mood which, passing, might have left him all the more ready to receive the true vocation. However, the summer vacation of that year settled the question for ever. He was looking a little pale when he came home, and his mother, more tender to him than she had ever shown herself before,

suggested after a while that he should make an expedition into the mountains, and settle for a week or two at a little town on the wild North coast, where the Atlantic comes in under a frowning great Head, and the people are all fisher-folk or sailors. In this town lived a cousin of his father's, of whom the old woman entertained a poor opinion. Yet she thought as a matter of duty that Hugh should see him when in the town. Mrs. McNeils had certainly placed her husband's business and position far beyond what he could ever have done for himself, good easy man. But while Hugh McNeils had prospered Jerry McDonnell had stood still, or perhaps had been a little retrograde. His wife, Sabina, a soft creature, as Mrs. McNeils called her contemptuously, was dead. There was a household of daughters, she had heard somehow or other, but it was an acquaintance she had not cared to follow up; and indeed neither Jerry McDonnell nor Sabina were ever tempted to intrude on their repellent cousin-in-law.

Hugh settled down among his new-found relatives with an ease that would have disgusted his mother. The warmth and love that was between father and daughters warmed poor Hugh like a fire when one comes in out of cold rain. Alice, the eldest girl, was my friend whom I knew in Dublin. Long after, in their own country, I asked two or three people whether the other girls were like Alice. "Just as good, as gentle, as charming," said one melancholy old lady; a remark corroborated by engineers and others to whom I spoke, in rather different language. It was hard to believe there could be more than one such girl in an Irish village. Alice was an exquisite motherly creature, and had mothered both her father and her sisters after her own mother died. I have seen her setting her father's blue tie straight or brushing away the dust from his coat sleeves as, stick in hand, he set out on some expedition, doing the common offices with a grave tenderness that suggested pity and love and watchfulness, all combined. The maternal in a motherly woman is not kept for one love only. It embraces all things, and perhaps male creatures especially, in its great pity. Alice used to treat the little girls as if they were her own children. What work there was with them at the common going-forth to school; and more than that at the great function of Sunday morning before she brought her demure little flock to mass, with their Leghorn hats and grey frocks, sailing down the windy street like pretty little craft at sea. She loved those children so much, that before

Hugh McNeils came to Ardmore they filled her peaceful heart. It was a heart that loved duty, and when afterwards, on a somewhat flimsy pretence, she ran away to Dublin and settled there all one winter, it but proved to me how absorbing was the new love that for the time pushed all those gentle ones out of the first place in her heart.

How the love began who can say? It was Alice's way to be very kind, and the boy, so simple and gentle, who seemed years younger than herself, and who turned to the kindness that was the law of the house as eagerly as a long-darkened flower turns to the sun, appealed to her strongly. The fact that he was destined for the priesthood set her on easier terms with him. There was no reason why she should not sit for hours with her pile of household sewing, listening to the thoughts so long pent up that flowed eagerly to this interested listener. Sometimes it was beside the window filled with flower-pots that they sat, Alice with her basket of stockings or linen to be mended beside her; the young fellow, lounging all his length in an easy-chair, watching her bent head and her fingers moving swiftly. Or, if the weather was unusually propitious, and the Atlantic breakers basking all their length like sleeping lions, Hugh would carry his cousin's basket up to the cliff over the sea, where the rocks made many sheltered places, and the leathened boulders provided seats for all comers. I saw one of their haunts in April: it was an enchanted glade of tall ferns and nodding bluebells, a place where the fairies dance in moon-white nights. Knowing Alice and her charming face, I could picture her so well, with the red-gold hair lifted back from little ears, her soft and changing colour, and her velvety blue eyes, full of a light of kindness. No wonder the young fellow fell in love with her.

Whether she loved him then I do not know. The very idea of the priesthood as associated with the boy was pretty sure to keep her conscious thoughts a thousand miles away from love. He himself knew his own case well, and guessed, perhaps, that it would be easy to turn the girl's exquisite kindness to love, if once the bar between them were removed. He said nothing to her, however, while he wore the garb of a divinity student. He went home fully wound up to confront his mother.

The storm swept him off his feet. His mother was far more terribly wrathful than even he had feared. He had not meant to tell her about Alice; but she divined something of the truth, and, once brought to bay, he bruzened it out pitilessly. To her the whole thing was

as if one had rejected the service of God for the service of sin. The girl who innocently had defeated her purpose seemed in her eyes worse than a Jezebel. Her gray fury fairly frightened the boy out of his wits. Standing, confronting him, with one lean finger pointing, her words hissed at him like curses. For two or three days their wills wrestled, but it was a foregone conclusion that the fight should fall to the strongest. By the end of the week Hugh McNeil had given in, temporizing with the fatal weakness that had grown up in him, and had consented to sail to Spain, there to continue his ecclesiastical studies at the college of Salamanca.

Once he had gone Mrs. McNeil forgave him; but such a hatred grew up in her for the girl who had decoyed her son away from his vocation, that all that autumn she grew yellower, bitterer, more uncompromising. She nursed her wrongs in her own bosom, and I doubt that even the confessor to whom she told her lapses from the path of her terrible penitence, knew anything of the resentment that was corroding her iron heart. But there was a worse blow in store for her. One fine day before Christmas, Hugh returned to her, walking into her private room, where she sat casting up her accounts, in an ordinary secular garb, which horrified her eyes as much as if it had been a convict's black and yellow. He looked ill and weary, and little fitted for a new tussle with her. He handed her silently a letter, which she read in a silence as grim as death. It was from the President of the College, telling her in polite Spanish terms that the young gentleman had mistaken his vocation, and how much they regretted that they could not have the further direction of his studies. She looked at him in a stony silence. "Do you mean to marry that girl?" she said at last. Hugh answered her wearily. "If she will have me and wait for me; she knows nothing of all this." His mother pointed to the door: "Carry your disgrace to her, then," she said, "for you are no son of mine." The lad looked at her in wonder; he was fagged after a long journey, and had neither eaten nor drunk; his head reciled with fatigue and want of food. The colourless face told him that she meant what she said. He stood up and took his hat, and with a depressed droop of the head and shoulders, left his mother's presence.

He was not to go quite hopeless and unconforted. As he went down the stairs a friendly hand was laid on his. "Glory be to God, Master Hugh," said Barney, the boots and

general factotum of the hotel; "sure it's not havin' your mother's house you are, widout bit or sap." "She has turned me out, Barney," said the boy, bitterly. "God forgive her, the ould naygur," said Barney, under his breath; and then, in a coaxing voice, as if Hugh were a very small child, "sure it's only her tantrums, Master Hugh, an' it's sorry she'll be for it. But you won't go hungry, anyhow." So in Barney's little room beside the stables Hugh was fed and refreshed.

It was a long drive on the mail-car to Ardmore, and when Hugh walked into Jerry McDonnell's fire-lit parlour he looked cold and ill. Alice was alone, for the little girls were all up at the Convent, helping to dress the Christmas-tree. She was sitting in the half-light, knitting rapidly, with her eyes far away, and the firelight on her bent head and black gown. Before she could ask any question he answered the surprise in her eyes. He knelt on the hearthring beside her, and put his aching forehead on her lap, "I've put off the priest's coat for ever, Alice," he said, "and my mother has turned me out." I do not pretend to know all that happened, but I imagine that, seeing her boy in great need, Alice would lean over him and stroke his hair, and caress his tired forehead with her cool fingers till the ache had passed away. I think he made no more declaration of his love than that helpless putting his head upon her knees.

He was ill for several days after that, but be sure Alice coaxed him back to health. I wish the story were different for the poor young things. If it were only a story and not a transcript from life I would make it begin to end happily now. When Hugh was well again he went off to Dublin to study medicine. There was no chance for him but to work by day for his bread, and at night to attend the night schools which, at that time, were thronged by eager students. After a little he got a place in a chemist's shop, and then began the rather melancholy performance of burning the candle at both ends.

It went on for a year and a half. In the beginning of the next winter Alice came to Dublin, having got employment at the teaching of lace-making to a class of girls under some industrial scheme. It was then I came to know her, and after a time, having grown to love her, I heard of her poor little love-affair. Her clients at the lace-making rapidly increased; she was really the most charming creature, and seemed to touch irresistibly all

manner of people. She got work in some Convent schools, and was in a way of being fairly prosperous. She was happy too, being absorbed in her lover and the care of him. His pitance at the chemist's scarcely did more than pay his fees and for his books. He might have starved to death in a Dublin garret that winter if it were not for Alice. I used to think them a pathetic couple. Every evening they were together for an hour, between the closing of the chemist's shop and the opening of the Medical School. Be sure I never intruded on them willingly; but I remember one evening coming in by accident. The tea-table was laid cosily for two, with the addition of a fowl and fresh eggs to the menu. Alice was sitting on the floor toasting bread. McNelis was lying in the arm-chair with an air of extreme content; though even then he was thinner than one liked to see him.

They were near each other all that winter. Alice was living with kind people who knew about the love-affair, and were sincerely interested in the poor lovers. Mrs. McNelis made no sign—not even when Hugh wrote a letter to her at Christmas.

It was in spring Alice first told me she was anxious about Hugh. He had contracted a cough in the winter which he found it hard to shake off. Working by day and reading by night were telling on his constitution. As the summer went on I grew anxious about Alice herself. The hot city summer was cruel on the mountain-and-sea-bred girl. The two of them looked rather parched when they used to come to me sometimes for a Sunday in the country; but they were still pathetically happy in being together. In the autumn, Alice told me that Hugh had been asked to take someone's place temporarily as doctor's assistant and companion on an Atlantic steamer. She was eager that he should accept it, for the sea-trips, she thought, were the very thing he needed to set him up. He was not anxious himself to go. He was so fond of her that he would never have left her side if she had not pushed him out into the world. He sailed with the steamer, and for a time I heard good reports of him. Then Alice came and told me one day that he had been offered something advantageous in New York, and that he had decided to take it, at least temporarily. She was somewhat fearful about him by this time, as women will be when the men they love are not under their own eyes; and I had to laugh her out of her fears, though Heaven knows she had all my sympathy.

I don't like lingering over this sad time. In

October news came from Hugh that he was ill. Alice gave me the letter without a word when I went to see her after a few weeks' absence. She looked at me with heavy, mournful eyes. The letter was most pathetic. The boy had evidently tried to write bravely, but in every word was a longing for her presence and help far more touching than if he had spoken fully. I asked her if she had done anything. "Yes," she replied, in a dull way; "I did what I never thought to do: I wrote to his mother, and implored her to give me money to go to him; she has never answered me." I thought of a dozen schemes for raising the money while I sat there holding her poor hand. It could have been done, no doubt, but before we could do more than move in the matter we heard, indirectly, that Mrs. McNelis herself had gone out to Hugh.

It was curious how Alice took this bit of news. She raged like a young tigress when first it was told to her. Her jealous love was up in arms against the cruel mother, who, having reduced him to this, had now once again come between them. But after a time she said she was glad he would not be alone, nor without care. I was glad when she made up her mind to go home. It was miserable for her in Dublin now the short winter days were closing in, and the streets were murky with fog and rain. She had suffered enough, my poor Alice. Mrs. Barry, the kind woman in whose house she lived, did her best to take care of her. When she came in from her lacemaking—for still she went mechanically to her work—her dinner was given to her in her own little room, beside a cheerful fire. Mrs. Barry explained to me that she was sure the greatest kindness was to leave Alice alone as much as possible. The good woman had tears in her eyes as she told me how sorrowful it was to see the girl in those days when first she heard Hugh was ill. "To see her crumpling the bread and trying to swallow it, and all the time feeling as if every bit would choke her, the creature, would break your heart. And then the watching for the post. I declare I couldn't look at her when we heard the postman's knock coming down the street, for I knew how every drop of blood in her body was listening. And the dead sick look of disappointment when he passed by or brought her nothing. God keep my little girl from the like." And then Mrs. Barry furtively wiped away her honest tears with the corner of her apron.

Of the rest of the sad little story I have no personal cognizance. Alice was quite silent after her return to the north, and feeling that

she was in such bitter trouble I did not keep writing letters to her. For many years now I have heard nothing directly from her, and it was only last April I was told how her love-story ran through that mournful winter and spring.

She went home at least to great love, and to that tender silence which is the most comprehensive sympathy. Jerry McDonnell might be a poor creature from a worldly point of view, but the finest gentleman that ever lived could not have bettered him in the delicate kindness he showed his unhappy daughter. When that mournful pilgrimage of hers, which took place daily for many months, was going on, he never asked a question. He saw Alice go away on the mail-car every evening and return every morning, dull and fagged, and, except for an added tenderness, there was no sign that this was out of the way. Della, the second girl, who blooms more rosy than Alice ever was, took the reins of housekeeping while Alice slept or rested in her bed-room up in a gray, wind-swept gable. Her father knew that she went every night over sixteen long miles of country to nurse the dying lover, and made no protest. Not even when the weather grew fierce, and she became the only passenger by the mail-car. He bought her a fine fleecy shawl, and used to wrap her in it every evening on the car with a kindness that brought tears to her hot eyes. But he said nothing; and indeed many hearts as well as his ached with sympathy for the forlorn girl. It was significant of the esteem she was held in that no one seemed to think the proceeding unseemly, though the Irish are so conventional a people. There was nothing but a profound pity and sympathy for her, that survives even to this day, when the story of her past wraps her about like a widow's veil.

Mrs. McNelis had brought her son home to his father's house. There was no doubt of her love for him, for when she came back from America with her dying boy people said she was scarcely recognizable, she had grown so old, so haggard and weak. Her unbending stature had sunk by a couple of inches. Her fierce old eyes had taken a look of misery. She procured for Hugh the best doctors and everything else money could buy. The doctors confirmed the verdict of the local man, that Hugh's illness was consumption, rapid and hopeless. She would give him all things but one, and that was the society of the girl he loved. Against Alice her old implacable hatred had increased a thousand-fold. She looked on her as the cause of all her troubles, of her

alienation from her son, his illness, his death that was coming swiftly.

Fortunately for the two whose last solace was to be together, the trouble had broken the old woman's strength. All day she might be about the sick-room, but at night she was fain to leave Hugh to other hands. The hotel servants, who were devoted to him from boyhood, were supposed to sit up with him. But every night, as soon as his mother was safely in bed, the slender black-robed figure of his sweetheart stole in, and all the night she was near him, praying, smoothing his pillows, surrounding him with every tender care, and making his path to the grave, as far as might be, a happy one. She came in the dusk of the evening, she stole out in the gray dawn of the morning. The hotel servants were banded together to keep the lovers secret from the implacable old mother. All the town knew the story, but the sympathy being universally with the lovers, no eavesdropper or spy carried stories. I doubt that the old woman ever knew to her dying day how her son's death-bed had been comforted. In the end he died in Alice's arms, one chilly dawn when the first spring birds were trilling their unaccustomed notes.

I passed through the little town where she lives in April. The driver of the mail-car magnanimously offered me seven minutes in which to see her; but I could not spring upon her so suddenly, a ghost out of her dead past. As I sat while he changed the horses, I saw, in the gray gabled house at the corner, a figure by the window with a graceful bent head. Perhaps it was Alice still meandering the house-linen as in the old days when Hugh McNelis fell in love with her. She has a beautiful reputation in her own country-side, a reputation of a dutiful daughter, a most loving and maternal sister, a tender friend and helper, and outside it all the consecration of her sad story. While I sat, the figure at the window never raised its head. If it had I am sure I should have seen Alice's face, less like a wild rose than of old, but with an exceeding tender beauty on it of faith, and hope, and love.

"Of great riches there is no real use, except it be in distribution; the rest is but conceit. There is a custody of them, or there is a power of dole or donative of them, or a fame of them, but no solid use to the owner. Seek not proud riches, but such as thou mayest get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and leave contentedly."—Bacon.

THE KNIGHT OF INTERCESSION.¹

The Rev. Samuel John Stone, M.A., son of Rev. William Stone, M.A., was born at Whitacre in Staffordshire, April 25, 1839; and educated at Charterhouse School, and afterwards at Pembroke College, Oxford (B.A., 1862; M.A., 1872). On taking Holy Orders, he became curate of Wimborne in 1862, and in 1870, of St. Paul's, Haggerston. In 1873 he succeeded his father as vicar of St. Paul's, Haggerston. Since 1890 he has been rector of All Hallows-on-the-Wall, London. Mr. Stone is a religious poet of the Anglican school, who combines scholarly taste and poetic feeling, with strong and definite doctrine. Among his best known hymns may be cited those beginning "The Church's one Foundation" and "Weary of earth and laden with my sins" which are included in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*. He has published *Lays Fidelium* (1860); *The Knight of Intercession, and other Poems* (1872); *Sounds of the Sacred Year* (1875); *Lays of Iona, and other Poems* (1893). Mr. Stone kindly allows us to print the following beautiful poem.]

In ancient days, so saith an old Romautant,
There lived a knight, brave, rich, and nobly
born,
Withal pure-hearted as a saint, whose love
His lady spurned; not that she loved him not,
Although she said so, but because she saw
He put God higher than all human claims
Of love and reverence. So she bade him go,
And spurned him for a wicked pride; and he,
Not caring any more to dwell with men
In open converse, left his ancient halls
And things of wealth and state, which men hold
dear,
And rode through many lands for many a day,
Doing true devoir as a noble knight.
None knew him, for he lived with visor down;
His harness of plain steel revealed no sign
Of rank or name; nor bore he in his helm
Token or favour; only on his shield
A dark cross, as of mourning. On he rode;
And ever as he wrought a gallant deed,
And man or maiden asked him, 'How may I
Repay thy service?' never saught said he
Save, 'Pray for Her!' and parted, still in quest
Of fresh occasion, and for guerdon still
Took nothing; only came the self-same voice
From the closed helm in answer: 'Pray for Her!'
And so the captive freed did pray for Her;
The rescued maiden prayed; the widow prayed,
With all her wrongs avenged; the poor and rich,
Each for the service they received from him,
Did pray for Her. The little children lost
In the wild wood, and found by him, and saved
From wolf or robber, lifting trustful eyes
Prayed also; and the angels went and came,

Bearing those prayers and bringing blessings
down.

And so she prospered much in all her pride.

The days passed on; and on the warrior rode—
The Knight of Intercession: and his deeds
Made the plain harness famous in the lands;
And neither ceased those grateful hearts to pray,
Nor she to prosper.

Came a day at last,
Whereon a certain prince, with all his host,
Did battle for his kingdom, and the foe
Had well-nigh driven back his last essay,
And won the city. Mothers, sisters, wives,
Wringing their frantic hands upon the towers,
Wept for the coming issue, death and shame.
There on a sudden rode into the fray

The nameless knight. The foremost foe drew back
Before his onset; then with terrible blows
He clave a bloody pathway to their chief,
And bore him down, and slew him, and pressed on
To win the standard. So the battle changed;
The prince and all his warriors took fresh heart,
And drove their foemen back toward the sea,
And overthrew them. When the fight was done,
The prince with all his nobles came to thank
The saviour of his kingdom. But he lay
Wounded upon the standard he had won;
A lance was in his breast, and through the helm
He was sore smitten: and at last was seen
Through the raised visor the long-hidden face,
Sad, pale, and noble. Then the prince burst forth:
'Sir Knight, what guerdon wilt thou for thine
aid?'

Certes, whatever thou ask is thine,
E'en to the on-hoof of my realm! And so
The nobles prayed him; and their ladies came
And wept their thanks; and all in that great
town—

The rich and poor, the old and young—came there,
Beseeching him, with tears of joy, that he
Would name some guerdon. And the knight
looked round;
Over his pale visage moved a moment's smile—
Like the last tinge of sunset on a height—
Tender and holy, moving men to tears;
And smiling thus, he murmured, 'Pray for Her!'
Then with closed eyes he lay a little space,
And the pale face grew paler, and his head
Grew heavier on the knees of him whose hands
Had caught him falling. Yet once more the eyes
Were opened, and the noble head was raised,
And once more, while his upward, wistful gaze
Sought the far heav'n, he murmured, 'Pray for
Her!'

And in the look and in the prayer he died.

And in the kingdom never passed a day,

¹ *The Knight of Intercession, and other Poems*, by the Rev. S. J. Stone. Seventh edition, 1893. Longmans, Green, & Co.

But prince, knights, nobles, ladies, young and old,

And rich and poor, at morn and evensong,
Did evermore henceforward pray for Her.

Ere long there came into the lady's bower
A nameless messenger. 'I come,' said he,
'Ladye, I come from one who loved thee well,
And whom thou lovest!' Then the ladye flushed,
And but he said 'who *loved*', and not 'who
loses',

And so awoke a terror in her breast,
Which still was mindful of the love it spurned,
She would have straight dismissed him. Still
she feigned,

And dallying with her fear she answered him,
Lightly and falsely: 'Comest thou from him,
The stately earl of yonder proud domain,
Who bids me him and his fair broad lands
Mine own?' He answered sternly, 'Not from
him;

His heart is narrow, though his lands are broad!'
'Perchance thou comest from the courtly knight
Who wears my glove for crest, my woveen scarf
Across his gilded harness?' 'Not from him;
His sword is rusty, though he rides in gold!'
'Thou comest, then, I wot, from him who rules
In yonder city, treads his palace floors,
And sighs for me?' He answered, 'Not from
him;

His name is noble, but his son is mean!'
So thrice she questioned, hovering round her
fear,

As one who stays and lingers at a door
Wistful, yet dreads to enter. So she paused :
Then, with changed voice demanded, 'Comest
thou—?'

But here she stammered, for she felt his eyes
Looked sadly on her, seeing through her soul,
Right to the inner trouble, undecived
By outward seeming. Then she summoned
strength
And asked in accents tremulous and low,
Which grew in force and passion—as a stone,
Loosed from a hill-side, rolls towards the vale,
Slowly at first, but gathering power and speed
Falls wildly—'Comest thou from him, my knight,
Nameless but famous, unknown but renowned,
In plain steel armour, with his visor down,
Yet winning noblest praise in all the lands,
Who knew not that I loved him even then
When I was scurifallest, whom yet I love,
Whom I love on for ever! If from him
Thou comest, get thee back and tell him all!
Go tell him I repent me of my pride;
Tell him I wait for him, and spend my heart
In waiting; tell him that I never loved

And never shall love other till I die!
Speak! comest thou from him?

He said, 'From him'.

And more the trembling passion of her frame,
The close-clasped hands, the cheek now red, now
pale,

And more the pleading hunger of her eyes,
Than her quick asking, moved him to reply
Softly and not in wrath, 'I come from him,
Ladye—from him who cannot come to thee;
For now that visor closed is closed no more,
For men have looked beneath it; and he sleeps
In that plain harness, never more to rise,
Till God shall wake him. In a prayer he died,
That all he saved and served should pray for thee.
So until death, at morn and evensong;

True hearts and hands are lifted up for thee,
That all things of the earth, and all of heaven,
In all thy goings out and comings in,
May bless thee always, even to the end.

Farewell! so pray a thousand hearts for thee;

So shall I pray for ever unto death:

Farewell!'

She heard him speechless to the close,
And speechless still she saw him pass away:

'Death' and 'Farewell,' the last words on his

lips,

And in her ears. Oh, how they rose and fell
Alternate, like a cadence of despair!
Death and Farewell! Farewell and Death! in each
A hopeless issue, speaking not of him
Who said them, but of him from whom he
came—

Her own true knight, her noble, peerless knight:
Death and Farewell! and then it seemed to her
As though she too must die.

Her maidens came
And found her swooning.

But she did not die:
She woke again to hate the thought of life,
Yet fearing death. She stood as one might stand,
A pilgrim for whose steps is no return,
With choice for two ways: one across a wild,
Gloomy and drear, the other through a vale
With unknown terrors lurking in its depths,
More drear because unknown. Ere so she looked
On life and death the one a darkened path,
Reft of the sun which might have shone on her:
So darkened now, that ever and anon
Stretching her hopeless hands out in the dark
Towards that other, 'Oh, that I might die!'
She cried—still conscious that she dared not die.

Then was it well for her that, late and soon,
From great and noble, from the small and mean—
The sad and needy, and the rich and glad—
From little children and hearth-headed men—
The voice of intercession ever rose,

Like incense, unto Him, 'Who heareth prayer'.
For even while He smote her with a sense
Of hopelessness and anguish—even then
He wrought within her unto final good.
Crushing her pride, He had her stoop and raise
That Cross, she had refused, of lowly fear
And love unselfish.

Then He gave her peace—
Because her heart had learned to rest on Him—
His perfect peace; and with rejoicing flight,
The great good angels of a thousand prayers—
The prayers still rising morn and eve for her—
Sped downwards at commandment of their King,
And tended her with constant service; filled
Her mind with holy thoughts and pure desires
And glorious hopes. And so it was that she
Who looked on life and death with hate and
fear,

Saw in her life a happy pilgrimage
On toward a better country, which she sought
With longing; and in death that blessed stream,
Ordained to bear the children of the Lord
Beyond the shadowy twilight of this world,
Into the glory of the perfect day.

CHARACTER OF CARDINAL NEWMAN.

[Richard Holt Hutton was born at Leeds in 1829, and educated at University College School, and afterwards at University College, London. He took his B.A. degree at University College in 1846, and his M.A. degree in 1849; was joint-editor with the late Mr. Walter Bagot of the *National Review* (not the present *National Review*, but an other publication that bore the same name) from 1845 to 1846; assistant-editor of the *Economist*, under Mr. James Wilson, from 1853 to 1857; and became, in 1859, joint-editor and proprietor with Mr. Meredith Townsend of the *Spectator*. He died at his home at Twickenham on Sept. 4th, 1887. Mr. Hutton published in 1870 two volumes of *Essays Theological and Literary*, of which several had already appeared in the *National Review*; in 1881, a life of Sir Walter Scott in the "English Men of Letters" series; in 1887, *Modern Guides of English Thought in Matters of Faith*; in 1890, a study of *Cardinal Newman* in the "English Leaders of Religion" series; and in 1894, two volumes of essays on *Contemporary Thought and Teachers*, reprinted from the *Spectator*. Mr. Hutton is a literary critic of great spiritual insight, fine taste, and wide and delicate sympathy; and the master of a charmingly graceful style. A complete absence of pedantry and affectation, combined with a particularly "human" attitude towards character, and a rare flexibility of idiom which enables him to thread with apparent ease the most intricate complications of thought and motive—give an air of great simplicity to his writing; but the simplicity is the veil of a very subtle and penetrating mind. We are permitted by Messrs. Macmillan to take the following extract from an article on Newman in vol. II. of *Contemporary Thought and Teachers*.]

It is impossible to find any life in this century so singly and simply devoted to

spiritual ends as Cardinal Newman's. There have been more heroic lives, more laborious lives, more apparently beneficent lives,—the lives of soldiers, martyrs, missionaries, all lived nobly in the sight of God,—but none of them at once so detached from the common human interests, and yet so natural, genial, and human as Newman's. He was not sixteen when the impression first came upon him that "it was the will of God" that he should lead a single life. "There can be no mistake", he tells us, "about the fact", and it was an anticipation, he added, which "had held its ground almost continuously ever since, with a break of a month now and a month then up to 1829, and after that date without any break at all". That admission of the breaks marks the difference between Newman and the ordinary ascetic, who would have been so possessed by the importance of the divine call to celibacy, that he would have unconsciously exaggerated its completeness and its rigour. But Newman was always human, and even when, on his conversion to the Roman Catholic Church, he finally determined to become a religious, he chose no regular order but preferred a semi-monastic life, feeling the supreme attraction of a saint who, like St. Philip Neri, lived half in the world, and whose home was called "the home of Christian mirth", rather than of the more austere and romantic founders of great religious Orders. In fact Cardinal Newman, though he lived a life so detached from the ordinary pleasures and cares of this world that it is hardly intelligible to an ordinary Englishman who gives his whole soul to those pleasures and cares, was altogether human. There was nothing in him of the spiritual pride and grandiosity of detachment from the world. He was detached from it in the simplest and most sensitively natural manner, as of one who was all compact of the tenderest fibres of human feeling, even though he did not permit himself to plunge into its passions and its fascinations. Yet how delicately, how truly he read human nature,—its smallness as well as its greatness; its eagerness about trifles; its love of the finest gossamer threads which connect it with its kind; its immense satisfaction in dwelling not merely on all the external incidents of life, but even on all the possible incidents which might have been but were not,—in building up in imagination the fortunes which some averted accident would have revolutionised if it had not been averted, in entering into the influences which made this or that man what he was, and might have made him richer or poorer if only some other

not improbable event had occurred to modify his actual destiny; how exquisitely he depicted the stir of pleasurable emotion with which men reflect that in their youth they knew some great personage, or heard some great speech, and with which they felicitate themselves on having been so near the focus of a considerable drama as actually to touch one of its leading figures; all this Newman represented to himself and to his hearers and readers with a vivacity which made his own detachment from the world all the more impressive, his own passionate absorption in the spiritual interests of life all the more unique and emphatic. There was no finer genius than his for understanding the gentle vividness, the happy reciprocal affections, the light play and irony and tender surprises of life. Yet when he was only thirty-two years old, he could truly write thus of himself—

"But Thou, dear Lord,
Whilst I traced out bright scenes which were to come,
Isaac's pure blessings and a verdant home,
Didst spare me and withhold Thy fearful word;
Wiling me year by year, till I am found
A pilgrim pale with Paul's and girle bound".

Never surely was there an intellect which combined a happier and more delicate insight into the concrete side of life, with a larger and more daring grasp of its abstract truths, and of that fine and intricate middle region which connects the logic of facts with the logic of the understanding.

For Newman was very much more than a masterly thinker. There have been many more masterly thinkers of the kind which men call "systematic". But Newman perceived more vividly than any English thinker of our century the weakness of what is called systematic thought, and the faint influence exerted by any abstract system over the practical life of men. There is no religious thinker in our country, I will not say merely of the present century, but, so far as I know, of any century, who has apprehended more clearly how various and how mixed and unrecognized by men in general, are the elements of motive and perception which go to make up practical genius, the genius for *doing* successfully what most men only try to do and wish to do. The implicit reason by which those are practically guided who succeed in what they attempt, as distinguished from the explicit theoretic reason with which they are formally furnished by those who profess to educate them and to fit them for their actual careers, had never been analysed by any English

thinker as it was analysed by Newman, especially in the Oxford University Sermons; and this indeed was the great source of his religious influence. As he measured rightly the width of the chasm between blundering good intentions and social tact, the immense distance between practical genius and the formal theoretic teaching of which men of practical genius make so little, so he had apprehended clearly the immeasurable gulf that divides real religious motive from the formal appeals that are supposed to produce religious habits of mind. He delineates again and again the utter dreariness with which the mere mention of the word "religion" fills the heart of young people, and what is more, he knew how to charm all that dreariness away, how to fill the heart with gratitude, with devotion, with ardent zeal, with loving ambition. He knew the awakening effect of presenting to his hearers what was the actual life of the primitive Church, and asking them how far that life resembled the life of religious faith in our day. He knew how to prick with irony the sluggish will, how to move with his pathos the obtuse heart, how to transfer, in short, his own reality of insight into the actual life depicted in the New Testament to those who had so accustomed themselves to hear of it without realising it, that it had lost all vivid practical meaning for them altogether. He insists in many of his University sermons on the difference between a really great General's appreciation of the facts of a campaign and the theoretic General's idea of the formal treatment of those facts, between a really practised climber's command of the various points at which he can make his way up a precipice, and the inexperienced man's futile conception of the proper way to climb it; and he himself showed just the same piercing vision into the most effective ways of moving men to be Christians, which he ascribed to the military genius in his insight into the true treatment of a campaign, or to the mountaineer in his mastery of the deftest way of scaling an apparently inaccessible rock. And he could not only do this; he could analyse the mode in which it was done. He could justify theoretically the potent implicit reason of man against the fruitless and formal explicit reason. He could show how much more powerful was the combination of humility, trust, imagination, feeling, perception in apprehending the revealed mind and will of God, than the didactic and formal proofs to which the popular religious appeals of our day usually have recourse. Never was there a bolder appeal than his to the craving of the heart for a great

example, never was there a more delicate mixture of reason and imagination than his in stirring up the heart to great resolves. His practical sermons illustrated in the most powerful way what the University Sermons philosophically analysed and justified. He was much more than a great thinker—a great thinker who could wield that "zigzag lightning of the brain", which presses home the thought it gauges and measures.

Of Newman's literary style it is hardly possible to speak too highly. It was so pure and delicate that it fascinates even those who have least sympathy with his intellectual and moral creed. Mr. John Morley, himself master of one of the purest styles in England, spoke of it only two or three months ago as an illustration of the perfect style. Newman's English was simple, graceful, subtle, real; and it often displayed all those great qualities at once. There was passion in it, and yet there was that pleading, subdued tone which chastens and softens passion, and moulds it to all the tenderest purposes of life. Even the most bitter Protestant cannot read his appeals to men to submit to the Church without emotion—"O long sought after, tardily found, desire of the eyes, joy of the heart, the truth after many shadows, the fulness after many foretastes, the home after many storms, come to her poor wanderers, for she it is and she alone, who can unfold the secret of your being, and the meaning of your destiny". Still higher, for more completely free from the ring of rhetoric, is the exquisite farewell uttered to his Anglican friends, which so long anticipated the actual severance of his tie with the English Church, and his conversion to the Roman Catholic Communion:—"And O my brethren, O kind and affectionate hearts, O loving friends, should you know any one whose lot it had been by writing or by word of mouth, in some degree to help you thus to act; if he has ever told you what you know about yourselves, or what you did not know; has read to you your wants or feelings, and comforted you by the very reading; has made you feel that there was a higher life than this daily one, and a brighter world than that you see; or encouraged you, or sobered you, or opened away to the inquiring, or soothed the perplexed; if what he has said or done has ever made you take an interest in him, and feel well inclined towards him:—remember such a one in time to come, though you hear him not, and pray for him that in all things he may know God's will, and at all times may be ready to fulfil it".

THE OLD DOMINIE.¹

[J. M. Barrie, born May 9, 1860, at Kirriemuir, in Forfarshire. Was at his first school there, and afterwards at Dumfries Academy. Graduated as M.A. at the University of Edinburgh in 1882. Was for some time a leader-writer on a Nottingham paper, and has been since an active journalist in London, contributing to the *St. James's Gazette*, *British Weekly*, *Speaker*, *Scots Observer*. As a novelist Mr. Barrie excels in a highly humorous and imaginative presentation of original and eccentric characters; and in his greatest book, *The Little Minister*, he reaches a high level of passion. He has written: *Better Dead*, 1887; *And Light Idylls and Other a Man's Singing*, 1888; *A Window in Thrums*, 1890; *My Lady Nicotine*, 1890; *The Little Minister*, 1891; *Sentimental Tommy*, 1895. With Mr. Barrie's permission we take the following sketch from *And Light Idylls*.]

From the new cemetery, which is the highest point in Thrums, you just fail to catch sight of the red schoolhouse that nestles between two bare trees, some five miles up the glen of Quaherty. This was proved by Davit Lunan, tinsmith, whom I have heard tell the story. It was in the time when the cemetery gates were locked to keep the bodies of suicides out, but men who cared to risk the consequences could get the coffin over the high dyke and bury it themselves. Peter Lundy's coffin broke, as one might say, into the churchyard in this way, Peter having hanged himself in the Whunny wood when he saw that work he must. The general feeling among the deceased was expressed by Davit when he said—

"It may do the crittur nae guld i' the tall o' the day, but he paid for's bit o' ground, an' he's in's richt to occupy it."

The custom was to push the coffin on to the wall up a plank, and then let it drop less carefully into the cemetery. Some of the mourners were dragging the plank over the wall, with Davit Lunan on the top directing them, when they seem to have let go and sent the tinsmith suddenly into the air. A week afterwards it struck Davit, when in the act of soldering a hole in Leebey Wheens's flagon (here he branched off to explain that he had made the flagon years before, and that Leebey was sister to Tammas Wheens, and married one Baker Robbie, who died of chicken-pox in his forty-fourth year), that when "up there" he had a view of Quaherty schoolhouse. Davit was as truthful as a man who tells the same story more than once can be expected to be, and it is far from a suspicious circumstance that he did

¹ *And Light Idylls*, by J. M. Barrie. Hodder & Stoughton.

not remember seeing the schoolhouse all at once. In Thrums things only struck them gradually. The new cemetery, for instance, was only so-called because it had been new once.

In this red stone school, full of the modern improvements that he detested, the old dominie whom I succeeded taught, and sometimes slept, during the last five years of his cantankerous life. It was in a little thatched school, consisting of but one room, that he did his best work, some five hundred yards away from the edifice that was reared in its stead. Now dismally fallen into disrepute, often indeed a domicile for cattle, the ragged Academy of Glen Quaharity, where he held despotic sway for nearly half a century, is falling to pieces slowly in a howe that conceals it from the high road. Even in its best scholastic days, when it sent bare-footed lads to college who helped to hasten the Disruption, it was but a pile of ungainly stones, such as Scott's Black Dwarf flung together in a night, with holes in its broken roof of thatch where the rain trickled through, and never with less than two of its knotted little window-panes stopped with brown paper. The twelve or twenty pupils of both sexes who constituted the attendance sat at the two loose desks, which never fell unless you leaned on them, with an eye on the corner of the earthen floor where the worms came out, and on cold days they liked the wind to turn the peat smoke into the room. One boy, who was supposed to wash it out, got his education free for keeping the schoolhouse dirty, and the others paid their way with peats which they brought in their hands, just as wealthier schoolchildren carry books, and with peace which the dominie collected regularly every Monday morning. The attendance on Monday mornings was often small.

Once a year the dominie added to his income by holding cock-fights in the old school. This was at Yule, and the same practice held in the parish school of Thrums. It must have been a strange sight. Every male scholar was expected to bring a cock to the school, and to pay a shilling to the dominie for the privilege of seeing it killed there. The dominie was the master of the sports, assisted by the neighbouring farmers, some of whom might be elders of the church. Three rounds were fought. By the end of the first round all the cocks had fought, and the victors were then pitted against each other. The cocks that survived the second round were eligible for the third, and the dominie, besides his shilling, got every cock killed. Sometimes, if all

stories be true, the spectators were fighting with each other before the third round concluded.

The glen was but sparsely dotted with houses even in these days; a number of them inhabited by farmer-weavers, who combined two trades and just managed to live. One would have a plough, another a horse, and so in Glen Quaharity they helped each other. Without a loom in addition many of them would have starved, and on Saturdays the big farmer and his wife, driving home in a gig, would pass the little farmer carrying or wheeling his wob to Thrums. When there was no longer a market for the produce of the handloom these farms had to be given up, and thus it is that the old school is not the only house in our weary glen around which gooseberry and currant bushes, once tended by careful hands, now grow wild.

In heavy spates the children were conveyed to the old school, as they are still to the new one, in carts, and between it and the dominie's whitewashed dwelling-house swirled in winter a torrent of water that often carried lumps of the land along with it. This burn we had at times to ford on stilts.

Before the Education Act passed the dominie was not much troubled by the school inspector, who appeared in great splendour every year at Thrums. Fifteen years ago, however, Glen Quaharity resolved itself into a School Board, and marched down the glen with the minister at its head, to condemn the school. When the dominie, who had heard of their design, saw the Board approaching, he sent one of his scholars, who enjoyed making a mess of himself, wading across the burn to bring over the stilts which were lying on the other side. The Board were thus unable to send across a spokesman, and after they had harangued the dominie, who was in the best of tempers, from the wrong side of the stream, the siege was raised by their returning home, this time with the minister in the rear. So far as is known this was the only occasion on which the dominie ever lifted his hat to the minister. He was the Established Church minister at the top of the glen, but the dominie was an *Auld Licht*, and trudged into Thrums to church nearly every Sunday with his daughter.

The farm of Little Tilly lay so close to the dominie's house that from one window he could see through a telescope whether the farmer was going to church, owing to Little Tilly's habit of never shaving except with that intention, and of always doing it at a looking-glass which he hung on a nail at his

door. The farmer was Established Church, and when the dominie saw him in his shirt-sleeves with his razor in his hand, he called for his black clothes. If he did not see him, it is undeniable that the dominie sent his daughter to Thrums, but remained at home himself. Possibly, therefore, the dominie sometimes went to church, because he did not want to give Little Tilly and the Established minister the satisfaction of knowing that he was not devout to-day, and it is even conceivable that had Little Tilly had a telescope and an intellect as well as his neighbour, he would have spied on the dominie in return. He sent the teacher a load of potatoes every year, and the recipient rated him soundly if they did not turn out as well as the ones he had got the autumn before. Little Tilly was rather in awe of the dominie, and had an idea that he was a Freethinker, because he played the fiddle and wore a black cap.

The dominie was a wizened-looking little man, with sharp eyes that pierced you when they thought they were unobserved, and if any visitor drew near who might be a member of the Board, he disappeared into his house much as a startled weasel makes for its hole. The next striking thing about him was his walk, which to the casual observer seemed a limp. The glen in our part is marshy, and to progress along it you have to jump from one little island of grass or heather to another. Perhaps it was this that made the dominie take the main road and even the streets of Thrums in leaps, as if there were bonkers or puddles in the way. It is, however, currently believed among those who knew him best that he jerked himself along in that way when he applied for the vacancy in Glen Quaherty School, and that he was therefore chosen from among the candidates by the committee of farmers, who said that he was specially constructed for the district.

In the spring the inspector was sent to report on the school, and, of course, he said, with a wave of his hand, that this would never do. So a new school was built, and the ramshackle little academy that had done good service in its day was closed for the last time. For years it had been without a lock; ever since a blatter of wind and rain drove the door against the fireplace. After that it was the dominie's custom, on seeing the room cleared, to send in a smart boy—a dux was always chosen—who wedged a clod of earth or peat between door-post and door. Thus the school was locked up for the night. The boy came

out by the window, where he entered to open the door next morning. In time grass hid the little path from view that led to the old school, and a dozen years ago every particle of wood about the building, including the door and the framework of the windows, had been burned by travelling tinkers.

The Board would have liked to leave the dominie in his whitewashed dwelling-house to enjoy his old age comfortably, and until he learned that he had intended to retire. Then he changed his tactics and removed his beard. Instead of railing at the new school, he began to approve of it, and it soon came to the ears of the horrified Established minister, who had a man (Established) in his eye for the appointment, that the dominie was looking ten years younger. As he spurned a pension he had to get the place, and then began a warfare of bickerings between the Board and him that lasted until within a few weeks of his death. In his scholastic barn the dominie had thumped the Latin grammar into his scholars till they became university bursars to escape him. In the new school, with maps (which he hid in the hen-house) and every other modern appliance for making teaching easy, he was the scandal of the glen. He snapped at the clerk of the Board's throat, and barred his door in the minister's face. It was one of his favourite relaxations to peregrinate the district, telling the farmers who were not on the Board themselves, but were given to gossiping with those who were, that though he could slumber pleasantly in the school so long as the hum of the standards was kept up, he immediately woke if it ceased.

Having settled himself in his new quarters, the dominie seems to have read over the code, and come at once to the conclusion that it would be idle to think of straightforwardly fulfilling its requirements. The inspector he regarded as a national enemy, who was to be circumvented by much guile. One year that admirable Oxford don arrived at the school, to find that all the children except two girls—one of whom had her face tied up with red flannel—were away for the harvest. On another occasion the dominie met the inspector's trap some distance from the school, and explained that he would guide him by a short cut, leaving the driver to take the dogcart to a farm where it could be put up. The unsuspecting inspector agreed, and they set off, the obsequious dominie carrying his bag. He led his victim into another glen, the hills round which had hidden their heads in mist, and then slyly remarked that he was afraid

they had lost their way. The minister, who liked to attend the examination, reproved the dominie for providing no luncheon, but turned pale when his enemy suggested that he should examine the boys in Latin.

For some reason that I could never discover, the dominie had all his life refused to teach his scholars geography. The inspector and many others asked him why there was no geography class, and his invariable answer was to point to his pupils collectively, and reply in an impressive whisper—

"They winna ha'e her."

This story, too, seems to reflect against the dominie's views in cleanliness. One examination-day the minister attended to open the inspection with prayer. Just as he was finishing, a scholar entered who had a reputation for dirt.

"Michty!" cried a little pupil, as his opening eyes fell on the apparition at the door, "there's Jocky Tamson wi' his fuen washed!"

When the dominie was a younger man he had first clashed with the minister during Mr. Rattray's attempts to do away with some old customs that were already dying by inches. One was the selection of a queen of beauty from among the young women at the annual Thrums fair. The judges, who were selected from the better known farmers as a rule, sat at the door of a tent that reeked of whisky, and regarded the competitors filing by much as they selected prize sheep, with a stolid stare. There was so much giggling and blushing on these occasions among the maidens, and shouts from their relatives to "Haud yer head up, Jean," and "Lat them see yer een, Jess." The dominie enjoyed this, and was one time chosen a judge, when he insisted on the prize being bestowed on his own daughter, Marget. The other judges demurred, but the dominie remained firm and won the day.

"She wasna the best-faured amon' them," he admitted afterwards, "but a man maun mak' the maid o' his ain."

The dominie, too, would not shake his head with Mr. Rattray over the apple and loaf bread raffles in the smithy, nor even at the Daft Days, the black week of a glum debauch that ushered in the year, a period when the whole country-side rumbled to the farmers' "kebek" laden cart.

For the great part of his career the dominie had not made forty pounds a year, but he "died worth" about three hundred pounds. The moral of his life came in just as he was leaving it, for he rose from his deathbed to hide a whisky bottle from his wife.

THE COURTSHIP OF OUR CID.¹

[This ballad, which we insert by permission of Messrs. Blackwood, is one of a group of ballads in *Bad Gaitier*, described as "from the Spanish of Astley's". They are parodies of Lockhart's *Spaisted Ballads*.]

What a pang of sweet emotion
Thrilled the Master of the Ring,
Whon ho first beheld the lady
Through the stabled portal spring!
Midway in his wild grimacing
Stopped the piedhoof-visaged Clown;
And the thunderes of the audience
Nearly brought the gallery down.

Donna Inez Woolforlinex!
Saw ye ever such a maid,
With the feathers swalling o'er her,
And her spangled rich brocade!
In her fairy hand a horsewhip,
On her foot a bushin small;
So she stepped, the stately damsel,
Through the scarlet grooms and all.

And she beckoned for her courser,
And they brought a milk-white mare;
Proud, I ween, was that Arabian,
Such a gentle freight to bear:
And the Master moved towards her,
With a proud and stately walk;
And in reverential homage,
Rubbed her soles with virgin chukk.

Round she flew, as Flora flying
Spans the circle of the year;
And the youth of London, sighing,
Half forgot the ginger-heer—
Quite forgot the maids beside them,
As they surely well might do,
When she raised two Roman candles,
Shooting fireballs red and blue!

Swifter than the Tartar's arrow,
Lighter than the lark in flight,
On the loft foot now she bounded,
Now she stood upon the right.
Like a beautiful Bacchante,
Here she soars, and there she kneels;
While amid her floating tresses,
Flash two whirling Catherine wheels!

Hark! the blare of yonder trumpet!
See, the gates are opened wide!
Room, there, room for Gomersale—
Gomersale in his pride!

¹ *The Book of Ballads*. Edited by Ben Jonquier, and illustrated by Doyle, Leech, and Cruywagen. William Blackwood & Sons.

Rose the shouts of exultation,
Rose the cat's triumphant call,
As he bounded, man and courser,
Over Master, Clown, and all!

Donna Inez Woolfordinez!
Why those blushes on thy cheek?
Doth thy trembling bosom tell thee?
He hath come thy love to seek?
Fleet thy Arab—but behind thee,
He is rushing like a gale;
One foot on his coal-black' shoulders,
And the other on his tail!

Onward, onward, panting maidens!
He is faint and falls—for now,
By the feet he hangs suspended
From his glistening saddle-hew.
Down are gone both cap and feather,
Lance and gonfion are down!
Trunks, and cloak, and vest, and velvet,
He has flung them to the Clown.

Faint and failing! Up he vaulteth,
Fresh as when he first began;
All in coat of bright vermilion,
"Quipped as Shaw—the Life-guardsman."
Right and left his whizzing broadsword,
Like a sturdy fiend, he throws;
Cutting out a path unto thee,
Through imaginary foes.

Woolfordinez! speed thee onward!
He is hard upon thy track,—
Paralysed is Widdicombez,
Nor his whip can longer crack!—
He has flung away his broadsword,
"Tis to clasp thee to his breast.
Onward!—see, he bears his bosom,
Tears away his scarlet vest:

Leaps from out his nether garments,
And his leathern stock unties—
As the flower of London's dustmen,
Now in swift pursuit he flies.
Nimbly now he cuts and shuffles,
O'er the buckle, heel and toe!
And with hands deep in his pockets,
Winks to all the throng below!

Onward, onward rush the coursers,
Woolfordinez, peerless girl,
O'er the garter lightly bounding
From her steed with airy whirl!
Gomersalez, wild with passion,
Danger—all but her—forget;

Whereas'er she flies, pursues her,
Cutting clouds of somersets!

Onward, onward rush the coursers;
Bright is Gomersalez' eye:

Saints protect thee, Woolfordinez,
For his triumph, sure, is nigh!
Now his courser's flanks he lashes,
O'er his shoulders flings the rein,
And his feet aloft he tosses,
Holding stoutly by the mane!

Then, his feet once more regaining,
Doffs his jacket, doffs his smalls;
And in graceful folds around him
A bespangled tunic falls.
Pinions from his heels are bursting,
His bright locks have pinions o'er them;
And the public see with rapture,
Maid's nimble son before them.

Speed thee, speed thee, Woolfordinez!
For a panting god pursues;
And the chalk is very nearly
Rubbed from thy white satin shoe!
Every bosom throbs with terror;
You might hear a pin to drop;
All was hushed save where a starting
Cork gives out a casual pop.

One smart lash across his courser,
One tremendous bound and stride,
And our noble Cid was standing
By his Woolfordinez' side!
With a god's embrace he clasps her,
Raised her in his manly arms;
And the stables' closing barriers
Hid his valour, and her charms!

SAUNDERS ARMS FOR CONQUEST.¹

[S. R. Crockett, born in 1860; educated at Edinburgh, Heidelberg, and Oxford. Free Church minister at Penicuik 1886-95. A novelist of the new Scotch School, whose original genius has quickly won public favour. Mr. Crockett has published *Duile Cor* (poems), 1888; *The Stickit Minister*, 1893; *The Raiders* and *The Lidae Sunbonnet*, 1894; *Clay Kelly* in 1895, &c. With permission of Mr. Crockett and Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, we take the following chapter from *The Lidae Sunbonnet*, a delightful idyll of Galloway, full of character and sentiment and exquisite sketches of scenery. Our extract is a good example of the author's humorous vein.]

Saunders Mowdiewert, minister's man and grave-digger, was going a-sweetheating. He took off slowly the leathern "breeks" of his craft, sloughing them as an adder casts his skin. They collapsed upon the floor with a hideous suggestion of distorted human limbs, as Saunders went about his further prepara-

¹ The *Lidae Sunbonnet*, by S. R. Crockett. T. Fisher Unwin.

tions. Saunders was a great, soft-bodied, fair man, of the chubby flaxen type so rare in Scotland—the type which looks at home nowhere but along the south coast of England. Saunders was about thirty-five. He was a widower in search of a wife, and made no secret of his devotion to Margaret Kissoek, the “lass” of the farm town of Craig Ronald.

Saunders was generally slow of speech when in company, and bashful to a degree. He was therefore accustomed to make up his mind what he would say before venturing within the range of the sharp tongue of his well-beloved—in theory an excellent plan, but one which required for success both self-possession and a good memory. But for lack of these Saunders had made an excellent courier.

Saunders made his toilet in the little stable of the manse, above which he slept. As he scrubbed himself he kept up a constant sibilant hissing, as though he were an equine of doubtful steadieness, with whom the hostler behoved to be careful. First he carefully removed the dirt down to a kind of load-line midway his neck; then he frothed the soap-suds into his rectangular ears, which stood out like speaking trumpets; there he let it remain. Soap is for putting on the face, grease on the hair. It is folly to wash either off. Besides which it is wasteful, and probably sinful. His flaxen hair stood out in wet strands, and clammy tags and tails. All the while Saunders kept muttering to himself:

“An’ says I to her: ‘Meg Kissoek, ye’re a bonnie woman,’ says I. ‘My certie, but ye ha’e e’en like spunkles,’ or maybeys,” said Saunders, in a meditative tone, “I had better say ‘like green glass whirlies in a sky-light.’ It micht be considered mair coo’tin’ like!

“Then she’ll up an’ say, ‘Saunders, ye mak me fair ashamed to listen to ye. Be mensfu’, can ye no?’”

This pleased Saunders so much that he slapped his thigh, so that the pony started and clattered to the other side of his stall.

“Then I’ll up an’ tak’ her roun’ the waist, an’ I’ll look at her like this—” Here Saunders practised the effect of his fascinations in the glass; a panorama which was to some extent marred by the necessary opening of his mouth to enable the razor he was using to excavate the bristles out of the professional creases in his lower jaw. Saunders was in the habit of pulling down his mouth to express extra grief when a five-foot grave had been ordered. His seven-foot manifestations of respect for the deceased were a sight to see.

He held the opinion that anybody that had no more “conceit o’ themsel’s” than to be buried in a three-foot grave, did not deserve to be mourned at all. This crease was one of Saunders’ assets, and had therefore to be carefully attended to. Even love must not interfere with it.

“Sae after that, I’ll tak’ her roun’ the waist, just like this,” said he, insinuating at the same time his left arm circumferentially. It was an ill-judged movement, for, instead of circling Meg Kissoek’s waist, he extended his arm round the off hind leg of Birsie, the minister’s pony, who had become a trifle short-tempered in his old age. Now it was upon this very leg, and at this very place that, earlier in the day, a large buzzing horse-fly had temporarily settled. Birsie was in no condition, therefore, for argument upon the subject. So with the greatest readiness he struck straight out behind, and took Saunders what he himself called a “dinne on the elbuk”. Nor was this all, for the razor, suddenly levered upwards by Birsie’s hoof, added another and entirely unprofessional wrinkle to his face.

Saunders aroos in wrath, for the soap was stinging furiously in the cut, and expostulated with Birsie with a handful of reins which he lifted off the lid of the corn-chest.

“Ye ill-natured, thrawn, upsettin’ blastic, ye donaurt aald deevil!” he cried.

Another voice broke in from the doorway, “Alexander Mowdewert, gin ye desire to use mineed oaths and bruid oaths indiscriminately, ye shall not use them in my stable. Though ye be but a mere Ernstian, and uncertain in your kirk membership, ye are, at least, an occasional hearer, whilk is better than naething, at the Kirk of the Marrow; and which is mors to the point, ye are my awn hired servant, and I desire that ye cease from makin’ use o’ any such expressions upon my premises.”

“Weel, minister,” said Saunders, penitently, “I ken brawly I’m i’ the wrang; but ye ken yersel’, gin ye had gotten a dinne in the elbuk that garred ye loup like a trout i’ Luckie Mowatt’s pool, or gin ye had entitit yersel’ wi’ yer ain’ razor, wad ‘Effectual Callin’,’ think ye, has been the first word i’ yer mouth? Neoo, minister, fair Hornie!”

“At any rate,” said the minister, “what I would have said or done is no excuse for you, as ye well know. But how did it happen?”

“Weel, sir, ye see the way o’t was this: I was thinkin’ to myself, there’s twa or three ways o’ takin’ the buiks intil the pulpit—

there's the way consequential—that's Gilbert Prettiman o' the Kirklands way. Did ever ye notice the body? He hands the Bibles afore him as if he war Moses an' Aaron gaun afore Pharaoh, wi' the cont-taillies o' him fleelin' oot ahint, an' his chin pointin' to the soon'in-board o' the pulpit."

"Speak respectfully of the patriarchs," said Mr. Welsh, sententiously. Saunders looked at him with some wonder expressed in his eyes.

"Far be it frae me," he said, "to speak lightly o' ony ane o' them (though, to tell the truth, some o' them war gye boys). I hae been over long connectit wi' them, for I hae carriet the buiks for fifteen year, ever since my father neikit himsel' hawking the grave o' yer predecessor, honest man—an' I hae leeved a' my days just over the wa' frae the kirk."

"But then they say, Saunders," said the minister, smilingly, "'t the nearer the kirk the farther frae grace'."

"Deed, minister," said Saunders, "Grace Kissock is a nice bit lassie, an' Jess will be no that ill in a year or twa, but o' a' the Kissocks command me till Meg. She wad mak' a grund wife. What think ye, minister?"

Mr. Welsh relaxed his habitual severe sadness of expression, and laughed a little. He was accustomed to the sudden jumps which his man's conversation was wont to take.

"Nay," he said, "but that is a question for

you, Saunders. It is not I that think of marrying her."

"The Lord be thankit for that! For gin the minister gaed speerin' at the lasses, what chance wad there be for the betheral?"

"Have you spoken to Meg herself yet?" asked Mr. Welsh.

"Na," said Saunders; "I haens thit, though I hae made up my mind to hae it out with her this verra nicht—if sae it might be that ye warna needin' me, that is," he added doubtfully; "but I hae guid reason to hope that Meg—"

"What reason have you, Saunders? Has Margaret expressed a preference for you in any way?"

"Preference!" said Saunders; "deed she has that, minister; a maist marked preference. It was only the last Tuesday afore Whussunday that she gied me a daund i' the lug that fair dang me stupid. Ca' ye that nocht?"

"Well, Saunders," said the minister, going out, "certainly I wish you good speed in your wooing; but see that you fall no more out with Birsie, lest you be more bruised than you are now; and for the rest, learn wisely to restrain your unruly member."

"Thank ye, minister," said Saunders; "I'll do my best endeavour to oblige ye. Meg's cloots are like oreeginal sin, and to be borne wi' a' complaisancy; but Birsie's dints are, so to speak, gratuitous, and amount to actual transgression. Hand up there, ye jaud!"